

Within the past three years four cases that have excited national interest have been tried in Chicago, and in each case the jury has brought in a verdict which has accorded with the evidence and public opinion. The juries are known as the "Joe" Mackin jury, the Anarchist jury, the McGarigle jury and the "boodle" commissioners' jury. A conviction has been secured in every case. The results are, that Mackin, tried for altering election returns, is in prison, the anarchists are awaiting the decision of the court on an application for a new trial, McGarigle has escaped to Canada, and the "boodle" commissioners have either paid their fines or are awaiting the issue of an appeal to a higher court.

The United States Treasury agent in charge of the Alaskan seal islands reports that the British marauders, during the last season, have taken 50,000 skins on the islands belonging to the United States. The seals are killed not in the waters within the disputed jurisdiction, but on the islands. The British case is made up on the theory that the offences against the statutes of the United States are committed within the waters which are claimed to be part of the high seas. The fact seems to be that the British vessels land their crews on the islands and kill the seals during the breeding season. The offense has a far larger importance, therefore, than is involved in an occasional infraction of the rights of this country. If the British position is agreed to, the result must be the extermination of the seals.

The Boston Transcript enthusiastically exclaims: "What a country we have altogether! One section of it that was untouched in 1880 is now producing 4,000,000 tons of iron annually, and another section (Montana) scarcely known in 1880, is producing 80,000,000 pounds of copper in a year. Another (Idaho) has a mountain of sulphur, and another (Wyoming) has vast areas of petroleum within its borders. California has sent over \$1,000,000,000 of gold to the United States mint, and is also a veritable garden spot. America finds iron tonic. In her iron ores she can furnish food, clothing, shelter, and resources for any possible millions of population. And with the rapid extension of science (America, by the way, took away the five gold medals at the last Paris electrical exposition—took the whole five) beyond the present limits of imaginable experience, who can but feel the great responsibility for developing not only these material resources, but also those moral and political virtues that alone make a blessing of wealth to the common well being?"

Miss Swainson, a lady who has labored for some years in the Zenanas of the Punjab, related her experiences a short time ago in Dr. Thain Davidson's Presbyterian Church in London. The condition of Hindoo women was described as one of great degradation. It was a disgrace to a woman if she was not married before she was twelve. Among the upper classes they had no occupation but such as was implied in braiding their hair, smoking and counting their jewelry. She had met women who had been in one room for thirty years. If they fell ill they were often left alone to die. It was believed by them that the highest happiness was to be attained by being suffocated in the mud of the Ganges, because by that means individual woman was transformed into a cow. The lot of the widows was so wretched that some of them were not thankful to the Government for the law which prevented them being burned on the funeral pyre of their husbands. Christianity, Miss Swainson said, had done much for the Hindoo woman; but much remained to be done.

#### A Tarantula Trainer.

The *Alta California* gives an account of a strange Pacific coast character, named Tom Schandley, often called "Tarantula Tom," this appellation characterizing his pastime, if not his business. A reporter, having interviewed him, gives the following account: "Here's my favorite spider," said Mr. Schandley, as he placed a cigar box with holes bored in the top on the table. He threw back the lid and disclosed the occupant of the box, which was an ugly, hairy tarantula. As the light was thrown upon the tarantula it began to move its joints and cavort around the box in a manner that would have caused a timid woman to go into hysterics. The reporter drew back as the savage-looking creature displayed a tendency to creep out of the box.

"Oh, don't be afraid of Tim. I call him Tim O'Brien, you know," said Mr. Schandley; "it's only a little nickname. He can't hurt you. I've drawn the poison from his nippers. Come Tim," and, to the horror of the reporter, Mr. Schandley reached his hand out and allowed the tarantula to crawl upon it. A tarantula is not a very handsome or pleasing specimen of an animal under any circumstances, and it causes a shudder to come over the ordinary man to see one dragging its hairy form over the hand of a human being. Mr. Schandley allowed the creature to crawl around his fingers, and it worked its way up his coat-sleeve. It stopped when near Mr. Schandley's elbow and cocked its eyes up at the reporter in what the latter considered a wicked manner.

"Go back to the box, Tim," commanded Tim's master in harsh tones, and to the reporter's surprise the animal quickly turned and smelled over its owner's hand and dropped into the cigar box.

"I have him well-trained, you see," laughed the trainer of tarantulas as he closed the lid on Mr. O'Brien.

"A queer business I'm in?" said the tarantula trainer, in reply to a question thrown out by the reporter. "Yes it is. Money in it? Yes. When I was in Texas I got an idea that the tarantulas could be trained, and I started in. I was successful and soon had about fifty of the ugliest tarantulas that would do almost anything. Of course, I drew their poison, so that there was no danger to be incurred in handling them. I took 'em to New York and sold 'em. Who bought them? Well, the greater part of them were purchased by saloon-keepers, who wanted to attract custom by exhibiting them on their bars. Some of them I sold to ladies who had a bent of mind something like Bernhardt. They made pets out of them. I tell you that there are at least a dozen Murray Hill belles who keep their pet tarantulas with their lapdogs now. I got very good prices from them for a tarantula that was well trained and would not betray any viciousness. Some of the brutes can never be trained. They will bite! No; I don't exactly make a living out of selling tarantulas, but I am always willing to accommodate any one who wants one of the animals. I've got about eighteen tarantulas now. I hope to inaugurate a craze among the ladies for the creatures. If I can get up a boom you'll see women promenading on Market street on Saturdays with their pet tarantulas on their arms. A small blue ribbon around their waists is what keeps them in place. The novelty of the thing is taking."

#### The Last "Skeeter's Picnic."

'Tis the last hungry "skeeter"  
Left humming alone,  
All his bloody companions  
Are faded and gone.

