

MYSTERIOUS OR NOTABLE.
MORE OR LESS REMARKABLE
INCIDENTS AND FACTS.



THE town of Douglas now claims to be the Cheyenne of 1873-80. They have six monte games running, from which the town derives \$300 revenue per month. There is no town of the same size in the West, outside of one or two Colorado mining camps, where there is as much gambling money in sight or more money changes hands on the turn of a card than in Douglas. Where the money comes from is a mystery, but it is there, and it is chanced at every opportunity. There seems to be no strings on it. The six monte games have bank rolls in sight that aggregate \$3,000.

THE Manufacture of wood pulp in Switzerland has been very considerably cheapened of late, by the new method resorted to of conducting the material from one mill to another, in certain cases at a distance of, say one kilometre—that is, more than half a mile; a valve is opened to let the pulp flow into the washing engine to be freed from the surplus water before it is run into the mixing engine with the other stuffs and ingredients required for the different qualities of paper desired. The Swiss manufacture of cellulose also presents some interesting features. These factories are mostly sulphite mills, and of late the process of producing sulphite cellulose has been developed to a high degree of perfection so that no more brown, boiled or spoiled digesters will result. The mammoth digesters of cellulose employed during all the time that the process is going on allow such a perfect control of the direct or indirect pressure of the lye in the digester, of the water while washing or cooling off, and of the changing nature and strength of the lye under pressure, that there is no liability to an unfavorable result.

MR. INVENERITY, a noted Bombay Shekari, believes that animals killed by tigers suffer little beyond the panic of a few seconds. The shock produces a stupor and dreaminess in which there is no sense of pain or feeling of terror. The powerful stroke of the fore paw of the tiger is a fiction; he clutches with his paws as one might with the fingers, but does not strike a blow. Tigers wander immense distances at night, and as they like easy going they go on roads and paths. They do not like to move during the heat of the day, as the hot ground burns their pads and makes them raw. They can on occasions climb trees. In Salsette one climbed after a certain Pandoo, but could not reach him and retired. Pandoo, thinking the coast clear, got down and ran toward home, but on the way was caught by the tiger and killed. The inquest report stated that "Pandoo died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death."

DURING some of the leisure moments which the Emperor of Germany has at his disposal he has been overhauling the crown and regalia of his house, and has ordered the imperial crown, which he wears as German Emperor, to be considerably altered in shape. Nor is the imperial banner or the imperial mantle of state considered altogether satisfactory in their present form, and these two are to be changed in several details. Last, and not least, the Kaiser also found fault with the imperial throne which it was lately his privilege to mount, and this, too, is to be appreciably changed in appearance, to the no small perturbation of the more conservative of his Majesty's subjects, who are going about prophesying all kinds of evil things which are to befall him and his house if he dares to carry out the proposed alterations.

Mrs. NANCY COUCH, of Jasper county, Ga., says that she is 120 years old. She may be wrong, but she is certainly very old and very remarkable. She lives with her granddaughter, Mrs. Hallows, who is 80 years old, and this is what Will Harden, her great-great-grandson, says about her: "She is just as spry, lively, and quick as most women of 50 or 60, and when I saw her last looked as healthy, pretty and young as most of the women around. You can't tell that she is so old, as she is lively and young looking, but when you talk to her of her childhood it looks like you are hearing about the creation. She just knows lots, and they tried to get her to go the Centennial in Philadelphia, but she just would not go, as she said she did not want to play the part of a mummy."

PROBABLY the first prohibition petition issued in this country has been discovered in the State archives of North Carolina. On May 26, 1756, King Hagler of the Catawas, thus petitioned Chief Justice Henley: "I desire a stop may be put to the selling of strong liquors by the white people to my people, especially near the Indians. If the white people make strong drink let them sell it to one another or drink it in their own families. This will avoid a great deal of mischief which otherwise will happen from my people getting drunk and quarrelling with the white people." The Chief Justice, as appears from an endorsement promised to bring the matter to the Governor's notice.

