

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

News Stories, Novel Facts and Queer Happenings Here and There.



**TRAMP** by the name of Lianty has just been condemned at Blois, France, for the murder of a woman whom he met on the high road. He attacked and stabbed her repeatedly, afterward throwing her into a pool while still living, first taking from her her little saving, amounting to sixty cents. The peculiarity of the case lies in the evidence that convicted the murderer. On the bank of the pond near the spot where the corpse was discovered there was found a large piece of bread, the end of the loaf with a singular bulge at one side. One of the neighbors testified that on the morning of the day the crime was committed Lianty had come to her house to beg for something to eat. She gave him a glass of piquette and a hunk of bread. He drank the wine and put the bread in the breast of his blouse, saying that he would eat it later. The loaf she cut it from was home baked. One of the bricks in the floor of her oven was missing, so that in each batch of loaves there was one with a protuberance marking the site of the missing brick. It was the protuberance that enabled her to identify the bread found near the body with the piece she had given Lianty. He was forthwith found guilty and condemned to death.

The papers of Philadelphia narrate the remarkable experience of Mrs. Geo. Snyder, of No. 2,012 Parrish street, wife of Policeman Snyder, of the Ninth District, who now preserves in alcohol a reptile over two feet long and having a head like a lizard, which she recently vomited up after years of acute suffering which physicians failed to relieve. During the summer of 1871 she came home from a party one evening feeling very thirsty. She went to a hydrant in the yard and drew a cupful of water and began to drink, when suddenly she became aware that something other than water was passing down her throat. The incident was almost forgotten until about January, 1878. One night she awoke with her mouth wide open and something creeping in her throat. She screamed out, but before her husband, who had been awakened by her struggles, could seize the reptile, it had drawn itself back into the throat and out of sight. Mrs. Snyder soon began to decline in health and lost daily until her weight was reduced to ninety pounds. She had an enormous appetite and no amount of food, however large, could satisfy her cravings. For months she tasted nothing but meat and milk. This state of affairs continued for ten years. The reptile had grown to considerable size and strength, and was still growing, and her death was soon expected. She had never tasted beer until the early part of last month, when an uncontrollable desire for that beverage seized her. Officer Snyder was surprised when he came home at night and his wife asked that beer be procured for her. He granted the request and with happy results. The sight of the liquor made her sick, but, nevertheless, believing that it should be taken, she drank several glasses, and in a few minutes was seized with violent fits of vomiting and fainting. She had ejected a curious creature with the head of a lizard and a body not unlike that of a snake. She rapidly recovered, and soon regained her former weight and strength.

The Persian Minister here, says the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Tribune*, has the longest name and the most intense sorrow of any man in public life here. I will not attempt to print his name, for it rivals in length some of the names of the lakes in Maine. He is an innocent and passive individual as he rides along the streets with his black fez perched jauntily on one side of his head, but underneath all this veneer of complacency he is one of the unhappiest of mortals. The secret of his sorrow is that he is unable to speak a single word of English, much more to comprehend one. At receptions, dinners, and all that goes to make Washington society interesting he appears regularly, but aside from the conversation which he carries on with a member of his suite he is dumb as an oyster. His inability to converse in the English language is given as a reason why nobody has called upon him. A gentleman in private life, however, who has lived in Persia for some years and is familiar with the language, occasionally pays his respects. He says that the minister is a man of distinction in his own country, and that should there be any diplomatic complications between the United States and Persia, which is unlikely, the shah's representative would be amply able to cope with the situation, whatever it might happen to be.

A rumor is current in Athens, Ga., to the effect that there is a rock in Clarke County, about six miles from town, upon which no man dares to tread. The superstitious say that about twenty or twenty-five years ago an old gentleman buried a coffee pot full of gold at the foot of this rock and has since died, and that when a man passes that way his ghost appears and drives him off. Parties passing near the place have been run more than a mile by this invisible ghost. They say that when they come near the place, even though it be a perfectly still day, a noise can be heard like a terrible cyclone, and the tall pines which surround the rock begin to howl, and many of them fall to the ground. One Sunday two gentlemen from Athens, who heard the rumors and

doubted them, visited the rock with the intention of proving the reports to be false, but they did not stop long. They climbed to the top of the rock, when they became astounded by hearing a terrible crash. Hardly before they knew it a large pine tumbled to the ground right at their feet. While an examination of the tree was being made, which was twisted from the ground, another, fully as large, came down with a crash. The "explorers" then "skipped" out.

