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Daily Times

WITH FULL

ASSOCIATED PRESS

DISPATCHES

And all the

NEWS OF THE DAY.

PECULIAR SWALLOWERS.

FEATS OF PEOPLE WITH ABNORMAL THROATS AND MOUTHS.

Some of Them Actually Eat Lamp Chimneys. While Others Swallow Swords. Notwithstanding the Sneers of the Skeptical and Uninitiated.

"Of course, we all have heard of people who thrust swords down their throats, swallow pebble stones and eat glass; but nobody believes that they really do these things."

So writes one who evidently believes himself too sharp to be imposed upon by any of the ordinary or extraordinary arts of trickery. But there never was a greater mistake. There are many people who actually perform the feats enumerated. They are to be seen in dime museums, side shows, and occasionally in bar rooms or on street corners.

"THE IRON THROAT."

The writer once had the pleasure of scraping the acquaintance of a sword swallower. He and a hairless horse constituted the attractions in a small tent that had been pitched on the outskirts of a county fair. He called himself "Feretta, the Man with the Iron Throat." As soon as a dozen people had paid their dimes and entered the tent Feretta would bring out his sword and pass it around for examination. There was no deception about it. It was of steel, about fourteen inches long, an eighth of an inch thick, half an inch wide at the hilt and slightly tapering toward the tip. Feretta was very deliberate in his movements. Assuming a posture intended to be graceful he would throw back his head, insert the point of the sword in his mouth, and gently push it downward until the cross piece or guard prevented it going any further. Then he would throw both arms behind him for a space of four or five seconds, after which the sword was withdrawn as carefully as it had been swallowed. Then would follow a bow, and a smile which appeared rather forced.

Feretta said the operation frequently cost him considerable pain, but of this he never gave public manifestation. He also said the utmost care was necessary in performing the feat to avoid injury to the throat and stomach. Notwithstanding his caution, he occasionally hurt himself and was obliged to suspend

writing or performing. He lurks in mankind a taste for the horrible, and there will probably always be found the means to gratify it in some form of grotesque and shocking violation of nature's commands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All-fired Tough.

First Small Boy—We had a fire at our house last night.

Second Small Boy—That so? F. S. D.—Yes. Pa fired sister's beau.—Exchange.

BURDETTE ON THE ROAD.

Some of the Humorist's Experiences as a Lecturer.

Probably there is no occupation in the world that gives a man such an easy life and large profits as lecturing. I don't suppose that six horses, harnessed abreast, could draw me from the platform. It is just like rolling around in a June meadow, picking up gold dollars instead of buttercups. Now, last Tuesday night I lectured in Granville, N. Y.; didn't leave a dollar in the town. Next morning I got up at 4:45 o'clock, got into a buggy, piled a valise weighing 400 pounds—no, sir, I won't take off one ounce—on my feet, and drove eleven miles through a pelting, driving rain storm, over muddy roads to a station on the D. and H. C., that has a train five times a year. At Granville they have one every spring.

Do you know, some weeks, I have sat still in the cars, one day after another, from 8 a. m. to 4, 5, 6 or 7 p. m., without moving, save at meal time? How do you suppose an active man, fond of walking, enjoys that sort of thing? It's enough to drive a graven image mad with nervousness.

"But I can while away the time in pleasant conversation with"—

Oh, can I? Do you remember reading about the remains of a well dressed man found in the Genesee river, who was supposed to have fallen from an Erie train while passing Portage Falls? Well, the last time that man was seen alive he had lifted my 400 ton—"said 400 pounds a little while ago"—I said tons both times; you can look back and see—he had lifted my 500 ton valise from my seat and crowded himself in on me for what he called "a little chat." I enjoy conversation; but not in a boiler factory. If you were having a quiet conversation in your parlor would you like the children to come in and make as much noise as a

ONE WORD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—"Victory valor and glory sea!"
"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—"Proves adventure and faith true."
"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—"Liberty, woo and words defied!"
"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—"The finer world to the outer washed."
"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—"Power and passion to harmony played."
"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—"A lark note wafting the morning wide."
"Say, all to long," said the busy age—"Write me a list instead of a poem."
The swift youth spoke the next word—"A four poem write to a single word!"
He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes. A moment glanced at the startle show—From the Pith below the light he drove. And wrote the one word poem—Love
—Wallace Bruce in Blackwood's Magazine.

Experience and Training.

To be a good mechanic, said Sir Benjamin Browne at the recent meeting of the British Scientific association, long training is necessary; and, above all, ability to distinguish good work from inferior work. A regular course of progress from one branch to another should be carefully followed, so as to teach every class of work up to the most difficult. In this the real interest of the employer is the same as that of the lad, viz., to learn every step thoroughly, and then pass on to something more difficult. The author contended that a long training in a manufactory is absolutely necessary, and this should be supplemented by theoretical and technical instruction. "It would probably be a great gain to give a lad six or eight months of theoretical teaching after he is out of his apprenticeship. The old fashioned system of apprenticeship, not much shortened, and with very slight modifications, is the only reliable method for either employer or mechanic to learn his business; but, as work has become more scientific and elaborate, it is necessary for any young man who wishes to excel to have a good theoretical and technical training in addition to his factory experience."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.

Twins do not happen more than 300 times a year in a population of 1,000,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosi-