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 in question was an old one and stood on a side track. It had just been brought up from San Pedro and had been emptied of six tons of iron for the cable railroad. Continuing, Martin said: "That car has a strange history. No less than three murders have been committed in it. Three years ago it was brought out from Boston loaded with fine furniture for a hotel in Sacramento. Somewhere in Nevada the door was broken open and two tramps entered and closed the door. They were anxious to get to 'Frisco, and being supplied with food and water they proposed to go through without charge. No one knows how the deed was done; but when the car was opened at Sacramento the body of one of the tramps was discovered. His throat was cut and an ugly wound was found on his right side. The other tramp could not be found. The car was sidetracked at Sacramento three months, and was then loaded with flour for Stockton. While at the depot at the latter place a couple of railroad hands occupied it one night, and during a game of cards one of them, named John Dewey, stabbed his companion. He died in a few moments. The trial was a long one, and Dewey was sentenced to San Quentin for twenty years. He claimed he acted in self-defence. When arrested, however, he had about \$38 in his possession, while his dead companion did not have a nickel. That looked rather suspicious. Well, the next we heard of No. 11,088 she was the scene of another mysterious affair. This was about a year ago at El Paso. During a strike among a lot of Italian laborers at that place this car wes boarded by half a dozen of them. A quarrel ensued over some trifle, and one of them was beaten so badly that he died before medical aid could be summoned. "The car must be haunted," remarked

Martin's companion, who listened to the Ltory with the closest attention, "and I would not sleep in it for a hundred dol-

"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 moane 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 fact of the matter is, I do not have much to do with the old thing, and I wish the company would draw it off." At this point in the conversation Martin's train pulled up from the new depot, and he boarded it, and was soon engaged with the duties attending his line of business. Car 11,088 is considered haunted by nearly all the railroad boys.

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. But it is only a little over two centuries since the horse was introduced into this region. The natives who were first seen chased the swift guanaco and ostrich over their immense plains on foot. Such activity required long, straight and muscular legs. It is not too much to suppose that the total change in their habits of life, which has occurred since they became a nation of horsemen, has detracted at least two inches from their stature. Adding these lost inches to their present height, we recover the giants who astonished the companions of Magellan, and vindicate the narratives which later writers have discredited.

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. As every fault brings with it its own punishment, so this has done, not only in the loss of the use of the land for many years, and the cost of reclaiming it, but also in the injury which results from the adverse impression upon the minds of visitors from other states, who are seeking homes in the sunny and fertile south. This fault should be prevented in the future, and there is no need to stop growing tobacco either. Tobacco is the cash crop of the southern farmer, and every farmer requires a certain amount of money coming in, to meet expenses which must be paid in cash. But first of all, the food and fodder crops should be grown for fodder for pigs, cattle and sheep. These may be sowed after two crops of tobacco have been taken from new land, and one tobacco crop may safely follow after either clover or cowpeas have been plowed in to enrich the stitution of that character being the Ridg-Boil.

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. From time immemorial it has been the habit with rustic beekeepers at the time of swarming to invoke the aid of noise to hasten the lighting of the bees. With some it takes the form of drumming on a tin kettle; others beat candlesticks together, or put their faith in the strains of a concertina or violin. Every one has his own theory as to the object of this performance. One does it to over-power the hum of the swarm, so that the individual bees may think they are left alone and so make haste to alight. Another does it to keep the bees in the neighborhood with the charms of the music, and a third hopes to drown the notes of the music which may be ready to lead off the to distant parts previously explored in search of an eligible spot to alight in. It is remarkable, however, that all agree in assuming that the bees hear and are acted upon by the noise produced.

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. He, however, declines to say that bees are incapable of hearing, and thinks it not impossible that insects may perceive higher notes then we can hear, and may even possess a sense or perhaps sensations of which we can form no idea; for although we have no special organs adapted to certain sensations, there s no reason why it should be the case with other animals, while the problematical organs possessed by some of the lower forms favor this suggestion. He is of opinion that the sounds which bees hear may be not the low loud sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing.

It is, however, remarkable that bees certainly do seem to hear on some occasions. The note with which the old queen threatens the royal prood 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. Although bees will take no notice of a very loud noise even close to the hive, it is, however, remarkable that the slightest tap on the hive itself, or any of its attachments, or even a heavy tread some distance off, immediately disturbs them.

Beautiful Women.

In loftering through Italian towns, nothingstrikes the youthful strangermore 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 whereversmall feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and now even to Rome. Dainty little ears hear the words not unkindly, and soft, sweet voices will sometimes argue not quite kindly as to whom they were intended for. But in Naples we must be silent and discreet. The noblemen have revolvers and the lazzaroni long knives hidden away somewhere out of sight of the police, but yet within easy reach. Let the young man be careful, and, if he must give vent to an admiration too passionate to be silenced, let him draw his right hand down his face from the cheek bones to the chin. That means, "Oh how lovely she is!" and the slower the movement is, so long as it is clearly perceptible, the more deep and lasting is the impression supposed to be indicated. Every woman, be she peeress or peasant, understands this sign, and will go home the happier for having seen it. Whether it was of yore a symbol of worship for the old Etruscans we cannot tell. It is certainly one of the most sincere forms of adoration that modern Naples knows.