Among the lace makers in France, where women weave the rarest and most delicate frost-like laces on a cushion with pins and bobbins, there is a guild of workers who wind their bobbins with fine white hair, instead of thread, and weave a web-like Brussels net of hair instead of floss. A piece of this beautiful material forms the parting and foundation of the wig, into which is tied the hair, a single hair in a mesh of the lace along the parting, and two or three hairs in a place all over the rest of the wig. It is a woman's deft, skillful fingers that do this fine work, of course, by means of a tiny needle no larger than the slimmest cambric needle for sewing, with an infinitesimal hook at the tip, scarcely visible to the naked eye. A wig-maker has as many wooden block-heads as a shoemaker has lasts, and upon one of these the wig foundation is carefully fitted and fastened while the hair is tied in, and over this block a woman bends two whole weeks to make a single wig, with a tuft of hair in her left hand, into which the needle flies, catching invariably only the number of hairs required, about one hundred times in an hour.

S. B. THOMPSON, well known in Lady Lake, Fla., was for four years a helpless cripple, and the doctors had told him that the spinal disease that prostrated him was incurable. On the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving he dreamed that the Lord spoke to him, telling him to go to church next day, to go to the altar and pray, and get the congregation to pray for him and he would be cured. Without telling his dream, he had himself carried to the church, and at the close of the service was placed at the altar. Then the congregation, led by the pastor, prayed for him, and he also prayed for himself in a loud voice. He says that while the prayers were being offered he heard a voice within say, "Arise and walk." At the third command he arose to his feet, and, crying "It is done," tried to walk down the aisle. Several men started to aid him, but he waived them off and walked steadily out of the church and to his own home, shouting and praising God. Since then he seems perfectly well. The Leesburg *Leesburger* has investigated, and is satisfied that these particulars are true.

A STUDENT at the Institute of Technology, Boston, was ill in his room on Tremont street; at least he thought he was in his room, when suddenly awakened by a blow on the head; but looking about he found that he was in the hallway of a strange house. He heard voices in an adjoining room, and rapping at the door, was admitted to the room of two fellow students whom he knew well. They hardly knew whether the visitor was their friend, whom they thought was lying ill in his room, down the block, or his ghost. He assured them that he was very much alive, but couldn't tell how he came there, and they closed him and took him to his room and began an investigation of the mystery. They found a solution. In his sleep he had risen, opened a window, got out on the mansard roof, which was edged by a tin gutter and six stories from the sidewalk, made his way along the perilous path past the dormer windows of five houses, stopped at the sixth, lowered a window, climbed in, and awoke when he struck his head against a door in the hall.

COMMISSIONER HOYNE was consulted at Chicago in regard to a \$2 bill that had been ingeniously tampered with. A tobacco dealer reported that a well-dressed man came into his store and in payment of a small purchase tendered a \$5 bill, which was accepted without question. When offered at the bank, however, it was thrown out, and the dealer was told that it was a \$2 bill which had been changed into a five. The large figure 2 had been cut out with a stamp and the figure 5 inserted so nicely that the naked eye, even when aware of the character of the bill, could detect no line of juncture. The figure was held in place by a piece of pink paper attached to the back, which, at the same time, joined a tear which was made, of course, to account for the use of the pink paper. To further increase the appearance of age other pieces of the same colored paper were stuck on the back of the bill. The numerous figures 2 on the margin of the note were not erased, but so blurred as to make their denomination uncertain.

HARRY and Charley Merrick are 6 and 4 years old, and their parents live a little way out of Binghamton, N. Y. Being left alone one morning recently while their parents went to town, they wandered into the garden and soon became interested in the beehives. They wondered why no bees were flying about, and then they lifted the covers to investigate. There they saw the summer workers taking their winter sleep. Thrusting their hands in they pulled out about a quart of bees, and putting them in their caps, took them into the house. The warmth soon began to rouse the honey makers, and they began to buzz and bluster and organize an attack on their captors, who fled at the first onslaught, the bees setting in their hair and on their faces. Neighbors heard their cries and rescued them, but they were badly stung. The house was found in possession of the now thoroughly warmed-up insects, which were liberated by opening the doors and windows.

