

### Scared to Death by a Cat.

"Fore God I believes de cat scared dat man to death," said a witness before a coroner's jury in Atlanta the other morning.

Lewis Perkins, a negro, died suddenly. He was apparently a stout, healthy negro. Saturday evening he quit work at the usual hour, and after drawing his pay went home. He ate a hearty supper and passed the evening talking to the family. When bed-time came he retired. He slept on a pallet on the floor in the same room with a colored man named Sutton. He slept soundly until about 3 o'clock, when he awoke the other occupants of the room by giving utterance to the most piteous groans and calling loudly for help. Sutton sprang from his bed and hastened to the pallet while his wife made light. The light showed that Perkins was lying flat upon his back with his eyes and mouth wide open. His features were greatly distorted. His eye-balls were nearly out of sockets, and his general appearance indicated that he was terribly frightened. Sutton placed his hand upon Perkins' head and raising him up asked:

"What's the matter, Lewis?"

Perkins made several attempts to speak. His jaws would move but his tongue failed to do its bidding. Finally, however, he appeared to concentrate his powers of speech, and with a terrible effort uttered the words:

"Cat, c-a-t, c-a—"

Before finishing the last word his eyes rolled about in his head. His body gave one immense shake and he fell back dead. Early in life Perkins was severely bitten by a cat. His arms still show the marks made by the vicious cat's ugly teeth. The bite made him averse to cats. He was actually afraid of them, and the several witnesses before the jury of inquest yesterday stated that they had seen Perkins run from a cat frequently. A cat was found in the room where Perkins died, and one witness asserted most positively that Perkins had been scared to death by a cat.

### The Railways of the World

Some statistics are brought forward by the Minister of Public Works in Germany, in a report entitled "Archiv fur Eisenbahnen," from which it appears that at the end of 1879 there were in the whole world 350,031 kilometres of railways, which by the end of 1883 had increased to 442,199. Of the 92,168 kilometres constructed in that interval, the United States is responsible for 56,327, while of the more backward railway-making countries 3727 kilometres were made in Mexico, 2160 in British North America, 2050 in Brazil, 2785 in India, 3603 in Australia and 1166 in Algeria and Tunis. Of the European states, the most active countries in constructing railways during the four years were France, with 4500 kilometres, Germany with 2716, Austria-Hungary with 2263; while, on the other hand, the countries with the oldest railway systems and the densest population made comparatively few extensions, Great Britain being only at the rate of 1399 kilometres, Belgium of 257, Holland of 282, and Switzerland of 302. The proportion of the new lines to the existing ones during the period was 5 per cent. for Great Britain, 6½ per cent. for Belgium, 12½ for Holland, 12 for Switzerland, 18 for France, 42 for the United States, 67 for Brazil, and 335 per cent. for Mexico.

At the close of 1883 the United States was a long way ahead of all other countries in railway mileage, possessing 191,366 kilometres, Germany had 35,900, while France and Great Britain ran a pretty equal race with 29,688 and 29,890 respectively. The smallest railway owner was Greece, which possessed but 22 kilometres; but this proportion is now raised by the opening last year of 100 kilometres between Volo and Larissa. If we consider the railway mileage of each country in proportion to every square kilometre of land, we shall find that Belgium comes first with 14.5 kilometres of railway, Great Britain with 9.5, France with 5.6, Germany with 6.6, the smallest European states being Russia and Norway with 0.5. The United States, with all its enormous network, now only figures for 2.1, and Canada for 0.2, while Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Japan, and Queensland are only 0.1 each. But if we view the subject from another standpoint, viz., that of the proportion of mileage to every 10,000 inhabitants, the position of affairs is singularly reversed. Queensland, which was at the bottom of the world's list in the former instance, now stands at the top with 70.8 kilometres of rail to every 10,000 persons, South Australia 56.1, West Australia 49.6, New Zealand 47.7, New South Wales, 31.1. The United States only shows for 36.8 and Canada 29.4. Naturally the European states are very low in the scale under this aspect, Great Britain being only 8.5, France and Germany 7.9 each, Belgium 7.7, Holland, 6.0, and Russia 3.0. The lowest of all is India with 0.7.

