

CRAZED BY PROSPERITY.

Too Much Success Drives a Musical Composer Mad.

The sad story of William Rob, the composer, who has just been placed in a lunatic asylum, from which, according to the doctors, he is unlikely ever to go out again, gives a striking illustration of the dangers of overprosperity. His story is very curious. Twenty years ago he led the life of an out-and-out Bohemian—not of an elegant imitator, cashless Arab of art. At that time he was the familiar of two singers, who had a tremendous reputation among the frequenters of the less reputable musical halls at Vienna. At their entertainment he was the orchestra, for the sole accompaniment in these places is the piano. Besides this, he could make for them the not very moral couplets with which they made their mark. The life might not be unpleasant, for though the wages were not good, and Rob often had to go all day without a meal, he could compensate for it at night. When his two "divas" were asked out to supper he went with them, and, by stuffing himself with good things and champagne, he made up for forced asceticism.

One evening a lucky thing happened to him. Somebody had suggested to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild that it would be amusing to visit one of these singing saloons; and he went. As is well known, he is a musical amateur, and particularly fond of Viennese music. So when chance brought him to the place where our trio were performing he paid little attention to the rather commonplace charms of the two sirens, while he noted with surprise the brilliant execution of their accompanist, who performed waltzes of Strauss and Laura as well as his own compositions in the interludes. Now, Rothschild had been thinking for some time of getting together a company of twelve first-rate musicians for his palace at Wilden, and the idea came across him—which he ultimately carried out—of installing Rob there as permanent chief. Here was a chance for the poor Bohemian. At the touch of a magician's wand he found himself transformed into splendid apartments, fashionably clothed, waited upon by servants, with his pockets full of money, and publishers clamoring for the rights of publishing his songs. His new patron was proud of him and took him to London, Paris and other places, got him to play before the Prince of Wales and otherwise made a lion of him. Everywhere the ex-pianist went about like a great lord; everywhere he was treated with the deference paid to wealth and the friends of millionaires. The change proved too great for his brain. The derangement of his faculties soon began to be shown by the development of extraordinary eccentricities. He developed an incredible refinement of taste, and even the table of the Baron de Rothschild was not exquisite enough for him. As to champagne, he gave over drinking it and used it externally. This got worse and worse. The Baron, who treated him as a spoiled child, thought to obviate the first symptoms of madness by traveling about with him to the Alps and elsewhere, but in vain. He got worse and worse, and eventually had to be handed over to a specialist, a sad case of a man's brain being overturned by prosperity.—London Globe.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

Rights and Benefits She Has Gained in the Past Century.

In Washington's time women had scarcely any rights or opportunities out of the domestic circle.

A married woman was a legal nonentity. The husband was the legal guardian of the wife, or rather he possessed all the rights of both. In law the twain were one, and that one was the husband.

To-day a wife is in many respects a distinct, independent being in law. She may acquire, hold, convey and will property. She may engage in business, carry on trade, make contracts. She may sue and be sued, may enforce her rights and defend them.

Both married and unmarried women have acquired political rights. In certain Territories a suffrage equal to that enjoyed by men has been conferred on them. In some States they may vote for certain officers and hold certain offices. Everywhere there is a growing tendency to enlarge the political rights of all women, as there is to enlarge the civil rights of married women.

Still more striking has been the opening of a vast and varied sphere for the occupation of women. In literature they have come to the front in large numbers. In trade and industry countless thousands are employed. They are found in office and store, in shop and factory. A large proportion of the sex have ceased to be dependents. They have become wage-earners and self-supporters. They are respected and honored for battling with the necessities of life and earning their own livelihood.

And this vast army of employed women and girls is destined to increase with every coming year.—N. Y. Herald.

—Florida people can hold their own in the way of titles. The Palatka Herald remarks: "Yesterday we made it our business to keep a record of the number of men in our town holding some sort of title, and in less than three hours the figures showed up six Generals, fifteen Colonels, eight Majors, nineteen Captains, ninety-eight judges, nine doctors and only twelve privates, and they were defeated candidates for office."

HANGING FEELS GOOD.

So Says a Young Man Who Has Gone Through the Experience.

I learned from the hotel clerk here, says a New York Herald correspondent at Elmira the other day, that a young plumber doing business on the principal street had once been hanged, and when cut down was thought to be dead. Here seemed a good chance to investigate from first hands the tortures of the operation which has relieved the State of so many of its ornamental citizens.

This young man's name is Miles Doyle. He is a fine, strapping fellow, a member of Assemblyman Bush's crack Twenty-sixth Company. He has always resided in Elmira, where his parents were among the first settlers long before it became a city.