Four years ago laborers digging the cellar for the house of Aunt Polly Sutcliffe, of Milltown, Conn., cut through

into a big cave. Attempts were made to explore it, but the air within was so foul that nothing could be done. Now it is likely to be explored, for the main entrance has been discovered. A hunter followed a mink to a crevice at the foot of a steep bluff two miles from the Sutcliffe house, and pulling away some stones found himself at the opening of a passage, which led directly into the side of the hill. As he was examining it the land began to slide, and he was nearly buried by the avalanche of earth. When he recovered his feet and presence of mind he saw an entrance to the cave as large as the side of a two-story house. The cave has been explored for a mile or more in various directions.

LAST fall a bear was in the habit of visiting the orchard of Sheriff Powder, near Coopersville, Washington Territory, and doing considerable damage. Twelve year-old Dave Morrison, who lives with the Sheriff, took his shotgun one night and went out quietly to see if he could get a shot at the bear. When he reached the orchard he found the bear, and with her two good-sized cubs. The boy was not at all frightened at the odds against him, but crept up until he was within a few feet of the mother bear; then, as she reared up and growled, he put a charge of shot into her throat, killing her. As the cubs made off in one direction Dave hurried in the other—not because he was afraid, but because he wanted to tell the folks in the house that he'd killed a bear.

SINCE electric lights were introduced in Georgia large gray bugs have become common. They are called electric bugs. The other evening John McLaughlin, of Savannah, was sitting by an open window and one of these bugs, about two inches long, flew in, and, striking the wall, fell to the floor. McLaughlin picked it up to throw it out of the window and the bug sunk its claws into his hand. He said the sensation was as though several fish hooks were being pulled through the arm. Immediately his hand began to swell, and small pimples appeared on his hand, arm, and face within twenty-four hours. For over a week the hand and arm were very sore, and at one time the case looked dangerous.

TEN months ago Annie Osborn, now but two and a half years old, became ill, and in spite of the best doctors of Atlanta, where she lived, grew worse and worse, until she said that she would surely die. But she didn't; she lived and a month or two ago began to get better. A few days ago she complained of a pain in her side, and her mother found that on the left side, just below the ribs, and under the skin, was a hard substance. A doctor came, and cutting down, brought out a needle nearly two inches long. It is supposed that Annie swallowed the needle, and that it was the cause of her illness.

Two years ago a young man of the town of Leroy, Ill., son of a wealthy banker, became suddenly and painfully ill. From that time until now he has been a great sufferer, and the physicians have been unable to satisfactorily diagnose the disease from which he has suffered. Physicians recently made a careful microscopic examination of a particle of the patient's flesh, and found that it was densely populated with trichinae. It is believed that there is no hope whatever for the extermination of the trichinae, and that the sufferer's agonies will find no relief except in death.

THE Indians on the island of Oldtown, Me., have a novel way of bridging the Penobscot, after the ice prevents the running of the ferryboats. The water being so swift in the channels on each side of the island that it would not freeze early if it were not aided, they obtain a huge cake of ice and swing it across the channel in a narrow part on the Mi ford side. In a few nights that becomes frozen sufficiently hard to bear the weight of persons crossing, and it comes into use for a number of weeks before the other ice is ready.

RECENTLY a wager was made of \$10 by H. H. Bissell, engine despatcher of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, and Charles Near, foreman of the Diamond Flouring Mill, Youngstown, Ohio, as to which could eat the largest number of buckwheat cakes. Each cake was to be not less than five inches in diameter, and one minute's time was to be allowed between each cake. The battle was won by Bissell, who scored a record of sixty-three cakes, while Mr. Near stalled after masticating fifty-eight.

At Dr. Skitchley's ostrich ranch, near Red Bluff, Cal., is a pen in which a hen ostrich is sitting on thirteen eggs. She covers the eggs nicely, and as she sits there, with her long neck and head laid at full length on the ground, looks like a moss-covered rock. Her husband keeps guard over her in very picturesque fashion, walking up and down the fence with stately tread, his rich, glossy plumage glistening in the sunlight, and his eyes flashing defiance. He looks ready to tackle anything, man or beast, that should disturb the privacy of his home.

THE Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has paid for a great many animals killed in the long cut west of Touchet, Washington Territory. Something wrong from the large number of blooded and high-priced animals reported among the slain, the company sent out a detective, who worked awhile in the neighborhood as a woodchopper, and the arrest of half a dozen farmers, and followed. They were working off all their old and worthless stock on the company and getting pay for high-blooded and high-priced cattle.

The bite of a drunkard has been found to produce blood-poisoning. A case occurred at Erie, Pa., where Frank Root, in rescuing three young girls from the brutality of Martin Stadtmiller, was bitten severely by the latter, and died from blood-poisoning. This does not seem at all incredible, and recalls the curious idea of Dr. Oliver Wendell

Holmes, in "Elsie Venner," where the bite of one, tainted from birth with a certain poison, produced in its victim corresponding symptoms.

