STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Almost Human.

"Massica" was a female chimpanzee, kept in the Dresden Zoological Gardens. She was remarkable, not only in her habits, but in her disposition. At one moment, she would sit still, with a brooding air, occasionally darting a mischievous glance at the spectators; at another, she took pleasure in feats of strength, or roamed about in her spacious enclosure, like an angry beast of prey.

Massica was frequently ungovernable. She would obey no one but the director of the garden. Sometimes when she was in a good humor, she would sit upon his knee, and put her muscular arms about his neck, with a caressing gesture, but in spite of this occasional clemency, he was never safe from her roguish tricks.

She knew how to use a gimlet, wring out wet clothes, and put a handkerchief to its legitimate use. If allowed to do so, she would draw off the keeper's boots, scramble with them to some place out of reach, and then throw them at his head.

Once she succeeded in opening the lock of her cage, and, having done so, stole the key. It was kept hanging on the wall outside, and, Massica, observing it, took it down, hid it in her armpit, and crept quietly back to her cage. When occasion again served her purpose, she easily opened the lock with the key, and walked out.

She died of consumption. Just before her death, she put her arm about the director's neck, looked at him placidly, kissed him three times, stretched out her hands to him, and died.

About Parrots.

Menault, another Frenchman of science, tells of a famous parrot, for which Cardinal Bossa paid a hundred gold crowns because he recited without a blunder the Apostles' Creed, and chanted the *magnificat* correctly.

The story is recorded in English anecdotal collections, if not in grave histories, that a parrot belonging to Henry VIII. once fell in the Thames, and summoned passers-by to the rescue by calling out "Help! Help!"

Scaliger tells of a parrot which imitated the calls used in the dances of the Savoyards, and repeated part of their songs; and Jacques Brunit, a French writer, tells of an African parrot who danced as he had seen the people do, repeating as he did so the words of their song; "A little step! A little jump! Ion! Ion!"

The Indian parrot of whom the account is given by Brehm was deprived of its mistress by death. It refused to eat, and called out repeatedly, "Where is madam? Where is madam?" One of the friends of the family, an elderly major, once patronized the parrot by saying to him, "Jump on your perch, Jacko, there's a good bird: jump on your perch!" Jacko looked at him an instant, contemptuously, and then exclaimed, "Jump on the perch, Major, jump on the perch!"

Brehm, the Author of a German work called "The History of Animals," affirms that parrots of the more intelligent Indian and African varieties have not only been taught many phrases which they repeat by rote, but that they have come to understand the meaning of what they say, and use words independently in their proper senses. He cites the case of an East Indian parrot who learned a large number of Dutch words in his native country. Brought to Europe, he learned a number of German and French words in succession. He asked for water, for food, for playthings, and for a chance to get out of his cage, which was regularly allowed him. He did not always use the German word for what he wanted, in speaking of Germans, but sometimes substituted the Dutch words, in their proper senses. No doubt a good many of his native screeches and jabberings were put down as "Dutch" by his German masters.

A French traveller, La Barre, a very serious and careful writer, tells a singular story of an African parrot called Chrysostom by the sailors on board a vessel, which brought La Barre from Senegal to France. Chrysostom had belonged to the chaplain of the ship, who had taught him a prayer or two, and a portion of the liturgy. On the voyage the chaplain died, and the bird continued to repeat the prayer that had been taught him. The sailors bestowed the name of "the chaplain," and knelt about his cage in a reverent manner when the bird repeated his prayer. There is another and unpleasant side to this picture, however in the fact that "the chaplain," learned some of the sailors' oaths, and added them to his liturgy. He also learned to call himself by the title of "the chaplain," and made such speeches as this: "Had your breakfast, Mr. Chaplain? Oh, yes, oh, yes. Mr. Chaplain wants a cracker. Yes, yes—for the chaplain. Amen!"

It has been estimated that a pair of wrens destroy at least 600 insects a day. They have been observed to leave their nests and return with insects from forty to sixty times an hour.

There is a mouse in a shop window at Chester, Ill., that has grown quite tame and catches flies. The mouse has grown quite used to having an audience, and does not run away unless the spectator makes a sudden move while he is at work. He is an experienced fly catcher and never misses. Upon making a grab for his prey he sits back on his haunches and calmly devours the choice morsel.

Language of Noses.

