

SPLENDID MEMORIAL.

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR GREATER NEW YORK.

Sculptor Dodge's Design Won the Prize—A Shaft One Hundred and Five Feet High and Surmounted by a Statue of Peace—To Cost \$250,000.

After many months of labor and a trip to the battlefield of Gettysburg the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Committee, of New York City, has finally decided to select model No. 3 submitted by Stephen K. Dodge, a young architect. The details of the competition were arranged by Bruce Price, President of the Municipal Art Society, who was chosen last summer by the committee as consulting architect, and seven competitors were invited to submit models. The sum of \$200 was allowed to each one for the work on his design, which then became the property of the committee, and it was decided that the successful competitor should receive an additional bonus of \$400. When the models were completed, in the early part of September, they were set up on the third floor of the Arsenal, and no one was allowed to see them except the members of the committee, who were not informed as to the makers of the various designs. Then the struggle began. Meeting after meeting was held behind closed doors, without definite result. The members of the committee, which was composed of Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch, Recorder Goff, Gen. Collins, President McMillan of the Park Board, and Joseph A. Goulden, Chairman of the Memorial Committee of the G. A.



MODEL NO. 3.

viewed the models frequently, but the inspection of them did not seem to aid the critics in their task. Finally the trip to Gettysburg was suggested and undertaken because the Mayor thought that an inspection of the memorials erected on the great battlefield would help him and his colleagues to make an intelligent selection. But when they returned they seemed to be further away than ever from a settlement of the question, and the Mayor announced that additional models would probably be asked for.

At the next meeting of the committee, however, a definite agreement was reached to the effect that some action would be taken on Friday, October 22, regarding the models already submitted, and when the committee got together in the Arsenal on that day it was decided to choose either one or the other of the designs submitted by Mr. Dodge, the choice being left to him.

The sum of \$250,000 has been appropriated for the memorial, and the monument will be erected in the circle just north of the entrance to the Park at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue. This site was selected by the Park Board in spite of the protest of those best fitted to pass upon such matters. It was pointed out that the effect of the monument would be almost entirely spoiled by its surroundings, and that it would suffer greatly from the nearness of the Hotel Netherland, which rises to a towering height just across Fifth avenue. The intersection of Seventy-second street and the Riverside Drive was suggested as the most suitable spot on Manhattan Island for the erection of the memorial, but the Park Board did not change its decision.

The models submitted by Mr. Dodge were technically known as No. 3 and No. 4. The first, which was the final choice of the committee, provides for a shaft of light-colored granite rising to the height of 105 feet from the center of a circular stylobate, 125 feet in diameter at its base, and approached by a flight of sixteen broad steps. Upon the summit of the shaft is poised a bronze statue of Peace, in the form of a winged female figure twenty feet in height. At the base of the shaft are four allegorical figures representing the attributes of good government. Below these figures are panels containing battle scenes.

But the most striking and original feature of the design is the half-circular colonnade of fluted Doric columns placed behind the shaft. In the metopes of the colonnade the seals of various regiments are carved, and in the pavilions will be erected the busts of the commanders of the army and navy. The floor of the stylobate contains large bronze panels bearing the seals of States. They are arranged in a circle around the base. The monument is dignified and clean of line.

He Didn't Believe in Prisons.
Lobengula, the Matabele chief, took a practical view of the death punishment. On being on one occasion remonstrated with by an Englishman for punishing people by death, he said: "The law in your country is bad, for when a man does wrong you put him in a house and take away food from the poor people to feed him. Whereas I give him one or two warnings, and then put him in a place where he can't eat."

A Bad Break.
Tradition hands down the awful break made by a well-meaning American gentleman, who, in his embarrassment, generally assured Pope Pius IX. that he had had the pleasure of a presentation to his father, the late Pope, many years before. Somehow this remark did not noticeably lubricate the conversation.

House in Big Cities.
London has 400,000 houses. Paris has 200,000 houses. New York has 125,000 houses.

JOKE ON ARTEMUS WARD.