MISS MARY MACCRIBBIN, who died at Washington the other day, nearly 100 years old, used to say that she had seen every President from George Washington to Grover Cleveland. She was living in Baltimore in 1812, and saw the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. She knew well John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and witnessed his first appearance on the stage at Baltimore. She went to Washington first in 1821, and it took twelve hours by stage.

JAMES ROBINSON lived alone in a cabin in Lincoln Gulch, Deer Lodge county, Montana, and was a confirmed opium eater. The other day visitors to his cabin found his skeleton on the floor. All the flesh had been eaten from the bones and the hands and head severed from the body. On the table was some opium. It is likely that he took an overdose of the drug, and was either killed thus, or, becoming stupid, lay in his cabin until mountain lions entered, killed him, and devoured his flesh.

### "UNTER DEN LINDEN."

#### The Shops, the Fashion, and the Great Men of Berlin.

Unter den Linden is a very disappointing street to the typical American tourist, who does Berlin in a day. He expects to find a thoroughfare of imperial magnificence. After driving from the Brandenburger Thor to the palace once or twice he helps the German capital with a vague impression of a broad street containing two fair roadways and a promenade bordered with double rows of scrubby trees. The palace, the university, and the museums, aside from the buildings of the National Art Gallery are an indifferent-looking lot of block-houses. The famous shops and cafes, look ordinary enough to men who know Broadway. The big hotels would make a poor showing beside the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor.

To a Berliner all this seems different, however. He knows that for many generations Unter den Linden has been the pride of the house of Hohenzollern. He reads, when a child, how the lindens and chestnuts there were planted and nurtured under the care of a Prussian Queen. He can never forget that the Great Kurfurst and the Great Frederick hoped to make it the finest street in Europe. With all these reminiscences in his mind, he never ceases to claim for it all the grandeur imaginable.

The real attraction of Unter den Linden, however, is not the street itself. It is the life that surges up and down its pavements between three and five o'clock every pleasant afternoon. The best dressed women in Germany crowd its broad walks. Scores of young lieutenants in red-and-black uniforms saunter along among them. Occasionally a white-haired, white bearded officer, with broad red stripes running down the sides of his trousers and an iron cross on his breast, marches straight through the crowd as if he had the walk all to himself. The cross generally means that he has been very brave on the field of battle. The big strips on his trousers indicate his high rank. The progress of these old officers along the walk is the occasion of a tremendous amount of saluting on the part of the young lieutenants, who are compelled temporarily to give up ogling the pretty German girls around them.

When Moltke appears in Unter den Linden there is always a big crowd after him. Every one salutes him excepting an occasional Frenchman or American. If a man doesn't salute the old General, however, he had better get right out of the way, for he will be regarded as a very doubtful character by all who saw him keep his hat on. The appearance of a coach containing a Hohenzollern electricities Unter den Linden. It is the signal for a general facing out toward the curb, and a lot of uncovering, and bowing and scraping that the average American rather rebels against.

The good German citizen, though not so much of a slave to royalty as is generally supposed, likes to show his love of country by uncovering to a Hohenzollern every chance he gets. At the great celebration of the birthday of Emperor William the First, about eighteen months ago, the promenaders in Unter den Linden rather broke their record for this kind of street etiquette. Some eighty-five or ninety princesses, grand dukes and duchesses had come to Berlin to attend the Emperor's big birthday party. Most of them spent all their spare time driving up and down Unter den Linden. The street was packed with Berliners, who wanted to see how much handsomer the house of Hohenzollern was than any other house. Whenever a coach with outriders before and attendants behind appeared—and the street was full of them—there was a general bowing and saluting and facing about that even the Czar himself couldn't find fault with.

A curious feature of the gay and elegant life in Unter den Linden of an afternoon is that the dude has no place in it at all. Berlin, with its 25,000 soldiers, is a military town. The best-dressed man is, therefore, the officer. A full dress uniform is the only clothes that a Berlin woman loves. Only a man inside of such a uniform can be what Americans consider a thoroughbred masher. These conditions make the dude superfluous in Berlin, and virtually exclude him from Unter den Linden.—New York Sun.

#### A STARTLING SITUATION.

Late Stayer—I am terribly nervous; I start at every sound.  
Miss Violet—Why, the clock has struck twelve times and I have not noticed any starting on your part.