The Roman nose denotes a propensity for adventure.—A wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality.—A cleft nose shows benevolence—it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul.—A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious, and energetic mind.—The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catharine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind.—The curved thin nose is a mark of a brilliant mind, but vain, and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet or a critic.—It is desirable that the nose should be as long as possible, this being a sign of merit, power and genius. For instance Napoleon and Cæsar had long noses.—If the line of the nose be re-entrant—that is, if the nose is turned up—it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant, or frolicsome.

The length of the foot is proportioned to the height of its owner, as follows, the height being represented by 100:—Parisians, 14.8; Russians, 15.5; Hungarians, 15.4; Chinese, 15.1; Australian aborigines, 15.1.

UNHAPPY POETS.

The predominant theme of poetry is love; and poets, in verse at least, are the most seductive of lovers. Most young people who fall in love fall also into verse, and if they cannot write rhyme themselves when suffering from this malady, invariably quote from their favourite poet. It is, indeed, curious to see how a lover's fancies run into rhyme; and it is impossible to read in the newspapers a breach of promise case without meeting with verses addressed by John Smith to Sarah Brown which express in pathetic doggerel the most gushing sentiments of admiration and fidelity. At this crisis of their fate grave philosophers and mathematicians have also been known to invoke the Muse; and I suppose that Frederick the Great had a fit of this kind upon him when he asked Voltaire to teach him to make verses. It is not every one who, like John Foster, the Baptist minister, can make love to a young lady by writing an essay "On Decision of Character." The cultivation of the intellect and of logical composition are things good in their way, but lovers regard all the higher qualities of mind with absolute indifference, and are ready, with Romeo, "to hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet."

If this be the case with men who, at every period of their existence save one, pride themselves upon being practical, and are possibly, though they don't know it, commonplace, what becomes of the poets themselves when this fine love-frenzy seizes them? or; rather, for this is the chief point, how do they act afterward, when the pleasures of love-making are exchanged for matrimony? In this new relation their character does not stand as high as one could wish. As lovers, poets are divine; as husbands, the men of prose who never penned a stanza in their lives are often more trustworthy.

We know little of Shakespeare, but we know enough to suspect that he and Anna Hatheway were not a very united couple. Anna did not know that her husband was the greatest Englishman of his time—and probably of all time—and it may be hoped she did not read, or, reading did not understand, his sonnets. That the great dramatist was kind to her we need not doubt—that he loved her as a wife desires to be loved may be questioned. Spencer, the poet of beauty, wrote the noblest wedding ode that has ever been written. This magnificent lyric, unsurpassed for music, and for elevated passion, would suffice of itself to immortalize the poet and his wife Elizabeth; but, unfortunately, beyond her name we know nothing about her; so let us hope that when the two were forced to flee from the murderous Iris, and when Spencer came to England a ruined man, he had one with him who could lessen his sorrow.

Milton, whose "soul was like a star and dwelt apart," would have done well, considering his unfortunate marriage relations, had he lived apart with his soul and shunned the sex that "lost Mark Antony the world." "The first Mrs. Milton left his house," said Byron—about the last poet by the way, to comment on the marital failings of a brother in song. Milton's fault may have been harshness and some want of sympathy with feminie follies; Byron behaved to his wife—a blunt word is sometimes the best word—like a blackguard. And despite Mr. Dowden's masterly life of Shelley, which tells us more of the poet than we knew before, we cannot think a whit more leniently of his conduct to poor Harriet, whose life he ruined. A more terribly painful story was never told, and all the more painful does it seem from Shelley's want of conscience and startling behaviour to the young wife after he had left her for another woman. I confess I do not wonder that Peacock, the novelist, who knew the whole story, sook the part of the pretty, forsaken Harriet. There are worshippers of Shelley who will denounce me as a Philistine for expressing this adverse judgment on a divine poet, but this is the worst kind of cant. Neither the splendour of Shelley's visions in cloudland nor the virtues which undoubtedly he possessed afford any reason for overlooking faults that brought such misery.

These remarks hold good also with regard to Coleridge. Lovelier poetry than his is scarcely to be found in the language—none, certainly, is there more musical—and how the "pensive Sara" inspired her young poet husband may be seen in a number of charming love lyrics. In one of them he writes that the nightingale's song is—

> Not so sweet as the voice of her,
> My Sara—best beloved of human kind.

