

A HEN AND A KITTEN.

The Story of a Singularly Remarkable Family Connection.

During my residence on my Burlington county farm I had the rare opportunity of making the following interesting observation:

One of our barnyard fowls had been laying her daily egg in an unused manger, which she had evidently selected as a nesting place, and she was now ready to begin the ordained three weeks' labor of "sitting." At the same time the barn cat had found the manger very inviting for her hours of repose, and it thus happened that Tabby and old Cuck had become friends and agreed to occupy the manger in joint possession.

Things went along smoothly in this unique but happy family for several days, during which the hen faithfully plucked her breast, feathered her nest and no doubt believed that she was hatching, while in truth she was sitting on stale nest eggs, from which all the warmth of hatching could never bring a chick. Still she sat, plucked her breast and turned her eggs, while pussy came and went at will, spending at least half her time with the hen and in as close proximity as if they had been sister cats. But the three weeks' hatching process was destined to be very much shortened.

It was, in fact, nearer three days than three weeks when the hen awoke one morning to find the nest filled with young. Young what? Perhaps she thought that they were chickens, but if she was wise enough to know the truth she was not honest enough to acknowledge it, for she innocently assumed that they were chickens and her own offspring, whereas they were pussy's kittens.

The cat and the hen, however, seemed to remember their compact. They were friends, notwithstanding the advent of children, the maternity of which was equally claimed by the biped and the quadruped. Nay, their bond of friendship seemed to be strengthened by the union of their efforts to give the little ones a proper bringing up.

Incalculable fate, however, decreed that the poor little kittens should have no natural mother. About the time that it was possible for them to live without her an accident caused the death of the old cat, and a home was found for all but one. To that one the hen devoted her undivided attention for the whole summer, and so assiduously that the kitten must surely have believed the hen to be her true and natural mother.

The hen going about between the house and barn clucking for the kitten was indeed a funny sight and attracted very general attention, and it was equally remarkable to see the kitten run to her when she made a peculiar call that chickens so well understand means something to eat. At night and during the resting hours of the day the kitten would crawl under the warm wings of her foster mother, and the brooding hen and her nestling kitten were happy and contented, little dreaming that they were so far from being related to each other.—Our Animal Friends.

AN EXPERT DRAFTSMAN.

How He Succeeds in Drawing Half Dollars From Charitable Pockets.

"Sir," said the well-dressed man with the pale face, "I am an expert draftsman out of work. My tools are held at the house where I lodged last night. I need 50 cents to get them out, and I have been promised work tomorrow. But I can't work without my tools. Will you assist me?"

The man about town dug into his vest pocket, fished out a quarter and handed it to the draftsman.

"This is the best I can do," he said. "I am sorry," said the unfortunate, returning the silver piece, "and I am obliged for your good intention, but that amount will not do me any good at all. I owe the hotel man half a dollar."

"Why," said the man about town, "I am sure. Maybe I've got another quarter. Yes, here it is." And he produced a half.

With muttered thanks the draftsman walked away.

"That's the last you will see of him," said an amused friend. "I've been working that same fellow told me his hard luck story day before yesterday. I know a half dozen men who have been victimized. There are five in the gang, and they work in the down town districts, mainly about Adams and Dearborn streets. I didn't interfere because it is a new dodge, and I wanted to see how it would go with you."

The man about town credited his lost 50 cents to the sum total of experience.—Chicago Chronicle.

CHILD SLAVERY IN FRANCE.

Disclosures Concerning the Sale of Italian Boys to Agents of Glass Works.

Public attention has been turned to a form of slave trade now carried on in France and Italy by disclosures which are being made on the subject. The victims are Italian children who are bought from their parents by padrones and forced to work in glass factories, chiefly in the central part of France. Formerly large numbers of these children were sold into virtual slavery as beggars, when mutilations were practiced upon them to excite sympathy, as musicians and as chimney sweeps. That slave trade was suppressed, but the law does not reach the present form.

The children bring from 100 to 150 francs (\$20 to \$30) and are sold for a period of three years. It is so much money found and a mouth less to fill, the peasants say. The contracts are duly executed before a notary, and the village priest blesses the departing company of little ones. There are no statistics of the mortality among them, but it was calculated formerly that of 100 children taken from their homes by padrones 20 returned home at the end of their period of slavery, 30 settled permanently in their new surroundings, and the other 50 died, and in view of the conditions in which they find themselves at the glass works there is no reason to suppose that the mortality is any less now. Their ages vary from 11

to 18 years. The French law forbids the employment of children less than 13 years old at such work, but that is evaded easily. Their services are sold to the manufacturers at from \$7 to \$13 a month, according to the locality, and they work ten hours a day. The padrones pocket all their wages and sometimes even the gratuities that may be distributed among the employees of an establishment upon special occasions.

