

WASTE PAPER

WASTE PAPER BASKET GETS OVER 3,500 TONS A YEAR.

Is Done with the Enormous amount of Correspondence that goes to the British Government—Ten to Twenty Tons a Day.

There is a waste-paper department in connection with the British Government offices in London, and a glance at the illustrations herewith will afford some idea of the enormous amount of correspondence and clerical work with the various offices of her Majesty's administration have to deal. The waste paper of the Government offices was an organized requisite of office-keepers and messengers, with the natural result that a small quantity of good paper was thrown away, and in cases large amounts of public property were systematically misappropriated. Not only was this the case, but the waste paper found its way into the hands of outsiders, sometimes with unpleasant consequences. On one occasion a pound of butter came from the grocer's wrapped in a document which revealed the character of a proceeding on the part of the Government which effectually destroyed the harmony of the home, and ended in the separation between husband and wife. In another case a man found a letter of a dead that he had executed several years before forming the head of a child's drum.

Repeated instances of the evils of the waste paper led to a Treasury minute in 1852, directing that all surplus and waste stationery should be collected and delivered to the controller of her Majesty's stationery office. Arrangements were then made to reduce the waste paper to pulp in the United Kingdom. The unfortunate result that some of the documents of much importance which had been sold to dealers in paper had to be brought back at a great cost. After this the paper was sent to Goldsmith Field's prison, where it was sorted and torn up small before being sold to dealers. But it was soon found that there were grave objections to letting the prisoners have the handling of state papers, and in 1855 the plan was finally abandoned. Premises were then secured in Earl street, Westminster, a large staff of sorters employed, and the whole of the Government waste paper dealt with under the eye of officials from the stationery office.

A writer in the Harmsworth Magazine has been compiling some statistics of the quantities of waste paper with which these officials have to deal, and how they are disposed of. Surrounding a large yard, to which a succession



ONLY ONE DAY'S WASTE.

trans bring loads of waste material every hour, are to be seen spacious warehouses and sorting-rooms, where a large staff of workers are busily engaged. At one corner stands a disused chapel, which on the occasion of our visit we found crammed to the ceiling with fifty tons of waste paper. Hitherto some 3,500 tons every year, the average receipts varying from ten to twenty tons. The contents of the waste paper basket for one year would outweigh forty-three eighty-one-ton guns. The day's accumulation is no small quantity, as may be seen from the illustration, especially when it is borne in mind that the paper is packed as tightly as possible into the sacks. Vast as the present quantity is, it is steadily increasing at the rate of eighty tons every year.

The paper received is of the most miscellaneous character, consisting of old letters, State documents, printed matter, old account-books, and the like, by far the larger quantity coming from the general postoffice. On receipt it is once handed over to the sorters, who



THE WASTE OF ONE WEEK.

Five miles of waste telegraph Morse instrument paper are contained in these bags.

Confidential documents receive careful and effectual treatment. They are taken by the officials to the cutting machine, where they are thoroughly sliced. When papers of an especially secret character are dealt with the middle section of each pile is taken out and placed in a separate receptacle from the rest. The cut fragments are then placed in charge of an officer to a paper mill, the locality of which is kept secret, and are there reduced to pulp under his eye.

In the case of ledgers and other account books, it is deemed sufficient to slice off the tops of the pages. The rest finds its way to the butter-factors, and even in its last stage is made to serve a useful purpose. No less than two and a half tons of these ledgers are received at the waste-paper office every week.

Another section of the waste-paper department contains the used ribbon from Morse telegraphic instruments. This pours in at the rate of fifteen hundred weight per week, measuring approximately 947 miles. In five weeks the quantity received is sufficient to form a continuous line from the Cape

TWO TYPES OF SADDLE HORSES.



The Missouri stallion Thornton Star, winner of the first prize at the St. Louis horse show in 1878.



The Kentucky gelding Frenchman, winner of the cup given by the National Saddle-Horse Breeders' Association for the champion saddle, at Lexington, in 1879.

to Cairo, thus realizing—though not in a very practical manner—Mr. Cecil Rhodes' magnificent plan for a trans-African telegraph line.

BOY OF QUEER SIGHT.

Missouri Lad Who Can See Only When in Utter Darkness.

Physicians in Columbia, Mo., are much interested in the case of Stanley Schaefer, 8 years old, who lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schaefer, in Columbia. The child is afflicted with a most remarkable optical deformity. He can see as well in total darkness as a person with natural sight can see in the light of day. He can walk into a dark room and find in a moment a pin or only other tiny object. Night is day for him, and day is night, for in the hours of daylight he is blind. His disposition and desires are largely influenced by his optical deformity. At night he is restless and full of life. In the day time he is more inclined to sleep.

His parents have some difficulty in restraining his desire to play and romp about during the hours of darkness. It is difficult for them to find safe amusement for him at midnight. All his little playmates are in bed, and the boy can derive but small pleasure in his loneliness. But at times he evades his parents and takes a lonely midnight ramble. He has been heard romping about the neighborhood of his home in the middle of the darkest nights with only a dog for a companion. Little Schaefer is a faithful student, and well advanced in his books. His teacher, however, is obliged to resort to unusual measures in instructing him.

During the daytime the child is often seen in the vicinity of his home, usually with a companion to guide him. At such times the eyes of the child are usually half closed. He gropes about like a blind person, and stumbles over the rough places unless guided by a faithful hand. When his friends greet him he knows them only by their voices.

When he concludes to read a while in the daytime, his proceedings are peculiar. After securing his book, the boy goes to a closet and takes from a hook a most remarkable contrivance. It is almost as large as the child himself—long, black, and in the shape of a funnel. Little Schaefer carries the



STANLEY SCHAEFER.

strange device to the place desired, puts it down with point upward, crawls under it, and reads. The design and purpose of the unique contrivance is, of course, to exclude the light. The child has been treated by some physicians and skilled oculists, but to no avail. Many kinds of glasses and spectacles have been tried, but always

with unfavorable results. The fact that the eyes of the patient since birth have been in their present condition makes the case all the more difficult. He was simply born with the sense of sight, so far as light and darkness are concerned, completely reversed. If a cure is effected and his sight brought into normal condition, it will be one of the most remarkable scientific achievements of recent years.

NOAH AND THE FLOOD.

The Deluge Described as Necessary to Prevent Overpopulation.

The building of the ark proves that the family of Noah must have possessed and transmitted a large inheritance of knowledge and skill in arts that were common to men before the flood. The magnitude and seaworthiness of that great specimen of antediluvian marine architecture—not less than 600 feet in length and 100 in breadth, and with its three decks, at least sixty feet in depth—is a conclusive testimony to a proficiency in the arts such as we should expect from the immense advantage at which men worked who had hundreds of years in which to accumulate skill, experience and methods, instead of dropping their life work as soon as well begun, like the artisans and engineers of the present day.

With lives ten times as long and vigorous as ours, how long would it have taken the antediluvians to fill up the eastern hemisphere, or both hemispheres? Allowing them the 1,650 years of Moses' chronology for a maximum, we shall stand aghast at our own figures if we take the smallest conceivable ratio of increase in computing the population engulphed by the deluge. At only three times the postdiluvian ratio, or 4.5 per cent, the population would have passed the present number of mankind in a little more than twelve centuries; and when that great day of destruction came, the flood would have found as its inconceivable prey a population four hundred times as large as the earth now sustains!

Although the antediluvian patriarchs, with their average lifetime of nine centuries, be assumed to correspond to our present "oldest inhabitants," who may average at most nine decades, we must still infer that in the general average of human life was, in like manner, ten times as long by nature before the flood as now. Of itself, this lengthened term must have several times multiplied the present ratio of increase in population. The much greater proportion of persons who lived to become parents, with the lengthened term of percentage in the individual, must have still further multiplied the ratio of increase.