Dr. J. S. NEWBERRY recently lectured before the New York Academy of Sciences concerning the great museums of Europe that he visited during the Summer. He described the arrangement of the South Kensington Museum, told how delighted he was with what he saw there and at the Brussels, Berlin, and

Aix-la-Chapelle Museums, especially in the line of extinct animals. In Brussels he saw a skeleton of what must have been the paleozoic dude, to judge by the size of his brain box and the cut of his nails. The Brussels Museum also boasts of two real novelties—a sort of pterodactyl—a fish-bird with a mouth like a bear trap, and a singularly complete mammoth built in squares and sections.

An old mare mule belonging to Mr. N. P. Watt, of Cool Spring Township, was taken sick unto death. Her owner doctored her, but without beneficial results. She was turned out and wandered in pain from one house to another in the neighborhood. Nobody helped her, and at night she strayed down to Dr. J. R. B. Adams's and stood around the gate and bellowed as if for treatment. She got no treatment, however, and finally in despair old Sal sought the creek below Turner's Mill, threw herself into it, and was drowned. Mules are not supposed to have any more sense than turkeys, but it looks like this one deliberately committed suicide to get out of her misery.

CITIZENS of St. Louis who were up early the other morning saw a rare sight. Two big flocks of pelicans passed over the city on their way south. They flew so low that the pouch under the lower bill and throat of each could be seen. The first flock, numbering over 100, flew slowly and in almost an unbroken line, crossing the river to the Illinois side and disappearing in the distance. The second flock, following close behind, seemed to have lost its way and circled over the river ten minutes, and then the leader suddenly started in a bee line for the southeast and the rest trailed after him.

A **BABY** born in Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia, the other day, is supposed by the people of that locality to be the devil, so a usually sane paper assures us. It is a boy baby, with a black face two horns, and a cloven foot. The people in the house decided to kill the monster, but the child astounded them by running about the room and defying them to touch him. As the story goes, his mother objected to having a crucifix in the house, saying she would rather have the devil. When the baby was born the neighbors all said that it was the devil, sent as a punishment for the woman's wickedness.

ACCORDING to a Berlin correspondent news has been received from Egypt to the effect that the tomb of Alexander the Great, which Dr. Schliemann sought in vain last winter, has now been discovered in Alexandria. The coffin is of marble, and is covered with beautiful decorations. Its breadth is about three feet and a half and its height three feet. The skull of a man was found in it. The coffin was found in a brick vault, about twenty feet high, covered by about eight feet of earth. The keeper of the museum at Boulak is going shortly to make a thorough examination of the tomb.

A **RUSSIAN** physician, named Portugaloff, declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcutaneous injections. He asserts that the experience of physicians has shown the cure to be as rapid as it is certain. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in 200 drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every 24 hours.

THE discovery of two new enemies of the asparagus beetle is announced in France—one of them an internal parasite, which doubtless has had an important influence in controlling the numbers of the beetle. In making a note of this, an editor says that up to the present time not a single natural enemy of this insect has been discovered in America, although the beetle is doing much damage and extending its work over a larger area every year. The obvious suggestion is made to import this parasite from France and give it a chance to prey upon the beetles.

THE seclusion of women in Corea is remarkable. Those of the lower classes wear a green mantle over their faces, and at the sight of a stranger dart into the nearest house. In 1887, when the Duke of Genoa was off the coast with an Italian man-of-war, after vain attempts to open communications with the authorities on shore an official came off to remonstrate against the indecency of the Europeans in bathing and fishing, which had for some days prevented the villagers from leaving their homes.

A **BOSTON** fire insurance adjuster went up to the north end to adjust a loss in a Russian Jewish household, and was astonished when the mistress of the house put in a claim for two feather pillows weighing sixteen pounds each which she had brought over from the old country and valued very highly. Sixteen pounds struck him as rather considerable for a pillow to weigh, but she was sure that she was right, and was grieved when the loss was scaled down materially.

QUITE a romantic wedding is reported to have taken place five miles west of Denison, Tex., the happy couple, minister and all, standing knee-deep in the Red River, while the wedding ceremony was performed. The intention was to cross the stream and have the knot tied on the opposite bank, but when the party had waded out a short distance it was learned that the old folks were in pursuit, so the lovers were made one forthwith.

THE vinegrowers of the Santa Anna and San Gabriel valleys of California think that a new disease has attacked their vines. They call it "sap sour." When attacked the vines wither and die at once. It is infectious and spreads rapidly. The best remedy thus far known is to pull up and burn the vines the moment they show the blight.

