NEW EXCISE SCHEME.

PROPOSAL TO KEEP A DEPUTY SHERIFF IN MISSISSIPPI SALOONS.

Representative Dees' Unique Bill to Be Presented to the Mississippi Legislature. A Radical Feature Which He Thinks Will Pass.

An excise bill with unique features is to be introduced in the Mississippi legislature shortly by Representative M. A. Dees. The present law is generally unsatisfactory, being too severe for citizens who favor the sale of liquor and not severe enough to please the Prohibitionists. Mr. Dees proposes to take all the responsibility for the observance of the liquor laws off the shoulders of the saloon keeper and put it on a deputy sheriff to be placed on duty in every saloon in the state. He asks people to give his proposition careful consideration before they follow the perhaps not unnatural first impulse to jump on the bill because of its radical features.

The bill provides that a saloon may be opened in any part of the state where a local prohibitory law is not in force on the payment by the saloon keeper of $1,600 for a license. Of this sum $500 is to go to the state treasury, $500 to the county treasury, $500 to the municipal treasury of the place where the saloon is opened, and the remaining $100 is to be set aside as a fund for paying a temporary deputy in case of need. From the money paid to the county and municipality a salary is to be paid to a regular saloon deputy, who is to be on duty in the saloon at all times when the saloon is open for business. It is to be the sole duty of the deputy to see that there are no violations of the law in the saloon to which he is assigned. Under no circumstances is the deputy to act as bartender, clerk or in any capacity whatever in the service of the saloon keeper. All statutes at present in force placing any responsibility on saloon keepers for selling to minors or after legal hours, and for all other breaches of the law, are to be repealed, and the saloon keeper is to take the following oath:

"I solemnly swear that I will not sell any intoxicating liquors during the continuance of this license, except in the sight of and under the police supervision and direction of the deputy sheriff, and I will faithfully obey his instructions in all matters that affect or concern the police supervision of the dramshop for which I have a license."

Saloons may be open only 12 hours in each day, and never between the hours of midnight and 6 a. m., nor between midnight Saturday and 6 a. m. Monday. But the saloon keeper may choose for himself the hours of opening and closing, provided his place is open but 12 hours in the 18 specified by the law. If the saloon keeper or an assistant, or any one for him, sells even one drink when the deputy sheriff is not present, his license is to be forfeited, and he is to be prosecuted for violation of his oath.

Not only is the deputy not to act as bartender, or to go behind the bar, but, further, he must not take a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind in or about the saloon in which he is on duty. He is not to accept any gift, "or kindness," from the saloon keeper that may be construed by the latter as putting the deputy under an obligation. The deputy is alone responsible if any minor, drunkard, Indian, intoxicated or other prohibited person gets a drink. He is to be responsible for all disorderly conduct or any kind of lawlessness in or about the saloon, and if he fails in his duty he is made liable on his bond and must be discharged and prosecuted. A room is to be set apart as a kind of temporary jail, in which the deputy may place any disorderly person until a constable is summoned and arrives. Every one in the saloon is to be subject to the call of the deputy for assistance in preserving order.

Mr. Dees thinks his ideas are sound, and that his bill has an excellent chance of becoming a law. He argues that "the only way we can expect to see our laws executed and obeyed is to make it to the pecuniary interest of the party intrusted with their observance and execution." He doesn't think people will obey the law just because it is right so to do until the millennium arrives. So he would make it pay both the saloon keeper to obey the law and the deputy to see that the law is obeyed and make the penalty severe and sure.—New York Sun.

Fully Armed.

A good story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment stationed at Aldershot. One day he was on guard duty, and was slowly stepping up and down when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said:

"Let me see your rifle."

The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of deepest disgust:

"You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?"

The young fellow turned pale, and putting his hand in his pocket drew out a big knife, and, preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"Gi' me that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute."

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.—Pearson's Weekly.

Emma Abbott's Kiss.

