Passing of Loafing Place of GREAT MEN

SPRINGFIELD DRUG STORE IN WHICH LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, TREAT, SHIELD AND OTHERS WHITTLED STICKS AND SWAPPED YARNS

With the sale the other day of the old Diller drug store in Springfield, Ill., there retired from business a veteran merchant whose shop was the lounging place of some of the greatest men Illinois has produced, and the scene of many a boisterous exchange of witticisms, in which Lincoln and Douglas and others of great, though lesser, note, were participants. A history of the old store is interesting.

In 1838, when Springfield was young and Abraham Lincoln was the idol of the Whig party in the General Assembly, there came out from Pennsylvania two young men, Dr. William S. Wallace and Jonathan Roland Diller, druggist. They started a drug store in

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A CONSTANT VISITOR

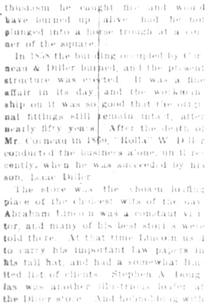
"Hoffman's Row," about four doors north from the corner of Fifth and Washington streets, on the west side of Fifth street.

When the "new state house," now the Sangamon county court house, was built in 1842, Wallace & Diller bought the frame building that had been temporarily used as the state house and moved it to Sixth street, opposite the now remodeled court house. There they remained in the drug business until 1849, when the firm of Wallace & Diller was succeeded by Corneau & Diller, the Diller of the new firm being Roland W. Diller, a cousin of the first Diller.

The first Diller, J. Roland, was a noted Democrat. In 1848 Thomas Harris beat Stephen T. Logan for Congress. The night the result of the election was known Diller coated himself with phosphorous and went out on the street to celebrate. In his enthusiasm he caught fire and would have burned up alive had he not plunged into a horse trough at a corner of the square.

In 1858 the building occupied by Corneau & Diller burned, and the present structure was erected. It was a fine affair in its day, and the workmanship on it was so good that the original fittings still remain intact, after nearly fifty years. After the death of Mr. Corneau in 1860, "Rolla" W. Diller conducted the business alone, until recently, when he was succeeded by his son, Isaac Diller.

The store was the chosen loafing place of the choicest wits of the day. Abraham Lincoln was a constant visitor, and many of his best stories were told there. At that time Lincoln used to carry his important law papers in his tall hat, and had a somewhat limited list of clients. Stephen A. Douglas was another illustrious loafer at the Diller store. And hobnobbing with these two great lights of history were many lesser lights, who have since illumined the annals of city, state and country. By the store often sat Col. E. D. Baker, who made a proud record as soldier, statesman, and orator, and



PLUNGED INTO A HORSE TROUGH.

who fell at the battle of Ball's Bluff. There, too, was often seen General James Shields, the distinguished Irish-American soldier, patriot, and statesman.

Major John T. Stuart [illegible] who ever [illegible] before the people in a [illegible] sat [illegible] among the [illegible] spirits in Diller's store. John Calhoun was among them, likewise the first Richard Yates, afterwards the war governor of Illinois.

Judge Stephen T. Logan, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, used to sit in an old chair, a favorite seat of Lincoln's, poking fun at "Abe" and whittling away at anything wooden that was near. One day Judge Logan was in the midst of a fire of raillery, busily engaged in slicing off chunks of the chair on which Lincoln was sitting. This was more than Mr. Diller could stand.

"Judge," said he, "there is a pine box in the back yard, and if it will do as well as that chair I wish you would whittle on it."

Judge Logan was so offended that he left the store, and for a week did not return. But passing one day, he caught sight of a few friends inside, and, picking up a pine board, he walked in, and, seating himself in the arm chair, remarked: "Well, Rolla, I guess I've been a fool long enough. I've brought a piece of that pine box with me."

Judge Samuel H. Treat, afterward circuit judge, judge of the Supreme Court, and United States District Judge, flashed his ready wit while seated on the counter in the Diller store. Captain Isaac R. Diller was there, too, a distinguished veteran of the Mexican war, who was chosen many times as clerk of the house in the general assembly.