DOVER, Me., has a mystery that excites its people. A girl of 12 years, visiting at the house of J. B. Chase, just before going to bed on Saturday night, stood some time before the dressing case arranging her hair. The next morning she discovered that on the glass there was a perfect profile picture of her face. The outlines are very distinct and easily recognizable. A large number of citizens have visited the house and looked at the picture.

A **NATURAL** soap mine has been discovered near Crawfordville, Ga., and the editor of the Crawfordville Democrat has tried it. He says: "We took the article, and to test it we washed our face and hands with it, and it cut the dirt from the skin and made the water lather like manufactured soap. It is exactly the color of turpentine soap, and has a peculiar smell. There is money in this natural soap mine."

A **STONE** tomahawk was recently found in Victor while excavating for the foundation of one of the abutments to the new iron bridge being constructed on Maple avenue. This is very near the spot where the historic conflict occurred between De Nonville's troops and the Senecas about 200 years ago. This tool was found seven feet below the surface, and it is evident that they had "buried the hatchet."

A **CURIOUS** ferryboat is building for the River Clyde at Glasgow. Instead of requiring movable landing stages or bridges to meet the rise and fall of the tide, the deck of the boat itself will be movable, carried on six hydraulic elevators, by which it can be raised or lowered. The boat will be a double ender, 150 feet long, of 55 feet beam, and 12 feet 6 inches draught.

REV. F. WAUGH, secretary of an English society for the prevention of cruelty to children, recently asserted that 1,000 children are murdered in England every winter to obtain the insurance on their lives.

The Rubber Hunters.

The Yularoes, or rubber hunters of Costa Rica, writes a correspondent, are the most irresponsible and ignorant of creatures, whose first object, when out on an expedition, is to secure as much caoutchouc as possible, and next to damage the prospects of other Yularoes, regardless of the future. A thrifty tree at its first cutting, ought to yield not less than fifty pounds of rubber; but the hunters of to-day find few so profitable, unless they penetrate far into the virgin forests, and are fortunate enough to discover an entirely new district. In the sections already worked most of the trees have been tapped several times, and many of them were spoiled at the outset by having been cut too young because its greedy discoverer feared that if the prize were left to attain perfection another might secure it. Were the matter regulated by judicious laws, so that only mature trees might be tapped, and those not to an extent to cause death, the production of caoutchouc would soon be a source of wealth to the republic.

Among the inhabitants of Central America the Yularoes form a distinct class, by all odds the lowest in the country, unless it may be the Caribs of Guatemala, or the pearl divers of the western coast. They are mostly halfbreeds or negroes, for white men seldom engage in it, though the business might be extremely profitable. A Yularo can be distinguished at a glance from natives of other "professions," as easily as a cowboy in genteel society, or a miller fresh from his mill, not only by his general air of dare-devil-don't-care-itiveness, but by the thick coating of caoutchouc that covers his clothing from head to foot. This extra coating accumulates gradually by contact with the rubber trees, without intention on the part of the wearer, and in time renders his garments absolutely waterproof and almost indestructible.

Men Are Just as Bad.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, fling his coat tails wide apart? Then, again, that everlasting twitching at the legs of his trousers, so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes, with strings tied in a by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the refolding up of a handkerchief before replacing in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mused or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every day sights?"

From Bad to Worse.

"No, Orestes, it cannot, must not be."
"And is this, then, the end?"
And the fair girl sobbed, but no word parted the moist quivering lips.
"You loved me once," he broke in with wild passionate pathos. "What, oh, what has wrought this change?"
"You promised me you would stop smoking cigarettes!"—with a drawn, set look navigating the east and west end of her recherche mouth.
"And I did, I did," he wailed pleadingly.
"And took to a clay pipe instead," she thundered forth; and he knew that life for him held nothing now but the blankness of blank despair.

TACOMA, WYOMING.

A Correspondent Tells of the City and Its Steady Growth.