—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

### Using the Parlor.

In one sense it should not be a living room, because it should be the one place in all the house where work is not an obtrusive suggestion. It should be a refuge from all business associations and from all toil that is wearisome or distasteful. In this room there should be only the most restful and peaceful associations. A place free from the worries of life is really necessary for the healthy development, and in its appointments must be comfortable to the person, tranquilizing to the mind and gratifying to the eye. To produce this result care should be exercised not to make the parlor a "family refrigerator" or give it a stiff and forbidding air. There is nothing sacred about the room; there is no reason why one should feel so constrained that breathing is made painful by the fear of being obtrusive.

### The Wise Cat.

We ourselves have known a cat who would recognize his master's footsteps after a three months' absence, and come out to meet him in the hall, with tail erect, and purring all over as if to the very edge of bursting. And another cat we know, who comes up every morning between six and seven o'clock to wake his master, sits on the bed, and very gently feels first one eyelid and then the other with his paw. When an eye opens, but not till then, the cat sets up a loud purr, like the prayer of a fire-worshipper to the rising sun.

Those who say lightly that cats care only for places, and not for persons, should go to the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, where they may see recognitions between cat and owner that will cure them of so shallow an opinion. When we were last there, one striking instance fell in our way. Cats greatly dislike these exhibitions; a cat, as a rule, is like Queen Vashti, unwilling to be shown, even to the nobles, at the pleasure of an Ahasuerus. Shy, sensitive, wayward, and independent, a cat resents being placed upon a cushion in a wire cage, and exposed to the unintelligent criticism, to say nothing of the fingers, of a mob of sightseers. One very eminent cat, belonging to the Master's Common Room at Christ Church, Oxford, whose size and beauty have on several occasions entailed on him the hard necessity of attending a cat show, takes, it is said, three days to recover from the sense of humiliation and disgust which he feels, whether he gets a prize or not. On the occasion to which we refer, a row of distinguished cats were sitting, each on his cushion, with their backs to the sightseers, while their faces, when from time to time visible, were expressive of the deepest gloom and disgust. Presently two little girls pushed through the crowd to the cage of one of the largest of these cats, crying "There's Dick!" Instantly the great cat turned around, his face transfigured with joy, purred loudly, and endeavored to scratch open the front of the cage, that he might rejoin his little friends, who were with difficulty persuaded to leave him at the show. —London Spectator.

### The Force of England and Russia.

Russia has more soldiers and more ships of war than any other country in the world. In her standing army there are 780,000 men, and she has 358 ships in her navy. It costs \$125,000,000 a year to keep her military establishments on their peace footing, and her military authorities say they can place 2,300,000 trained men under arms in war time. The English standing army is 182,000 men. This includes the English regular troops serving in India. The English war office authorities profess to be able to put 642,000 well-drilled and effective British troops in the field if called on to do so. This does not include the Indian auxiliary forces, which would swell the total British forces at home and abroad to over 1,000,000 men. It costs England \$90,000,000 a year to keep up its regular army. In 1853 there were 52,000 Irish soldiers in the English army; now there are only 31,000. In 1853 a great number of Irishmen from the Tipperary, Armagh, Kilkenny, and other Irish militia regiments volunteered for active service, and were sent to the Crimea. The English navy contains 283 ships. But while the Russian navy contains more vessels than the English navy, it must be remembered that England spends three times as much on her navy as Russia spends on hers.

### An Enterprising Boy.

One of the most promising of the younger artists in Boston has a wealthy father who opposed his son's art aspirations, and wanted him to devote himself to business instead. The boy, however, was determined to study art abroad, and finally compromised. He was a large western dealer in cattle, and sold his son on credit, but at a pretty stiff market price, a small herd of choice cattle, with the stipulation that the boy should take them to Liverpool to sell. The profits on the transaction, if any, he could have to pay his expenses while studying abroad, but if he lost money he should return home and go into business. The boy brought the cattle to Boston, shipped them from here to Liverpool, going on the same steamer with them, reached that port in nine days, struck a good market, sold out in one day at a big profit, cabled a cheque to his father for the amount of his loan, and in less than a week, with the profits of the transaction in his pocket, was in Paris studying, where he was able to remain two years. His pluck and his present success has so pleased his father that the latter now says: "Go back and continue your studies whenever you get ready, and call on me for what funds you want."

### A Lemon Within a Lemon.

The notice published in a Boston paper of an orange within an orange elicits from a correspondent this companion picture of the lemon species: "In 1834 or 1835, at the time 'Honest John Davis,' of Worcester, was Governor of Massachusetts, he boarded at a boarding-house in Cambridge street, facing Bowdoin street, kept by Mrs. Wilson. At a ball given in honor of the Governor by Madame Wilson, in making lemonade for the occasion one lemon inside of another was found, and, as in the case of the orange, the inner lemon was perfect, and about one-third the size of the outer one."