The following is a description by the late Eugene Field of Emma Abbott's stage kiss:

Aha, that kiss—that long, low, languishing, limpid, liquid, lingering kiss! 'Twas not a tender kiss, nor a studied kiss, nor an artistic kiss, nor a fervent kiss, nor a boisterous kiss, nor a paroxysmal kiss, nor a nervous kiss, nor a fraternal kiss, nor a gingerly kiss, nor a diffuse kiss, nor a concentrated kiss, nor a diffident kiss, nor a popgun kiss—'twas a calm, holy, ecstatic outbreaking of two fond and trusting hearts, an intermingling of two gentle souls sanctified by love, a communion of the intangible by tangible means, a blending of heart with heaven, in which the latter had a manifest preponderance.

A Reputation In Peril.

Mrs. Gofrequent—You'll hear of trouble in the Higgamore family one of these days.

Mrs. Allears—Dear me. What is it?

Mrs. Gofrequent—I overheard my husband saying the other day that Higgamore was awfully stuck on May West.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. JOHN GORDON.

One of the Most Brilliant of the New Generation of English Women.

Among the most brilliant of the new generation of women in England who are winning fame as scientists and in other professions formerly regarded as open only to men, is Mrs. John Gordon. Before her recent marriage to the well-known Scotch physician Mrs. Gordon was known as Mana M. Ogilvie, and had won fame more than national as one of the foremost of British paleontologists. While this fame may have been partly due to the incongruity of association between the beautiful woman student and the dead relics of the past to which she devoted her name, there can be no question that her recognition as an authority in this branch of science would be justly due on the ground of merit alone. Her books on paleontology are known to students everywhere, and have won her the degree of doctor of science from the University of London, a very unusual honor to be bestowed upon a woman. Even while yet a student Mrs. Gordon gave promise of the brilliant future in store, capturing the gold medals and several scholarships at the Ladies' College of Edinburgh, and also at Heriot College in the same city. Her native Scotch town not providing sufficient opportunity for study, she went to London, and, after passing the preliminary South Kensington examinations, entered the scientific department of the London University. The most successful victory her industry won at the university was the gold medal offered for the best examination in zoology and comparative anatomy. During recent years Mrs. Gordon has devoted her time chiefly to the study of paleontology, conducting original research at Munich University and doing field work in the Alpine regions. It was there she met Mr. John Gordon, whom she recently married. Mrs. Gordon will not abandon her scientific pursuits.

MRS. JOHN GORDON.

The Doctor's Uncertainty.

The physician looked troubled.

"Do you know anything about the Browns?" he asked at last.

"What do you want to know?" inquired his wife. "I have met Mrs. Brown a number of times and she seems to be a very pleasant, well-bred woman, who——"

"Oh, I don't care anything about that," interrupted the physician quickly. "I was thinking about Mr. Brown's financial condition."

"I think he pays his bills very promptly."

"I know he does," exclaimed the physician, impatiently. "But is he really a wealthy man, or is he only moderately well off?"

"I don't see what business that is of yours," suggested his wife.

"I want to prescribe for his wife."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Nothing. That's just the trouble. She complains of a feeling of lassitude and all that, and I must humor her or lose all the business of the family."

"I don't just see——"

"Oh, of course you don't. You've been a doctor's wife for ten years, and you don't know anything about the business yet."

"But what effect can his wealth have upon your prescription?"

"Why, the whole thing depends upon that in a case like this. If I have no idea how much he is worth, how am I to know whether to advise a trip to Europe or a little exercise?"

The Devil's Dozen.

In all the civilized countries of the world thirteen is referred to as being somebody's "dozen." In America, Australia, Great Britain (present day) and several other lands that number is said to be a "baker's dozen." In Italy it is referred to as the "cobbler's dozen," there being a tradition that there was formerly a law which compelled cobblers to put twelve tacks or nails around the edge of a boot heel. Finally, when nails became cheap, a center nail was driven for "luck." That nail was, of course, the thirteenth, and in order to break the spell of that unlucky number, the number in the heel was never spoken of as being more than an even dozen. In old England thirteen was called "the devil's dozen," but exactly why is not known.

The Pope's Book Not In It.

Mgr. Merry del Val, the Pope's private chamberlain, denies that a book of Pope Leo's is in the Index Expurgatorius. The author of the book on the sanctification of the blood of the Virgin was not Cardinal Pecci, but a canon of the cathedral of Perugia when the Pope was Archbishop, who wrote the book while insane. It was published without authority, and the Archbishop did his best to suppress it even before it was put in the Index.

IT WILL COME BACK.

The Return of the Bustle an Edict of Fashion.

Announcement has been made that the bustle is to be revived. In its incipient stages it has already appeared. The obnoxious little accessory of woman's toilet, which for the past five years has been in disuse, is no longer to be ignored. A premonition of the renewed interest in the formidable little pads which supplied nature's deficiencies was given when padded hips came in.

A tiny roll measuring about 8 inches across and 4 deep is to be inserted in the dress skirt. Since the abolition of haircloth it has become necessary to substitute something which will fill the requirements and hold out the ripple skirt of a Louis Seize coat. The bustle seems to fulfill the mission admirably.

M. ADRIAN LACHENAL.

The Newly Elected President of the Swiss Republic.

M. Adrian Lachenal, the new president of the Swiss republic, was born in Geneva, in 1841. He was educated in the gymnasium, and afterward graduated from the university with high honors. He entered the profession of law, and from the beginning achieved success, the proceeds of his practice affording him a start in life. He is a splendid orator—a good voice, classic features and splendid figure contributing to his success in this direction. He first became a member of the government in 1892, when he was chosen by the federal assembly to succeed Numa Droz, an illustrious statesman, as secretary of the department of the exterior. He is radical in politics.

M. ADRIAN LACHENAL.

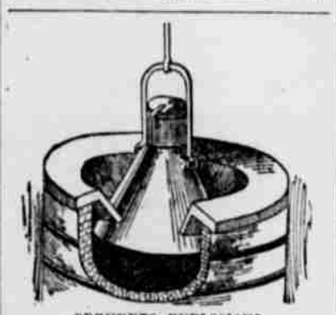
TO PREVENT EXPLOSIONS.

Something New for Effective Use in Blast Furnaces.

To prevent damage to blast furnaces by the explosions that frequently occur in the top of the stack, from the ignition of accumulated gases, the improved bell represented in the accompanying illustration has been devised and patented.

The bell, seated in the hopper, has a perpendicular cylindrical extension at the top of which is an outwardly opening pivoted door valve, which is adapted to be opened automatically by the force of accumulated gases or explosions.

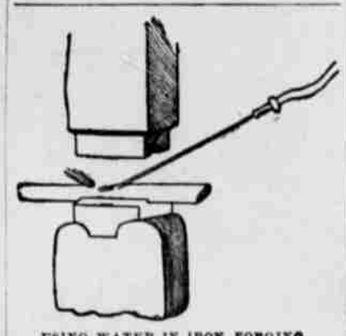
The bell extends approximately half its length above the top of the hopper when the bell is in closed position, and when the bell is in the lowermost position its upper cylindrical portion projects above the upper surface of the hopper, and all danger of the valve's being clogged or affected by the contents of the hopper is avoided, the valve being thus free to operate at all times.



PREVENTS EXPLOSIONS.

The Use of Water in Forging.

The forging of round steel bars under the steam hammer has been perfected to such a degree that even thin bars of tool steel may be forged without trouble. To give a polished surface to the steel a new procedure is being applied in some German foundries. By directing a thin stream of water upon the surface of the steel immediately exposed to the blow of the hammer, the oxide forming on the surface through the action of the blow is chipped off, and the burning in of the oxide is thereby prevented. The surface of steel thus forged presents the appearance of finely polished tool steel.



USING WATER IN IRON FORGING.

Coffee Growing.

"Coffee growing exhausts the soil so utterly that the land must lie fallow afterward," explained our guide, during a tour of Jamaica. "'The saltpeter has got into the coffee, sah,' is the niggers' favorite expression when they pull up a tree to show you that it is rotten at the roots. Now, considering that there is no saltpeter in the whole island, how and whence they ever got their idea of its qualities is a mystery to me."

The process of preparing coffee berries for market was now briefly explained to me by this kind acquaintance. When gathered, red and round as cherries, the berries are subjected to the only machine used throughout the work. This is not unlike a nutmeg grater, or graters, which free the twin beans inside the berry from their fleshy covering, leaving them clean and blue. They are then sun dried, and on the best plantations this is done by spreading them on barbecues, or cement terraces, sloped so as to allow the rain to run off quickly, having gutters all around and one raised place in the middle. The beans are raked constantly to expose all of them in turn to the sun, but should there be any signs of rain coming over the sky the whole crop is gathered with haste into a heap in the raised center, and a shelter house on wheels is drawn over the berries while the bad weather lasts. Last of all, the berries are hand picked with care, and the finest are put aside.—Cornhill Magazine.

Practical Advice.

"Keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded, and, forbye, it makes them far madder than onything else ye could say."—London Tit-Bits

HERO IN BLUE CLOTH

THE ODD CASE OF POLICEMAN GRIFFENHAGEN OF NEW YORK.

He Stopped Three Runaway Horses Attached to a Fire Engine at the Columbian Celebration In New York—Did Not Show Any Peculiar Symptoms at First.

Roundsman Edward E. Griffenhagen, who has been undergoing treatment in Austria for a nervous malady that has puzzled physicians in this country and in Europe, returned to New York six weeks ago. Griffenhagen was anxious, because of the notoriety that his case has gained, that his arrival should not be known, and although he has since appeared before the Academy of Medicine few of his old friends on the police force know that he is in this country. The profound physical shock from which his illness dates was received on Oct. 12, 1892, during the Columbian celebration in New York, through an act of heroism that won him promotion. Griffenhagen was at that time a patrolman, and he was assigned to duty on that day in Union square on the line of march of the big parade.

As the New York fire department division wheeled into sight after the Grand Army posts engine 9, one of the largest in the city, swung out of the line of machines on either side of the street and into the open space in the middle. Three big bays drew it, and the driver made the turn from Fourth avenue into the plaza with his horses on the gallop. From the press stand it looked like a little fancy exhibition. That was the way it impressed everybody at first. Down between the lines dashed the three bays, and before it passed the cottage stand the driver shouted to a policeman:

"They've got the bits."

The three bays went plunging by as if to a fire. Union square and the side streets, except for the narrow line through which the parade was moving, were packed with thousands of spectators. Policeman Griffenhagen, who was on the north side of the plaza, heard the driver's cry. As the galloping horses approached, he took a short run and jumped for the bridle of the off horse.

Griffenhagen caught the bit with his right hand. Had he not been a well trained athlete his jump might have landed him beneath the horses' feet. The policeman held on, and the bays tore ahead as if nothing had happened. Griffenhagen was dragged for half a block. Sometimes he was swinging in the air. That was when the big bay would throw his head high up. At other times his legs were swinging under the horse's body. The policeman's grip was firm. As the heavy engine approached Seventeenth street two dozen policemen, who had been keeping the crowd back, sprang forward and fell on the bays. The horses tore along for 50 feet more, and then came to a stop. They were halted within a dozen feet of the crowd that could not be pushed back any farther. Griffenhagen was the last man to release his hold. He was made a roundsman on the following day in recognition of his bravery.