Their condition in the factories is described as shocking. They work in a superheated atmosphere, charged in addition with noxious gases, and are constantly exposed to severe accidents, while their injuries do not receive proper treatment. They are especially subject to lung troubles. Bad as their normal state is, in many cases it is aggravated by the brutality of the regular workmen, who hate them both for being Italians and for working at far below the regular scale of wages. They are naturally ill fed. A magistrate who was called upon to make an investigation in a certain case found that their chief fare was soup aux legumes and bread, with occasionally a bit of cheese and some wine, but never any meat. It is estimated that the cost of sustenance of these children ranges from 5 to 8 cents a day each to the padrone. In one case the cost of feeding 13 of the little slaves was found to be 40 cents a day. The children are as wretched in appearance as is to be expected. They are lodged in ill smelling tenements, three and four on a mattress of sodden straw, with rarely any covering, even in winter. They are clothed in rags, for the padrones do not permit them to carry any luggage from their homes to save expense.

The number of these children can only be guessed at. It is estimated that in two departments 1,300 are employed. More children are constantly being brought into France from Italy to take the place of those who die or become incapacitated for work and to supply the increasing demand for cheap labor. So great has the demand become of late that girls as well as boys are being sold by their parents. The attention of the French and the Italian governments has been called to the matter, and the trade will be regulated if not suppressed.—Exchange.

Platinum.

A report issued by the Russian government on the production of platinum in that country shows that Russia stands first in the world in the yield of that metal, the amount reaching some 40 times the product obtained by all the rest of the world. It appears that in the year 1880 the quantity produced was reckoned at nearly 3,000 kilos. In 1895 it reached more than 4,400, the amount increasing up to the last year, when it diminished on account of the unfavorably wet weather in summer. Curiously enough, though this strange metal is found in the southern Ural, the manner of its being worked up is unknown in Russia. This is done in Germany, to which country the platinum is exported in a crude state, and whatever Russia requires of the worked up article it has to buy back of Germany. The price at present named is 900 marks, or about \$225, for one kilo of crude platinum in Russia. Small quantities of the still rarer metal, iridium, are found in mining for platinum.

SEEBACH AND THE AGENT.

A German Story of an American Attempt to Boom a Sewing Machine.

The following story, which was published in German in connection with the death of Marie Seebach, the noted German actress, shows very well the conception of American affairs which still prevails in Germany to a certain extent. Seebach was here more than 20 years ago, and it is scarcely possible that such an incident as is described would have taken place then, but many such stories are told in Germany today as illustrative of American enterprise.

According to this reminiscence Marie Seebach one day received a message that a gentleman wished to see her. She told the servant to send him to her drawing room in the hotel, and when he arrived he introduced himself as a certain Colonel Smith. Then he plunged at the object of his visit and said that he represented a certain well known make of sewing machines.

"I have already heard," he said, "that you are a great artist. I want to

find out if you are a good business woman as well. Do you want to make some money?"

"Oh, I've no objections to make to that," she said, "if it is possible in a perfectly correct and dignified way."

"Oh, it's in the most correct way possible that I propose," the visitor continued, "and I offer you \$10,000 for doing it."

"What have I to do in return?" asked Seebach.

"Nothing in the world," the colonel replied, and as he noticed the expression of astonishment on her face he went on: "I told you that I came from a sewing machine company—one of the largest in the world. All that I demand of you in return for the \$10,000 is that as Marguerite in the spinning wheel scene from 'Faust' you will use one of our sewing machines instead of the wheel, and just keep it in motion for a few seconds. Then we would let hand-bills drop from the gallery, saying that the machine used by Marie Seebach was made by our firm."

The actress is said to have hesitated for a second, but, in the end, her respect for Goethe's tragedy is described as the feeling which saved her artistic reputation.

This story is of a type that disappeared from general use 40 years ago. It is of the kind told about P. T. Barnum in the earlier days of his career, but stories of the kind still pass muster in Europe, although a press agent who attempted anything of the kind in this country would soon lose his job.—New York Sun.



"I guess I've been victimized." That's the guess of many a hard-working man, who, worn-out, nervous and sleepless, has been for months paying exorbitant bills to a high-priced doctor without a dollar's worth of benefit. Frequently the guess is entirely correct. There are too many doctors who are only lifted out of obscurity by the size of their bills.

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When the trouble is of long standing write to Dr. Pierce, who will answer letters from sufferers without charge. Very serious or complicated cases, or those needing surgical treatment, sometimes find it necessary to come to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, for personal treatment and care. Dr. Pierce can be addressed there.

INDIA NEWSPAPERS.