The Humorist Got the Worst of It in a Bit of Mischance.

The Bookman has an interesting article on Artemus Ward, dealing at considerable length with his experiences in London. When he made his first appearance in that city he enriched his programmes with a note explaining that he would call on citizens at their residences and explain any jokes that they did not understand. Artemus Ward was fond of telling stories and jokes at his own expense, and he had a habit when upon the lecture platform of purposely making people laugh at his own awkwardness, but he had one experience that he never referred to. During a part of the time that he lived in Cleveland he lived at a fashionable boarding house in Seneca street, and was in the habit of cutting up all sorts of capers there, to the amusement, sometimes, but as often to the consternation, of the other boarders, most of whom looked upon him as a "half-baked fool."

One of his favorite jokes was to scare women nearly to death by pretending to fall down stairs. The parlor where the boarders congregated was connected by a large arch with the hall, where the stairway was, practically making one big room of both. Every time a new boarder or a stranger happened to be present, Mr. Brown, as he was known around the house, would cough at the top of the stairway, to attract attention, then pretend to trip on something, and go tumbling headlong downward, always managing to catch the railing and thus escape injury. The women would, of course, yell and make a great fuss over him, when he picked himself up, and he would generally manage to make some droll remark that would set everybody laughing.

But this sort of thing got tiresome after a while, and one day some of the men boarders decided to stop it. A young lady had just arrived at the house, and it was a foregone conclusion that Brown would take his customary tumble at the first opportunity. So, promising the lady that they would have things properly repaired, after the trouble was over, the joker's enemies sawed the spindles in the balustrade almost in two, leaving the rail so that a slight wrench would break it loose.

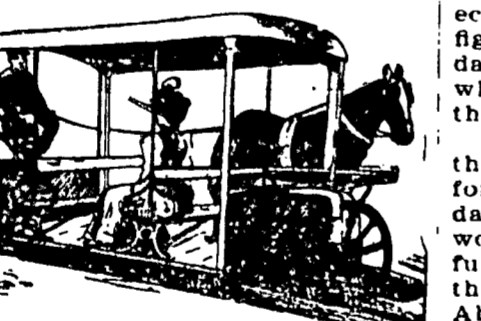
That evening all the boarders congregated in the parlor, the newly arrived young lady, who had been let into the secret, among them. They didn't have long to wait for their victim. In passing up to his room Brown saw that a stranger was present, and, after making his toilet, he started to go downstairs. He coughed loudly several times while passing through the upper hall, and then, when he saw that everybody was looking at him, stumbled and shot out into the air.

But when he grasped the rail of the balustrade there was a sharp crack, followed by a crash, and the man who afterward became famous as A. Ward lay stunned at the bottom of the stairs, with a skinned elbow and a bleeding nose. That ended the stairway joke, and Brown soon moved to another boarding house.

A SINGLE RAIL RAILROAD.

First and Only One-Rail Tramway on This Continent.

In the town of Caborca, in the Altar district of Sonora, Mexico, construction has been commenced on what will be, when completed, the first and only one-rail tramway or railway in operation on the American continent. This novel railway will run from San Salinas to Caborca, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is most effective on long hauls through mountainous countries, where the grade is irregular.



SINGLE RAIL HORSE CAR.
The tramway is a French invention, owned by the Monorail Portatif a Niveau du Sol, or Single-Rail Portable Tramway Company of Paris. M. A. L. Callet of Paris, who is one of the engineers of the company, is superintending the construction of the railway at Caborca. According to M. Callet the single-rail railway was invented only about five years ago. He states that he never heard of it before then, or heard that anybody had tried it but the French company for which he is engineer.

Sloper's Eloping Girls.
The six daughters of a Sydney (Australia), man named Sloper eloped in turn. This is the record: Annie went off at 21, Milly at 14, Carrie and Nellie when they were 17, Adeline and Florence both at 15. The husband of the latter, Russell by name, has been prosecuted for marrying a child. Two more female Slopers remain, Lucy, aged 9, and Patty, aged 7. Old man Sloper has given up his regular work now, and sits all day on the back fence nursing a shotgun.