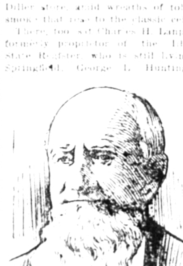
William C. May, congressman, Thomas Campbell, secretary of state, Senator McDougal, who became United States senator from California, were [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] counter. Besides these men there were [illegible] whose names are closely [illegible] with the history of Springfield [illegible].

[illegible] Hickox, [illegible] promoter; Captain [illegible] Keys, president of the Farmers' Bank; Colonel William F. Elkin of Black Hawk war fame and member of the "Long Nine"; Andrew J. McCormick, first mayor of Springfield and another member of the "Long Nine" (the "Long Nine" were nine

"I'VE BROUGHT A PIECE OF THAT PINE BOX WITH ME."

members of the general assembly, Lincoln being one of them, averaging six feet in height), John Reynolds, afterwards governor of Illinois, and Obed Lewis, but recently deceased, all swapped yarns and whittled shingles in the Diller store, amid wreaths of tobacco smoke that rose to the classic ceiling.

There, too, sat Charles H. Lanphier, formerly proprietor of the Illinois State Register, who is still living at Springfield. George L. Huntington,



ROLAND W. DILLER.

(Proprietor of Diller drug store from 1849 until recently.)

once mayor of Springfield and always musician, scientist and artist; Colonel Dudley Wickersham, hero of the Mexican and civil wars; Charles Ryan, the popular physician, and many others of that coterie have finished their work and passed to their reward.

On Aug. 10, 1899, Mr. Roland W. Diller celebrated his golden anniversary, having been fifty years in business at the same stand.

Two weeks ago the store was sold by Mr. Diller, the firm of Hay & James buying the "stock, good will and fixtures." The new owners are preparing to remodel the store, and the place as known to Abraham Lincoln and his friends will soon be a thing of the past. Springfield grieves to lose the Dillers from the historic building, whose walls have echoed the shouts of laughter produced by the wit of Lincoln and Douglas, and mourns the passing of the old landmark.—Chicago Tribune.

Telephone's Progress Abroad.

Although the use of the telephone has increased rapidly [illegible] there are countries in Europe in which telephones are in far more general use than here. In Stockholm, Sweden, one person in every fourteen has a telephone, there being more than 20,000 telephones in a population of 271,000. Every tobacconist's store is a public call office and the rates are very low. England is far behind in the matter of telephones, there being only 1 to every 636 of the population. In little Switzerland there is 1 to every 172 persons but far more business is done over the telephone in England than in Switzerland.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Art Displayed in Dress—Trials of Women Expressed by the Adornment of Their Person in Color and Style—Our Cooking School.

ART IN DRESS.

The artistic faculty is one of the inherited traits of woman. It is betrayed in her earliest efforts at adornment of her person and surroundings. It is the temperament of woman, as well as her natural birthright, to guard the beautiful in life, and to make her whole existence a visible manifestation of it. Civilization has given to her opportunities in this direction denied her in the past, says the Ledger Monthly. She has been emancipated from the slavery of conditions which narrowed and destroyed those possibilities of personal expression born within her. Yet even in barbaric times she was not blind to the influence of personal adornment. The evolution of her dress may have been from the rude blanket and wild boar's skins to the modern silks and furs of unrivalled beauty and picturesqueness, but there was always, even in the beginning, a method of wearing the garments that betrayed the dormant gifts. She could be artistic even with the simplest and rudest of garments.