After making all possible allowances, or even supposing no greater ratio of increase in the worst of the antediluvian centuries than has prevailed since, we are compelled to accept the Mosaic chronology as the longest that the limits of probability and of the capacity of the eastern hemisphere will bear. And not only so, but the deluge itself becomes another logical necessity. That utter destruction of all the families of the earth save one was the only alternative to an overcrowding of the earth—Salvation, organ of the converted Jews.

Says a physician: "One cause of baldness is great intellectuality." This would indicate that baldness is for the purpose of allowing the intellect to shine.

There is nothing like tight shoes to get people home early at night.

DEFECTS AMONG MEN.

VERY FEW SHOW PERFECT PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Uneven Arms, Shoulders, Hips and Legs Are Probably Most Numerous—Tailors, in Making Clothing, endeavor to Cover Up These Blemishes.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas the tailor wants him, as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to taking note in such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs as he knows being alike in length—touching the ground while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and gradually rises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistcoats off to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs. It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths. The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things else in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WEASEL.
And a Very Fierce Encounter It Proved to Be.
John Burroughs has some trouble in protecting his chickens from the weasels that lurk in the woods around his slab-sided cabin near West Park, on the Hudson. In the Century he thus describes an encounter with an especially pertinacious robber of his roost: "I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbor and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks past them, flying and screaming, closely pursued by a long, slim red animal, that seemed to slide over the rocks like a serpent. Its legs were so short that one saw only the swift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursuer and the pursued, and into the garden rushed the chicken by the wing, and weasel being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage glee that I had not felt for many a day I planted my foot upon the weasel. The soft neck underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his hold upon the chicken and seized the sole of my shoe in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefinger just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face.

What gleaming eyes, what an array of threatening teeth, what reaching of vicious claws, what a wriggling and convulsed body! But I had him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and dart fire from his electric, bead-like eyes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the weasel. But I knew what he did not; I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get the first blow, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape.

So I carried him, writhing and scratching, to a place in the road removed from any near cover, and threw him violently upon the ground, hoping thereby to stun and bewilder him and that the terror would rush in and crush that the terror recovered his wits. But I had miscalculated; the blow did him no good, and he was still too quick for the dog, and had him by the lip like an electric trap. Nip lifted up his head and swung the weasel violently about in the air, trying to shake him off, uttering a cry of rage and pain, but did not succeed in loosening the animal's hold for some moments.

When he had done so, and attempted to seize him a second time, the weasel was first again, but quickly released his hold and darted about this way and that, seeking cover. Three or four times the dog was upon him, but found

him each time too hot to be held. Seeing that the creature was likely to escape, I set my foot upon him again and made a flash of him.

Some Curiosities of Our Calendar.

A writer in the French scientific journal, La Science pour Tous, recalls certain curiosities of the Gregorian calendar. He writes: "Since the reform of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, no century can begin with a Wednesday, a Friday, or a Sunday. Also the same calendar can be used every twenty years. January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and December. February, March, and November also begin with the same day. New Year's day and St. Sylvester's day also fall on the same day, except of course in leap years. Each day of the week has served as a day of rest somewhere; Sunday among Christians, Monday with the Greeks, Tuesday with the Persians, Wednesday with the Assyrians, Thursday with the Egyptians, Friday with the Turks, and Saturday with the Jews. Finally, the error of the Gregorian calendar, compared with the actual course of the sun, does not exceed one day in four thousand years. As it is quite probable that neither you nor I shall ever verify this, we shall not risk very much by believing the statement."

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

At an assemblage of noted men a year or two ago a lawyer who conducts the legal business of a great railway system tried to "guy the parson" in the person of the late Bishop Williams of Connecticut by malicious quizzing. At last he said: "Why won't you get these railway managers to give you a pass over their roads, Bishop? You can pay for it by giving them entrance tickets into heaven." "Oh, no," gently replied the bishop; "I would not part them so far from their counsel in the other world."

Perhaps the worst recorded attempt at an escape from a conversational difficulty was made by a London East End curate, who specially cultivated the friendship of the artisans. One day a carpenter arrived in his room, and, producing a photograph, said: "I've brought you my boy's likeness, as you said you'd like to have it." Curate (rapturously)—How awfully good of you to remember! What a capital likeness! How is he? Carpenter—Why, sir, don't you remember? He's dead. Curate—Oh, yes, of course, I know that. I mean how's the man who took the photograph?