Griffenhagen received no physical injury, apparently, beyond a severe nervous shock. Dr. Charles E. Nammack, surgeon of police, in describing his case in the last number of The Medical Record, says:

"One week later he was obliged to consult his family physician on account of a severe pain in the chest. He was treated for two months without relief, and then went to Dr. Loomis, whose diagnosis was strain and shock, and who ordered him absolute rest. In the spring of 1894 he consulted Dr. C. L. Dana, who advised him to go to Germany for hydropathic treatment. He accordingly obtained leave of absence, went to Europe, and saw Dr. Luyden of Berlin, who sent him to Thalheim.

Griffenhagen is now 34 years old and apparently in good health. His case is one of traumatic neurasthenia and its symptoms are unique. When a reporter saw him, he was walking in the lane back of his house. His weight has fallen from 230 pounds to 185. Before joining the police force Griffenhagen was a gymnasium instructor in Providence, and he says his 230 pounds was mostly bone and muscle.

Griffenhagen remained on duty for a short time after his promotion, and then the symptoms that indicated the seriousness of his nervous shock began to develop. He first noticed a diminished power of persistent mental and physical application. Then came nervous irritability and mental exaltation. The reiteration of the story of his heroism worked him up to a pitch of excitement foreign to his temperament. He suffered from pain in the chest and weakness in the legs. Griffenhagen was slow to yield to these symptoms.

When Griffenhagen was examined a month ago, it was found that his pain and temperature sense was normal. His tactile sensibility is impaired, however. He cannot distinguish a pencil point from the end of his finger.

His hearing is not diminished, but he cannot listen to band concerts, which he formerly enjoyed, without pain. His heart action is weak, and his muscles are easily fatigued. A slight irritation of his skin leads to persistent redness. Dr. Nammack says: "The diagnosis in this case lies between traumatic neurasthenia, traumatic hysteria and simulation. The last was excluded by the absence of motive therefor, absence of striking symptoms and absence of efforts to exaggerate existing slight symptoms. Hysteria was excluded by the absence of anæsthesia or other stigmata of hysteria, such as paralysis, contracture or spasm, and absence of paroxysmal phenomena. Although the case has now continued for over three years, improvement has been slowly progressive. He has had none of the vexations and excitement incident to medico legal cases of this character."—New York Sun.

His Insatiable Appetite.

The British lion has decided that the time has come to gobble up lower Siam. Perhaps this rich morsel may somewhat satiate his appetite, and lead to a more tolerant feeling toward Venezuela.—Boston Journal.

To Insure Cyclists.

A bicyclists' accident insurance company has just been organized in Westfield, Mass. It proposes to insure bicycle riders against all manner of accidents met with while riding their machines.

HER FIRST PATIENT.

A Beautiful Incident In the Childhood of Florence Nightingale.

There is a beautiful incident related of Florence Nightingale, when she was a child. It shows that God had already planted within her the germ which was to develop so beautifully in after days.

Her first wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt and apparently broken its leg by throwing stones, and it had been decided to hang it to put it out of its misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying, in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap." It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand the large, intelligent head.

To the vicar, he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing he at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persuasively telling him that it was "all right." Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur, much as a mother does over a sick child. "Well," said the vicar, rising from his examination, "as far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down." "How do you foment?" asked Florence. "With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," answered the vicar. "Then that's quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil."

There was no hesitation in the child's manner. She was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course. "But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar. "Not if you tell them I'm here," answered Florence, "and my sister and one of the maids can come and take me home in time for tea, and," she hesitated, "they had better bring some old flannel and cloths; there does not seem to be much here. But you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?" "Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl. And soon the fire was lit and the water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd's had been discovered in a corner, which Florence had deliberately torn in pieces, and to the vicar's remark, "What will Roger say?" she answered, "We'll get him another." And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress and spent all that bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.—Everywhere.

USES OF OZONE.

Valuable For Artificially Aging Liquor or Seasoning Wood.