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 anable to flutter. The fruit, too is an object of desire, and the birds become, as it were, glued to the ripe clusfers which they proposed to eat. The wee birds cannot escape without help, and so they lie there, a prey to other animals. A black cat took up its home near one of these trees for the purpose of dining on the poor birds, and the pussy herself had to obtain aid every now and then in order to remove the sticky pods that got into

There are no public librarles in Philadelphia, the nearest approach to an inway Library, for reference.

A Casualty.

The morning papers contained among their casualties the following paragraph: Run Over. - Yesterday afrernoon 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 ambulance came. The crowd made way, then separated, and the incident was forgotten. Nobody knew him, nobody

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 cleck broke the stillness. Sleep had granted a respite-trom suffering and care.

Presently there was a movement, and the little white face turned its eyes toward the watcher, and a feeble voice ask-

"Sey, where be I?" "You are in a good place, child."

It was still again for a moment, and

"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 murmered .-"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, a troop of Moosomin's Indians mounted 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-restin'-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 seemep 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 whis-

pered,-"You-was-right. I-kin-I kin-

"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 Batoche 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. He had been well treated by Middleton, and had suffered no indignities from any of his attendants. He concluded by asking to be remembered to all his friends, and by saying that he was in God's hands and would be taken care of. His mother says he has been in trouble ever since 1879. "He left me when he was 11 years old, but he ade. never forgot his poor old mother and always, when he had a cent to give, he gave it cheerfully. I know he was not working for himself in this case." There is a large rusty nail in the house; when asked about it, the mother said it was sent to Louis by Pope Pius IX., in recognition of his (Rtel's) services during the Red River rebellion. The Pope also sent a large medal to Louis, who has has ever since worn it about his neck. Our interest was naturally aroused when we were told that the Pope had assured Riel that the nail was actually from the cross.

THE REBELLION.

Stray Shots from the Scene of @perations. 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 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

h m 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 Batoche. The letter was written

in reply to one sent by Riel, and the

Moosomin's turnout at Battleford the

writer offers five hundred men, with arms and ammunition and hand grenades. Several persons are referred to under

fictitious names.

day he surrendered was " superbly hor- absorption into the East India Company. rible." 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 fortheir size. and in fact one of them was the journal plate of a watch's works attached to a stove pipe wire. Seated on his right was a dusky standard bearer, holding aloft a white flag, on which was inscribed doubling the number of pieces from "Moosomin's Indians" (evidently painted | thirty-two to sixty-four. He is described by some of the whites). On his left a squaw, gorgeously arrayed in old bits of shoe leather and brass tack reads, sat without the slightest observation of anything that was going on around her. In another seat three other lesser Indian lights were calmly seated smoking old stone pipes. They still had their war paint on, and the feathers in the head gear gave them a hideous appearance. Following in rear of this cavalcade was on "cayusses." The prosession slowly wended its way to the brigade tent, where they were received by Colonel

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 have only waited for his death to tear base ball the Midlanders beat the scouts. and at cricket a draw game was called between the batteries and the Midlanders.

Straubenzie, in the absence of the

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

vicinity.

General.

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 warthe grasping settler scoopeth in."

troops has been condemned by a board | kand. 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 aut porities on condition that they

will hang him high and at once. - Chicago The leader of the half-breed revolt in

Canada, Riel, is a man who tancied 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 dillke 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 Montreal members have signified a desire to join the brigade.

Red Pheasant sent in to Gen. Middleton a large amount of settlers' effects Child's band of Indians also came in to Battleford to pay his respects to the General. The "boys" enjoy the pow-wows

Amongst Poundmaker's captured "outfit" by the mounted police, was a phototaken from the captured bullock train.

fired the fatal shot.

taken by surprise on reading his own oblituary in some of the papers.

None of the Ottawa toot 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 out.

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 Macwould appear, fully carried out this Leod 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. Gisborne.

Tamerlane.

There is probably no chapter of the world's histor, 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 ur ceasing 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

"His successors," says Gibbon, "extended their sway from the mountains of Kashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Kangahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe 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, halt of one hand and one foot, and delighting in the game of chess, which he greatly complicated by 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

each other to pieces at their leisure. Timur, the wild chesa-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 The scouts have brought in several | conquered the weak Mahmoud 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 or his Moghul soldiers, who burned, plundered, and slew till they were weary. He afterward returned, and gave evidence of rior now layeth out his sheckels which his taste for the beautiful by ordering the famous mosque of Ferose, which had es-The bacon which was served out to the caped the flames, to be copied in Samar-

> These doings of Timur appear the more barbarous when we remember that he was himself a mussulman sacking a mussulman king's city, and slaying by the hundred thousand his mussulman 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 Nadir Shah, the Persian freebooter of the eighteenth century. Timur died of drinking too much iced

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 number have volunteered and several 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 he took from the Indiaus. Big | 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 and say they are as good as a circus par- 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 graph of Todd's sharpshooters, which was other paw followed and it was also cut. taken in Winnipeg. It must have been The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury and rushing at the saw caught it A halfbreed taken prisoner by the in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. Guards, had poor Osgoode's tuque in his It was his last hug and we lived on bear possession. It is believed he will be tried steaks for a week. When we came up for the murder of Osgoode, as one of the from dinner, there was half a bear on each Indians has said that he was the man who side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a Sergt. Maynard Rogers was greatly bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.