In another he draws a sweet picture of love in a cottage where "the tallest rose peeped at the chamber window," and in that exquisite poem, "The Happy Husband," Coleridge says:—

> Oft, oft, methinks, the while with thee
> I breathe, as from my heart, thy dear
> And dedicated name, I hear
> A promise and a mystery;
> A pledge, of more than passing life,
> Yes, in that very name of wife.

Alas for the promise, and alas for the pledge! It was, I think, about nine or ten years after the marriage that the devoted husband left his wife to the care of Southey, and lived so far apart from her, in spirit as well as body, that he did not even open her letters. There was nothing in Sara undeserving of her husband's love. The sole reason for the separation was that Coleridge had found another mate. That mate was opium.

Thomas Moore, a very much smaller poet than Coleridge, had a devoted wife in his Bessie; but, to use the euphemistic statement of one of his biographers, "the attractions and amenities of the fashionable world caused from time to time considerable inroads upon his domesticity." It is not often that an author's domestic relations are brought so prominently before the public as in the case of the late Lord Lytton. He thought himself a poet, and believed that as a poet his name would live. It was a comforting delusion. But let that pass. He had a good deal, certainly, of the poetical—or shall I say of the Bohemian?—temperament, and treated his wife far worse than the poet of "Locksley Hall" thought that Amy's husband would treat her. It is a dismal story as told, probably with exaggeration, in the biography of Lady Lytton—so dismal, indeed, that one gets a little satisfaction in the thought that the owner of Knebworth was never at his best estate an inspired poet.

Is it necessary to ask and to answer once more the old question—whether genius is compatible with domestic happiness? This at least may be said, that genius affords no excuse for the neglect of duty. It may be wayward, but it is not therefore irresponsible; and the man who on the plea of his great gifts would escape from the claims of life shows that he does not know how to use them. It must be remembered when one is dwelling on the sins of genius that if a distinguished poet evades his creditor, or, like Sheridan, falls drunk into the gutter, all the world hears of it, and—such is the love of scandal—makes the worst of these failings. In the ordinary life with which most of us are familiar there may be similar lapses from virtue; but the news of such lapses does not travel beyond the street or the parish. On the contrary, the fierce light that beats upon a throne beats also on our poets, and in these days of literary resurrectionists to escape from publicity is impossible.

No Charity There.

Recently there was published in The Daily News the story of a poor woman who, deserted by her husband, was driven to seek shelter in a rickety stable at Twenty-third and Wood streets, where alone in the darkness she gave birth to a babe. The article attracted the attention of Lawyer James H. Heverin, who was at Sea Girt, and, believing that such a pathetic recital could not fail to arouse womanly sympathy, he clipped it out, pasted it on a sheet of foolscap paper, and, putting his own name down for a donation of five dollars, placed the paper on a centre table in a conspicuous part of the hotel parlor. At Sea Girt on Tuesday there was represented probably fifty million dollars of capital. There were a number of society belles with caramel-fed pugs, and quite a gathering of dowagers, who during the winter devote an hour or two a week to discussing the wants and needs of the heathen of the Sandwich Islands. Many of these ladies were mothers themselves and Mr. Heverin congratulated himself in having been thrown in a company where a thousand dollars or so could be raised in five minutes without the owners feeling it. He sat down and waited and watched the centre table. A newspaper clipping always attracts attention among women, and in less than ten minutes every woman in the house had read the details of the sad story. This was the result:—A dozen sneers, half a dozen shoulder shrugs, but not a solitary nickel. Nay, not even a kindly word. In their expensive robes and with fortunes blazing at their fair throats in diamonds these women passed by the appeal, which of all others draws out true womanhood, with less attention than they would give to the yelping of one of their lap dogs. Lawyer Heverin tore up the paper in anger, packed his grip and came home.—Philadelphia News.

Parisian Beauties.

In the Prussian Chamber of Deputies Herr von Ziedemann made the horrifying statement that in Posen he had met with a burgo master who was quite unable to remember when he had washed himself last. But it is a well known fact that a considerable number of Parisian ladies, admired for their beauty, never washed themselves at all. Face, neck and shoulders are carefully wiped every morning with a dry towel and then rubbed with a fine ointment. They then appear in all the freshness of youth, with tints varying from a dazzling white to a deep pink. Only once a year—generally in autumn—the complexion begins to show cracks and wrinkles. Then the beautiful lady disappears for a season. All visitors are refused admission; madam is indisposed. A fortnight later she emerges like a Chrysalis, as beautiful as ever. She has undergone a transformation, a kind of moulting process, which is kept a close secret from everybody except her husband, who has to pay for it to the tune of 2,000 francs. Her far-famed beauty is the work of the *emailleuse*, a personage quite familiar to English readers who are old enough to remember the case of Mme. Rachel. I know several ladies who, 25 or 30 years ago, were distinguished for their beauty at the court of the late Emperor, and whose youthful appearance is to-day the object of universal admiration. Of course, this artificial crust effectually prevents any facial expression of the lad 's feelings; she can only smile faintly with her lips, she is incapable of blushing, and remains cold and impassive like a statue.—*Vassische Zeitung*.

Chinese Doctors.

The Chinese used to have a custom, and perhaps they have it yet, of hiring a doctor by the year—to keep away from them, so to speak. He was paid, not for making them well, but for keeping them so. Whenever a Chinaman sickened so that he had to take to bed, the doctor's pay was cut off. If the man got well the doctor's name went on the salary list again. This is typical of the shrewdness of John, although by no means new. Its basis is in the pre-adamite "saw" which rates an ounce of prevention as far ahead of a pound of cure. In secret no one laughs more than the physician at the proneness of moderns to consult him whenever they "feel the least bit bad," as no one more heartily condemns the self-doctoring that buys castor oil by the hogshead and salts by the ton, their frequent use being encouraged by the thought that when bought in large quantities they are cheap. The ancient Greeks believed that medicine killed when the disease would have spared.

Lord Salisbury's House.

Queen Victoria, while the guest of Lord Salisbury, could observe an almost unique blending of the good things of the past with those of the present. Hatfield House is one of the noblest existing monuments of Elizabethan architecture. Yet it is to a remarkable degree fitted up with "all the modern conveniences" of the Victorian age. It contains probably the most elaborate and complete system of electric lighting in the world, there being no less than 500 lamps in the great marble hall and 2,000 in the entire building. Spring water is supplied to every part of the house by an electric pumping engine, doors are opened and closed by touching electric buttons, rooms are heated by electric radiators, and elevators and dumb waiters run by electric power. The system extends to the barns of the great farm, where threshing machines, hay cutters, grain mills and all other mechanical devices are operated by electric energy. In fact the whole place is a marvel of scientific equipment, contrasting curiously with the ancient architecture of the Hall and the often times mediæval Toryism of its master's politics.

"Johnny," says a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waist-band and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk turkey."

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

The Ruler of My House.

Your old-time King (unhappy thing!)
Sat on his throne of gold;
Or had the gout, and flung about
Just like a common scold.

But my King of three, may you please to see,
Is the ruler of me and my house,
Where, happy and gay, he rules all the day,
And then goes to sleep like a mouse.

Your King of old, in crown of gold,
Uneasily slept, I hear;
He found his globe and royal robe
Right weighty cares I fear.

But this King of mine is always fine
In his crown of rich golden hair,
And an easier throne has he for his own
In an easy old great arm'd chair.

His globe is a ball cross-topped with a doll,
And his scepter a jump-Jacko,
That well over all, to great and to small,
Bright happy boy-pranks may show,
You know—
Bright happy boy-pranks do show.

A Paraphrase.

O may the canine breed rejoice in clamor and in strife—
With this intent the Deity bestowed the gift of life—
The ursine race and leonine in turmoil may engage
Innate emotions nourish the indulgence of the rage.

Yet, youthful human being, 'tis your duty to repress
Whatever gives ascendancy to rancorous excess;
Your *digital formations* so minute were not designed
To ever lacerate the visual organs of mankind.

Janie's Rainbow.

Janie sat on the window-seat,
Watching the waving, golden wheat,
Watching the bees flit to and fro,
Watching the butterflies come and go.

Watching the flowers, red and white,
Watching the birds in their airy flight,
Watching the gentle summer shower
As it fell on field and tree and flower.

Tired little Janie saw the view,—
Idly wishing for something new;
Softly she tapped the window-pane
And spoke aloud to the falling rain:

"Raindrops, listen to what I say:
You've worked enough; now stop and play;
You've watered the flowers, grass, and wheat,
And settled the dust all down the street;

"Make the clouds break, and let the sun
Shine out once more—Let's have some fun,
Make me a rainbow—make it soon;
I've been waiting all the afternoon!"