Ozone is now practically applied for several purposes. Experiments with it have shown that it will artificially age brandy, whisky, sweet and hard wines and liquors. Ozone will also improve coffee by rendering harmless oily beans. The aroma of tobacco is also considerably improved by the application of ozone. The latest application of it is for rapid seasoning of wood for sounding boards of musical instruments, which for the purpose is left in a hermetically closed, heated room from 12 to 24 hours, ozonified air being freely introduced into the room. It seems that this process will harden the wood, increase its resistance against the influence of temperature and moisture and give it considerably more acoustic or resounding quality.

Another recent application of ozonified air is that of the thickening of linseed oil for the manufacture of linoleum, which by the old process took several months. By the liberal use of ozone linseed oil is now thickened to the required consistency within a few days. Most remarkable, however, is the advantage of employing ozone for bleaching linen, since the time employed is less than one-third of the bleaching process by sunlight, not considering that this latter is dependent both upon the season and the weather. The ozone process of bleaching renders the work absolutely independent of outside influences. Ozone has also been found very valuable in chemical and technical processes, particularly in the production of pure derivatives of starch, for instance, soluble starch, dextrin, crystal gum, etc. Here the ozone is instrumental in taking away all the matter which causes the dark color, bad odor and taste.—Philadelphia Record.

Hotel Kleptomaniacs.

I was talking to a hotel clerk, and he said: "Talk about kleptomaniacs at dry goods stores, they are scarcely a circumstance to those at a first class hotel. People who cheerfully pay $5 a day for board will steal a 10 cent cake of soap and put themselves to a great deal of trouble to do it. But the principal things guests take are towels, and the collection of those articles has become a regular fad. They are taken as souvenirs of the hotel, and a lady who has traveled a great deal will have a whole trunkful with the names of the hotels on them. This is conclusive proof that they have stopped at those houses, and a person whose towels bear the marks of hotels throughout the civilized world is to be envied as possessing a most interesting collection of mementos. A few napkins are taken and occasionally spoons. Door keys and checks used to disappear in great numbers, but none of these equals towels in the eyes of collectors of hotel souvenirs."—Washington Star.

A Blighted Life.

"Farewell forever, then," cried the weeping girl. "We part, but the sorrow of this shall sear my young life for aye."

In a paroxysm of grief uncontrollable she threw herself upon the couch as the street door slammed shut behind the haggard young man who had torn himself from her presence. Then hastily arising she brushed away the traces of tears and went down to match that lovely piece of heliotrope.—New York Herald.

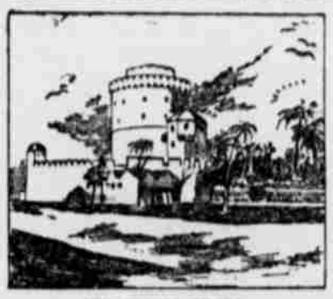
She Was Chairman.

Rev. Henrietta G. Moore, minister of the Disciples church and member of the board of education of Springfield, O., was greeted with great enthusiasm when she was introduced as chairman of the last Ohio state Prohibition convention, a political honor never before assigned to a woman. Men and women stood up waving hankerchiefs and cheering with might and main. During her address of nearly an hour she was frequently interrupted by applause. The convention passed a strong woman suffrage resolution.

ANCIENT CITY OF SALONICA.

Chief City of One of Turkey's European Provinces.

Accompanying sketches of the White Tower and Mosque of St. Sophia, in the important city of Salonica, on the borders of Albania, a province of Turkey, may be regarded as illustrating the aspect of some chief European provinces of the Ottoman dominion. These are likely to be involved, not less seriously than those of Asia Minor, or Anatolia, with Armenian and Syria, in the general confusion and strife of different races and religious communities, and the armed intervention of foreign powers, by which the very existence of the Sultan's empire is menaced with disruption. Macedonia especially, with its population divided between Turks, Greeks and Bulgarians, occupying a large territory which intervenes between Roumelia, the proper European Turkey, and the Mussulman province of Albania, has for many years past been in a very disturbed condition. To the north of it lies the almost independent principality of Bulgaria; to the south, in Thessaly, it is approached by the kingdom of Greece.



THE WHITE TOWER.

