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AN ELECTRICAL FEAST.

WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY STARTLINGLY DISPLAYED.

Bright Eyes in Dusty Sockets Steam a Repulsive! Warning—Ben Franklin in Antique Dress Repeats Poor Richard's Maxims—Grinning Skulls.

The annual dinner of the Franklin Experimental club, of Newark, N. J., was the most odd affair of the kind that was ever given, and a society reporter would have been at his wits' end to write it up.

William J. Hammer, who was Edison's representative at the Paris exposition, was the prime spirit in the celebration, and no one can discredit the fact that the dinner was his original idea and execution. Only think of this: it was presided over by Ben Franklin in person, who made a very graceful speech and welcomed the guests. He sat at the head of the board, his long white hair hanging over his shoulders, dressed in a suit of brown breadcloth, with lace at his neck and wrists—a fashion scarcely out of date at present, it is true—and he talked in a way that sounded something like Old Richard's almanac and something like the language of the court of Louis XVI.

The laboratory had been transformed from its secondary world appearance as if by magic. In the center of the room there was a long narrow table, the ordinary work bench of the place, covered with snow white napery and adorned with what looked like immense fruits, fresh flowers and sparkling glass.

WEIRD FROM SKULLS.

The guests sat down and were served with the first course. There was no chef employed. It was cooked by electricity, and in fact so was everything, down to the ice, which was made over wires. The diners had no sooner got their teeth into some samples from a delicately stewed dish of oysters, when bang! all at once the incandescent lights and darkness reigned. Then there appeared out of the shadows a couple of hideous, grinning skulls. Their eyes shone like ruby lanterns and both frown. Their jaws moved with a snapping like a crocodile's, and from their invisible throats there came forth two aspirated voices in unison:

As we are now so once were we
As we are now so you shall be.

It was a pleasing apparition. Mr. Hammer laid, as if by magic, brought them out of space somehow, and had, by the entire use of a battery and a phonograph, made even glasses in reality and actually speak were, and their fleshless jaws move as if alive. Mr. Hammer has a friend who has a deep bass voice which seems to come from his feet, and he it was who was prepared into service for the manufacture of the phonographic sound. Of course, after the mechanism of the thing was explained, every man had a good laugh on his neighbor.

The lights were turned up again and another course was introduced. It came—nothing, the various guests began to enjoy the product cooked by electricity. But with Ben Franklin as the table there was small chance for aquatic enjoyment for the most. He sat smiling an oily, benignant smile, when suddenly there issued from his waxen gullet the following mysterious maxim:

POOR RICHARD'S WARNING.

"A fat kitchen makes a lean will; if you would know the value of money try and borrow some."

And as the dinner went on. In the midst of it suddenly there burst forth the sound of a delicious waltz. It was Miss Adler, of the Grand Opera, in Paris. For a few notes, and then suddenly there merged into here the deep notes of a rich bass. That was Mme. Melchisedec's voice that was pouring forth the lamenting music of the "Marseillaise." Next there came the tinkling of cymbals, the thrilling notes of a great bugle note, with its echoes against the buildings of Paris, and finally a man's voice again making a graceful little address.

By the numerous playing of a phonograph the guests at the strange little dinner at Newark had been transported away across the Atlantic, and were listening to the last closing exercises of the Paris exposition. The man's voice distinctly heard making a speech was M. Eiffel's.

In the place that a sorbet would naturally emerge in an ordinary dinner the lights suddenly went out again, and a strange thing happened. Near the middle of the table there had been throughout the dinner a great globe of gold fishes, through which flashed the varied colored lights that had been turned on from time to time. All of a sudden, as if by a magic hand waved its wand, the globe became illumined with a monochromic light. In the globe of glass were seen swimming about the little fire fishes of gold and red, which were as transparent as those tiny affairs that fakirs sell in the streets for the amusement of children.

All the scenery of the shiny fishes was plainly discernible. And they swam and swam about as if nothing more unusual had occurred than was universal with the shiny fish. Yet such one of those fishes had inserted down his throat—down into his monochromic miniature electric light—about the size of a pea, and he was seen, as it were, with a thin, hairlike wire in its gill, but was almost invisible to the naked eye.

SURPRISES IN EVERY CORNER.

So the dinner went on, and with every course, with every other minute, some strange, unusual, unheard of thing was done by the magical intervention of electricity. The oysters were served by the same mysterious force, so were the eggs boiled, so the water for the punch was heated. In the punch, for instance, the lights went out and there appeared on the table a miniature menagerie, the bronzes of which had taken big eyes, double spitting forth flames like the animals in the Apocalypse, and all were doing some surprising thing.

And as the banquet was ending all the flowers overhanging the table fell in showers upon the guests below. Tiny bits of iron had been attached to each rose or carnation, which were held in their places by the attraction of a magnet. When the circuit was broken the flowers shower followed. The tie was kept cool all the time by steel fans worked by electricity, and among the numerous wonderful things that happened was the sudden burst of piano music that broke in upon the banquet.