The raindrops heard in their busy dance;
The sun shone out and gave them a chance;
They seized the rays with their fingers deft,
And wove the bright-hued warp and weft;

Then hung it up in the eastern sky;
A beautiful ribbon of brilliant dye.—
One end rested upon the hill,
The other went down behind the mill.

Red and White.

The rose unto the lily said,
When all its pearly leaves were spread
To the warm sunshine overhead;
Prithee sweet sister, why so pale
And *I* so glowing red?
The lily graciously replied,
My home is on the yielding tide
And *yours*, the grassy vale;
You taste the drops by heaven diffused
O'er the glad earth, but *I* am used
To founts that 'neath the waters lie,
And all my simple wants supply:—
The glory of the morn is *mine!*
His magic touch of silvery light
Awakes to life my petals white,
And fold them with the day's decline;
But *you*, that wear the blush of e'en,
Beneath the starlight's golden sheen,
Give equal welcome to the night.
I love the waves the breezes woo,
The dimpling waves; they love *me* too,
And lap me as a mother, *you*
Within your leafy bower so green,
Hold regal court, a very queen.
Thus nature, ever kind, contrives
For every living thing a way;
And be our station what it may,
We take our color from our lives!

Death and His Dead.

Oh death! what fate shall be with thee,
Thou keeper of the gates of breath,
When all men's souls are free,
When thou shalt cease to be
Lord over death?

How bear they with their narrow bed,
Thy people buried in earth's breast?
Sleep they? Are no tears shed?
Take they no thought, these dead,
Of worst or best?

Hear they at all earth's dreary noise?
Or crying sharp across their sleep,
A loud and mighty voice
Fulfilled of perished joys
Of men that weep?

Do they not murmur, muse, and know?
One love another, each his own?
Stir softly, dream, laugh low,
And lip meet lip as though
Life were not flown?

Or do they slumber with sealed eyes
That never wake to wish or weep?
Shut out from all sweet skies,
Lying, nor weak nor wise,
In endless sleep?

"Glasses to Read Wif."

It was a warm summer day when Uncle Ephraim Jackson, a worthy colored man, entered an optician's shop, and, removing his tall white hat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a big red bandanna handkerchief, sat down warily on a revolving stool, as if he feared it was about to run away with him, and asked for a pair of glasses "fer to read wif."

"What number do you wear?" asked the optician.

Uncle Ephraim grinned. "I guess I wears two," said he.

"Number two!" exclaimed the optician, in astonishment.

"Jis' two glasses, sah; one fer de one eye, an' one fer de odder."

The optician looked at him with a frown for an instant, but, seeing that the old man was innocent of any attempt to make a joke, went on with the business before him.

"Try on these," he said, picking out a pair, "and see if you can read the letters on that card over there."

Uncle Ephraim carefully put on the spectacles, and looked eagerly at the card.

"Carn't read it, shuah, boss," he said, looking disappointed.

"Well, try these," said the optician, trying a stronger pair.

"No go, boss," said Uncle Ephraim.

The dealer gave him another pair, and then another. Not one of them all enabled Uncle Ephraim to read, though he struggled ever so hard, and wiped his forehead again and again in considerable excitement.

"Look here," said the optician, finally, "can you read at all?"

"Nebber could read, boss," said Uncle Ephraim. "Dey nebber larned me how, nohow; but I done hearn tell ob people dat could read wif glasses dat couldn't read widout 'em, nohow, an' I made up my min' I'd see ef 'twas dat way wif me!"

By careful experiments M. Bloch has determined that it takes 1.72 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a sight, and 1.21 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a sight.

THE DEAD GUNMAKER.

Herr Krupp and the Manufacturing Town of Essen.

"Yes, indeed, I remember Alfred Krupp very well," said H. W. Dranger, of Washington street, in response to an inquiry concerning the late German gunmaker. "I worked for him twenty years ago. While his guns are known all the world over, his labors in behalf of his workmen have endeared him to thousands. His father began the iron works on a small scale, so my father has told me, in 1310 or thereabouts. In 1826 he died and his widow carried on the business. It is her son Alfred who built up the business to its present gigantic proportions. When I came away from Essen twenty years ago there were 1,600 or 2,000 men employed in the works. I was back there three years ago and it is safe to say that now there are between 20,000 and 25,000 men employed."

"How much ground do the works cover?"

"In the Town of Essen more than 500 acres. Besides the concern owns 547 iron mines in Germany alone, and another one in Spain, where the finest ores come from. The Krupps own several sea steamers, and around the works in Essen are about fifty miles of railway. There are some thirty locomotives and hundreds of cars used about the works. There are telegraph offices, chemical laboratories, in fact, almost everything you can think of."

"The works are not confined to the manufacture of guns, are they?"

"No, indeed; all the parts of steam engines, locomotives, axles, bridges, rails and wheels, tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint dies, rudders—in fact, all parts of iron machinery are prepared at the works for the manufacturers, but are not combined there. Of course the manufacture of guns is very large. In a month they can produce 250 field pieces and more than fifty cannon. There is one thing, too: he won't sell a single gun to the Frenchmen. He's too patriotic for that."

"You spoke of his kindness to his workmen."

"Yes, it was before I came away that he began to erect good dwelling houses for his employees. He built about 150 at first. Year after year they have been added to, and when I was there three years ago there was as many as 4,000 of these family dwellings, in which more than 16,000 individuals resided. Their annual rent was $16.50 to $45, deducted from the wages of the employees. Then there have been boarding-houses erected for unmarried laborers, about 2,000 being thus accommodated. The cost per man is twenty cents a day. There are superior boarding-houses for the skilled workmen, and in these the rent is 27 cents per day. The most important institution of all is the supply store. Here everything is sold at cost. There is a great central building, and connected with it are twenty or more shops. Everything is on a rigid cash system, and nearly all the articles desired by a family or individual may be bought—clothing, groceries and utensils. There is also a brewery, which dispenses beer at cost price. It is usual for the employee to get from his foreman tickets entitling him to so much bread or beer and he is charged with them, the amount being deducted from his wages. Every day is pay day at the works, the men in one department being paid to-day, for instance, and those in another department to-morrow. Besides all this Herr Krupp erected two hospitals, a non-sectarian free school, six industrial schools, one for adults, and two for females, the fee being 50 cents a month, from which the poor are relieved. Then, too, he built several churches. And there is also a sick and pension fund, of which every foreman and workman is required to be a member. Each contribute half a day's pay as entrance fee and an annual fee apportioned to his wages. Physicians and surgeons are employed on salaries, and for an additional fee of one dollar the workman may secure free medical treatment for his wife and children. Pensions are paid to men permanently disabled in the works. The highest pension is $25 a month, the average being $14. The average pension given widows is $8.50 a month. Herr Krupp also secured at low rates arrangements with a number of life insurance companies for the benefit of his men."

"What sort of a man was he in appearance?"

"Tall and spare. When I last saw him he must have been something more than seventy years old. His face was kindly, with deep-set, pleasant eyes and crow's feet at the corners. His nose was rather long and thin—a little inclined to be retrousse. His hair was grey, of a silky texture, and a square cut white beard and moustache covered a mouth indicative of firmness. There wasn't a particle of pride or arrogance about him. After the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war he was offered a baronetcy, but he declined it. 'Plain Fred Krupp is good enough for me,' said he, and plain Fred Krupp he remained all his life. Such a thing as a strike was never known in his works. His men had all the benefits of Socialism without its curses. Some distance out of Essen is his magnificent villa, set in the midst of parks and gardens laid out in the French manner. From this villa one of the finest views in that part of Germany may be had. Down in the town of Essen is the little house in which he was born, and which he carefully preserved during his life-time, sometimes using it as an example for his workmen, to show them what thrift, honesty and sobriety will accomplish."—[Buffalo Courier.

A man near London recently made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes. Preparatory to the contest he secured the chicken and provided himself with a pot of boiling water, a bucket of cold water, a hot skillet and a hot flat iron. When time was called he jerked the chicken's head off, doused it in a pot of boiling water, slipped the feathers off, cleaned it and then laid the fry flat in the pan, with the flat-iron on top to cook the upper side. At the close of eleven and a half minutes he had the chicken bones beautifully polished.

A correspondent of The Engineer mentions that two telegraph operators, a male and female, both otherwise healthy subjects, are being treated in Berlin for a newly developed ailment, namely, the dropping of one after another, of the finger nails. Professor Mendel attributes this curious affection as the result of the constant jar caused by hammering and pushing with the finger ends in working the Morse system of telegraphy.