Oh, why does this "skeeter"  
Now laugh in his sleeve?  
'Cause he'll feed on the landlord  
Who's too fat to leave.

—Hotel Mail.

## "BUCKEYES."

### HOW CHEAP OIL PAINTINGS ARE MANUFACTURED.

Various Portions of the Canvas Painted at the Same Time— Copies of Fine Oil Paintings Sold as Originals.

The manufacture of "genuine oil paintings" is quite an industry in New York, and the *Mail and Express* gives this account of the business:

What are technically known as "buckeyes" are produced in great numbers at establishments in several of the large cities. Girls who have been trained to the degree of mechanical skill necessary for making a copy of the picture before them, or rather that part of it which is given them to duplicate, show a remarkable facility in accomplishing their task. In some of the workshops the walls are covered with strips of canvas, upon which the copyists are busily at work. One paints the sky and the distant effects; another follows with the foreground; another paints the figures, and still another finishes the picture. The work is done with great rapidity, but the result, as might be expected, is not pleasing to an artistic eye. Yet the facility attained by constant practice is such that the rude copies of landscape thus produced bear a sufficient resemblance to the original to give them a market value as pictures.

One of the largest manufactories of cheap paintings in this country is in New York. A three-story building is devoted to the business, and when the demand was at its height, a few years ago, nearly one thousand pictures a week were turned out. Some of the processes employed are peculiar to these manufacturers, and the upper story, which is the "studio," or workshop, is carefully guarded against intrusion. The doors are kept locked, and no one except those employed in the establishment is allowed to enter. A representative of the *Mail and Express*, however, obtained admission, witnessed the methods of manufacture, and saw the pictures grow to completion under the hands of the busy "artists." The first step in the production of the brilliant landscape in a gilt frame which is to be the subject of the auctioneer or the picture peddler is the preparation of the canvass. This is done by means of a machine which coats a long strip of cotton cloth with a mixture of glue and whiting and gives it something of the firmness and appearance of canvas. The cloth is then thoroughly dried and is then ready for the stretcher or inner frame. The stretchers are produced by an ingenious machine which shapes, joints and fastens them with great rapidity, and by a third machine, which is tended by a small boy of artistic proclivities, the cloth is quickly fastened upon the stretcher and made ready for the coming landscape. Next comes the work of the "studio." There one finds a line of girls, their dresses slashed with paint, and their general appearance, in other respects, quite in contrast with the young women at the Art Students' League or the ideal woman artist in a well appointed studio. On the walls, within easy reach, hang stencils of various patterns which the girls have learned to use with great rapidity. The process employed is similar to what is known as Theorem painting, and also as Poonah, or Oriental painting. By the use of a kind of stencil the outlines are one after another put upon the cloth, and the picture then passes into the hands of a more advanced painter for completion. A few skilful touches with her brush supply the deficiencies left by the use of the stencil, and after a plentiful supply of varnish, and a suitable exposure in the drying-room, the picture is ready for market. The frames are made by

machinery in the story below the "studio." They are much thinner than they appear to be, but, although so unsubstantial, are quite ornamental in design, and after being covered with a metallic preparation known to the trade as "Dutch metal," or "Dutch gilt," which closely resembles gold leaf, but has not a particle of gold in its composition, they are dazzling enough to satisfy the most exacting purchaser. So it will be seen that in these "genuine oil paintings" the oil which is used is about the only thing to justify the term. Little else is genuine. The canvass is cotton cloth, smeared with glue and whiting; the frame, apparently so substantial, is a mere shell, and the shining gilding has no gold about it. The result of all this cheap artistic labor is that these "genuine oil paintings," measuring 22x36 inches, surrounded with glittering gilt frames and boxed for shipment, are sold at from \$15 to \$50 a dozen.

When the auction sales of these pictures by gaslight are held during the day, as was the case in New York a few years since, and is still the custom in the smaller cities, the pictures are hung upon the walls of a room, which is lighted by rows of gas jets so as to show the faded canvases to the best advantage. As each picture is reached in the catalogue, it is placed on a brilliantly lighted easel, and the glib-tongued auctioneer expatiates upon its value and points out its many beauties. By means of by-bidders the price is sometimes run up to a high figure.

ictures that cost at the factory \$40 to \$60 a dozen occasionally bring \$25 to \$40 each, and sometimes even a more ridiculous price. This is the sort of traffic which the law against selling pictures by gaslight was intended to reach. But unfortunately the prohibition affects the business of the honest dealers as well as that of the tricksters in this trade.

#### Shoes Made in Quick Time.

"Yes," said the proprietor of one of our largest shoe manufactories in this city to the writer: "It doesn't take long to make a pair of ladies' shoes. Sometime ago a gentleman and his wife walked into our factory, and in just one hour and thirty-three minutes the lady left the house wearing a pair of fine shoes which were made for her from the stock while she was in the factory. This was simply an experiment. These shoes were made on a single set of machinery and passed through the hands of the different operatives at their machines. By running a double set of machinery and crowding the machines our crew of one hundred men make six hundred pairs of shoes in a day, or one pair of shoes per minute. That is six pairs of shoes to a man."—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

#### Butterine Microscoped.

Dr. Thomas Taylor, microscopist to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has in the last annual report of that Department shown by means of photomicrographs and colored plates, illustrations of the crystallization of butter and other animal fats. He shows that the fats of different animals differ in their crystallization, and asserts that if butter, lard, and beef-fat are separately boiled and gradually cooled, the crystals that are formed will show marked differences under microscopic examination. These differences are easily to be seen in the photographs alluded to, and they point out a ready means of detecting butter which has been adulterated by spurious fats.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Mexico has a peculiar way of dealing with strikes. The punishment for interfering with the running of trains in that benighted country is either long imprisonment or prompt execution by the military.