LOVE OF THE JEW'S HARP.

Some Distinguished Performers Upon the Instrument.

The jewsharp has been a familiar instrument under that name in this island for some 400 years, and is itself of much greater antiquity. In a Scottish witch trial in 1591 it was affirmed, says the London Globe, that a girl named Duncan played "upon a small trumpe called a jewstrump" before the unholy fraternity of witches on the occasion of their invading a church; whereupon his Scottish Majesty, before whom and his Council the trial took place, called upon the girl to play before him a dance upon her "trumpe," which she accordingly did.

Several writers of voyages and travels of the Elizabethan era mention jewsharps, with hatchets, knives, beads and the like, as suitable wares to be taken for purposes of barter with the American Indians and other uncivilized peoples. Sir Walter Raleigh mentions that a jewsharp would purchase two hens, which seems a fairly profitable rate of exchange.

The jewsharp has had its Paderewski. The late Charles Godfrey Leland, best known to fame as Hans Breitmann, in his "Memoirs," recalling his student days in Germany, mentions a certain Dr. Kerner, who performed on the single and double jewsharp. Dr. Kerner, says Leland, "from this most unpromising instrument drew airs of such exquisite beauty that one could not have been more astonished had he heard the sweet tones of Grisi drawn from a cat by twisting its tail."

More extraordinary even than the performances of Leland's Dr. Kerner were those given some 80 years ago in London by a compatriot of his named Eulenstein. The late Professor Charles Tomlinson, writing in 1895, gave his own recollections of some of Eulenstein's feats. This performer, he wrote, "excited wonder and delight by combining as many as 16 jewsharps, including two octaves, in one frame, and he managed to shift them in his mouth so rapidly as to produce what was called fairy music. A performance at the Royal Institution led to his being invited to evening parties." One can hardly imagine a performance on the jewsharp as one of the attractions at the present day Royal Institution.

But the jewsharp has gone down in the world. It is no longer played upon at the Royal Institution; no modern Dr. Burney composes music for it; nor will it as an article of barter purchase a single hen.

ROME'S HOST OF HOMELESS.

Has Almost Doubled its Population in Last Thirty Years.

The great number of priests, friars and nuns who have flocked to Rome after the suppression of the congregations in France are the cause of a scarcity of flats and small apartments of four or five rooms and a kitchen, which until a few years ago could be hired at about $5 a month, now cannot be secured under $15.

A Roman paper describes how the Piazza de' Cerchi, where the vegetable and fruit market is held, has been changed into a vast camp, where are hundreds of persons turned out of their houses on account of demolition or of increase of rent bivouac. Some of the less poor are provided with a sort of tent made of colored cotton blankets or of sheets kept together by ropes drawn between wooden posts.

A few of the homeless have transferred all their belongings to their impromptu lodgings, where are mixed up dirty rags, rusty saucepans, broken plates, chairs with three legs and perhaps one or two straw mattresses, on which a family of five or six sleep or lie during the night. Others carry all their belongings on their person: a tattered suit of clothes of a wonderful variety of colors due to the inclemency of many a season and to the numberless and different patches which ornament them.

And the wretches sleep coiled up near the walls of the houses, their heads resting on one arm, while a hand holds tightly a pocket of a kerchief which contains the few "soldi" earned no one knows how, and which will perhaps barely suffice for a glass of milk and a piece of bread the next morning.

Radium and the Earth's Heat.

Whether the internal heat of the earth was in the first place due to the presence of radioactive matter or to other causes, is a very debatable question, for the answer involves considerations of the origin of the earth as a member of the solar system. Whatever view may be taken of this problem, there can be no doubt that the discovery of the distribution of radioactive matter in the earth throws grave doubt on the validity of those calculations of the age of the earth which are based on the assumption that it is a simple cooling body, and tends to show that the present internal heat will be maintained for a much longer interval than was at first supposed.

On this theory of the maintenance of the internal heat, no definite limit can be set for the age of the earth, but some deductions can be made of the probable variation of the internal heat within tibe.—Harper's Magazine.

He Knew.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy, "the pain's in my—"—Philadelphia Journal.

AN AMERICAN HERO.

He Used His Own Body to Stop a Leak in a Ferryboat.

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in midriver. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams. The women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Withiff 200 yards of both boats and free of the heavy ice steamed the wrecking tug Reliance, of the Offshore Wrecking company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilothouse of his own boat and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets and snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall calking he had so carefully built up and before the engineer could protest forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Lesson in Patience.

When the eminent botanist, Professor Aitman of Glasgow, was a small boy, he had the present of a silver bit, whereupon his mother was so worried with questions as to what he should do with it that she exclaimed, "Really, you had better go to Thomas Elliot's (a well known pharmacist) and buy sixpence worth of patience."

Down the street marched the lad and demanded of the chemist, "Mr. Elliot, please give me sixpence worth of patience."

Mr. Elliot, taking in the situation at a glance, said: "Certainly, my boy; there's a chair. Just sit down and wait till you get it."

Professor Aitman's endeavor to purchase patience was a great success. It made a deep impression on the lad and was one of the factors of his success in life.

Outreasoning Reason.

Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfill her duty sobs of anguish filled the room.

"But, Raymond," said the mother gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Raymond managed to say, "You needn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Tactful Doctor.

A physician in a small town in northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day while making out a patient's receipt his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful and thinking to get a clew, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an "e" or "i." The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."—Success Magazine.

Your Enemies.

Don't make enemies unnecessarily. Your friends don't do much for you, as you all know, but your enemies will be awake nights looking for opportunity to take a shot at you. And you all know that too.—Atchison Globe.

Great Britain has the longest coast line of any country in Europe. Italy, Russia and France come next in the order given.