A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

### LAUGHLETS.

The first thing in a boot is the last. Offenbach's "Dr. Ox" ought to draw—in opera bouf.

The dentist's epitaph; "He is filling his last cavity."

Can a large corral of cattle be called a pau-city of stock!

A hungry tramp at a back door explained his position to the world of food by saying: "Nature abhors a vacuum."

Probably the Rev. Dr. John Lead-better, who left the Church of England to join the Buddhists, was under the impression that the followers of Indian faith lead better lives.

"You have lived a life of good deeds. Why should you fear death?" "Because," said the dying Alderman, "the morning papers publish such villainous wood-cut portraits of public men."

A girl visited a music store and asked for "The Heart Boiled Down With Grease and Care," and "When I Swallowed Home-Made Pies." The clerk recognized what she desired, however.

Ardent Lover—"I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." Old Gent (somewhat deaf)—"Pay for her dresses. Why, certainly, my dear sir. Here are the bills." He gave one glance at them and fled.

A Chicago clergyman startled his parish not long ago with the following singular announcement. "Remember our communion service next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services and the bishop in the evening."

A Chicago critic revives the old slander for "Henry Irving's legs are poems." They may say what they please about Henry's legs, but, unlike most poems, they are all right.—[New York Graphic. This is another mistake. One of them must be left.

"Here's a musical salesman advertised for. Why don't you apply, Ned?" "I? Why, I'm not musical." "Perhaps not, but I know you can blow your own horn, you're familiar with bars, your remarks are full of shure, you're always giving notes, and all the rest."

One of our sextons, in making his report of burials, is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: "Died, John Smith; male; aged three days; unmarried."

Trees have some characteristics in common with people. In the spring they begin to leave for the summer, although some will be unable to do so, because their trunks will be seized for board.

A few months ago a famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do you see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to a Sergeant. "Cobwebs!" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "We keep them there to catch the flies and prevent their teasing the horses."

An absent-minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat, and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, Madam!" Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In a sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, with a look of rage on his countenance: "Is that you again, you brute?"

### Are Women Handsomer than Men?

I never felt so thoroughly convinced, writes Clara Belle, that women are really handsomer than men as by the sight of several of our favorite actors bereft of mustaches. We have to go smooth-faced all the while, and yet most of us manage to do it prettily; but there isn't one man in a hundred whose countenance can stand on its naked merits. There is a popular young actor named John Drew at Daly's theater, and an actress on the same stage named Ada Rehan. They have been mimic sweethearts for several years in modern comedies. This week Daly is reviving an old play belonging to a period when mustaches were unfashionable, and the actors concerned in the representation were ordered to get clean shaven. They obeyed, though it is said that they postponed the sacrifice until the last hour before the initial performance. Well, Drew is truly a frightful object. His revealed mouth is simply dreadful. Perhaps it misses the weight of the mustache, and will gradually come under symmetrical control, but on the occasion of its debut it was a sad wreck. I am told that Miss Rehan, on first encountering him in the wings, ejaculated: "Good heavens! is that the mouth I have been kissing all along?"

### Sermon to my Boy.

My boy, when you desire to commit any wrong in your basement, have some one attract attention by proclaiming your virtues from the housetop.

When you make up your mind to call a man a liar, always pick out some fellow you can lick.

When your pail of milk is spilled, don't sit down and cry, but go for a fresh cow and refill your pail.

When you decide that the world owes you a living, pull off your coat and take it out of the world's hide.

When you think the world cannot get along without you, pull a hair from your head and see if it makes you baldheaded.

### A Roast of Lamb That's "Very Sheep."

Economical Dutchman (in butcher shop): "Hev you some nice Spring lamb dot's sheep?"

Butcher: "Yes, sir."

Economical Dutchman: "Well, send the sheepest roast you hev."

Butcher: "All right, sir. I will sent you a roast of lamb that's very sheep."

### HORSES.

#### HAND-RUBBING vs. DRUGS.

Trainers understand the importance of hand-rubbing in fitting horses for the track; but its value as a curative measure in fever, or in cases such as I have just cited, is not generally recognized. As in training for the track, the rubbing presses out the fatty globules and leaves the flesh clean and free—making a firm, pliant, springy muscle; so in the condition of disease referred to, the filthy humors which constitute the disease and have rendered the fever necessary are pressed into the circulation, from which they are secreted by the appropriate glands, and find an outlet through the various excretories. In cases where nitre, digitalis, etc., have been given "for the kidneys," many noble animals have been sacrificed who would have been saved by causing them to swallow hot water freely, withholding all food, manipulating their limbs and muscles as before remarked, and keeping the poison-drugs out of them entirely. The diuretic may "start the water," and this manner of starting it may not prove fatal; but it is too often followed by a complete relapse—the animal dying from blood-poisoning shortly after. The same may be said with regard to purgative medicines. Injections of hot water and free kneading of the bowels, or percussion, are always safer and more effectual.

#### CONCERNING THE USE OF THE BLANKET.

Blanketing in stables is often favored solely on account of the better appearance of the coat; the hair does not grow so long, and it keeps smooth and glossy with less grooming. In the absence of the blanket the hair grows long and affords complete protection from cold, and is as much better as it is more natural. Other things equal, the horse that receives the most coddling in the way of blankets, warm stables (especially if warmth be secured by non-ventilation), guarding from wet, cold, etc., will be the least fitted for real service and the most subject to disease. If blanketed and kept in a close stable the horse will shiver in the cold in spite of blankets and extra robes; while unblanketed and accustomed to an airy, i. e., a well-ventilated stable—for size alone does not ensure pure air—he will stand, even in the most exposed situations on a severe winter's day, without any trembling. There are times, of course, when standing for any great length of time in a bleak location, especially after sweating freely, that some extra protection for the toughest horse even is useful; but the practice of immediately enveloping a sweaty horse with blanket or robe, and especially when the halt is to be a brief one, is anything but sound. A few minutes' exposure after hot work is an intense relief, even on the coldest day, and the added covering occasions positive discomfort to the heated animal, and is of no advantage, whatever. After a few minutes have been allowed for the relief mentioned, and it used to blanketing if he has to stand long in the cold, the blanket may be adjusted. But there is much unconscious cruelty practiced in the inappropriate use of the blanket at all seasons of the year. My own practice has been to dispense with blanketing entirely, in stable and out; rarely throwing any cover over my horses, whether they are sweaty or not, and regardless of the season or the weather; never, in short, except in cases where one may be not only very hot, but also extremely tired—in such a case some extraordinary care is necessary. By pursuing this course I have never had a horse "catch cold," nor made sick from any cause, when under my care or cared for under my direction. Nor is this experience peculiar to my own horses, but tallies with that of many persons who are simply careless as to the treatment their horses receive, as well as others who have adopted the rule after mature consideration as a preventive of sickness. The fact is that few persons appreciate how perfectly the hairy coat of the horse is adapted to his varying needs, and how effectually it protects him from wet, cold, heat, or sudden changes. There is no analogy between his wet coat of hair and a wet blanket (or wet garments about ourselves), and the fear of it, as a general rule, is a blind sort of instinct on our part.

#### "CLIPPING"

is, therefore, an abuse which should not be perpetrated. It is unnatural, and no amount of care can fully atone for the loss of his natural coat. The fact is that both horse and owner are by nature designed for service and to become inured to exposure, and not for "molly-coddling"; and, under use, both become proof against harm from what is often considered rough treatment, but which in fact increases their vigor and effectually guards them from disease. But to rob a horse of his hair is to put upon him an unnatural kind of exposure, with no compensating advantage.

The digestive system, along with the entire organism, is exalted in proportion to the degree of active exercise in the open air; in fact, work, cold weather, and pure air increase the digestive powers and all the forces of the organism. There is a limit, of course, as with all rules, to the application of this principle; but the principle holds good under all circumstances. Blanketing a horse lessens his digestive capacity, and anything which tends in that direction reduces all the vital powers; the fact being that the more he can digest, the more he can endure, whether of work or exposure. This is simply because the more his vital powers are taxed, providing always they be not overtaxed, the more he can digest; since, as remarked elsewhere, the digestive fluids are secreted from the blood in proportion to the body's needs for nutriment, and not in proportion to the amount of food swallowed. Extra work and exposure to cold, by a corresponding consumption of the tissues, cause de-

mand for an increased amount of food to make good the waste, and the digestive fluids are increased in like measure. Blanketing a horse does not diminish the size of his stomach, and hence he will, at least for a time if permitted, eat as much as if unblanketed, and would continue to eat more than he needed, and would stuff himself whenever opportunity offered. So, too, he will for a time (and always until affected injuriously by the means) eat as much when at leisure as when working. But eating and digesting are far from synonymous terms. He can not digest more than he needs, and any excess above such needs is not only so much for digestion, but tends strongly to the imperfect digestion of all the food swallowed and to a condition of general disorder.