The event which culminated in his hanging happened five years ago, and at the time attracted much attention from the local press, although his description of his feelings while dangling by the neck was never recorded. It was a school-boy's escapade. While chasing a rabbit through the grounds of ex-Alderman Hughes, he attempted to run over a raised platform upon which the housewives stand while hanging clothes upon a revolving reel. There is no date obtainable as to the length of time which ensued from the moment he ran upon the platform and the time when a servant girl opened the kitchen door and was horrified to see a young man, his face black and blue, dangling from the rope on this reel. One glance at the distorted features convinced her that the youth was dead, but she gave a shriek which called the neighbors to the scene.

Ex-Speaker Jere McGuire was among the first to arrive, and with considerable presence of mind cut young Doyle down and, with the assistance of Mrs. Hughes, proceeded to resuscitate him. At first it was thought life was extinct, but in less than half an hour he had been sufficiently restored to be conveyed to his home.

Such is the narrative of the occurrence, all the parties named being well-known residents of this community.

I found young Doyle at his mother's residence, 660 Columbia street. The young gentleman was making active preparations to join his military company. When I asked him what were his feelings while hanging he replied: "At first I experienced a slight wrench in the neck, but no pain followed it. I thought then that I had jumped from the top of a high building, and when going down I kept wondering when I was going to alight. Gradually the air seemed to thicken, and then I thought I wasn't going to fall any further, but that something under me kept me floating in the air. I could hear distant music, and a wonderful light flashed through the scene that made the whole place the most beautiful I had ever seen. I felt awfully happy, and when I recovered my senses my first thoughts were of resentment to the rude persons who took me away from my beautiful vision."

"I think hanging is about as happy a death as one can choose, if he's got to go."

A TANK INCUBATOR.

New Way of Hatching Chickens for the Philadelphia Market.

Not many spring chickens are being raised by incubators in Berks County, Pennsylvania, which clings to the old-fashioned way. But Mr. Hoch, of Oley, made a success in that line and introduced some new ideas. He makes his own incubators. He runs two of them this spring, the one having a capacity of 350 eggs and the other 100. His incubators are heated with hot water, the tank being immediately over the top of the drawer containing the eggs. Mr. Hoch claims that this is far better and safer than the oil-lamp heat. Each day, two or three times, he taps off a quantity of water and refills the tank with boiling water, enough to keep the temperature in the egg drawer at 103 degrees. When the eggs have been in the incubator five or six days they are tested, and Mr. Hoch says he can then tell whether they are fertile or not. The sterile eggs are thus removed and the good ones placed back in the incubator. At the end of the time required by a hatching hen—three weeks—the drawer is full of chicks, nearly every egg producing one.

"But where do you get a mother from to take care of the chickens?" asked an Eagle representative.

Mr. Hoch replied that he had a building for this purpose called a brooder-house. The building is forty-six feet long by ten wide and ten feet high. The side toward the east slants to within two feet of the ground, and is supplied with windows which, by means of a twine and pulley on the inside, are raised and lowered at will. Thirty-six feet of the house are divided into pens four feet wide, and in these the chicks are placed as soon as hatched. The floor of the house is double, with four inches of space between the two. In the space is a coil of inch pipe and the building is heated by the hot-water system. The water is heated in the ten-foot room at one end of the building. Instead of using a stove, as others do, to heat the water, Mr. Hoch merely walled in a coil of five one-inch pipes one foot long, with a fire-place beneath. In each four-foot pen a small tin pipe protrudes about two inches above the floor. Over this is placed an ordinary stool with four legs about three inches long. Around the outside of the stool is tacked a piece of calico, which hangs nearly to the floor. Under this stool the chicks gather and are as comfortable as under the wings of a hen and out of danger of insects.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

EAGLE VERSUS TIGER.

The Pleasant Experience of a Yankee Tourist at Monte Carlo.

I entered the gaming saloon immediately after a gentleman who had the air of a Yankee, and was no little surprised to notice an official, in swell uniform, approach the American, and, with a shrug of the shoulders in pure French style, intimate that visitors are not allowed to wear their hats while within the precincts of that sacred room. Of course, the "wide awake" was immediately put into a place for safe keeping. From this little incident, the Yankee was very much observed; but in the course of thirty minutes he became quite a hero. He soon approached the roulette table, and observed the play very closely, but apparently could not make up his mind to venture; and, in succession, he made a tour of all the roulette tables, but did not stake even a five-franc piece, which is the smallest coin accepted. Finally, he had his attention quite riveted to the gaming table where "Trente et Quarante" is the order of the day. This game is worked by a distribution of ordinary playing cards. Here the minimum stake is a Napoleon, and piles of gold are laid all over the table. Our Yankee friend inquired the highest stake the croupier would allow to be placed on the table, and was informed by a gentleman standing close to him that the amount was nearly equal to five hundred pounds in English money. I may here remark that in this game no odds are given; therefore the winners receive the exact sum staked—of course, in addition to the money ventured. "Well," said our Yankee visitor, "I guess I'll go for the swag;" and he did; and, to the amazement of the entire company, he came off a winner. The first winnings were coolly placed in his pocket, leaving his first stake on the table for another venture. The cards were again dealt out, and again he was on the successful color. Once more the winnings were placed in safe keeping.

By this time, the American was a man to be envied, and others followed his example. The third venture had an immense pile of notes and gold on the same color that the man from the New World had been so lucky with; and again it proved the trump card, and much to the amazement of players in other parts of the saloon, a hearty cheer greeted this announcement, and the "bank" was broken. But those who are acquainted with Monte Carlo well know that the breaking of the bank is only of short duration—viz., whilst the croupier goes to headquarters for another supply of the "ready." On the croupier's return, down went the Yankee again and again, until he had made hazards ten times, and each time to the fullest extent allowed by the rules of the establishment; and his extraordinary run of fortune made him the winner each time. The period had now arrived for a change of croupiers, which takes place at regular intervals during the day. Our hero of the hour, noticing this move, and not quite understanding its purpose, turned to the retiring croupier and remarked, "Thank you, gentlemen; this is the first time I have had the pleasure of playing this game, but I assure it shall be the last." And he quietly retired from the room, a richer man by nearly 5,000 pounds than when he entered about half an hour previously.—Liverpool Post.

FLORIDA'S WHITE ANTS.
How the Busy Insects Assist Nature in Her Processes of Change.

One warm morning, after a heavy rain during the night had saturated the ground, as I went to the well, I caught sight of my favorite toad squat in the grass, covered with winged ants, and darting out his tongue to keep a place clear about him. But the oncoming crowd swarmed around and over him. He never winked, though they walked heedlessly across his eyes, on his nose, anywhere to get a point of vantage from which to take flight. Soon the air was full of them up to a great height, going in all directions and rising from every stump and decaying log of wood. Some stumps and partly buried masses of wood were white with them, a constant stream from beneath the ground clambering up higher over one another in their struggles to get up and take flight. Where were they all going? Wherever they brought up against a tree, a house, stump or bit of wood, their flight ended, and by an instantaneous and amusing twist of their little bodies the wings were thrown off and they started by the shortest route for the ground. Some in their seemingly aimless flight would strike a piece of wood or a tree within a dozen feet of the starting point, but off went their wings with a jerk, and down they traveled.

What is the meaning of this? Why are these little beings so intent on distributing themselves everywhere? No wonder every piece of wood under ground, or even lying upon its surface, is inhabited by its colony of termites, each busy for itself in eating and living, but carrying out the wonderful and, in this southern climate, rapid process of change, destruction and new forms of life. No sooner does a tree fall to the earth than myriads of these white ants find a home and food in it, and so hasten its destruction. If a stake is driven to support a lily or tuberosis it will shortly be set upon by these busy consumers, and you will soon find it prone or needing support rather than giving it. Living wood they do not choose.—American Agriculturist.

On a recent day in Pittsburgh there were so many funerals that livermen were unable to supply the demand for carriages.

TOLD BY THE WAVES.

I was a child, but the sea was old, Gray and old was the roaring sea.

When first his mighty waters rolled, At my restless feet and sang to me; I was a child, but the washing waves In their wailing grief or their fitful play, Called my name in the hollow caves, And told me stories of yesterday.

Of a strange old time, I know not when, Of a distant land, I know not where; Of a home beyond the thoughts of men, And beyond the reach of my fondest prayer; I was a child, but the gray old sea Told of a time that was long of yore— Told of a post Eternity, Like the great infinity before.

Long have I trodden his beaches bare, Gathered his sea-weeds brown and wild, Scattered his spray from my waving hair, As though I were still a little child, But now no more does the ocean tell His mystic tales of the Past to me, For I hear in his ceaseless surge and swell The call of a far Futurity.

—Arthur L. Salmon, in Once a Week.

THE CLERK'S LEGACY.

It Is Inconvenient to Inherit from Living People.

James Wallace, a salesman in the dry goods store of Messrs. Fog & Millet, was electrified one morning by receiving the following letter:

Sir: In accordance with the provisions of the will of my late client, Mr. Anthony Wallace, I am directed to inform you that you have fallen heir to the sum of fifty thousand dollars, not payable, however, till the end of the year. In the meantime, you will receive the dividends quarterly. As the money is invested securely in real estate, this will amount to four thousand dollars annually. I send you a check for a thousand dollars in advance, supposing that you may find its present use desirable. Yours respectfully, JOHN PODE, Attorney at Law.

The delight of James Wallace in receiving this epistle may be imagined. Hitherto he had been confined to a salary of six hundred dollars a year, which, of course, had compelled him to live in a modest manner.

"Fifty thousand dollars! Four thousand dollars a year! Isn't it glorious? Won't I make things fly?"

"What do you mean by making things fly?" inquired his cousin, John Wallace, who was employed in the same establishment.

"Mean, my dear fellow? I mean to enjoy life. That's what I mean."

"Don't you enjoy it now?"

"How can I, cooped up in this shop all my time? No, the first thing I shall do will be to discharge old Fog and Millet. My days of slavery are over."

"I suppose you will go into some other business?"

"Then you suppose wrong. With an income of four thousand dollars a year I don't need to be tied to business."

"Then you will devote yourself to some study and cultivate your mind?"

"Nothing of the kind. I tell you I mean to enjoy life."

"I hope you will—in the right way."

"Not in your way. You're too steady-going for me. My plans are not arranged, except that I shall go to the Belleville Hotel to board, and next week give a grand blow-out in honor of my inheritance. Will you come?"

"I won't promise. Might it not be more proper, considering Uncle Anthony's recent death, to postpone it?"

"Not a bit. I didn't know much of him. I haven't seen him since I was a boy. By the way, I wonder he didn't leave you something."

"He had a right to dispose of his property as he pleased."

"Well, if you don't complain, I don't. That is certain."

James Wallace lost no time in waiting upon his employers, and tendering in a very cavalier manner his resignation of the clerkship which he held.

"You find your happiness in slavery and drudgery—I don't," rejoined James.

"In what, then?"

"In independence, and plenty of money."

"I am glad if you have plenty of money. I suppose you might be exceeding your income."

"Well, suppose I have. Shall I have a pile coming in at the end of the year?"

"I am afraid that will only lead to fresh extravagance on your part."

"I think it will be some time before I am a candidate for the poor house."

"It ought to be; but I'll tell you what, James, though you have fifty thousand dollars, and I have saved only four hundred, I will guarantee, in case you do not change your course, that at the end of ten years I will be the richer of the two."

"What's four hundred dollars?" exclaimed James, contemptuously.

"Not much, I grant, but it is a nest egg, and as I may fairly count on an increase of salary, it will steadily increase."

"Very well, you may go your way and I will go mine. By the way, why don't you drop in of an evening? I generally have a little company."

"To be frank, I am afraid I shouldn't enjoy it, James. I usually spend my evenings in reading. It is all the time I have, and I don't like to lose it."

At the end of six months James Wallace had not only spent his semi-annual income, but as much more, so that he was now two thousand dollars in debt. This did not trouble him much, however. He thought of the fifty thousand dollars, and had already formed plans for disposing of it.

One morning about this time—or afternoon rather—for it was one o'clock—James Wallace was told that a gentleman was below who wished to see him.

"Show him up," said the young man. An old gentleman, apparently about sixty-five, in an old-fashioned costume, was ushered in by the servant.

James Wallace had given an entertainment the evening before, lasting till a late hour, and the effects were plainly perceptible in his haggard face as he leaned negligently against the mantel, smoking a cigar.

Just behind him was an ornamental French clock, and the entire apartment was elegantly furnished.

"I come from Mr. Podd," said the old gentleman, very quietly. "He has received a request from you to advance a portion of the money you were to receive at the end of the year. He is surprised at such a request. He supposed your income ample to defray your expenses."

"Well," said the young man, "I have been at considerable expense to fit up these rooms."

"Not over a thousand dollars, I should say," said the old gentleman looking about him.

"That is about the figure."

"And the other thousand I should suppose would have been sufficient to maintain you during six months."

"Then you supposed wrong. The fact is, old gentleman, you don't know how much it costs to support a young man in style."

"Probably not; but it is a good rule not to exceed your income."

"I don't want any advice," said James, haughtily.

"I am afraid it will do you little good. May I inquire the amount of your salary before this inheritance came to you?"

"I starved on a salary of six hundred dollars."

"Do you know how much your cousin receives?"

