

It Has Been the Scene of Three Murders, and Strange Sounds are Heard in It.

"It often starts off on a perfectly level track, and we have to keep the brake on all the while in order to keep it quiet," said Jack Martin, a brakeman on the San Pedro road. "What's the matter with the car?" asked the person addressed. "I think it is haunted. At least all the boys say it is. It may and it may not be; but it is certain that the car often moves when no one is near it."

"The car must be haunted," remarked Martin's companion, who listened to the story with the closest attention.

"All the train men say it is," continued Martin, "and the fact that it will often move on a level track shows that something is wrong."

"Do you ever hear any strange noises around it?" asked the reporter.

"I fancy sometimes I hear a moan or some indistinct mutterings, but it may be only imagination," replied the brakeman. The engineer said yesterday he heard a human voice in it, but, upon looking all around the car, saw no one.

The Giants of Patagonia.

The Patagonian, in the upper part of his body, is of large build. His trunk and head are large, his chest broad, his arms long and muscular. On horseback, he seems far above the ordinary size of man. When he dismounts, however, it is seen that his legs are unproportionately short and slender; they frequently bend outward. His walk is heavy and lumbering. These are the well-known peculiarities which are found in the Tartars, and in all races of men who spend most of their time, like the Patagonians, on horseback.

Southern Tobacco Growing.

Much of the desolate appearance noticed by strangers in the southern country, is due to the exhaustion of the soil by continuous tobacco growing. A very large proportion of what was known as tobacco land, has been thus reduced to a condition of poverty, in which it has been "turned out" to grow up to old field pine or broom sedge.

The Hearing Faculty in Bees

Sir J. Lubbock, after many experiments on the power of hearing in bees and ants, states that he never could satisfy himself that these insects heard any sounds he could produce. In the case of bees it would be a great surprise to many to hear that they are absolutely incapable of hearing, and it must not be assumed that they are so because experiments have as yet yielded no satisfactory results.

Sir John Lubbock has recently tried a further series of interesting experiments to decide the question as to how far the power of hearing is developed in bees. To what extent music has power to charm the bee or guide her instincts may be judged from the result of an experiment of which he read an account at a meeting of the Linnean Society in November, 1882.

Some honey was placed on a musical box on his lawn, and the box was kept going for a fortnight, during which time the bees regularly helped themselves to the honey. The box and honey were then removed out of sight into the house, and, although placed near an open window and only seven yards from the previous position, the bees failed to find the honey, although those brought to it in its new position afterward found the way readily enough.

It is, however, remarkable that bees certainly do seem to hear on some occasions. The note with which the old queen threatens the royal brood as they come to maturity, and swarming time approaches, and so well known to apiarists under the name of "piping," can often be distinctly heard some distance from the hive, and it is evidently intelligible to the young queens, for they respond in tones perfectly audible to the listener.

Beautiful Women.

In loitering through Italian towns, nothing strikes the youthful stranger more than the extraordinary grace and beauty of the women, and he naturally desires to express his gratitude to those who have lent a new loveliness to life. In the north this is easy enough. "How beautiful she is!" echoes wherever small feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and now even to Rome.

There is in New Zealand a tree which proves fatal to birds in an altogether singular way. The seed vessels give off a sticky fluid, and many a fly finds itself imprisoned in the gummy stuff. These flies, in turn, attract small birds, and they also get so covered with the fluid that they are unable to flutter. The fruit, too, is an object of desire, and the birds become, as it were, glued to the ripe clusters which they proposed to eat.

There are no public libraries in Philadelphia, the nearest approach to an institution of that character being the Ridgway Library, for reference.

A Casualty.

The morning papers contained among their casualties the following paragraph: Run Over.—Yesterday afternoon an unknown bootblack, aged about eight, was run over at the corner of Blank Street, City Hospital.

Only one short, sharp cry, followed by the hoarse shouts of several men, that was all. They carried him to the sidewalk, and as the crowd stopped and gathered round him, some one coming by stopped and asked, "What was it?" "Only another bootblack hurt," was the careless response, and the questioner passed on.

The hospital slept, all but one silent watcher, who kept her vigil beside one little cot, rising at intervals to scan the little pale face that lay on the pillow. No sound but the breathing of the patients and the monotonous tick-tick of the great clock broke the stillness.

Presently there was a movement, and the little white face turned its eyes toward the watcher, and a feeble voice asked,—"Say, where be I?"

"You are in a good place, child." It was still again for a moment, and then,—"Say, missus, where's my box?"

"I don't know. I expect it was lost."

"Lost? Oh yes, now I know. I was runned over, wasn't I?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Jest Tommy."

"But you must have another name."

"No'm, I aint."

"Well, what is your mother's name?"

"I aint got no mother. I had oncet, but she's dead."

The kind face bent down to kiss him, and he murmured,—"She used to do that. Say, I'd like to see her agin."

"Well, perhaps you will. But there, don't talk any more."

A short silence followed, but presently he inquired,—"Kin she come back?"

"Who?"

"My mother."