Tacoma is located on the western shore of Commencement Bay, near its union with Puget Sound. The location of the city is perfect for drainage, the land rising to the west and south from the water in several well defined terraces, and the longitudinal streets of the city have been laid out with special reference to the contour of the land, so as to give broad thoroughfares with the least amount of grade. This places residence lots so that from nearly all of them there can be obtained magnificent views of the sound, bay, Cascade Mountains and Mount Tacoma, the latter being a huge, snow covered peak rising to the height of 14,444 feet. From the northern section of the city there is obtained, in addition to these, a view of the rugged, snow capped Olympic range.

The streets are all 100 feet wide, with alleys of 40 feet wide running in the rear of all lots. About fifty miles of streets have been opened and graded and as many miles of sidewalks have been laid. The natural stony soil of the bluff makes a good carriageway, while the sidewalks are made of planks 16 feet in length, which, with 4 feet along the outer edge, left for grass and trees, gives a uniform width of 20 feet on each side of the street, the wagonway occupying the remaining 60 feet. The city is well laid out and the streets are so planned that there will never be need of any change in that respect in the future. There are about sixteen square miles of territory now embraced within the city, with six continuous miles of water front. The built up section runs along the bay a distance of nearly three miles and extends back from the water more than a mile.

The people here speak with truth of the phenomenal growth of the city, for in 1880, only eight years ago, there were less than 1,000 inhabitants, while now 20,000 is claimed; then there was less than a mile of sidewalk, none of the streets were graded, there were only two brick structures in the city, it had but two public school buildings, one newspaper, three churches, six hotels, three factories and not a single bank; to-day, beside the streets graded and sidewalks laid, there are scores of brick and stone buildings, seven public schools, two seminaries, three daily and five weekly newspapers, twenty-two churches, twenty-six hotels, over fifty manufacturing and five national banks. Then the assessed valuation of property was \$500,000, now it is \$6,000,000. Street cars run in four directions from a common centre, with a new line building to the southern suburbs; the streets are lighted by electricity; gas and water are furnished throughout the city, while many of the principal streets are already sewered.

The main business thoroughfare, called Pacific avenue, is lined with imposing structures, which give it quite a metropolitan appearance, and the scenes here every day remind one forcibly of the busy air of Fulton street, Brooklyn. With many new and still handsomer business houses now in course of erection, the avenue will soon be solidly flanked for two miles with brick and stone buildings, four and five stories high, that would be a credit to any Eastern city. The hotels are especially fine in appearance, one having cost \$250,000 and others upward of \$100,000 each. While the majority of the dwellings are small, there are several that might well be termed palatial, and already many of the early-built one and two-story houses are being replaced by more pretentious structures. Nearly all dwellings are placed on two lots of land, which give grounds 50 feet front by 130 feet in depth.

The climate of Tacoma is all that could be desired, the average annual temperature being fifty degrees. During August, the hottest month, eighty-six degrees was the highest point registered by the thermometer; while in Winter it is seldom cold enough to freeze, and ice for domestic purposes has to be brought here from other localities. This equable climate is supposed to be caused by the cooling influence of the many snow covered mountains within a radius of a hundred miles; while the warm Japan current, equivalent to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, which strikes the coast here, exerts such a modifying influence on the temperature that the weather much resembles that of points 500 miles southward. It is said that out of door occupations can be pursued every day in the year without discomfort from either heat or cold. There is said to be no malaria, malignant or contagious diseases, and the death rate is correspondingly low. The rainy season is not dreaded by old residents, as a native of seventeen years said the other day that as yet he had found no need of buying an umbrella.

The land all about Tacoma, and all through the Sound district, is heavily timbered, the manufacture of lumber being one of the principal industries pursued. Some of the trees are of mammoth size, it being not unusual to find logs having a diameter of eight and ten feet, while 200 feet is often reached in length. Frequently the trunk runs up straight 100 feet without a knot or limb, making excellent spars and masts for the largest ships. Besides lumber mills a ship yard is located here. In addition to the lumber industry, a smelter is now being erected to the north of the city, gold and silver mines sending their products here to be reduced. Extensive coal mines are in operation about thirty miles distant. The rich valley to the south of Tacoma produces hops in great abundance; also wheat, oats and barley. Apples thrive well, as do cherries, plums, prunes, pears and berries. In the waters of the bay fish of all kinds are abundant, carloads being shipped to other cities daily. It is fine sport to troll for

