

MILLIONS IN BARBED WIRE.

The Humble Way in Which Inventor Ellwood Began His Great Fortune.

The saddest thing I saw in a journey to the west was the old fashioned rail fence in Pennsylvania, Ohio, eastern Indiana and southern Michigan. How cruel of fate not to have permitted the wire fence to be invented 200 years before it was! Probably enough labor and timber have been wasted in the building of the old "worm" fences in the past to pay off fifty national debts like ours.

It makes one almost weep to think of the backs that have been broken, of the hands worn out, the energies sapped, the boys kept from school—in felling trees, splitting logs, driving posts, laying rails for those thousands of miles of rail fence! When our western farmer wants a fence now he buys a few posts and a lot of barbed wire. Three men can put up half a mile of fence in a day.

"Did you ever hear how Ellwood, the barbed wire man, of DeKalb, Ill., made his money?" asked one of my train acquaintances. "Well, you see, twelve or fifteen years ago he was making a little wire in his blacksmith shop, putting the barbs on with a pair of pliers. One day a couple of young men stopped in his shop to get out of the rain, and as they thought the wire looked like a good thing they asked Ellwood to send them out on the road selling it."

"After a week's trip they came in and compared notes. Both had found the wire a great hit; everybody wanted it. But they were pretty shrewd boys, and they fixed it up between them to fool Ellwood. When he asked how business was they showed him a few orders and shook their heads dubiously. 'Not much in it,' 'Better try again,' said Ellwood. 'Well, if you'll give us a five year contract on Missouri, Southern Iowa, Arkansas and Texas we'll go out and see what we can do.'

"Ellwood agreed and one of the young men started for Texas. In a week he sent an order for a car load of wire. Ellwood was astonished. It would take him a month to make a car load. He carried the letter to his bank. 'Must be some mistake,' he said. 'No,' said the banker, 'it's plain. He wants a car load.' 'Impossible,' replied Ellwood, 'I'll telegraph him.' The reply came: 'Yes, a car load, but make it three car loads. Ship quick.' Again Ellwood went to his banker. He was puzzled. It seemed like a hoax to him that any one should want three car loads of wire.

"Preposterous! The banker finally convinced him the order was genuine. 'Mr. Banker,' said Ellwood, 'I'm a poor man. I'm worth two or three thousand dollars. How much can I draw on this bank for on my reputation and my prospects?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars.' 'Good. Give me \$500 now.' In an hour Ellwood was on his way to Chicago. In two weeks he was making barbed wire by machinery. In ten years he was worth \$14,000,000.—Cor. Augusta Chronicle.

What Did the Horse See?

The writer was once, in the Isle of Skye, being driven along a lonely road in a one horse cart. Suddenly the animal began to shy violently toward one side of the road, though there was nothing in sight that could possibly have frightened it, both sides of the road being flat moorland for miles. However, nothing could induce the creature to move forward until the driver eventually got down and led him past the objectionable thing, whatever it was. As he again took his seat on the box he shook his head and said mysteriously: "Ah! he'll be seeing something that we cannot see! A man was murdered here two years ago on this very spot."

But this is no occasion of discussing the question whether animals in general, and horses in particular, have abnormal powers of vision which enable them to see the immaterial. Anyhow, the formation of their eyes in no way warrants any such supposition, and probably, if there is anything in the stories, the keen sensitiveness and heightened instinct of the animals played no little part in the occurrences.—Chambers' Journal.

How Extracts Are Secured.

In many instances flavors are prepared by distilling fruits, seeds, bark and leaves—the fragrant essential oils being drawn out and condensed. These oils, dissolved in spirits of wine, constitute the extracts or flavoring essences so much used in cookery. Familiar examples are the essential oils of orange and lemon. In these the oils are found in the rind, and can be removed by pressure as well as by distillation. The peel, often used fresh for flavoring, may be preserved fragrant by careful drying. Compound ethers are also now quite often employed as flavoring substances.—Foods and Beverages.

Wanted to Stay in Prison.

Several times prisoners have complained to the writer that the officers have made a mistake in copying their mittens and not given them time enough. Here is a complaint of this character last made to him: "I have got two mittens and I am entitled to four. Please have it altered for me. I want all four mittens that I was sentenced for."—W. P. Andrews in Forum.