Daily and Weekly Publications Flourish There Before the European Conquest.

India can jointly claim to have a share—a very considerable share—in the birth of the newspaper. Ages before the European conquest every court had a weekly, sometimes a daily, news letter, which was sent out to the principal towns and read with diligent attention by wealthy people, nobles and especially by all officials. It was not, however, until after the English conquest that the newspaper, as the word is now understood, was established in India, the first English journal in that country appearing about 1818, and not until the middle of the century did the Indian natives begin to publish papers in their own language.

The Indian press may be roughly divided into three classes. The first consists of English newspapers published in the large cities, such as Calcutta and Bombay, generally very creditable productions, con-

trolled by seniority Englishmen or Anglo-Indians. The second class is composed of papers edited and published by natives, the matter being generally half in English and half in a native language, though the proportion varies. The third class constitutes those journals which are published entirely in a native language, this class being by far the most numerous of all. The oriental is fond of parade, even in language, and the longer the words the more attractive in his eyes and to his ears is the style. It is not at all remarkable, therefore, that, considering his imperfect knowledge of English, the long words of which the Indian native editor is so fond should sometimes be misplaced or incorrectly employed, nor that the metaphors in which he delights should frequently be grotesquely mixed. Most of the natives who read English are familiar with the literature which is distributed in enormous quantities by the missionaries, and have adopted from it many pious expressions that, appropriate enough in a homily or prayer, are ridiculously out of place in a leading article.—Exchange.

A sad accident occurred at Lake Larase a short distance from Annapolis last week by which Mand, the 18-year old daughter of Mr. George Mailman, lost her life. While skating on the lake the ice gave way precipitating her into the water. A boat was speedily procured and after grappling for a short time the body was recovered.

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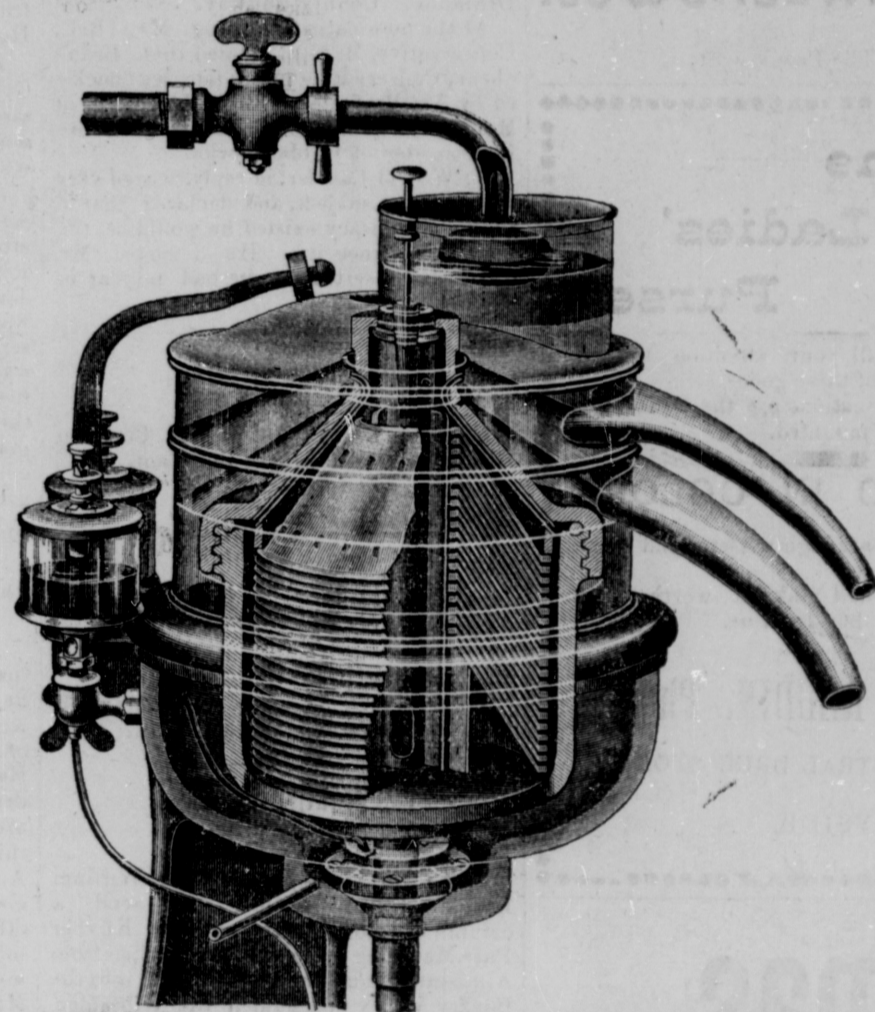
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