The Tree Clock.
A Glasgow man has in his garden what he calls a "tree clock." Fir trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of daylight. For example, at 9 o'clock in the morning the "9 o'clock tree" shades the dining room, while, as the sunlight changes, the "10 o'clock tree" shades the room above or the room adjoining it, and so on through the day. On a sunny day this "tree clock" insures a succession of shady places around the house.

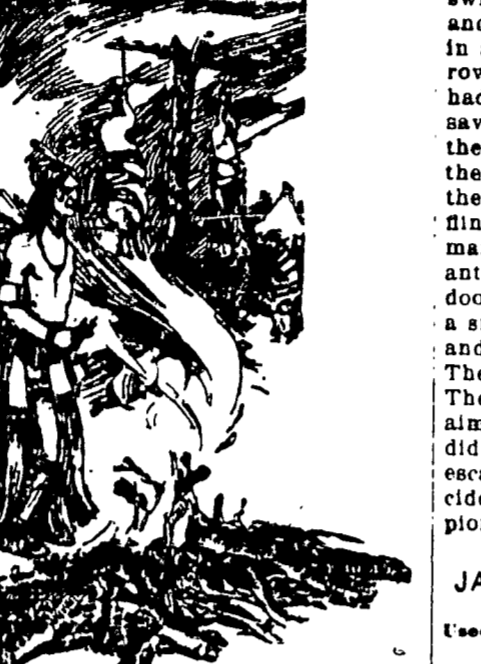
Aluminum Rowboats.
The German cruiser yacht Aluminum has rowboats of aluminum. They are built entirely of aluminum, even to the oars and are so light that a man can easily take them over his head and place it on the waves.

A STRANGE RITE.

ONONDAGAS AND IROQUOIS TO REVIVE AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

"Burning the White Dog"—An Indian Religious Observance Which Few White Men Have Witnessed—Foretells That Pragmatism is Gaining Ground.

The Onondaga Indians and their brothers among the Iroquois are said to be planning to revive the ceremony of burning the white dog. This is one of the most ancient religious rites of the Iroquois nation, dating back far beyond the time when the white man first came to know them; but it has not been observed of late, except at rare and irregular intervals. The fact that the Indians now wish to revive this rite is only one of a number of indications that go to show the firm hold which the traditions of his race have upon the red man.



SACRIFICE OF THE SACRED WHITE DOGS.
The old English recipe, "How to cook a rabbit," started off by saying, "First catch the rabbit." So, in the sacrifice of the dogs, the first and most difficult thing was to secure a pair of white dogs. In order to make the rite effective it was considered necessary that the dogs be perfectly white, without a dark hair on their bodies, and the Indians would go almost any length to secure such animals. The dogs were treated with special care, and made as sleek and fat as possible before the sacrifice. It was regarded as a great honor to be appointed to care for those sacred beasts.

At the appointed time the braves and their families gather at the council house. The variety of bright colors in the dress of both men and women makes the assembly look like a piece of brilliant tapestry. Everybody is smiling and happy.

First comes the dance. The crowd gathers in silent rows about the long hall, while the musicians occupy an open space in the center. A dried deer-skin is lightly stretched between upright posts. This is the drum, which is operated on by the chief musician. His assistants have horns partly filled with shot, or gourd containing beans, which they rattle in time with the drummer. The "music" that they make would ruin a white man's nerves in short order, but it seems to fill the Indians with the same sort of joy that a boy derives from firecrackers and torpedoes. As soon as the musicians strike up the eldest chief of the tribe rises and begins shuffling about the floor in time to the rattling gourd and booming drum. The others follow in the order of their rank, with the women at a respectful distance. As the dance goes on the time quickens, until presently a circle of leaping, shouting savages is whirling about the room, executing the most grotesque and violent figures. With short intermissions the dance is kept up till almost morning, when the dancers retire to prepare for the final ceremony.

Just as the sun comes peeping over the tree tops the braves alone gather for the sacrifice. The two dogs are dangling by their heels from a rude wooden cross, and they have been carefully strangled, so that not a hair of their smooth white bodies is ruffled. About their legs and necks are tied bright ribbons, and their breasts are covered with gayly colored blankets.

A heap of brushwood has been gathered, and the elder of the tribe now proceeds to light it, always using the spark from a flint, for only virgin fire can be used for this solemn rite. As the pile blazes up two young braves spring forward, and taking down the bodies of the dogs, bear them to the elder, who places them on the fire, at the same time calling on the Great Spirit to observe him. As the blaze rises higher the elder, or chief priest, as he might be called, throws handfuls of dried odorous herbs upon the pile, at the same time pronouncing an oration to the Great Spirit for the benefit of his friends who are gathered about. This oration he keeps up until the fire has burned itself out, and the victims are entirely consumed.

A Fairy Grandfather.
Sir Edward Burne-Jones was much distressed to see his favorite grandchild punished by being stood in the corner with his face to the wall. So he hit upon an expedient to beguile his favorite during the period of penance. The next time the wee man was sent to the invariable corner he found it charmingly decorated with fairies and elves, flowers and trees, birds and bunnies. "If he has to go into the corner," commented Sir Edward, "he shall at least have something agreeable to look at while he is there."

Oldest New England House.
A tablet placed by the Society of Colonial Dames on the old Whitcomb house in Guilford, Conn., was unveiled last week. This stone house was built in 1639 and is the oldest in New England. It was used for years as a meeting-house.

A Watchmaker's Feat.
A New York watchmaker recently accomplished the feat of drilling a hole through a common pin from head to point. What he did with the hole is not stated.

A YUKON INCIDENT.

The First Gun Play at Dawson City Gold Camp.

The first gun play or exhibition of pistols in the hands of drunken or enraged men to occur in Dawson City happened the other night, writes a correspondent from the Klondike. Two old Yukon pioneers, men who had passed several winters in this northern country and had been partners many a time, were partly inebriated. A dispute arose over the charms of an Indian woman. The lie was passed and a blow struck. For the briefest interval the two men glared at one another. Mechanically the younger of the two reached back to his hip pocket. "Pull your gun, Jim, and shoot, you miserable cur that you are," was the defiant command of the old Yukoner, who stood like a lion inviting the leader messenger in a cause which should have been for a higher and nobler purpose.

The gleam of a polished weapon, the swift interception of a friendly hand and a bursting cartridge all occurred in a second. The bullet plowed a furrow in the bar. A friend of both men had interceded at the right moment to save a life. "Let him alone and let the miserable hound shoot again," was the cool retort of the man for whom the bullet was intended. He never flinched, but stood his ground like a man. A dozen men interfered and the antagonist was hurried out of the back door and down to the river and put in a small boat and sent down the Yukon and across the boundary into Alaska. The police were only a moment behind. The man at whom the weapon was aimed refused to aid the officers and did all in his power to facilitate the escape of his friend. That is one incident of Yukon river life among the pioneers.

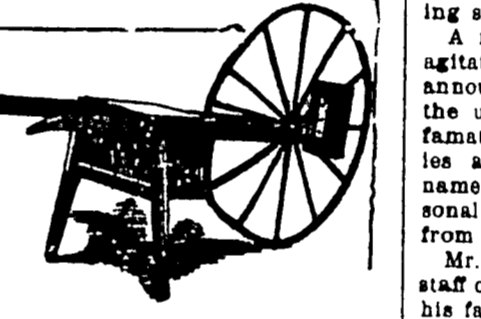
JAY GOULD'S ODOMETER.

Used by Him in 1852 While Surveying Ulster County.

Helen Gould lately received a gift for which she is grateful. It is an odometer which was used by her father in 1852 in surveying Ulster county, N. Y.

The large wheel is of wood, the hoop being brass and joined to the spokes by brass tubes. The frame of the odometer is also of wood, the handles and legs resembling those of a home-made wheelbarrow.

The most important part of the instrument is an oblong wooden box attached to the hub of the wheel. Here is the instrument after which modern cyclometers were fashioned. It has three dials which, by the revolution of the wheel, measures the distance traversed.



THE ODOMETER.

The odometer was pushed along as a wheelbarrow. Suspended from the handles is a box which contains surveying and other tools and has a cover with heavy brass hinges.

This unique instrument was used by Jay Gould when he was in partnership with Oliver J. Tilson of Highland, Ulster county. Since the partnership was dissolved it has been in possession of the Tilson family, who presented it to Miss Helen Gould.

Panned \$14 in the Caspador.
There is a total disregard of the value of the precious metal in Dawson City, Alaska. Every one has so much gold dust that the sight of big sacks and cans of it have ceased to attract attention.

"For instance," said Mr. Thompson, "you will see a wooden sack covered with canvas, a bar across one end of it. This is a saloon, about as unlikely a place for riches as a man would find on earth, and yet at any time of the day and night the aggregate wealth of the men in there at any one time would reach into the millions.

"Why, one day I was in a place of this description and in front of the bar was a long box filled with sawdust. This sawdust, owing to frequent expectorations from the tobacco chewing custom, gets soiled. As I say, I was in one of these places one day and some boys came along and said to the proprietor: 'If you will give us this old box we will bring you another filled with clean sawdust.' 'Take it along,' was the rejoinder. The boys immediately put a clean one in its place and took away the old one. I was so interested to see what they intended to do that I followed them, and to my surprise they commenced to pan out the sawdust and in a little while they recovered \$14 in gold.

Would Not Show Her Leg for \$5,000.
Sandusky, Ohio, is the home of a woman who would not show her limb to a jury for \$5,000. She brought suit against the city for \$5,000 damages, alleging that she fell on the sidewalk and injured one of her limbs above and below the knee. She dressed the injured member herself. She is Miss Marie Prevoncha, a professional nurse.

When she was placed upon the stand the counsel for the city raised a point as to the character of the injury, and insisted that in order that the jury could better judge of the facts Miss Prevoncha should exhibit her injured limb to the jury.

"Never!" she fairly roared, as she pointed her finger at the City Prosecutor. "The demand is monstrous." The prosecutor insisted and quoted authorities, and there was a long argument. The Judge finally decided that it would be indelicate to enforce the demand, and the case went to the jury, which returned a verdict for the city.

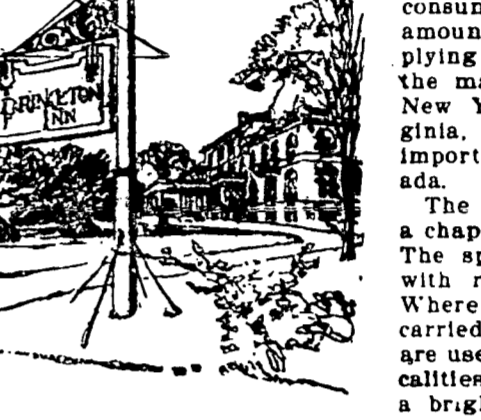
THE PRINCETON INN.

A RESORT FOR TIGER STUDENTS THAT HAS CAUSED AN UPROAR.

One of the Show Places of the Famous Old University Town—The Grill Room and the Custom—That Make It Celebrated—The Inn Was Opened Five Years Ago.

The Princeton Inn has been attracting a good deal of attention lately because of the trouble over its license. Dr. Shields, of Princeton University, has been severely attacked because he signed a petition for the renewal of its license. The attacks on him and the inn are considered quite without justification by prominent alumni of Princeton. The inn was first opened to the public about five years ago. It was built by alumni of Princeton as a gathering place for alumni who return to the old college town for college festivities, and has also attained large patronage from the students. The inn has always been under the best management, which has called forth favorable comment.