### THE POPE.

#### The Cost of the Papal Court—Where he Lives—His Learning.

The total expenses of the Holy See are about 5,000,000 a year, of which 500,000 francs is expended for the personal service of the Pope. The court is not an expensive one; the Palatine Guards, recruited among the Roman bourgeoisie, receive no pay; the Noble Guard, fifty in number, receive 120 francs a month apiece; the Swiss Guards, ninety-eight in number, receive forty-eight francs per month and feed themselves, and the fifty gendarmes who complete the military forces of the Vatican are paid at the same rate. The numerous chamberlains, bus-solanti and gesticari of Leo XIII., are very moderately paid. The reserve fund of the Holy See has a revenue of 3,000,000 francs, and it has to depend on Peter's pence for the rest. So far this voluntary tax has sufficed to supply the deficiency, but there is no longer any surplus to set aside for a rainy day.

#### POPE LEO'S LEARNING.

As to his learning there are few prelates of the church who are his equal as a Latinist, and he knows most of his favorite classics—Pliny, Cicero, Horace, and Cæsar—by heart. His favorite of all is Virgil, for whose poems he has unbounded admiration. The only Italian author he cares about is Dante, and he has himself said to me: "I can repeat the 'Divina Comedia,' the 'Eneid' and the 'Georgics' from beginning to end," and to prove it made me cite a line here and there in each of these authors, and at once took up the quotation and went to the end of the passage. Unlike his predecessor, who took great pleasure in public audiences, he avoids them as much as possible; nor does he like those whom he consents to receive to ask him, as they too often do, for some trifle as a remembrance.

#### WHERE THE POPE LIVES.

The Holy Father occupies the second floor of that portion of the Vatican which lies to the north of the San Damaso Court, immediately facing the Loggia di Raphaeli. His apartment consists of five rooms—a small waiting-room, a study, library, bedroom, and an oratory. Before reaching the apartment you have to pass through two rooms, in the first of which are the Swiss guards and in the second the private assistant chamberlains. All these rooms are very plainly furnished, there having been no change made in them during the past forty years except that the bed in which Pius IX. died was removed, while a number of books in the library have been replaced by others. The sleeping chamber of the Pope is very small and the walls are entirely covered with red hangings. A bed, two armchairs, two chairs and a prie-dieu are about all that it contains, and the only ornaments on the walls are a few prints representing religious subjects. There is nothing to say about the library, which does duty as a dining-room as well as a library.

### The Original False Prophet.

The title of "El Mahdi" was originally borne by the very caliph who destroyed the most famous of the present Mahdi's predecessor, viz., the Turcoman impostor, Hakim Ben Hashim, surnamed "Mokannah" (the veiled) from the covering of silver gauze which always hid his face. This worthy's career was a pretty exact counterpart of that of the Soudan prophet. Of mean birth and by trade a fuller, he quitted his native city of Merv at 40 years of age for a desert hermitage, whence he emerged with a proclamation of his divine mission which drew crowds of enthusiasts to his standard. Fixing his capital at Merv, he repulsed several attacks, but was at length defeated in 790 by the caliph Mahdi in person, who drove him across the Oxus, and finally blockaded him in Neksheb, the modern Karshi, ninety miles southeast of Bokhara. Here the impostor, finding his cause hopeless, poisoned his remaining followers and then plunged into a tank filled with corrosive acid, that the appearance of his body might give rise (as it actually did) to the belief that he had ascended to heaven. His life has been written by the French historian, d'Herbelot, but he is chiefly known to western readers through Moore's famous poem in "Lalla Rookh," "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

### The Last Resort.

Convicted murderer (to his lawyer)—"Can nothing be done to set aside the verdict?"

Lawyer—"I am in possession of certain facts that will prove two of the jurors to have been bribed."

Convicted murderer (anxiously)—"In time to save me?"

Lawyer—"No, I am afraid not."

Convicted murderer—"Well, what's to be done?"

Lawyer—"I'll tell you what's to be done. You just keep quiet and let them hang you and I'll make everybody connected with the prosecution sweat for it."