Judge Waddy, Q. C. of England, while on a circuit would sometimes occupy a local Wesleyan pulpit. On one occasion the late Sir Frank Lockwood arranged with a few kindred souls to attend a local chapel where "friend Waddy" was to lead the service. They entered and occupied a front seat under the very nose of the lawyer-preacher, who, eyeing them askance, solemnly gave out a hymn and concluded by announcing, "after which Brother Lockwood will offer prayer." During the singing, however, the learned jurist recollected that he had an important engagement elsewhere which doubtless saved both the congregation and himself a trying quarter of an hour.

Roy Bean, at one time Justice of the peace in Langtry, Texas, administered the law according to his own lights. He held court in his saloon, and it was his custom in minor cases to fine the defendant "drinks for the crowd" and adjourn court till the fine had been collected. One day he acted as coroner in the case of an unknown man found dead on the outskirts of the town. Nothing was brought out by examination beyond the fact that a revolver and two twenty-dollar pieces were found on the corpse, whereupon Bean pocketed both weapon and money, declaring that "the deceased came to his death through some unknown means, and inasmuch as it was guilty of carrying concealed weapons, against the peace and dignity of the State of Texas and this community, the court fines it fifty dollars."

Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well," followed, and when he presented his case to her father the old gentleman, metaphorically speaking, tore up the sod. His daughter was engaged, this new lover knew it, and if he didn't drop the matter just where it was he would either be thrown into the lake or pumped full of lead. The maiden thought a good deal of the man she had left behind, but the new infatuation was stronger, so an elopement was planned. When they went stealthily to the boathouse at night every craft was securely locked up except an Indian canoe. He was not an artist in propelling such a boat, but they "sailed" away. They kept close to the shore, but he grew overconfident, leaned suddenly toward her to renew some of his vows, and over they went. He managed to keep her afloat and shouted so lustily that the guide at a near-by camp rowed to the rescue.

She was soon stowed away beneath blankets, and he made the acquaintance of a lot of Southerners who had just arrived for hunting and fishing. He told his story, all were sympathetic and a messenger was hurried off into the country for a parson, as it was thought best to put an insuperable barrier in the way of the wrathful father. When the bride stepped forth for the ceremony one of the Southerners, pale and excited, rushed to her. She hesitated but a moment before falling into his arms. The parson did his work, but her first love was the bridegroom. The Detroitier admits that he made up his mind in a flash that he would rather be a bachelor than food for fishes.

"The Free German Rhine."
Nikolaus Becker, who wrote the patriotic song, "They Never Shall Have It," the Free German Rhine, is to be honored by a monument at Gelsenkirchen.

A good many men carry the burden of silly women folks.

COIN FOR UNIVERSE.

DEMAND FOR MONEY THAT WILL BE THE SAME EVERYWHERE.

Talk of a Cosmopolitan Coin Is Not New—How It Would Prove a Boon to Travelers and Traders in All Countries.

For many years commercial men of all nationalities have spoken and written on the subject of the introduction of a system of coinage which should have a universal standard. The proposition has failed to meet with success on account of the difficulty in persuading the people of different countries to abandon their own systems of coinage, which appear to them part and parcel of themselves as much as their language itself.

"The time seems approaching," said a financier, "when it will be possible and perhaps advisable for the great nations of the earth to meet in convention and adopt a coin which shall be cosmopolitan, the weight and fineness of which might be determined by the convention and the minting of which might be entrusted to a body of experts made up of representatives from all the nations who care to enter into the project. It may be some time before this comes about, yet it would greatly facilitate international business, especially large international transactions, which have come to be quite common. Such a coin would probably never supplant the coin local to the various countries in which also the cosmopolitan coin became current, yet with education being taking everywhere it ought not to be difficult to instruct the children in schools in the value of the proposed coin and give them practical illustrations in its use. Such a coin would not be welcomed enthusiastically by small traders in different countries who are wont to profit by the unfamiliarity of travelers with the coin of the realm and their natural bewilderment in attempting to fix in their minds the comparative value of articles considered in relation to the money they have always handled, but it would be a boon to the great traveling commercial travelers, to our globe-trotting commercial emigrants. The current is surely in the direction of a universal harmonizing of commercial interests and the elimination of all the little lucky cards and a relegation of all things and people in trade to a sound basis of intrinsic merit."

"The subject of a cosmopolitan coin is not a new one," said a member of a banking firm. "In some of the aspects of the case it appears to be very desirable. It has been suggested that the various commercial nations agree upon a gold coin, of uniform weight and fineness, to be given a name which would be understood in most of the countries agreeing to its coinage. Each country is to coin its own pieces and to be responsible for their accuracy. The coin is to have on one side the stamp or legend of the country coining it and on the other its universal name. It will readily be seen that with such a coin in universal use, both in practice and accounts, commercial transactions would not doubt be greatly facilitated. I do not look, however, for its early accomplishment. Its desirability is not sufficient to overcome the long established customs of the various countries so as to lead them to relinquish the names and styles of their various coins. Conservative England, for instance, with its cumbersome shillings and pence and adopt the decimal system of France, Germany, Italy and the United States. And it is not likely that the latter would give up their quick and handy decimal system for that of England. On the whole, the idea is a very good one, but, like many other good things—like the proposed metric system, for instance—impossible of accomplishment for various reasons at present."

CHANGED HER BRIDEGROOMS.
While Eloping with One She Found the Other.
There is a Detroitier who was a principal in one of the queerest elopements on record, declares the Free Press of that city. He was at a resort in the upper lake regions. Among the guests was a beautiful girl from the South, educated in a convent and unsophisticated as to the ways of the world. The Detroitier found her one day vainly trying to cast a fly and taught her the trick. It took time; he did not believe in crowding her education, and they became very friendly. A natural result followed, and when he presented his case to her father the old gentleman, metaphorically speaking, tore up the sod. His daughter was engaged, this new lover knew it, and if he didn't drop the matter just where it was he would either be thrown into the lake or pumped full of lead.

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A Profitable Dream.
It may not be generally known that the invention of the automatic lock-brake for carriages was the result of a wonderful dream. The inventor, a man named Springer, had been puzzling over a means whereby the driver of a carriage need not get down to put on the brake, but might do so through the action of the horses, and was completely baffled. Shortly afterwards he had a dream, in which he himself used this lock-brake when driving down a hill. On awakening he remembered perfectly how it had been worked, and immediately applied for a patent. The first year of its use brought him in no less than \$75,000.

A Seaman's Precaution.
Mrs. Sharpe—That was a queer idea of Commodore Wise to have his sextant and his chronometer brought to his deathbed.

Mr. Sharpe—He was evidently afraid to cross the Styx by dead reckoning.—Jewelers Weekly.

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Nikolaus Becker, who wrote the patriotic song, "They Never Shall Have It," the Free German Rhine, is to be honored by a monument at Gelsenkirchen.

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GAMBLER ON A NUGGET.

Clever Guesswork Which Netted a Man \$2,500.

"Did you ever have a big piece of pure luck when you really needed it badly?" said one who is at present a high railroad official. "I did once, and never again. It happened in Denver in 1882. I was broke, I had just come out of the hospital after a long tussle with pneumonia and I was unable to do manual labor, which was the only thing I could find. One afternoon, when things were at their very worst, I was sitting in the old Charplot Hotel and overheard two men talking very secretly about a big strike in some mine. I inferred from their conversation that it was somewhere in the San Juan district, but they didn't mention the exact location or the name of the property.

"When they went out I noticed a tiny piece of ore lying on one of the chairs, where it had evidently been dropped while they were examining some specimens. It was brown quartz, literally full of gold. It was ore that made a fellow's heart jump just to look at it, and while I was turning it between my fingers it all of a sudden flashed into my mind that it must have come from the 'Lady Alice.' They had taken such stuff from it once, but the vein had 'pinched out,' and the property was supposed to be N. G. Its stock had dropped to nothing.