The Presbyterian Church all over the country is very much exercised over the licensing of the Inn to sell spirituous and fermented liquors. A number of Synods and Presbyteries in the East, as well as the West, assuming that Princeton University is a denominational institution and is responsible for the conduct of this well known and charming hostelry, have taken occasion to severely censure the university management for what they regard as complicity in the sale of alcoholic beverages to the public in general and to its students in particular.



ENTRANCE TO THE INN.

Some of these Presbyterian bodies singled out for special condemnation Dr. Charles Woodruff Shields, who occupies the chair of Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion, who was one of the twelve neighbors of the Inn who signed the application for a liquor license. The Doctor was charged with violating the church rules which prohibit clergymen and elders from signing such documents.

A new sensation was added to the agitation when Dr. Shields made the announcement that "in consequence of the unjust, unconstitutional and defamatory action of certain Presbyteries and Synods involving his good name, he has decided, for his own personal protection, to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church."

Mr. Laurence Hutton, of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine, resides with his family in the Inn. He does so because of the large library of the university, to which he has access and the agreeable environments afforded by the venerable university town. He is not a graduate of Princeton, but has received a degree from the university. He gives testimony as to the general moral atmosphere that pervades the Inn and the grill.

"I came to Princeton," he said to me, "because I have some friends here, because to stay a few days, but I have remained here almost continuously. The Inn is a delightful place, full of delightful people. The register of the Inn will show the character of its guests. It is a book containing autographs of some of the greatest men of our land. I think I could name a hundred prominent men known throughout the United States who have been entertained here. Members of the faculty call on their friends here. Dr. Patton frequently drops in.

The management is careful not to encourage drinking among the students. I have never seen any strong liquor drunk by the graduates; they drink principally beer, and in moderation. Of course, college boys will sing, but they sing well. On the days of great games they give the college cheers and cries. There is no great amount of noise at any time. I have never been disturbed, and I have never heard of any complaint from other guests in the house."

Buzzell's Tailor-Made Suits.
Old Jed Buzzell, who lives in the meadowland near the Greenfield, (Me.) town line, has turned tailor after having passed threescore years on a farm, and is getting rich making suits for a New York wholesale firm, as well as for wealthy visitors who come to Maine. Though none of the garments which he constructs is made to order, they all give good satisfaction to the purchasers, none of whom complains about the wearing qualities or the more remarkable because most of his patrons are the rich men, who are accustomed to purchase the best articles in the market. Buzzell made 300 suits last year, and will sell more than 500 this season. He cuts them with a scythe, sews them up with common white wrapping twine, uses manilla spun yarns for buttons, and sells a complete suit for 75 cents. Expecting a big trade next year he has already cut enough to make 1,200 suits, and has the material stacked in a great pile back of his barn.

Mr. Buzzell manufactures grass ducking suits for hunters, and is the only man in New England who is engaged in the business.

Remarkable Mirages.
The Soudan expedition while engaged in laying the new Nile railway, have seen some remarkable mirages. From a distance the men appeared to be working into a beautiful lake, and on all sides were to be seen lakes, beautifully wooded hills, ships, and cascades. When looked at through field-glasses the illusion was heightened rather than diminished.

Gambling mania is now accepted in France as a ground for divorce.

EDIBLE FROG INDUSTRY.

Its Value Recognized by the United States Fish Commission.

Frog culture is a new thing, scientifically. The head fish culturist of the United States Fish Commission said that the frog is little understood in this country; there never has been a paper of real scientific value written upon him. Just now the Commission has in press a paper entitled "Notes on the Edible Frogs of the United States and Their Artificial Propagation."