WHIST PLAYED BY SPIRIT HANDS.

Two Medical Students' Remarkable Experience in a Quiet Game.

This story I advance with reserve. It was told me by a young medico, and we all know that medical students are of a peculiarly reserved, reticent and sober race, averse to exaggeration and remarkable for the veracity of their anecdotes. He who related the following astonishing experience told me that it took place at St. Bartholomew's, or perhaps it was at Guy's or St. Thomas'. The essential thing is that it took place at a hospital.

It was evening and not late. One of the resident house physicians, a young man with a friend, also a young medical man, whose evidence can be procured to corroborate the story, was playing a double dummy. They had been playing some time, nothing unusual happening. They were seated at a square table. One of them, at the beginning of the new game, had to deal with his own dummy, as is the rule at double dummy. "When he had finished a most wonderful thing happened. The cards of the two dummies were taken up by invisible hands, which arranged them and held them in the usual fanlike form. It was as if the cards were in the air. The two men looked at each other and at this phenomenon with stupefaction.

If they had not been men of science they would have fled shrieking. Then one of the dummies was sharply rapped on the table. "That means play," whispered one of them, and with a gasp, he led. The play of the invisible dummies was all right. The leading partner took the trick and returned, changing the suit to show the hand she held. I say she, because by this time there were visible the hands and arms that held the cards, but nothing more. One of the players was a woman with bare arms showing from a sleeve of white lace; her fingers had rings upon them. The other was a man's with an ordinary coat sleeve and white cuff.

The men put down their pipes. They played the game in solemn silence. Presently it became apparent that the lady played a masterly game. She held good cards; so did her partner. They scored in the first rub—double, treble and the rub, and in the second—treble, single and the rub.

"Never," my narrator told me, "did I play with a finer player. She seemed to know by instinct where every card in the pack was. At the end of the double rubber the arms disappeared. They went away as they came. I have never seen them since, though I often invited them to come by dealing the cards on the table. I have often wondered who the lady was; young, as I gathered from the appearance of her arms; a gentlewoman, as was shown by the taper fingers, and the rings, and the lace, and a certain way of carrying her arms. Frohesome, as was proved by her sitting down to play with only her arms visible; unmarried, from the absence of a wedding ring.

"Who could she be? Why was she brought to the hospital? What is her story? Why did she die so young? Above all, how could she, at her early age, have required such a knowledge of whist! It is very rare to find a girl playing whist even decently. Perhaps, after—after leaving the hospital," he added, with some delicacy of experience, "she may have found opportunities for practice.

"As for her companion, he was comparatively uninteresting. He had chalked stones on his fingers, and he was only a mediocre player. He neglected his partner's lead, he bottled her trumps, and once he threw away the king of trumps, not even trying to save it by an obvious finesse. But the lady—the lady—she, indeed, was divine."—Walter Besant in Philadelphia Times.

Walters Without Wages.

In a much frequented downtown restaurant the waiters are paid no wages at all, though they are well satisfied to retain their situations.

They depend for their remuneration not only upon the fees given them by the restaurant's patrons, but also upon a 6 per cent. commission on all the checks turned in and credited to them. For example, if you order a meal costing one dollar and give the waiter a dime, he gets besides, six cents credit on your check, or sixteen cents in all. Efficient waiters have their regular patrons, and as their tables are almost always taken they often make from three to four dollars a day.—New York Herald.

How Jay Gould Came to Be Photographed.

Jay Gould is a hard man to get into a photographic studio. It probably is because he hasn't time. But how I came to get a good portrait of him was through a friend. Mr. Gould had promised to give this friend a photograph of himself, and had, time and again, excused himself for his neglect by saying that he had none. This friend came to me, arranged for a sitting, and the next morning appeared in my studio with Mr. Gould. The latter did not know that he was to be photographed—at any rate until within a moment or two before he reached my place of business. He has a splendid head, a good strong face, and makes an excellent picture; but the day he came to me he was arrayed in very very light and very thin summer clothing.