salmon, as monsters of fourteen and eighteen pounds are often caught. The people impress the observing stranger as possessing the ingeniousness and enterprise of New Yorkers. The residents are mostly from the Eastern States, comparatively few foreigners being among their number. There is not a Chinaman in the city, and none are allowed to come here, and none endeavored to secure a foothold having order that was promptly obeyed. There is an abundance of social and church societies, all shades of belief and creeds being represented. Even the Salvation Army has a corps of followers, with barracks, band, parades and all complete. There is also an active branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Payallup Indian reservation lies directly across the bay from Tacoma, and a day spent in visiting the "noble" red man in his native wilds was much enjoyed. Although these Indians are greatly affected by the civilization surrounding them and listen patiently to the good advice the missionaries give them, to a great extent they continue to exist in a semi-barbaric state. They live chiefly by fishing, raising cereals, and from the money received from picking hops. A few were found residing in board houses, while others live in rude shanties, covered with matting and an old carpet. Still fewer occupy pretty white canvas tents with projecting poles at the top, such as are seen in pictures of Indian villages. They were seen squatting around on the ground, some cooking meals over fires in the open air, kettles being suspended from poles resting in notched sticks set in the ground, some were stolidly smoking, others lying asleep in the huts, while children and dogs in profusion were playing around promiscuously. They make many small articles, which they offer for sale, and appear to be generally happy.

Made Blood on the Sea.

Mr. George Roy, officer of the watch on board the Maggie C. Moore, is our authenticity for the following remarkable incident which occurred on the morning of the 10th inst., about 700 miles north-northwest of Cape Flattery. He states that the attention of the crew was simultaneously directed or attracted to the existence of blood floating on the adjacent sea. Speculation was rife as to the immediate origin of so strange a spectacle, and a careful watch was kept to ascertain it.

Eventually it was found that a whale was blowing and spouting on the side of the schooner, where the blood was first noticed, and a partial solution to the phenomenon was gained when swordfish darted up close, and following that terror of the seas came the enemy of the whaledom, the thrasher (or killer, as the fish is sometimes designated). The thrasher sprang from the water some ten feet into the air, and with a penetrating crash alighted upon the whale. A fierce conflict ensued, and the result that the whale appeared to be exhausted from the attack the thrasher made upon him. Recovering himself, however, the whale, after several efforts, succeeded in diving below, and came up on the starboard side of the schooner. The crew then took their whaling iron and struck at the thrasher, but unfortunately did not hit on a vital part. The thrasher, following the whale, made another savage attack on his victim, and hit for a second time within the sight of the crew. The whale appeared at this juncture to be in extremities, made a swordfish, realizing the position, made a further attack at this common enemy and stabbed the Jonah-swallowing monster.

All was now over; the whale's remaining strength was gone, and he was compelled to succumb to his fate with the grace of a doubly assailed warrior of the deep. After the death he floundered "topsy turvey," and the thrasher was observed to be luxuriating on the choicest parts of the conquered dead. This is no mythical story of the sea, but an incident of peculiar interest to those who realize the hostility existing between the thrasher and the whale and the characteristics of the swordfish. The latter knows no danger. He does not discern between a floating hull and a buoyant whale. His sword is bound to penetrate either at all hazards and risks to himself, and in this respect he is similar to some misguided non-amphibious creatures.

She Was Not that Kind.

They were holding an auction of smuggled goods at the custom house, and the auctioneer was crying or bids on a shawl worth a couple of dollars, when a woman on the outskirts of the crowd called out: "I bid four dollars!" "Third and last call and gone!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Come and get it, madam." She pushed her way in, saw what it was, and backed out with the remark: "That's no silk dress." "Nobody said it was, madam." "But that's what I came for. They told me that silk dresses were going for four dollars apiece, and I like to have killed myself running to get here. Four dollars for a shawl!" "How much will you bid?" "Thirty cents, sir, and not a penny more!" "Stand back, please." "Oh, yes! Because I won't go about with my feet on the ground and a four-dollar shawl on my back, it's stand back, if you please! I'll stand back, sir, but I'm not that kind of woman. I believe in consistency." "But you wanted a silk dress," suggested one of the crowd. "And wasn't I going to mortgage the house and lot to buy the bonnet to go with it!" she retorted.