

CODE TO AN OLD DOLLAR BILL

It is not a relic of the past, but a code to an old dollar bill. The code is not a relic of the past, but a code to an old dollar bill. The code is not a relic of the past, but a code to an old dollar bill.

BURGLARS, MOSQUITOES AND CURIOSITY

While the amateur experimental farm is not ready to make its final report on the subject of mosquitoes, a subject which seems to be attracting the attention of scientists everywhere, it is able to make a show of substantial progress. The mosquitoes forced themselves on the attention of the amateur farmer one evening a couple of weeks ago while he was sitting out under the oak trees near the house enjoying the moonlight and the breeze. At first the effort was in the direction of cure rather than prevention. A sheet was placed over the head and neck, and "Remedies for mosquito bites," and was soon half filled with glass bottles and pasteboard boxes. Everything that anybody had ever recommended as a cure for mosquito bites was procured, and after one had eliminated a half a dozen of these preparations mosquitoes were the least of his troubles. The man, who was most persistent in their use, soon developed a face which resembled the palette of an impressionist painter, and she announced that if something was not done to help her she was going back to town. Her complexion was ruined, anyway, so it was.

The retired agriculturist came over one morning and chuckled unpleasantly as he looked at the row of bottles. He had forgotten his false teeth and was, consequently, in a most sarcastic mood. "It's easy enough to get rid of the mosquitoes," he said. "All you got to do is to take a chaw-saw fine cut and rub a little eucalyptus oil on your face, and there ye be. Not a skeeter'll touch ye."

An attempt was made to get the agriculturist to apply the fine cut and the eucalyptus, but he refused to sacrifice himself on the altar of science. Accordingly, it is impossible to state positively whether or not the remedy of the retired agriculturist is an effective one, though it sounds as if it would be fatal to the mosquitoes at least.

It was the lady of the manor who finally, in a moment of inspiration, devised what promises to be an epoch-making invention in the mosquito line. She drove downtown with the assistant experimentalist one morning and returned shortly with the surrey full of lumber and cylindrical bundles. When the experimental farmer started for the city the assistant was already busy with saw, hammer and nails. When he asked what was being built he was told to wait and see.

When he got back home that evening the lawn near the house was dotted with what looked like the unfinished skeletons of small chicken coops. Each was a rocking chair and a small table, on which stood a candlestick and a book.

"Look," said the lady of the manor, triumphantly, "these are individual anti-mosquito cages. They are covered with mosquito netting. You step inside sit down and pull the flaps together, and you may enjoy the moonlight and the breeze as long as ever you please without the slightest danger of being bitten by mosquitoes."

On his own motion the assistant experimentalist had gone even further. He had built for his own use a cylindrical mosquito-proof helmet and a pair of gauntlets, incased in which he could safely defy anything which flies, and which enabled him to dispense with an anti-mosquito cage and move about at pleasure.

After dinner the entire family got into their cages and proceeded to enjoy the cool of the evening, the glories of the sunset and the splendor of the rising moon. This procedure acted as a spur to the active curiosity of the retired agriculturist and his wife, who live in the cottage across the way. The old man got out his spy glass and from a point of vantage on the roof of his porch studied the situation long and carefully. Then he went down stairs and surrendered the spy glass to his impatient wife.

"These people are plum crazy," he said. "They've got a whole lot of little chicken coops built and they're sitting out in 'em like prize roosters to the county fair."

A long distance view in the moonlight was not satisfactory to the wife of the retired agriculturist.

"I'm going to find out what's the matter," she said. "Maybe they

She Stopped in her Garden and Picked a Basket of Lettuce Leaves

Then she came across the road to the experimental farm and walked up the long lane to the house.

"Why, howdy do," she said, as she approached the first of the cages. "Our lettuce is so fine that I thought I'd bring ye some over. Ain't it a purty sight?"

Now the garden at the experimental farm is particularly long on lettuce. There are three lettuce beds, each of which, in its luxuriance, is a standing reproach to the other vegetables. At the lettuce, as a peace offering was not a success. The lady of the manor made no answer.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. McEdwards," said the assistant experimentalist, "bring out a cage for Mrs. McEdwards. It is a lovely evening."