This was at a time when photography had not advanced to such a point that it could not take a person's picture if the clothing worn was white or of a light color. I explained to Mr. Gould that if he wished a good picture he

should wear a black coat, and one of a little heavier material. He looked about the room in a nervous sort of way, glancing at his friend, and then in a low voice said to me: "I am afraid I haven't time to change my coat. If you wish to make a picture of me you had better do it now, and take me as I am."—A. Bogardus in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Press and Public Men.

Is the press immaculate? By no means. Do all connected with it appreciate the grave responsibilities which their limitless facilities for reaching the public should impose upon them? Again the answer must be an emphatic no. Have public men no reasonable grounds of complaint? Undoubtedly they have. But the sweeping judgment which too many of them pass upon the representatives of the press as a body has in it the same elements of unfairness and injustice as exist in the wide opinion that public men as a class are corrupt. With the latter the exact opposite is true. As a class they are honest. So with journalists: as a class they are careful and conscientious.

The erroneous judgments of public men and of members of the press spring from the same cause—namely, visiting the shortcomings of the few upon the many. In the one case the fact that party men, as a rule, unite to shield those detected in wrong creates a general opinion that the class is corrupt. In the other, the fact that there is too much toleration by the press of its libelers and sensation mongers gives excuse to public men for their sweeping charges. In a word, the most effective foes of the press are those of its own household. It is fully able to deal successfully with all others; it should be abundantly able to crush these.—General Boynton in Century.

The Horse on the Stage.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Bobby Gaylor, "western audiences were exceedingly fertile in the matter of interruptions. Fanny Louise Buckingham, an old time favorite, came to Leadville with 'Mazappa.' It was a one horse show in all the word implies, but she couldn't get her fiery steed up over the narrow gauge railroad, and was obliged to substitute a horse that had formerly been employed in drawing a milk wagon. A miner happened to be loafing at the stable where the trade was made, and went to the theater that night provided with a tin horn.

"In the scene where Mazappa is lashed to the horse, a long incline had been built at the rear of the stage, and up this the animal was to dash and disappear behind some pasteboard rocks. It made the start all right, but at the quarter post, so to speak, the wretched miner blew his horn and the faithful beast, supposing there was milk to deliver, stopped stock still. Miss Buckingham was furious, and with a few well directed kicks succeeded in getting him off again, only to be stopped by another blast. In that way they went up the incline a step at a time, like Mary Queen of Scots going to execution in melodrama. The miner escaped."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Queer Place for Ears.

On the tibia of grasshoppers and crickets' forelegs may be seen a bright shiny spot, oval in form, which has been found to be a true ear. Old naturalists supposed these strange structures helped in some way to intensify the penetrating, chirping sounds of crickets. No one for a moment thought they might be ears.

Sir John Lubbock and other modern naturalists have decided that crickets, bees, ants and other little animals shall not keep their sense organs a secret from us any longer; and although these are often in the least suspected places, still, by careful experiments, they are sure to be discovered, as was the cricket's ear. Some grasshoppers have no ears in their legs, and as a rule these cannot sing.—St. Nicholas.

A Financier Himself Now.

Life is grotesque. Seven years ago a young merchant wore knickerbockers and opened the door of a store for customers during the week from Christmas to New Year's. Last week he refused to accept in payment of a bill of \$500 a note signed by the proprietor of the store where he was "buttons."

"He is worth \$100,000. Your refusing to accept his paper may injure his credit!" exclaimed involuntarily the modest, obedient bookkeeper of the young merchant.

"And what do you suppose I do it for?" the young merchant asked with a grand air.—New York Times.

What the Bronchos Can Do.

The broncho is capable of carrying two on his back almost as well as one. Small and diminutive in stature it would seem as if the pony would give way under his heavy load, but every ounce of his little body is strong muscle or bone. His power of travel and endurance is simply wonderful.

In the early days of the pony mails, when the heavy pouches had to be carried on horseback from one distant town to another, the little bronchos performed marvels of speed and endurance. They would travel hundreds of miles every week during the spring and summer months and not lose their flesh.—New York Epoch.

His One Request.

The Millionaire—You ask the hand of my only daughter?
Young Schifless—I do.
The Millionaire—I grant it upon one condition.
Y. S.—Name your condition.
The Millionaire—That you will tell me where you get your nerve tonic.—

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