This was produced by a subtle telephonic connection with a piano in the next block, played by a young woman who was notified by a local telegraph, when her services were required. Mr. Edison, through the medium of a phonographic cylinder, made more pleasant remarks about Franklin and Hammer's like motions Dr. Wolf Hopper's robust voice filled the apartment with the typical song "You Can Always Depend on Me." At 11 o'clock sharp the artistic voice of Franklin quietly remarked, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," and so the strange dinner was over.—New York World.

Good Cause for Surprise.

Two college young gentlemen made quite a sensation necessary from a young New York newspaper man recently. He was to be married in the week. Before leaving town he decided several days in searching over Brooklyn for a fair lady, being assisted in the search by a young married woman, the friend of his betrothed. Upon leaving his office one morning about 2 o'clock he sent the Brooklyn lady a telegram, which he expected would be delivered to her about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. The dispatch was worded apologetically, "Will be over to marry you this afternoon."

The message was "hailed" on its way across the East river, and a speaking of it much importance was given to it that the Brooklyn operator rushed it out, the messenger boy arriving at the house at about 4 a. m. The husband of the lady got out of bed to answer the bell. By a further mistake of the delivery department the envelope was addressed to the husband instead of his wife. The dispatch read apologetically, "Will be over to marry you this afternoon."

When a man is awakened from a sound sleep and informed that his wife is to be married to a young man who, he has had every reason to believe, was to be married to a young lady in the west, he is apt to conclude that he isn't awake after all. No one who has not experienced it can realize how very startling it is. It was the fate of his wife had heard of it. They racked their brains for a solution of the puzzle. It wasn't solved, however, until the young newspaper man arrived.—New York Times.

Dogs Are Simply Ornaments.

One may safely say that the large majority of dogs now kept nowadays are useless of any service they render, but for the sake of their appearance. Like the lark bolders will to be seen about the doorway of certain London houses, what was once a utility is now preserved merely as an ornament. Theoretically, no doubt, even in town houses, people keep a dog as a means of defense, but in most cases they really value him as a decorative appendage. This applies particularly to the more handsome breeds—like St. Bernard, the collie, the mastiff and the rest. Indeed, such are the strange diversities of human taste that even an unpromising specimen of canine beauty as the bulldog will be sought after by the uninitiated for the sake of his good looks.

And it is only fair to suppose that the discerning connoisseurs recognize their new position in the scheme of things. May we not see, indeed, now and again in their moments and diversions expressions even serious sense of degradation? Look, for example, at the moby hound St. Bernard that gloomily follows the procession of fashionably dressed women in the park. Cannon the dullest observer intuitive signs of an infinite boredom! His passive and melancholy eye suggests that he has had full experience of the bellum vice, and is a pessimist of the darkest shade.—Cornhill Magazine.

The World's Fairs.

The credit of the first Universal exposition belongs to Albert, the late prince consort of Queen Victoria, and the initiative was taken at a meeting of the society of arts in London, 1849. A guarantee fund of $1,000,000 was raised, and the exposition was held in 1851. The second was held in New York in 1853. The idea became popular, and several countries held smaller exposition in the five years following, but the real great effort was in South Kensington, London, in 1862, and an effort was made nine years later to keep up an annual exposition on a grand scale. The fairs were continued during several months each of 1871, 1872 and the two following years, but public interest flagged, and the attempt was given up.

In the meantime expositions had been held in Paris in 1855 and 1867, and a most splendid display in 1878 demonstrated the business tact and energy of the French, while in 1879 an exposition was held in Vienna, and another in Berlin in 1881, and another in Paris in 1889, and in Berlin in a smaller scale, and lastly by the great French fair of 1889. In the United States there has been held since the Centennial exposition of 1876 but one display of the kind—the World's fair in New Orleans in 1884.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Dogs Don't Venerate Masters.

Not only is our modern dog learning to regard himself as a factor or a lapper, he is rapidly finding out that others besides his owner are ready to prize him just as highly. In our day terms he is daily brought into contact with the one perpetual stranger, who, on closer examination, turns out to be very much like his master, wearing the same kind of a coat and hat, and, what is of greater consequence, manifesting toward him very much the same friendly sentiments. Would it not be unreasonable under these circumstances to expect the animal to reserve his amiabl sentiments and worship his master as supreme and unique?

Let us not forget that we have made our domesticated quadrupeds intelligent, and that by introducing them into conditions of modern life we are directly putting them into the way of seeing through their primitive illusions. The dog accompanied thus in his daily rounds with master or mistress has ample opportunity of observing the general difficulty of good masters among men cannot be expected to go on venerating his master in the old naive manner.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ancient Gloves.

There is nothing new under the sun. The carving of a long glove has been found in a hole where cave dwellers once lived. Just when these strange people existed has not been decided, but it was somewhere near thousands of years ago, and the sculptured glove is of the same shape as the many button ones worn by ladies of the present. The glove in question, the sculptured one, of a cave are supposed to have been made of roughly dressed skin sewed with needles of bone, but they were worn just the same, and the general pattern remains unchanged.