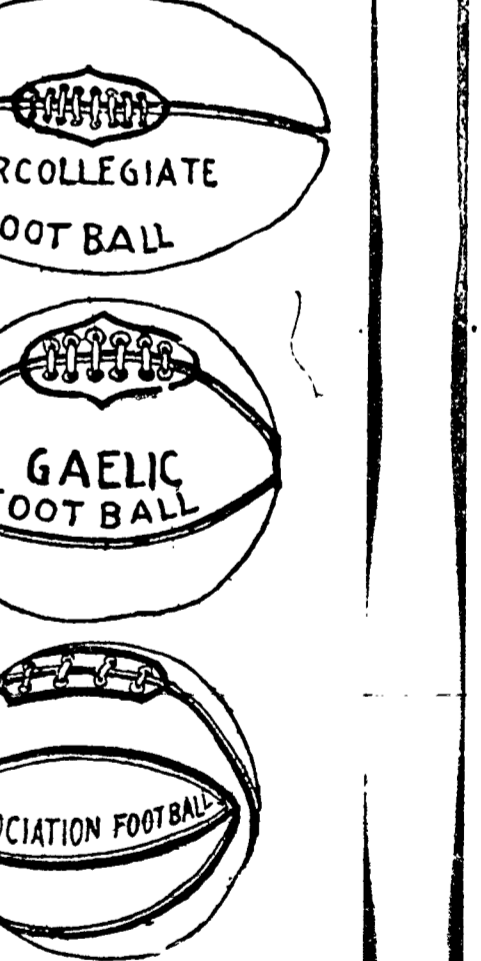
Some people believe that only the legs of the frog are good to eat. The reason why frogs' legs are usually served instead of the whole body of the frog is because the meat on the body is of such small quantity that it would not pay to pick the bones. In some localities, the entire body is fried with eggs and crumbs. In early days, many people were afraid of frogs, partly on account of their unprepossessing appearance, and partly on account of the fact that witches were supposed to use them in working spells. For many years frogs were eaten only in France. Their value as food was appreciated by the Romans. From France the custom spread into Germany, then into England and other parts of Europe, and, last of all, into the United States. But this country has passed France as a frog-eating nation. In 1889 the "Revue des Sciences Naturelles Appliquees" calculated that the United States consumed ten times as many frogs as did France. The United States Fish Commission calculates that the present catch of frogs in the United States is about a million, which bring to the frog catchers a revenue of about \$50,000, and the cost of which to the consumers is about three times that amount. The States at present supplying the largest numbers of frogs to the markets are California, Missouri, New York, Arkansas, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. Frogs are imported into this country from Canada.

The Commission's pamphlet devotes a chapter to the art of catching frogs. The sporting way is to bait a hook with red cloth and fish for them. Where commercial frog hunting is carried on, however, spears and guns are used. The common way in such localities is to shoot them at night, using a bright flashlight. After the frogs enter their hibernation they are dug out of the mud by hunters, and sometimes a bushel of them may be found in one cavity.

The commission is of the opinion that some restriction should be placed on frog hunting, as they are already beginning to disappear from places where they are hunted extensively. This decrease is very marked in Lake Erie and northern New York, and in those places some people are seriously contemplating engaging in the culture of frogs, in order to have a supply for the market. In view of this, the Fish Commission has published some suggestions for frog culture.

THREE KINDS OF FOOTBALL.
Different Kinds of Pigskin Used in the Various Games.
A different style of football is used for the various styles of play. The official intercollegiate football is an ellipse. The form is handy to tuck under the arm. It isn't an easy thing

to throw, and is harder still to kick. The ball used in the Gaelic game is almost a perfect globe. The Association football is perfectly round. The two latter footballs are made of an inflated rubber bag covered with heavy leather. The college football covering is made of pigskin.



Mouse Traps.
As cold weather approaches the mice seek shelter in the houses of men, and men buy traps to catch them. There are various kinds of mouse traps, including those that require no setting and that take mice alive, and those that require to be set and kill the mice. In this last class are the familiar old-fashioned wood mouse traps, some made square and some round, having holes in the sides through which the mouse thrusts its head to get at the bait fixed on a hook within. Traps of this kind are called chokers. Many kinds of mouse traps are sold by the gross or dozen. The wood chokers, varying in size, are sold at wholesale at so much a dozen holes. Taking all the kinds together, there are made in this country and sold here millions of mouse traps annually, and American mouse traps in large numbers are exported to many foreign countries.

Feat of Star Photography.
The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 69,000,000 stars.

Should medicine travel...
Geo. E. Adolph
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