### JAMAICA GINGER DRUNKARDS.

#### Startling Statements Concerning the Prevalence of the Habit.

A somewhat peculiar case was tried before Judge Sherman in the Superior Civil Court at Dedham during the past week. William H. Doble, a grocer, was arraigned on the complaint of Henry H. Faxon for violating the liquor law, the offense specially charged being the sale of Jamaica ginger as an intoxicant. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant had been doing a rushing business in this article, his sales at retail at times reaching two cases a week. One customer, a woman, was cited in particular as consuming inordinate quantities of this article, it being stated that she had in one instance been known to purchase two bottles during a day.

It was alleged by the prosecution that this demand for Jamaica ginger was not of a medicinal origin, and that many of the grocer's patrons were Jamaica ginger drunkards, a species of inebriates by no means uncommon. State Assayer Sharples was put upon the stand and testified that the Jamaica ginger sold by Doble was pretty good Jamaica ginger, as Jamaica ginger goes, but he granted something of a sensation when he added that it contained 69 and a fraction per cent. of alcohol, but 3 per cent. being purely Jamaica ginger extract, and the balance water. Ordinary grades of whiskey, he said, did not contain over 50 per cent. of alcohol, so, according to expert testimony, Jamaica ginger was 20 per cent. more of an intoxicant than the common run of tangiefout.

The Jamaica ginger, moreover, not only served to increase the strength of the alcohol, but when the whole was used as a habitual beverage had an effect upon the stomach that was pernicious to a superlative degree. Lawyer John E. Eldridge, counsel for the defendant, was not abashed by this expert evidence, and asked that the court instruct the jury that his client could not be convicted, as he had sold simply Jamaica ginger, which was not a beverage, but a medicine, whereas he was charged with selling intoxicating liquor. The court refused to rule as requested, but told the jury that it was a question of fact that they were called upon to consider and not of law, and they were to decide whether or not it was intoxicating liquor.

That portion of the statute defining intoxicating liquors was read as follows: "Ale, porter, strong beer, lager beer, all wines, and any beverage containing more than three per cent. of alcohol by volume 60 deg. Fahrenheit, as well as distilled spirits, shall be deemed to be intoxicating liquors within the meaning of this chapter." After being out some hours the jury disagreed and were discharged, and the much mooted question in Dedham, of whether or not Jamaica ginger is an intoxicating liquor remains undecided, but this case will doubtless serve to draw attention to the large number of people who have become addicted to its habitual use other than as a medicine.

It is said by medical authorities that those who have once contracted the habit of using it as a beverage find themselves afflicted with a craving of whose intensity none but a sufferer can form the slightest conception. The deleterious effects of the ginger when constantly taken into the stomach is sufficient to render the habit fatal in a short time. In fact it is one of the most dangerous forms of inebriety known. It has found but few victims in large cities where stimulants are easily obtained, but in the rural districts, where prohibition is in force it is said to have filled many graves.

#### A Mild Western Winter in 1688-9.

The balmy weather that Minnesotians are enjoying this winter is provocative of reminiscences of other winters which have been remarkable for their warmth. A number of witnesses have risen to announce that such a thing, while remarkable, is by no means unprecedented. R. J. Baldwin, in one of the volumes of the Historical Society, has discovered the account of a Minnesota winter without any ice. It was the winter of 1688-9, a date so remote that it sounds very oddly in the ears of the Westerner, who regards any event of fifty years ago as belonging to ancient history. In the year 1688 the Baron La Hontan undertook an expedition in the valley of the Mississippi. Ascending the river with a number of heavily-laden canoes he entered the mouth of a river, which he called Riviere Longue, on the 3d of November, and ascended its course for over 500 miles, being employed sixty days in the ascent. He returned to the Mississippi on the 2nd of March, 1689, down which he proceeded to the Missouri. This he ascended as far as the Osage. It is generally supposed that the river on which this winter voyage was made was the St. Peters or Minnesota. Nicollet supposes it was the Gunton, which at that time was an outlet of the Minnesota.—N. Y. Tribune.

#### Knapsacks for Books.

The German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen with knapsacks for carrying their school books, as the tendency of carrying them under the arm or in portfolios or bags hung from the arm is to distort their figures. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march. The next funniest thing to be seen among school children on the Continent is the long pipe or the lilliputian cigarette of the diminutive Dutch boy.

Colorado contains 103,645 square miles; was settled in 1858 at Denver, and was admitted into the Union August 1, 1876.