

QUEER HAPPENINGS.

COWS AS A STORM GUAGE—SPIDERS FOR COMPANIONS—A MIGHTY QUEER WATER-MELON.

THERE is a young mother in Portland, Oregon, whose age is but 12, weight 85, yet her infant son weighed nine pounds at its birth.

A LARGE bird at Kookuk, Iowa, darted swiftly downward in its flight, and striking a lightning rod, the iron run through its body, and it remained impaled, fluttering and struggling until death came.

A WOMAN in Marshall County, Kansas, who is enjoying her fifth husband, lost her first two by hanging through vigilance committees, a third was sent to the penitentiary, and the fourth committed suicide.

As Jared Dingman was shaking \$1,500 in gold under the nose of a steam tug owner in the Detroit river, endeavouring to tempt him to take that amount for his boat, the tug struck a steamer and the glittering gold was the property of the fishes.

A WISCONSIN cow with a persistent cough that baffled the skill of a veterinary surgeon to cure, died, and upon opening her windpipe to discover the cause of the irritation there was found in the upper part of the lung a live striped frog of ordinary size.

ELEVEN children at four births was the feat of Mrs. Scannel Hickson of Shamrock, Mo. First birth, three; second and third, two each, and at the last interesting occasion there were four, all the latter being alive and doing well. Ten out of the eleven are alive.

IN Richmond, Va., an old coloured woman has been going to the depot daily for many years to meet the incoming trains, looking for a letter containing \$25. After the war she did the washing for a soldier, and when he went away he declared that he would return and bring the money or send it in a letter.

AN event probably without precedent in railway annals has just happened at Provins. A passenger train leaving Paris at 8:20 p.m., arrived safely at its destination, but on getting down to let the passengers out of the cars, the guard was astonished to find neither passengers nor passenger cars on at Paris.

WHILE riding horseback, John Eller of Alden, Iowa, saw coming from the sky a ball of fire, apparently about the size of a flour barrel. He was paralyzed with fear, and saw the globe strike the head of the animal he rode, when he fainted. Upon coming to his senses he found that the horse was dead, the head of the animal being scorched as if by a red-hot iron.

THE queerest companions for a man are those of an old man in New Orleans. He has a mania for spiders and in his rooms are more than 500 of every shape and colour. The ceilings are hidden by the webs that they have spun. Occasionally the old man throws a handful of flies into the webs, and is greatly delighted at seeing the spiders seize their struggling victims.

AN aged and wealthy Milwaukee widower found a wife by a queer method. In a coffee-grinding mill in Chicago a female packer placed in several bundles of coffee a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. This widower found the card while preparing his lonely breakfast after a quarrel with his housekeeper, and now the Chicago girl is Mrs. —.

AN Italian fisherman recently discovered a petrified woman at Cascad Lake, Nevada. He was going out to fish, and when pushing off his boat, struck his oar against something which attracted his attention. Upon investigation a petrified hand protruded from the sand on the beach. In a short time he had unearthed a woman in a complete state of petrification. It was small in size, brown in colour, scrawny and emaciated.

NEAR the camp of the workmen on the new toll road, near Yankee Forks, Nevada, quite a curiosity was recently found. It was a mountain ram's head deeply imbedded in a pine tree, and about six feet from the ground. The right horn is outside, and curls partly around the tree, while the front of the skull and most of the left horn is covered with the growth of wood. The tree is a thrifty pine, fifteen inches through. How that ram's head came there will always be a mystery to scientists.

About midnight, just after the accident in the Consolidated Imperial Mine, Nevada, the wife of Matthew Winnie was found on

her way to the works. She said she had been awakened just before by her husband, who came all mangled to her and told her that he had been killed in the mine. She got up, dressed herself, and started to ascertain the truth of what she was only too well convinced was true. There had in reality been a fearful accident; Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and the trembling woman went back to her children and her desolate home.

As John B. Coyner, a farmer residing near Palestine, Ind., was watering nine cows at a pump trough, recently, they made a stampede down the lane as fast as their legs would carry them. The cause of this sudden freak was a mystery to the hired man, but it was not long before he was let into what appeared to be the secret of the stampede. Suddenly, although the sky was clear and the atmosphere still, a young cyclone, not over twenty feet in breadth, darted down the sky, and, striking the earth near the pump, twisted off five large beech trees as though they were weeds.