PARIS CABBIES.

The War of Words That Comes When They Block Each Other.

There is no more entertaining way to spend an idle hour in Paris than to get into a taxicab and instruct the driver to go along some street where you will be reasonably sure to get into a jam or to bump against another cab. The charm of the experience is, of course, enhanced by your ignorance of what the cabbies say.

Should your driver merely graze the wheels of another cab he will turn on his seat and yell mellifluously at the other driver, who in turn will shout back an assortment of vowels. But the best is a quarrel between two cabbies obstructing each other's way. The conversation, translated as nearly literally as is safe, goes in this wise:

"Sacred name! Why do you?"

"Holly blue! I do not!"

"Stomach on the ground! You have the face of an ox!"

"Blue stomach! Are you in chains?"

"A bag! Name of a dog!"

"Mon Dieu! Name of a pig!"

"Wow (or words to that effect)! Name of a name!"

"A thousand deaths! Name of a name of a name!"

Now you begin to expect some doings. While you have not fully understood, you are satisfied that nothing but pistols and knives will wipe out the insults.

Unfortunately about this time the jam is untangled and you are allowed to drive away, but the other driver yells after yours:

"Aha! You are a little piece of brown soap!"

It seems that this expression is the "fighting name" in Paris. Were it not that your cabby owes a duty to you and must convey you to your destination you know by his facial expression that he would climb down and get that other cabby and muss up the city with him.

He contents himself with turning about and making a face in the direction of his enemy and of going through the motion of spitting at him.

Then he says "Yoop!" to the horse, and the war is over.—Chicago Post.

THATCHING.

The Ancient Art in the Low Countries and in England.

Once upon a time two amateur botanists were hunting bog mosses on Exmoor, on the confines of the land of Lorna Doone. About the hour of luncheon they found that their enthusiasm had led them far afield, a good hour and a half from the farmhouse which they had made their temporary headquarters. The only place which yielded promise of food was a shepherd's shack half a mile distant, so thither they went. That the shack, or, rather, its owner, a small, wiry, dark man with curly hair, could offer nothing better than brown bread, which was woefully "clit," or heavy, and raw onions is neither here nor there. The point was that the roof of the shack was artistically thatched with layers of plaited reeds.

"Feyther taught I th' way to do un," explained the shepherd, with an upward jerk of his thumb toward the roof. "An' his feyther taught 'im avore that, an' his feyther avore that, an' back an' back twill nobody can think."

"A hereditary art evidently," said one of the moss hunters to his companion. "But I never saw thatches like these outside of the Low Countries. Safe bet that this fellow is of Dutch descent." Then he said to the man of Devon, "And what is your name, may I ask?"

"Well," replied the shepherd, "most volk call I Van, but ma right name be Henry Van Torp. They do say that ma gurt-grandfeyther were a-vitin' against England an' were took prisoner an' married a Devon girl an' settled 'ereabout"—he indicated the southward sweep of the moor—"but these be a lot of voolish tales to ma think in'."—Craftsman.

A Town of Macs.

Scotsmen are remarkably successful as colonists. They are also very clannish. There are many prosperous settlements in Greater Britain where Caledonians largely predominate, but the names of these localities do not carry that fact on their face. Nobody, however, can be mistaken as to the prevailing nationality in "Macsville." This is a town in the Cobalt district of Nova Scotia. You will be perfectly safe in accosting anybody there thus: "I say, Mac."—London Chronicle.

In the Depths of the Sea.

The quantity of light emitted by many minute deep sea animals is so great as to supply over definite areas of the sea bottom a sufficient illumination to render visible the colors of the animals themselves. Some cephalopods are furnished with apparatus which reflects the light from their phosphorescent bodies upon the sea bottom over which they float. This reflecting apparatus is spoken of as "an efficient bullseye lantern for use in hunting through the abysmal darkness."

The Contrary.

"I dropped some money in the market today," announced Mr. Wyss at the dinner table.

"Again?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyss reproachfully.

"No," replied Mr. Wyss mournfully; "a loss."—Judge's Library.

Objectively Considered.

Ruggles—What horsepower is your new automobile? Ramage—Two, I guess. That's the horsepower it took to haul it to the repair shop when it broke down on a country road the other day.—Chicago Tribune.

A WALKING GALLOWS

The Horrible Deeds of Lieutenant Hepenstall.

HANGED MEN FROM HIS NECK

This Handsome but Brutal Giant of the Wicklow Militia Was the Most Cold Blooded and Eccentric Executioner That Has Ever Existed.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "the walking gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained to the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir Jonah Barrington in his memoirs states:

"I knew him well and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieutenant Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious tenets. At the present day the story seems almost incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the period, that when rebels, either suspected or caught red handed, were brought before him Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off and then, rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victims had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

The "walking gallows" was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions the lieutenant would frequently administer an anaesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with, Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own and then, when both were cheek by jowl, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse until the rebel had no further solicitude about sublunary affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "the walking gallows." He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross examination, admitted the aforementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieutenant Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.

A Slight Difference.

The globe trotter was telling about the wonders of India.

"The scenery in some portions of the country," he said, with enthusiasm, "is incomparable. Far, far away, the mountains pile up toward the sky, and stretching off to them are beautiful valleys, while close at hand you can get in sight of a man eating tiger"—

"I beg your pardon," interrupted an eager listener, "but did you say inside of a man eating tiger or in sight of one?"—New York Press.

All Bound.

A citizen of culture and poetic taste went to a public library and asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied, with great hauteur:

"We don't keep any unbound books in this library."

Missed It.

The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: "I got religion the other day. Send me $10." But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You got the wrong kind."

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.

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