But Mrs. McEdwards waited to hear no more. Her worst fears were realized. Her new neighbors were plainly lunatics. They even wanted to put her in a cage. She scuttled back across the road like a scared old hen.

The following night there was great excitement at the amateur experimental farm. After the mosquitoes had been conquered burglars appeared upon the scene, thus showing that life is a constant succession of conflicts.

It is not likely that a burglar who possessed any signs of human intelligence would pick out the experimental farm as a likely place from which to make a rich haul. But if he did he would find the old house an easy one to enter. Consequently, somewhat elaborate preparations have been made for his reception. The lady of the manor keeps beside her bed a huge farta bell, used in the old days to call in the farmhands to supper from the distant fields. Its voice is that of a fire alarm gong raised to the tenth power. The amateur farmer himself has a revolver. The revolver is kept in one part of the house and the cartridges in another, so that the rising hope of the republic may not, in small boy fashion, experiment with them. Thus armed, the family feels itself ready for any foe.

On the night in question the amateur farmer was awakened by the shrill and brazen clamor of the gong. The lady of the manor was wailing it frantically in both hands.

"What's the matter?" asked the amateur farmer.

"Burglars! They have a light downstairs. Listen! You can hear them moving around the house."

The amateur farmer advanced to the head of the stairs. Plainly in the lower regions he could see the glimmer of a light and hear the creaking of doors. In his deepest bass voice, with the tremolo stopped pulled out to the limit, he demanded: "Who's there?"

There was no answer. Only the light suddenly went out and another door creaked. Then the lady of the manor again let loose the brazen thunders of the farta bell. It sounded as if three 4-11 fires had been let loose in the same block. Then armed with an empty revolver and a heavy hand mirror the assembled family slowly descended the stairs, the gong still doing its worst.

Below stairs all doors leading to the kitchen were found open, but neither door nor window opening on the outside had been disturbed, nor was any trace of a burglar found. Finally, coming from the dining-room closet were heard sounds of suppressed sobs and convulsive swallowings. With a great effort and against desperate resistance from within the door was finally pulled open.

It was the cook lady. Between sobs she told the story.

"I bene dirty an' I got me down stairs to get me drink of water. Den dot bell ring an' you yells: 'Who is dot?' an' I dinks about dot revolver an' I get me in de closet an' make de door shut. I bene so scart," and renewed and embarrassing sobs broke out.

Just then rapid hoof beats sounded on the road leading to the barn. In the moonlight-old Maseppa, most respectable of phaeton horses, was seen rushing towards the road with a man on his back. He was stopped by shouts just as he turned into the main road. The man was the assistant experimentalist. He was accused of running away from trouble, but he declares on his word of honor that he was simply and naturally going for the police.—Chicago Tribune.

Finda Relatives Are Dead.

B. B. Widtmer, who left his home in Owensboro Ky., 20 years ago, and went west to seek his fortune, went back the other day from Seven Devils Hills, Idaho, to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. Pauline Widtmer, and her daughter Pauline. He brought with him \$10,000 in money to give them and intended to take them back to his mining camp in Idaho. When he made inquiry about them he learned of their tragic death on the night of June 30, 1897, when they committed suicide because of their extreme poverty.

Thirty years ago Widtmer and his brother came to Owensboro from Switzerland and ran a small dye-works establishment. He went west and his brother soon died. For awhile he wrote letters to his brother's widow, but finally ceased to write and she believed him dead. He broke down when he heard the sad news and left at once for Idaho.

A Hindrance to Civilization.

Civilization would slip forward several notches, says the Chicago Record-Herald, if she could succeed in killing the loose dog and the toy pistol with one stone.

VIRUS AS RAT POISON

Test of a Disease Developed to Kill Off the Pests.

Government Marine Hospital Officers Experiments with Culture of a Bacillus with Gratifying Success.