The military forces of Bulgaria, if its ruler were enabled, by more favorable political relations with either of the great powers, Russia or Austria, to undertake such an enterprise, might possibly be sufficient to conquer a portion of Macedonia, with the facilities afforded by the geographical situation.

The whole internal policy of this unhappy empire, in default of equitable and efficient domestic rule, is to support itself, with its official agents of fiscal extortion, upon the mutual animosities of its diverse races of subjects, who are allowed to outrage, plunder and massacre each other, so long as the pashas can make up rich purses for their own private emolument, and the palace on the Bosphorus has unfailing luxury. Improved administration is no more sought and attempted than the conciliation of hostile nationalities and religious creeds.

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

A Fagin in Real Life.

Theodore Grant, a New York Fagin, was convicted of teaching boys to steal. He had been arrested with three of his pupils, Morris Jonkofsky, aged 9; Louis Silverbloom, 8; and Samuel Hallowitz, 13. "He stole," little Jonkofsky told Justice Hayes, "and he taught us kids to steal. We would take things out of each other's pockets. Mostly we were 'shades' and 'workers.' He did most of the 'picks' himself. I used to go up in front of a woman and knock something out of her hand, and stand so she couldn't pick it up easily. Then Grant would pick her pocket from behind. When there was a crowd we would 'shade' Grant. He did the work while we crawled around so people couldn't see."

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the justice.

"When I was pulled by de cops dis kid had just touched a pocket, but I wasn't in de job," said Grant.

"This is Fagin and Oliver Twist in real life," said the justice. "The sentence of the court is that you be confined in the penitentiary for one year on each of the three complaints against you."

Edna Lyall's "Dream Children."

The famous English authoress, Edna Lyall, writing of her life and early literary influences and work in Ladies' Home Journal, says: "From the early days of my authorship up to the present time there has always been a story on hand, and writing has become so much a part of my life that it is difficult quite to understand what life without a vocation would be like, or how people exist without 'dream children.' They cost one much suffering, and bring many cares and anxieties; they are not what we could wish, and we are conscious of their faults. Still they are our 'dream children,' and when they cheer the dull or interest the overworked there comes a glad sense that it has all been worth while, and we are thankful that the gift was given us."

Alaska Journalism.

A newspaper is soon to be published away up on the edge of the Arctic circle, in Circle City, the new mining town of Alaska. Until now people on the Yukon have had to depend for their news on their neighbors, the nearest newspaper office being many hundred miles away. The paper is to be a weekly, and the printing plant is to be shipped shortly.

Up to Date Advertising.

Two recent new things in window displays have been seen in New York—one, a man wearing the costume that is the trademark of a brand of cigarettes sitting in the window and smoking cigarettes; the other, a man wearing a fancy coat with lace at the sleeves, and a paper crown, and a false nose, sitting in the window of a Broadway tailor shop sewing on a coat.

A Hobo Hotel.

Springfield, O., has erected a "hobo" hotel, which was formally opened the other night, and 15 weary ones occupied it.

MODERN BLACK ART.

IT IS SAID TO OUTDO "THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS."

The Three Ways of Casting a Spell—How Toads and Wax Images Are Employed. One Method Is Quite Fin de Siecle—Men of Learning Believe In the Rubbish.

Modern occultism, or, to put it in diplomatic costume, l'occultisme moderne, is becoming decidedly aggressive, to say the least of it, if we are to believe La Revue Illustree. Strange as the news may appear, it is nevertheless reported that the black art is flourishing fiendishly both in Europe and America.

Casting a spell upon an individual, or, as they say on the Bowery, "hoodooing a fellow," has not, according to La Revue, fallen into innocuous desuetude. We all remember the scene depicted by Alexandre Dumas in "Reine Margot," in which the perfumer of Catherine de' Medici plunges a golden needle into the heart, or rather the place where the heart ought to be, of a little wax statuette modeled in the image of King Charles IX. But the magicians of the present day have brought modern improvements into the art. They practice three kinds of hoodooism, according to the caprice of the client and the degree of hatred with which he is possessed. In one they use a toad, in another a doll and in a third they operate a l'esprit volant, or, in other words, they remove the spirit and place it temporarily just where they want it.