IN Lincoln County, Nev., there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen inches deep, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest, and no bottom has ever been found. It is said that a teamster, on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He took it off and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again.

The Rights of an Organist.

The question as to the exact status of the organist, of his rights and wrongs, and of his privileges and duties, has often given rise to discussions, says a writer in the *London Opinion*. What with clergymen who know nothing of music, but who unfortunately think that they do, and members of the congregation eager to give advice which they have not tested, the seat in front of the keyboard is not always too comfortable. As a case in point, and as further illustrating our remark, we are informed that at a dissenting place of worship not a hundred miles from Liverpool, the other Sunday evening, a member of the congregation—himself a professor of music and an organist—was invited to fill the position of the regular organist, who was absent. All seemed to go most satisfactorily until the last hymn, before the reading of which the minister publicly expressed a wish that the hymn might be sung softly, and "with but little strength of organ." The organist, exhibiting the courtesy of a gentleman, bent to the request of the worthy clergyman; but after the service this ill-advised and injudicious public remark was severely commented upon by the congregation. As a rule, the clergy know very little about organ-playing, although they not infrequently assume a knowledge which is not warranted by facts. We shall next hear of the selection of stops being taken out of the organist's hands.

Mining Operations in Great Britain

The report of the Inspector General of Mines in Great Britain for 1879 has just been published. The number of persons engaged in mining operations in the United Kingdom was 523,870. The total number of serious accidents amounted to 843, and the total of deaths resulting 1,037, a diminution as compared with 1878 of 39 in the number of accidents and 453 in the number of deaths. There was an average of one accident for every 621 persons employed, and a death for every 505 persons.

In the twelve districts under the Regulation Act of 1872, for the coal mines 476,810 persons were employed in or about the mines of whom 335,174 were below the surface, and 91,631 above; of those above 4,842 were women.

The products of the mines for the year were: 133,720,333 tons of coal; 9,357,766 tons of iron ore; 1,455,003 tons of potter's clay; and 803,207 tons of mica. The amount of coal produced was 1,108,330 tons more than in 1878, while the other items were less by the following amounts: iron ore 1,359,461 tons; potter's clay, 170,583 tons; and mica, 10,055 tons.

Some Homoeopathy.

(Appleton's Journal.)

In the discussion between a "skeptical" and a "believer" in infinitesimal doses, it was discovered that a drop of mother-tincture put through thirty decimal dilutions would require for the purpose the contents of nearly 16 quadrillion reservoirs of the capacity of that in Central Park. Inasmuch as it is simply impossible for the human mind to grasp a number so large as this, it would have been well had an effort been made to express the amount of liquid required in larger bulks with fewer numerals. One of the speakers asks if there can "be so much fresh water on the continent," which is proof of the little idea he entertained of the amount of water that such a number of reservoirs would contain. Let us see what can be done to make more obvious what those figures really mean. We do not know the area of the Central Park reservoir, but by consulting the map we find that it is half a mile in extent in one direction, a little less in the other, and that it tapers somewhat toward one end. If we estimate, therefore, that a square mile would contain five such reservoirs, we are pretty close to the facts—sufficiently so for our present purpose. The geographers estimate the entire surface of the world to be about two hundred millions of square miles. The surface of the world is then capable of containing one billion of our reservoirs. But we want space for 15,873,015,873,015,873 reservoirs, and to hold this number it will be found that we should absolutely require 15,873,015 worlds and a fraction. The Croton Reservoir, however, is comparatively shallow, perhaps not more than 50 or 60 feet deep—let us say fifty feet. Now, if we deepen our billion reservoirs, standing on the surface of the globe, until they extend downward to the centre, becoming, say, 4,000 miles deep, which is about one-half the diameter of the earth at the equator, we shall increase their capacity some four hundred and twenty two thousand times (that is, we should do so if their area were uniformly maintained), so that, if the world were composed wholly of water, it would require, at the very least, roughly calculated, more than forty such worlds in order to obtain one nonillion drops of water; that is, to put the mother-tincture through 30 decimal dilutions. If the world were a cube instead of a sphere, a tolerably exact calculation could be given; it would then require nearly 28 worlds of water; as it is, if we say 45 we shall understate the number, but a few worlds of water more or less are of no moment. Now, it must be remembered that for every dilution we must multiply the preceding number by ten. It would thus require 450 worlds of water for the thirty-first dilution; 4,500 for the thirty-second, and so on, the fortieth dilution needing 450,000,000,000 worlds of water! If the 20,000,000 stars which the great telescopes reveal in the heavens were all composed of liquid, they would not nearly supply water enough, unless averaging 22,500 times larger than our world, to put one drop of tincture through 40 dilutions—and yet people are constantly cured by doses of the one-hundredth dilution.

Preserving Timber in Ground

In speaking of the well known methods of preserving posts and wood which are partly embedded in the earth, by charring and coating with tar, it is said these methods are only effective when both are applied. Should the poles only be charred without the subsequent treatment with tar, the charcoal formation on the surface would only act as an absorber of the moisture, and, if anything, only hasten the decay. By applying a coating of tar without previously charring, the tar would only form a casing about the wood, nor would it penetrate to the depths which the absorbing properties of the charcoal surface would insure. Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should first be charred, and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar till the wood is thoroughly impregnated. The acetic acid and oils contained in the tar are evaporated by the heat, and only the resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood and forms an air-tight and water-proof envelope. It is important to impregnate the poles a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay effects the wood first, and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

A light affair—a lamp.

GRINS.

A GOOD thing to re-collect, if you can—debts.

IT don't take a very fast horse to catch epizootic.

A POOR rider always has an eye on the mane chance.

THE writing-master usually does a flourishing business.

A FRIEND asks us what a whale says when he spouts. He tells some kind of a fish story, probably.

WHY is the discovery of the north pole like illicit whisky manufacture? Because it's a secret still.

THERE is romance in figures. A young man met a girl, lor, married her, and took her on a wedding 2er.

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be: "O, Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers."

PEOPLE who take moonlight strolls on railroad tracks shouldn't be offended if the coroner doesn't recognize them.

WHEN a dog gets his head fastened in a fence it is unsafe to extricate him unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

AN instance of Dr. McCosh's shrewdness is given in *The Princetonian*: Student after class, "Did you mark me absent, doctor?" "I did, sir; and what's your name?"

VAGARIES of fashion:

When lovely woman is not jolly
But hides some secret grief within,
What art can cure her melancholy?
Seal's kin.

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women, and if I'd marry a Yaukie girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

THE *Detroit Free Press* man thinks kissing pretty girls must be frowned down. He'll find that it takes a pretty powerful frown to stop it, and we doubt if he won't have to sail in with a club besides, to successfully interrupt the fun.

AN English doctor says that people troubled with heart disease are more likely to die at midnight than any other time, especially if they are sound sleepers. Get up and shake down the coal stove at 11:45 and you'll be all right.

THE New York *Graphic* says the Bernhardt went to the Italian opera and entered quietly, which won her many friends. Did the *Graphic* expect she would go to the theatre headed by a brass band and a torch-light procession?

Apologues to the discussion of sense-perception:

The pharynx now goes up
The larynx with a slam
Ejects a note
From out the throat
Pushed by the Diaphragm.

"How are you Brown? Haven't seen you for an age." "No, we haven't met for months. By-the-way you've lost your wife since I saw you last. Very sorry. Terrible blow for you!" "Yes; very sad, wasn't it? I can scarcely realize at times that I'm married again!"

DON PEDRO, Emperor of Brazil, wished to test a certain railroad brake. He had one adjusted to a car, and started off for a trial trip. The engineer soon saw what seemed to be a big rock on the track ahead, and applied the brake, stopping the train within a few feet of the obstacle, which proved to be of pasteboard.

A Jersey, like a coat of mail,
The shapely form increases,
And to a dainty waist can't fail
To add developed graces;
To draw it on requires a knack
Quite easy to attain,
But what a business 'tis, good luck,
To get it off again!

"DISTURBANCE!"—Country banker to shakey customer: "Are you aware, Mr. Sullivan, that your account is overdrawn a hundred or so?" Sullivan: "Certainly I am, sir. Don't bother me about such trifles! I don't go howling about the country when you've a hundred or so of mine! Your information is superfluous either way! Good morning, sir!"