Since it became known that the bubonic plague was spread by rats, the question of means of destroying them has assumed greater importance. The discovery of a perfect rat destroyer would be of vast benefit to the public health, says the New York Sun.

M. J. Rosenau, director of the Hygienic laboratory of the United States marine hospital service, has recently investigated a new method for destroying rats by means of cultures of a certain bacillus. This method was developed by J. Danysz, the virus which he obtained, while far from being a certain means of exterminating rats in a particular place, may be used as one weapon in the fight against them.

A culture of a bacillus isolated from a spontaneous epidemic among harvest mice was selected, and grown in bouillon to acustom it to an existence without oxygen. This was accomplished by growing the culture in flasks as completely filled as possible. The flasks were placed in an incubator until the culture developed, and then kept at an ordinary temperature until a deposit formed and the bouillon became perfectly clear.

From the flasks the culture was passed into a collodion sack, which was kept for from a day to a day and a half in the abdominal cavity of a rat, then kept anew in ordinary bouillon and thence again in flasks. This series of operations was repeated several times, and at the fourth or fifth repetition a decided increase in virulence for mice was noted.

Mice were then raised in the experiments by young rats a month or six weeks old. Next older rats were used. Proceeding in this way the culture was specialized, and Danysz finally succeeded in rendering it regularly virulent for gray rats, black rats and white rats, whereas it was originally only slightly virulent for the gray rat, and entirely ineffective for the others.

Dr. Rosenau fed 115 rats with the cultures during a course of various experiments with the virus. Of these only 46 died. The results seem to depend largely upon the amount of culture ingested. By starving the rats for a couple of days and then giving them all they would eat a very positive result was obtained. Twenty-seven rats so fed all died within a week. If the rats got only a small amount, however, not only is the effect uncertain, but the survivors become immune and can feed upon the cultures to their hearts' content and be none the worse for it.

It would seem that the virus is not unlike the laying of a chemical poison, depending as it does upon the amount ingested. But, while the chemical poison has the advantage of not producing an immunity, the virus has the very decided advantage of being, so far as is known, harmless for man and domestic animals.

Dr. William Lord Smith, of Worcester and Boston, lately returned from Kodiak island, on the Alaskan coast, where he passed several months hunting the big bears of the island. He brought home with him the skin of a 500-pounder, reports a Worcester (Mass.) correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Kodiak bear is the largest member of the bear family. According to Dr. Smith, it is not a grizzly, although it closely resembles the silver tip of the Rocky mountains. It has the grizzly's head. It has been reputed to grow to enormous size, even to a weight of 2,000 pounds, but Dr. Smith was unable to get evidence that it exceeded 1,200 pounds, even in autumn, when very fat, ready for its long winter sleep. The fur, when in its prime, is a rich brown and very thick, but in the spring and early summer it is rather a gray than brown.

The Worcester hunter was accompanied by a Boston friend during his first few weeks on Kodiak. Their first day's hunting brought them a 625-pound bear, which fell to the rifle of the Boston man, the two having tossed a coin for the shot. The only other bear they got was shot by Dr. Smith on almost the last day of his hunting in the middle of July, more than two months after his arrival on the island. It was about 10:30 p. m., which was dusk in that latitude. The doctor and a native had followed the bear, and got within 30 feet of her. She was a mother with a cub along, and was fishing in the shallow waters of a little river.

The Kodiak bear is a fish-eater, and this particular bear was in clover, for the dog salmon were running up stream in water only a few inches deep. She reached with her great paw, armed with claws more than three inches long, and with a quick sweep, tossed the salmon to the shore, where she killed and ate them.

Dr. Smith believes that the Kodiak bear almost equals the grizzly in ferocity, but he holds that neither bear is nearly so dangerous to hunt as their reputation would indicate. Their eyesight is poor, and they seldom see the hunter, and, unless wounded and cornered, they prefer to run rather than fight. The Kodiak bear has the speed of a fast horse. Dr. Smith has hunted big game in Africa and has killed lion, elephant, and rhinoceros, hunting on foot, but he has never seen any wild beast travel with such speed as the Kodiak bear.

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