Here are the prescriptions for the three methods: You take a road, male or female, according to the sex of the person whom you wish to reach. You baptize it as you would a child, giving it the full name of your enemy. While you are committing this sacrilege you must endeavor to work yourself up into a paroxysm of hatred toward your victim, and you must sandwich the sacramental words with the most horrible imprecations. Then you inflict upon the toad all the tortures that your imagination can suggest, for your enemy is bound to suffer correspondingly.

If you take an eye out of the toad, your enemy will lose an eye, etc. In America, according to La Revue, the Black Crooks have recourse to a more summary expedient. They bury the toad at the threshold of the residence of the person selected for a victim, with the result that he dies as if suffocated.

The doll method is the most ancient and the most classic. It requires a wax figure called a "manie," resembling the victim as much as possible. It is also necessary to have some little objects that belonged to the victim, or, better yet, one of his teeth, portions of his nails or one or two hairs of his head. You mix these things in with the wax of the doll and baptize it. Then, just like the poisoner of Catherine de' Medici, you stick a pin into the figure. If at that moment your enemy is even flirting with a young woman, he immediately begins to suffer from palpitation of the heart, naturally enough, if he does not die from suffocation.

The proceeding l'esprit volant is the latest improvement in this science, and it is the child of hypnotism. In order to execute it you must have a subject whose astral body, which we are told is of a fluid nature, will abandon the material body on your order and transport itself toward your victim. It slips into his veins the poisons which you have learned how to volatilize. The operation terminated, you return the astral body to its carnal dwelling, and you rouse the subject. The crime is committed without anybody in the world being able to accuse you, and you are left alone with your conscience. But the conscience of a Black Crook is particularly elastic.

Now, that is the way they work the machine, and La Revue refuses to reveal the places where the ceremonies are performed for fear of leading its readers into temptation. It is better, it says, to let them believe that the business of casting spells belongs to the domain of fables. But the surprising thing about it is that men of learning and apparently endowed with common sense indulge in this kind of rubbish.

Witnesses well worthy of belief have told extraordinary stories of a certain Colonel de Rochas—stories that can outdo the wildest inventions of the "Devil on Two Sticks." Colonel de Rochas, we are told, has discovered a method of "exteriorizing the sensations of individuals." Asmodeus used to put the souls of Christians who died impenitent into bottles, but M. de Rochas, more ingenious than Asmodeus, concentrates and dissolves in a glass of water the senses of enjoyment and of suffering of a subject previously magnetized. If this water is boiled, the subject writhes like St. Laurent on his gridiron, and if, on the contrary, the water freezes, the unfortunate victim becomes blizzardly cold.

Like the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," all this may not be as true as the Bible, but in these days of advancement why shouldn't the black art be reformed and rejuvenated?

Is There Water In the Sun?

Professor Janssen, the astronomer, has recently made a visit to the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, to make sure that the new telescope which has been carried there is uninjured. He took the opportunity to search in the spectrum of the sun for evidences of water in our great luminary. He found no such evidences. The very rare and dry air through which the observation was made, at the top of the mountain, gives this negative result much value. But it cannot be said that there is no water in the sun; only that none has yet been discovered in its constitution.

Short is the course of every lawless pleasure; grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits, scarce visible in joy's meridian height, but downward as its blaze declining speeds, the dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.—Milton.

One of the duties of the secretary of war is to cause all captured flags, standards and banners to be brought to Washington, where they are carefully preserved.

Getting Ready Their Robes.

Great religious excitement prevails in Knott county, Ky. One John Stavins claims a revelation from heaven directing him to preach the second coming is at hand. Great numbers attend his meetings, and it is said many are making white robes to ascend with him.