The art of dress becomes a factor of importance, not only in the life of the woman who devotes her time to it, but in all those who associate with her. The expression of her artistic temperament may be manifested in no other way than that of dress, and yet she may produce a [illegible] of immeasurable importance in the world. It is hardly consistent to [illegible] the effect of woman's [illegible] when carried to an extreme and the [illegible] of it absorb all other considerations of life. The painter is justified according to human standards in devoting all his time and strength to the production of beauty on his canvas, and the poet is considered legitimately employed if he merely strives to express in the highest artistic form those thoughts and emotions of love which come to him in the highest degree. The decorator, the musician and the singer are all appealing to the sense of sight or hearing through beautiful forms of sound.

The woman who understands the art of personal adornment finds gratification of artistic expression in her dress. She studies it from many points of view, considers the harmony of colors and style, views herself apart from her personality and environments, and finds in the whole work a service of love which is little lower than that which the poet or painter feels for his production. Dress performs the double task for woman of adorning her and of conserving her health; it should be antagonistic to neither. It should be the outer expression of her mind and temperament and at the same time consistent with the laws of health and strength.

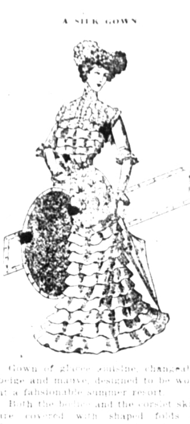
OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

Chops, Peas and Potatoes—Form mashed potatoes in a mound in center of large platter. Hollow out center and fill with peas. Arrange chops about mound, with the bone of each chop standing upright.

Cream Cake—The yolks of four eggs beaten five minutes, with one even cup of powdered sugar. Then add the whites (beaten thoroughly), one even cup of flour and one teaspoon baking powder. Lastly add one tablespoon of cold water. Bake in three layers.

Blueberry Cake—Beat one egg, half cupful of sugar and one tablespoon of butter to a cream, then add one cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, one pint of flour and two heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder. Beat well, then lightly stir in one cupful of blueberries. Pour the mixture into a buttered pan, cover the top with a cupful of berries and bake.

A SILK GOWN.



Gown of glace louisine, changeable beige and mauve, designed to be worn at a fashionable summer resort.

Both the bodice and the corslet skirt are covered with shaped folds or flounces, and both have yokes of cream guipure re-embroidered with a fine embroidery.

The sleeves are made in an odd way with a little ruffle at the elbow and wrist, headed by bands of the silk, and at the wrist with an embroidered [illegible].—La Mode Artistique.

SOME OF THE LATEST PARIS GOWNS.

The gown on the seated figure is of cerise foulard, dotted with black. The front of the skirt and the hip yoke are cut in one piece and bordered with a band of plain cerise taffeta striped with narrow black velvet ribbon and bordered with guipure applique.

The blouse bodice is cut with bretelles over a deep yoke of the plain taffeta, striped with the black velvet ribbon. The girdle is of black velvet, bordered with gold, and fastened with a gold buckle. Sleeves finished with a frill of the material at the elbow.

The other gown is of mauve liberty satin. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of ecru guipure, each headed with two bias bands of the satin. The bolero is of the guipure trimmed with the satin bands, and opens over a blouse of the material.—Wiener Chic.

AN EARLY AUTUMN GOWN.

Gown of peach-colored plaited crepe, trimmed with bands of black and white striped silk, headed by incrustations of guipure arranged in a pretty design intermingled with straps of the black and white striped silk.

The large sleeves are plaited and finished at the elbow with a frill of the material. The girdle is trimmed with the black and white striped silk.—La Mode Artistique.

TO LEARN TO SWIM.

"It seems marvelous to me that more women do not learn to swim," said a girl at Narragansett Pier the other day as she shook her hair over her shoulders to dry in the sun. "It seems such a waste of time not to utilize the days at the seashore by acquiring the science of swimming.

"Hard to learn? Not a bit of it. The first thing is to learn to float. People generally do not begin with that, but I think that one will have less fear if she knows that she can float if by any chance she should get beyond her depth. It is harder for slender people like myself, but stout girls ought to float without difficulty. All you have to do is to lie on your back, keep the mouth and nose above water and keep the [illegible] well inflated.

[illegible] This will be found to relieve the first attempts of some preliminary awkwardness.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.—Utica Globe.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WOMAN AND HOME" THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

Home Is the Only Sphere In Which Woman Can Succeed in Ruling the World—Her Best Rights Defined—The Ballot Box.

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Washington, Aug. 18.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness, and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis i, 27, "Male and female created he them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bragging legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line."

Woman's Best Rights.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits today on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall.

Appreciation of Her Rights.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote and Newton philosophized and Alfred the Great governed and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box, and then drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot, the offscouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman has other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it, the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

The Most Queenly Woman.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God, whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen, she was the queen!

To the Ballot Box.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body and going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons and tramping on down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal destruction. Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God all your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth, father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say, "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand, and the storm will drop, and another wave of his hand and midnight shall break into midnoon, and another wave of his hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

The Beautiful Home Above.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest, and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream. It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities, nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens, nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When will they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sight hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

ORIGIN OF SOME NAMES.

Countries That Were Named For Tribes Settling Therein.

Russia constituted the country of the Russ, a tribe who overran it at a very early period. Sweden is a modern term made up of the Latin Suedia, signifying the land of the Suevi, a warlike tribe of the Goths, and the Anglo-Saxon den, testifying to its occupation by the Danes. Britain was known to the Phenicians as Barat-Anac, or "the land of tin," as far back as the year 1037 B. C. Some 500 years afterward the island was alluded to by the Romans under the name of Britannia, which subsequently became shortened to Britain. England was originally Engaland, the land of the Engles or Angles, who came over from Sleswick, a province of Jutland. Scotland bore the name of Caledonia, literally the hilly country of the Cails or Gaels. The word Cael, of Gael, is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in the native tongue "a hidden rover," while Scot, derived from the native Scuite, means a wanderer. The Saxons, whose original settlement is determined by the little kingdom of Saxony, derived their name from the seax, or short crooked knife with which they armed themselves. France was known to the Greeks as Gallatia, and to the Romans as Gallia, afterward modified into Gaul, because it was the territory of the Celtiae, or Celts. The modern settlers of the country were the Franks, so-called from the franca, a kind of javelin which they carried, who in the fifth century inhabited the German province of Franconia, and traveling westward, gradually accomplished the conquest of Gaul. France, therefore, signifies the country of Franks, or, as the Germans call it, Frankreich, that is, the kingdom of the Franks.—Philadelphia Times.

HAVE RULES FOR MOURNING.

Chinese Enforce Laws Prescribing How Bereavement Must Be Shown.

Chinese laws prescribe severe penalties for neglect of children to properly observe the prescribed customs on the death of an ancestor. If a son receiving information of the death of his father or mother or a wife suppress such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased such neglect shall be punished with sixty blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but previous to the expiration of the term discards the mourning habit and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments or participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offenses to eighty blows. Whoever on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned suppresses the notice of it and omits to mourn shall be punished with eighty blows; if previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements he shall be punished with sixty blows. When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if in order to avoid such retirement he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt or cousin he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.—Chicago Chronicle.

How the Mate Got Even.

The mate of a certain schooner was in the habit of drinking more than was good for him. On one occasion, after he had recovered from an unusually severe attack of intoxication, he was looking over the log and found that the captain had inscribed therein on a certain date "Mate drunk." The mate promptly went to the captain and asked why such a statement had been written down. "It is true, isn't it?" asked the captain. "Yes," said the mate. "Then let it stand," said the captain. A few days later the captain, in looking over the log, found this inscription: "Captain sober." He summoned the mate and asked him what he meant by taking such a liberty. "It's true, isn't it?" "Yes," said the captain, "but—" "Then let it stand," said the mate.—Youths' Companion.

The Electric Eel's Victim.

At the Zoological gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. The eel turned round, swam past it, disharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone dead. It did not even move its antennae after. The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim, and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it sans facon.—Chambers' Journal.