There is plenty of other evidence that gloves are of very remote origin, although some that go back so far. The Anglo-Saxons were gloves in the Seventh century, but the men were the ones then to show more attention to the fashion of the day than the ladies. The ladies covering their hands with their sleeves. Earlier than this Roman officials and high personages of that country carried their hands, and gloves were worn in the Middle ages. The word "glove" is used when a strong metaphor is intended "gloves."—New York Ledger.

The Jumping Bean.

One of the curious products of Mexico is the jumping bean, a vegetable curiosity whose frantic jumpings and agility have never been fully explained by the scientists. They grow in pods, each pod containing three beans. Each segment is rounded on one side and is shaped on the other, greenish yellow in color, and in circumference some about the size of a large lead pencil. When placed on a table they roll over and skip about, sometimes actually jumping a good two inches. When held between the thumb and forefinger they are felt to beat as strongly as the throbbing of a strong man's pulse. The botanical department at Washington has been supplied with the curiosity some little.—St. Louis Republic.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS VALUABLE.

Rev. M. J. Savage Says Gen. Greely's Forecasts Are Nearly Always Right.

In spite of the fact that I often hear it said that the prophecies of the weather bureau are generally wrong, the records of 1890 prove that they were correct more than 75 per cent. of the time. And most of the misses meant only that the predicted change was a little earlier or later than the time set. Now, remembering the variety of New England weather to outwit the wisest prophet, I submit that this is a most remarkable record. In the office at Washington I examined a large map of the United States, in which were specimens of pens, indicating all the stations from which reports are received daily. These returns cover force and direction of the winds, barometric conditions, temperature, cloud, rain, snow, thunder, etc. They are helps to a knowledge of atmospheric conditions. Twice a day meteorological maps are issued and sent out all over the country. These enable an accurate and graphic picture of the conditions all over the land. It was interesting to take the maps of a week and trace the changes day after day.

The general inference is that he was obliged to make his predictions precise and definite. And yet a little thought will show how much more difficult it is to predict with certainty human certainty. Let us look at a concrete case and see.

Here, for example, is a storm center in northern Texas. It is moving at a definite speed east by north. Just which way will it go? Will it keep straight on, or will it turn farther south? Or farther north? What variety of its movement increase or diminish, or remain unchanged? By studying the atmospheric conditions in the region surrounding which it is moving a shrewd calculation can be made. But suppose these conditions change! The experts in the office may hold different opinions, but some one must decide and the prediction must be made.

Brother Talmage tho other day accounted for the failure of the government people in predicting the Johnstown disaster, in substance. Said he, "A storm starts but after it has gone a little way it strikes a gorge and glances off." This is an element of uncertainty not usually taken into account. But if people are going to interfere with the course in this way, of course they have no right to complain of any failures on the part of the bureau.

But, leaving this one side, a little careful thinking will show how exceedingly difficult it is to be definite in matter so uncertain. It is a wonder to me that so large number of failures occur.

The worth of this work (which, on the whole, is the best in the world of its kind) is incalculable. To our agriculture, lumber shipping and to many other interests it is of untold service.

More attention should be given to the purely scientific side of it. But this is not Gen. Greely's fault.—M. J. Savage in Boston Globe.

Crankiness of Opera Singers.

There are more crankiness than other singers. This is because they have a knowledge of the laws that govern supply and demand. The great tenor voice is more valuable than any other, and is worth more to its possessor, and he is naturally more careful of it. An operatic tenor oftentimes makes himself positively disagreeable to all about him, but he knows what he is doing. His opinion the happiness of mankind and the movements of the planets all depend upon the state of his vocal organs. So him life begins and ends with his voice, and to be happy it must be in good trim.

A tenor especially is easily thrown out of condition, and because he is so sensitive is one reason why he is so impractical. His whole mind and his entire existence are concentrated upon his vocalization, and he becomes to him the most representative of that division of humanity known as cranks. When he is not anxious about his condition he is worried lest in the rendering performance he shall not be able to strike his high "C" with proper force and clearness, and after he has struck it he is alarmed lest his cross may have been overstained in the effort. All this narrow channel of thought and action tends to make him foolish. There are exceptions to this rule as there are to every rule, but these exceptions are few.—Chicago Post.

One Kind of Good People.

You and I are acquainted with many excellent persons of the national church establishment who are so conscientious that they could hardly speak two words with a beggar or a beggar in rags without definition. They are so full of conscience. It is so precious to be able to look every man in the face without winking; to be in the family pew punctually at 10:30 every Sunday morning without missing one in the year, and to be persuaded with a sense of satisfaction that nothing in the world can disbelieve. And we how odious such good persons are to their fellows in their kind that

Virtue and vice are never in one suit.
A man's whole soul, or wholly in a fool,
they are among the worst of companions, and we by no means the best kind of Christians. It is not to each or her that the man or woman in distress is impelled to apply.—All the Year Round.

An Odd Provision.

William Noble, the member of parliament for Falkirk, England, and the son-in-law of H. H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," was left an allowance of $50,000 a year by his father, John Noble, the various manufacturer. By an eccentric provision of the will this income is to be reduced $10,000 if the son ever talked election to parliament.—Harper's Weekly.

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One lot each of Mens' Overshirts at 35c., 45c., 50c. and 90c.
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