No she can't do that, but maybe you will be able to go to her."

"When?"

"Pretty soon."

He dozed again, and the hands of the great clock dragged themselves wearily on. In his sleep he was again with his mates. Now he was calling "shine!" now he was counting his money, laughing with his comrades, and eagerly plying his trade, happy in his humble box as lordly princes on their jeweled thrones. Oh sleep! it is you who lifts from us our cares and sorrows. The hands of the clock had barely passed the hour of two when he again awoke.

"Missus."

"Yes dear."

"Won't yer kiss me agin? It seems as though my mother was close to me when you do that."

She kissed him and he dropped off to sleep, but not for long. The minute-hand had not reached the half hour when he woke with a cry and start.

"Say what makes me feel so queer? I feel," and the words came with more difficulty, "as—though—somethin'—heavy—was—reastin'—on—me."

The lights were turned up, and noiseless feet hurried to and fro, while willing hands raised the little form from the pillow; brighter grew the eyes, as they seemed to gaze at something toward which the little yearning arms were outstretched. Fainter and fainter came the breath, feebler and feebler grew the voice.

"You—was—right,—missus."

They raised him higher, and he whispered,—"You—was—right. I—kin—I kin—go."

"Where dear?"

"You—said—I could,—and—I—kin—go—to—"

The little outstretched arms fell, and that last loving word was spoken on the other side of the great river.

Riel's Mother.

An interview has been had with Mrs. Riel, mother of Louis Riel, the rebel leader, who lives at St. Vital, a short distance from Winnipeg. She received a letter from her son the day after she reached Regina asking his brother Joseph to go to Batocche and bring his wife and boy, about three years old, and a girl about two years, who were in a starving condition, down to St. Vital and care for them, as he feared they would perish if left up there. He said to take no trouble about his trial, as he would be able to make arrangements for his defence and would try and manage as well as he could, but he urged for God's sake that his wife and children be taken care of. He said he had given himself up to Middleton in obedience to a letter from him asking him to do so.

THE REBELLION.

Stray Shots from the Scene of Operations.

Last fall both Big Bear and Dumont told a traveller, in speaking of what they would do if they were forced to retreat, that they would, under such circumstances, endeavor to make their way to the Peace river country, where he could live comfortably. He would divide his followers into numerous bands, who would each take a different route to reach their destination. Big Bear has, it would appear, fully carried out this plan.

Alexander Riel, brother of the rebel chief, is trying to raise money to defray the expenses of counsel. Louis is anxious to have good counsel in the approaching trial.

Private letters from the sharpshooters intimate that when they return to Ottawa they will bring the bodies of Osgoode and Rogers, killed at Cut Knife Hill, with them for interment.

A letter from New York, dated 28th March, and addressed: "General Louis Riel, Carlton," has been intercepted in the delayed Prince Albert mail. It was written by a person well acquainted with the Northwest, and speaks of several plans, advising the rebels to make a stand at Batocche. The letter was written in reply to one sent by Riel, and the writer offers five hundred men, with arms and ammunition and hand grenades. Several persons are referred to under fictitious names.

Moosomin's turnout at Battleford the day he surrendered was "sublimely horrible." First came a mounted Indian with grave and solemn face—a toss up which was the prettiest, his or the mule's which he rode. Next, seated in a wagon, came what was supposed to be his Satanic Majesty, but turned out to be the chief, who wore a black plug hat, three or four ostrich feathers stuck in it, black frock coat with various kinds of brass buttons and blanket trousers. The rings in his ears were conspicuous for their size, and in fact one of them was the journal plate of a watch's works attached to a stove pipe wire.

The troops at Battleford have got down to real camp life and almost every day there is amusement in the athletic line for the force. At a foot ball match the Queen's Own beat the 90th Rifles. At base-ball the Midlanders beat the scouts, and at cricket a draw game was called between the batteries and the Midlanders.

The Battle river was dammed by our troops and a fish-net strung across for the capture of sturgeon which abounds in the vicinity.

The scouts have brought in several horses and a large herd of cattle, nearly all of which have been claimed by settlers as their property which had been stolen by Poundmaker's band.

Butter \$1.50 a lb., and milk 35c. per qt. is what "our boys" have to pay at Battleford. "The tired and weary warrior now layeth out his sheekles which the grasping settler scoopeth in."

The bacon which was served out to the troops has been condemned by a board of surgeons, and hard-tack and tea is again the bill of fare, corn beef extra.—There is a scarcity of fresh beef.

If Louis Riel is actually a citizen of the United States—that is, if he belongs to us—we give him most freely to the Canadian authorities on condition that they will hang him high and at once.—Chicago News.

The leader of the half-breed revolt in Canada, Riel, is a man who fancied he had a mission to free the world from the power of the Church of Rome. Riel is a strong Unitarian, and to tackle the church that excited his dislike he went to an obscure point and began operations by killing off many who were as pronounced in their hatred of a very strong church as he was. But Riel finds himself safely locked up in goal, Unitarianism and all, while the Roman Church is going right on in its work, just the same as if it had never existed.—Chicago News.

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, who will arrive in Toronto in July, has ordered the Toronto detachment to form a brigade for service in the North-West among Indians and half-breeds. A large number have volunteered and several Montreal members have signified a desire to join the brigade.

Red Pheasant sent in to Gen. Middleton a large amount of settlers' effects which he took from the Indians. Big Child's band of Indians also came in to Battleford to pay his respects to the General. The "boys" enjoy the pow-wows and say they are as good as a circus parade.

Amongst Poundmaker's captured "outfit" by the mounted police, was a photograph of Todd's sharpshooters, which was taken in Winnipeg. It must have been taken from the captured bullock train.

A half-breed taken prisoner by the Guards, had poor Osgoode's tuque in his possession. It is believed he will be tried for the murder of Osgoode, as one of the Indians has said that he was the man who fired the fatal shot.

Sergt. Maynard Rogers was greatly taken by surprise on reading his own obituary in some of the papers.

None of the Ottawa foot guards will volunteer for the force to remain for a period after the return of force. If there is any fighting to be done they will stay and see it out; but for garrison duty they can be counted on.

The Northwest field force has been divided into three brigades, and known as the first second and third brigades.

The exact length of the new telegraph line to Fort Macleod is: from Dunmore to Lethbridge a few feet over 107 miles from Lethbridge to the barracks at MacLeod one-tenth short of 9 miles, or a total of a little less than 136 miles. The posts are 400 feet apart, double the ordinary distance, but intermediate posts will be put in afterwards. The instruments are so arranged that either the telegraph or telephone can be switched on at pleasure. The line was constructed under the direct supervision of Mr. F. N. Gibbons.

Tamerlane.

There is probably no chapter of the world's history, so crammed with fighting as that which chronicles the doings in India from the tenth century to the fourteenth, and to endeavor to condense any account of the numerous sieges suffered by Delhi and by many another city of northern India during that period would be to produce a picture of unceasing bloodshed and of wearisome sameness. The character of Timur Beg, or Tamerlane, however, is so very extraordinary as to merit description. From him dates the famous Moghul Empire, finally extinguished in the present century by absorption into the East India Company.

"His successors," says Gibbon, "extended their sway from the mountains of Kashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Kanahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurunzebe their empire has been dissolved, their treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber (Nadir Shah), and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants of a remote island in the Northern Ocean."

It is said that Timur Beg was a grave man, of quiet manners, half of one hand and one foot, and delighting in the game of chess, which he greatly complicated by doubling the number of pieces from thirty-two to sixty-four. He is described as ruling his household with calm equity, by no means sparing his sons from the observance of the law; temperate and regular in his life, and aiming ever at the establishment of an ideal kingdom where a child might carry a purse of gold in safety from east to west of the Asian continent. How a man of such character could at the same time be so emphatically the arch-destroyer of mankind is not clear. As for the authority he exercised over his children, it is at least certain that when he invaded India, his grandson Pir Mohammad had made a little war for himself at Multan, and would have perished miserably had his grandfather not come to his rescue. How young Pir went out to conquer India on his own account is not told, but it is certain that Timur was not provoked to any act of sharp justice. Timur's sons seemed to have only waited for his death to tear each other to pieces at their leisure.

Timur, the wild chess-player, signalized his successes in India by a series of barbarous massacres. At one time on one day alone he murdered one hundred thousand prisoners in cold blood, lest they should turn against him. Having conquered the weak Mahmood III. before Delhi, he entered the city, and had himself proclaimed emperor in all the mosques on Friday (the Muslim Sunday), and immediately left the city to the mercy of his Moghul soldiers, who burned, plundered, and slew till they were weary. He afterward returned, and gave evidence of his taste for the beautiful by ordering the famous mosque of Ferose, which had escaped the flames, to be copied in Samarkand.

These doings of Timur appear the more barbarous when we remember that he was himself a musulman sacking a musulman king's city, and slaying by the hundred thousand his musulman subjects. He had not the excuse which he subsequently alleged in support of his expedition against China, that he was carrying the faith of the Prophet into a heathen country. The kingdom founded by Mohammad of Ghor was essentially Muslim, and its invasion by Tamerlane was as purely arbitrary an act of plunder as was the conquest of his own successors by Nahir Shah, the Persian freebooter of the eighteenth century.

Timur died of drinking too much lead water, on the march to China in 1405. As was to be expected, his kingdom, or empire, fell to pieces, and for a hundred and twenty years a series of parvenu emperors of all sorts reigned at Delhi, besieging it, taking it, and holding it as they were able.

How Bruin Hugged a Busy Saw.

"Talking about funny things," said a big, bronzed, bearded man, "the funniest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw-mill out in Michigan. We used a heavy upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day not long ago the men had all gone to dinner leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result: a badly-cut paw. A blow with the other paw followed and it was also cut. The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury and rushing at the saw caught it in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. It was his last hug and we lived on bear steaks for a week. When we came up from dinner, there was half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.