

WAR ON THE LOCO WEED

Government Investigating Plant That Makes Animals Indulge in Antics.

EATING PLANT IS A HABIT.

Operation of the Poison Causes Four-Footed Victims to Become Dangerous for Man's Use.

No longer are the mustang and the cayuse of the plains to become "plumb locoed" if the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture has its way. The term "plumb locoed" has been a sort of stock phrase in the range literature ever since the cowboy first noted the peculiar actions of a horse, cow or sheep resulting from an overindulgence in the loco weed, which abounds in the range country from Texas to Montana. The word "loco" is of Spanish origin, meaning crazy, and has been popularly applied to the disease which robs an animal of its muscular co-ordination, causing it to do all sorts of fancy antics, and finally results in the animal starving itself to death.

The bureau of plant industry has been investigating the purple and white loco weed, says a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. One of the peculiar characteristics of it is that the pods, when dry and full of seeds, rattle as a person passes through a patch, making a sound that resembles the warning of a rattlesnake. Ordinarily neither horse, cow nor sheep will eat the weed if it can find any other food.

Loco-weed eating becomes a sort of habit with an animal once it has tasted of it. The operation of the weed on the system of an animal scientifically bears out the fiction which ascribes to a "plumb locoed" animal all kinds of fool antics.

The first symptom of loco poisoning in horses is often a change in the general condition of the animal. If high-lived the animal becomes somewhat dull. Following this, irregularities in its gait and in its mode of eating appear. The irregularities in the gait may be due partly to weakness and stimulate a paralytic affection. The horse drags its feet more or less, this being particularly noticeable in the hind legs. Associated with this paralytic condition is an apparent loss of muscular co-ordination.

If a locoed horse is used either in riding or driving, this lack of muscular co-ordination may make it extremely dangerous, as such a horse shies violently at imaginary objects, cannot readily be led or backed, and if started in motion is inclined to go in an automatic fashion at the same gait until stopped by some obstruction. In the later stages of the disease the animal loses flesh, its coat becomes rough, and eventually it ceases to eat, and dies.

FACTS ABOUT ARSENIC.

Poisoning of Cows Leads to Foundation of Prosperous Mine.

Arsenic is mined in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, England and within a limited area in the United States. Its uses are many. As a poison it has been known from very early times. The peasant women of Austria consume large quantities of it, having faith in its virtues as a beautifier, and the men of the same region are addicted to its use in the mistaken belief that it increases their bodily strength and endurance.

Arsenic is a useful mineral. It is used in the manufacture of glass, white metal, Paris green and a great variety of paints, in printing calico, in making toilet soaps, cosmetics and complexion powders; in the manufacture of fireworks and as a constituent of many alloys. For these and similar purposes between 5,000 and 6,000 tons are imported into the United States every year. The average value of white arsenic may be placed at about \$85 per ton.

It was only a few days ago that arsenic ore was discovered in Virginia; then the mountain top around the present mining town of Brinton was almost an unknown wilderness. The story of its discovery is most interesting. A farmer, among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains, had cleared a new field there for the pasturing of his cows. Before long the animals sickened and died. At first it was thought that the trouble lay in a spring which bubbled from the rocks in apparent purity. Upon analysis it was found that this water contained arsenic in such quantities as to render it dangerous either to man or beast. Upon this chance hinged the founding of a prosperous mining town, that of Brinton, which speedily became a busy center of industry. This

mine is located at the summit of a mountain, 3,000 feet above the sea level.

The ore body averages 25 to 30 per cent pure arsenic. It is found in fissure veins, cropping out at the surface and extending into the earth for an unknown distance. Twenty distinct veins have been uncovered, outcropping for a distance of seven miles, so that the deposits are extensive enough to supply the needs of the United States when once the industry shall have been put upon an extensive basis.

From the time when the ore enters the crushers until the finished products reaches the caaks it is untouched by human hands. It is carried along from point to point by automatic arrangements through each process of manufacture. The impalpable dust and poisonous gases generated are so dangerous that the atmosphere of the plant has to be kept pure by artificial means. As a further precaution the works are provided with hot and cold baths, of which the men are required to make use as soon as their daily task is completed.

FOR A "GREEN" BELLBOY.

Nervous Hotel Guest, in Her Will, Rewards Satisfactory Service.

That Dame Fortune has not ceased to bestow her gifts on those who deserve them is shown by the experience of Michael Dunphy, who until a few weeks ago was a bellboy at the Argonaut in this city, a San Francisco dispatch to the New York World says. Last February Mrs. M. M. Potter, of Salem, Mass., arrived at the Argonaut, and being ill and nervous, was the bane of the "bellhops" of the hotel. Soon after her arrival "Mike" Dunphy, a green lad, was given a job on the bench, and his apparent greenness invited all of the difficult tasks of the bell boys' routine. Among other tasks that of waiting upon the querulous guest was shifted to "Mike."

He accepted the work gracefully and performed his duties in an exceptional manner, and when the guest left in the early part of June he was the recipient of many covert jibes from the rest of the boys on account of his willingness to oblige a non-tipping guest. He had his chance to laugh, however, when early in July he received a check for \$100 from Mrs. Potter.

About two weeks ago Assistant Manager George Dixon of the Argonaut received a letter from Brown & Carlisle, a firm of lawyers in Boston, saying that Mrs. Potter had died, leaving a bequest of \$2,500 for the faithful bellboy. A check for that amount was inclosed, cashed by Dixon and the money given to the lad, who immediately made arrangements for the purchase of a lot in the Richmond district and contracted for the construction of a home on it. With what he had left over he took his aged parents on a pleasure trip to Denver, where he now is.

His good luck did not end there. Yesterday Dixon received another letter from the law firm, stating that, on receiving his report of the lad's disposition of the \$2,500 they were ready to carry out a further provision of Mrs. Potter's will, to the effect that if the boy disposed of his check wisely he was to have a balance of \$47,500, making the total amount \$50,000. The letter further declares that the lad may draw on the law firm for money up to that sum, and asks that an inclosed letter to that effect be forwarded to him.

A Problem in Mathematics.

The town of Sturgis, in Mississippi, is the only round square town in existence. By legal enactment the circle has been squared, and the mathematician may now proceed to calculate the area of a square circle. In the laws of Mississippi for the year 1886, on page 682, is found the following:

"An act to incorporate the town of Sturgis, in Oktibbeha County, Mississippi.

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the legislature of the State of Mississippi that the town of Sturgis, in the county of Oktibbeha, is hereby incorporated and that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the quarter stake in front of Caleb Hannah's residence and running 600 yards in every direction, making said corporate limits 1,200 yards square."

Thus the circle is squared by the solemn declaration of the law.—Youth's Companion.

A Vacillating Fellow.

"What does your husband want for Christmas?"

"Oh, he can't make up his mind. That man doesn't even know what he wants for breakfast."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Deluded.

Many men suffer from the delusion that they are the masters in their own households. — Charleston News and Courier.

We always admire people who are good to the old. Wretchedness among the old is as common as happiness among the young.

THE WHITE FLAG.

I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
That night I should divine
The moment I should meet my love,
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose,
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamour,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; sure
I have been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.
—John Hay.

The Girl from Brownlow's

Brownlow, managing director of the emporium that bore his name, laid aside one letter from the morning's correspondence as deserving his personal attention, and when the manager appeared he indicated the batch with a jerk of the head.

"You can attend to all that lot yourself, Morton," he said. "There is nothing important excepting this. Crewson is returning from abroad after a three-year business tour, and asks us to furnish The Hollies at Nutford—regardless! The thing has to be done in a month's time, and everything must be in readiness for habitation. Bringing a wife home with him, I expect. Now, who do you suggest shall have charge and see the thing through?"

The manager considered thoughtfully.

"There is Miss Gordon," he said hesitatingly.

"Gordon?" queried the director.

"Yes. You remember Gordon, the merchant? He failed about two years ago, and caused a sensation by putting an end to his life."

"How long has she been with the firm?"

"Nearly two years. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"Right! Show her up!"

Brownlow scrutinized the girl as she nervously entered the private office.

"We have an important matter here, Miss Gordon, and as I hear good re-



"YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME?"

ports of your abilities, I feel disposed to trust you with the execution of it. Are you willing to undertake the responsibility?"

She nodded.

"Very good. There must be nothing showy and gaudy. I know our client's family, and if there is a comfortable, artistically furnished home in Lancashire it is the Oaks."

"The Oaks!" The girl let the words slip out with a little gasp.

"Yes; the Crewsons," he replied. And, he added, more kindly, "did you know them?"

"Yes. Her eyes filled.

"Never mind the past," continued Brownlow, with a touch of sympathy that surprised him. "See this thing through all right, and we'll look after you in the future."

She thanked him in a broken voice and staggered through the doorway.

At last she reached the little room she rented. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of a young man, whose smiling, handsome face had cheered her through long months of bitter struggle. But now the smile was a smile of mockery. With a white face she gazed long and steadily at it, and presently sobbed convulsed her.

"It's not just because he promised," she sobbed. "That's all over now. But to be forced to prepare the home for him and her—it's too hard!"

The next three weeks passed in a

SHOOTING MECHANICAL RABBITS.



BUNNY RUNS ON A RAILROAD AND LEAPS INTO AIR WHEN SHOT.

Rabbit-shooting for the tyro. Firing at a metal "running rabbit" at an "ecole de chasse," near Paris. It is claimed that, with the aid of this metal rabbit, which runs along rails on wheels by its own momentum, it is possible for anyone to become a practiced rabbit shot in a very short time. Realism is added to the movements of the rabbit in "life" by the fact that during its "run" it disappears behind bushes, behind small wicker arches, and so on. Realism is added to its "death" by the fact that, when hit properly, it leaps into the air and turns a somersault. Obviously, the rails are on sloping ground.—Illustrated London News.

whirl. Brownlow, for once, found himself contradicted, and his suggestions politely, but none the less decidedly, refused. Miss Gordon objected to be guided.

Before the stipulated time all was in readiness, and she would have returned to the shop. But Brownlow refused the permission, and, though she was terrified at meeting her old lover, she was forced to remain.

One morning the bell rang. Crewson had arrived. She started forward to obey the summons, and stopped, clutching the table for support. The bell rang again, and the little maid-of-all-work seized the opportunity of showing herself at the door.

Crewson entered with Brownlow, and made a tour of the principal rooms.

"Yes, I am very pleased with the house—very," she heard him say. "Everything has been done beautifully, and reflects great credit upon the person you put in to superintend matters. Only, unfortunately, it will have to remain unoccupied for a little time."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Things haven't turned out quite as I expected, and if you could arrange for one of your people to act as caretaker for a few weeks, it would relieve me immensely."

"And"—he approached the door—"you might instruct her to arrange the few things—photographs and ornaments I have picked up—as she thinks best."

The next moment he had gone, and she sat down with mingled feelings of pride—proud satisfaction that she had pleased him—and hopeless despair.

Two days later a box arrived and, unpacking it, she found his photo. With a stifled sob she arranged it conspicuously upon a cabinet, and gave her attention to the remaining articles.

The next morning the little maid was cleaning outside—when Crewson appeared.

"Is the caretaker in?" he questioned, and, receiving an affirmative reply, he entered unannounced. At the drawing room door he stopped. The caretaker had her back toward him, but in her outstretched hand she was holding his photo, and it seemed to him she was scrutinizing his pictured features with more than idle curiosity.

Presently she took a silver frame and fixed the photograph in it; then, placing it upon the cabinet again, she set beside it a similar frame without a photograph.

"For his wife!" she muttered sadly, and turning, she found his eyes fixed upon her. She uttered a little scream, and recovered her composure.

"Well—you?" he questioned bewilderingly.

"Yes." She bowed to hide her flushed face, and leaned heavily against the mantel to hide the fact that she was trembling.

"And you—you have furnished this house for me?"

"Yes." She choked back a sob, and continued. "I had to do it—or leave Brownlow's. And I couldn't do that without the probability of starving again."

"To think you have come to this!"

"We will not discuss my position, please." The tears were filling her eyes, but she spoke determinedly, and indicated the empty frame. "I have left that for—for your wife's photograph. And, now, can you tell me when my services will be no longer necessary?"

"Ah! Who told you I had married?"

"Mr. Brownlow said you were bringing a wife home from abroad."

"And knowing that, you—you—"

"I did my best for—the firm."

For a moment there was a tense silence. She stood with downcast eyes, vainly endeavoring to conceal her emotion, whilst Crewson took from his letter-case the photo of a girl.

"I presume that unless you obey my instructions now your position with the firm, as you call it, will be jeopardized?" he said.

"That is so. If there is anything—"

"Just one thing, please. If you will place that photograph in the stand you have reserved for my wife's, I think that will be all."

She got a glance at him, and swayed dangerously. For a few seconds she hesitated, and then stretched out her hand for the card.

"If you insist," she commenced, and stopped. The room appeared to whirl round, and her sight was blurred with unshed tears, but dashing them away, she looked at the photograph in her hand again. There was no mistake. It was a picture of herself.

"You mean you want me?" she sobbed.

For a moment he did not reply. He took her in his arms and kissed the tear-stained face until it glowed with eager happiness.—Answers.

Wonderful Clocks.

Five wheels and a small battery virtually constitute the mechanism of a wonderful clock just invented in England. It will run three years without attention, and at the end of that time all that is required is to attach a new battery.

Another new English clock enables the possessor to ascertain at a glance the mean time, the meridian and relative position of every part of the empire, besides being able to witness the actual speed and direction of the earth's rotation. The motive power is a clock in the base of the stand, and the apparatus requires winding only once a week.

All Dull.

Wife—Here's another invitation to dine at the Flatleys. What a bore those occasions are! Hub—Yes; even their dinner knives are dull.—Boston Transcript.

If you would keep your friends from your troubles to yourself!