"Of course it was only a guess," continued the speaker, "and there were several hundred chances that it wasn't the Alice at all. I did some quick thinking. There was a banker up town who owned a lot of Alice stock, and in two minutes I was on my way to his office. 'Look here,' says I, 'my I finally got into his den, I have information worth a lot of money to you; what is it worth to me?' 'Not a cent down,' says he, promptly, 'but 10 per cent. If I get it, I handed him the piece of ore; it was about as big as the end of my thumb. 'They've struck that in the Lady Alice,' says I.

"To my surprise he turned as pale as death and yelled for a clerk. 'Run after Smith!' he bawled, 'and bring him back with that stock!' Smith, it turned out, was the messenger, and was then on his way to deliver a bundle of Alice stock for which the banker had just been offered a couple of hundred dollars. He had thought it a good trade until he saw my ore. Smith came back and the banker tried his best to pump me, but I wouldn't tell him any more. If he had known I was only guessing he would have kicked me out, but the fates were with me. The next day the news of the discovery got to the public; it was Alice, sure enough, and the stock went scotching skyward. Meanwhile the fellows in on the secret had bought up all they could. My banker scooped in a big pot of money and I got \$2,500 for my share."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Crushing of Jack Larkins.

More cruel treatment was never accorded to anybody than that meted out by Miss Jennie Smithkins to Jack Larkins. Mr. Larkins is the stenographer and corner-stone of a wholesale grocery house and Miss Smithkins is taking a course in oratory at the university. Both of them live on 57th street. Miss Smithkins has blonde hair and innocent blue eyes. Lessons in elocution and Delsarte have taught her to talk with her eyes and smile with her reddish hair. Larkins was captivated as he passed the Smithkins home on his way to the Illinois Central station. They had never spoken except with their eyes, and Larkins not being as well up in Delsarte as Miss Smithkins, may not have said all that he thought he did. When he judged the acquaintance was well established, he wrote Miss Smithkins a note. He received no answer. Another note met the same fate. The third was found pinned to a lamp post next day just in front of Larkins' boarding-house. Seventeen people in the house had read it before Larkins suspected what the fun was about. There, on violet-blue note paper, with Miss Smithkins' name cut out, was Larkins' touching epistle, in which he compared his auburn-haired lady to "a star," declared that she "had broken his heart," and wanted to know when, if ever, she intended to answer his note and fly with him from stern parental objections.

"I get a salary of \$18 and work for you," Jack Larkins, was the way the letter concluded. Larkins has changed his boarding place. Miss Smithkins is still practicing Delsarte.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The right to read medical books to the jury for the purpose of proving the symptoms of disease is denied in Bixby vs. Omaha & C. B. R. Co. (Iowa), 43 L. R. A. 533, although they are admitted to be standard books, where they have not been referred to by witnesses whose testimony is to be contradicted by them.

The rule that freedom from contributory negligence must affirmatively appear and is not presumed is adhered to in McLean vs. Perkins (Me.), 43 L. R. A. 487, in case of the drowning of employes while going to their work in an old punt with a crack in one side caulked with waste and a part of one end split off, when they were all drowned, and there is no evidence as to the cause or manner of such accident.

The acceptance by a defendant in a divorce suit, over whom no jurisdiction was obtained, of the decree rendered and his remarrying are held in Hocking vs. Pfaff (C. C. A. 1st C.), 43 L. R. A. 618, insufficient to stop him from disputing the validity of a subsequent ex parte proceeding in the divorce suit by which the judgment is opened and a decree for alimony entered against him.

Harvesting Potato Bugs.
A light bushel basket is the surest and quickest way of getting rid of potato bugs, in wet weather at least. The bugs can be shaken off the vines into the basket in about half the time it takes to Paris green them.

Color Due to Bacteria.
A scientist of Rio de Janeiro states, as a result of protracted and patient investigation, that the color and scent of flowers are due to bacteria and that these germs are often of a kind that must be harmful to human beings.

The practical man devotes but little time to preaching.