"Seven hundred now. He did receive the same with me last year."

"How much are you in debt?"

"About two thousand dollars."

"So you have spent four thousand, or your entire year's income in six months?"

"So it appears," said James, nonchalantly.

"What am I to think of that?"

"Really, old gentleman, for I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, you appear to concern yourself considerably in my affairs. May I suggest that I don't see any necessity for it."

"Perhaps you will when you know my name."

"All right. Let me know it."

"I am Anthony Wallace."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, starting as if he had been shot. "My uncle! Are you not dead then?"

"I am as much alive as ever I was."

"I don't understand it," said the nephew, pale with fright.

"Then I will explain. I have no others to inherit my property except you and your Cousin John. Not wishing my money to be wasted in extravagance, and being able to think of no other ordeal, I took the course I did. To my mortification, I find that you have run a career of extravagance and dissipation. I recall the inheritance, and shall make John, of whom I hear excellent reports, my heir. As for you, I will pay your debts and will allow twelve dollars a week for three months. During that time, I advise you to obtain a situation. After obtaining it I shall watch your course, and if it meets my approval I will give you an income of fifty dollars a month. That is the utmost you need expect. Had things been different, you should have received the fifty thousand dollars which is but one-half of my property."

James Wallace's mortification was extreme, but he had no one to blame but himself. His cousin received the inheritance, of which he made a worthy and noble use, and has since inherited the balance of his entire

property. James is still a clerk on a small salary.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

A NOTED ALLIGATOR.
He Rather Enjoys Being Shot at and is Always on Hand.

Bob of Dunn's creek is the best-known to river men and tourists of any alligator in Florida. He is one of the largest saurians in the State, being fourteen feet six inches in length, while the largest alligator on the St. John's river of which any reliable account can be had is but sixteen feet in length. Dunn's creek, Bob's home, is one of the most beautiful of Florida streams. It is twenty-two miles in length and it is very deep, being the outlet from Crescent lake into St. John's river. It is a very crooked stream, and is so narrow that in places the boat will scrape the banks. It is lined with evergreens, which meet overhead, forming a leafy bower that is delightful to the lover of the picturesque. The windings are very abrupt at times and the navigation is exceedingly difficult. The steamer Georgia, Captain Bright commanding, is the only boat now plying in its waters. In one of the shortest of the many bends in Dunn's creek Bob has had his home for many years, always lying on the same log, and so close to the log that the passengers can reach him with an oar. Alligators usually become frightened and roll off from the logs into the water at the approach of a boat, but Bob is used to it, and appears to wait for the boat to come. Every day for ten years he has been seen on the same log, and as the boat approaches he slightly turns his head, as though he were waiting for the passengers to begin to shoot at him, which they invariably do. After he is tired of this amusement he dives into the water, to again reappear when the boat returns. He has been shot every day during the last decade, but he never tires of it, and no one has ever succeeded in hitting him in a vulnerable place. He seems to understand that he is there to act as a target for the marksmen and throws his throat close against the log and turns his head so that the bullets can not strike his eyes. He then knows that he is safe. The log on which Bob subsists himself has been measured a number of times, and his length is therefore well known. During the ten years since he first began to become famous he has grown two feet.

Captain Bright stated that he believed the pilot would miss his location if Bob was to die. He is a certain landmark, and passengers who are acquainted with the stream will ask "How many miles are we from Bob?" in order to ascertain their whereabouts.

The log upon which he lies has become known as Bob's log, and some facetious passengers have made up petitions to have a post-office established there and Bob appointed as postmaster, giving him as a surname that of the man after whom the creek was called. Several petitions, it is said, have been prepared, but so far as heard from none have been presented to the department; but if "Bob's Landing, Bob Dunn, postmaster," is ever put in the "Postal Guide" it can be known that no one lives there and the postmaster is a huge gator.

Bob's home is the half-way point between Crescent lake and St. John's river, and visitors to Florida should not fail to see him. Captain Bright states that if they ever run short of ammunition they will catch Bob and take the bullets out of his back, where enough to stock a small store must be imbedded. Bob is not a myth. He can be seen by any passenger who will go up Dunn's creek, and hundreds of tourists will testify as to his existence and characteristics.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONSOLABLE WIDOWS.
A Bereaved Wife Who Was Only Too Thankful for Release.

Once I was with a friend of mine when the news of her husband's death was brought to her. He had been killed in a railway accident. She was shocked by the news and the dreadful suddenness of it, and turned so white that I thought she was going to faint. I made her sit down on a sofa that was near, and she whispered in my ear: "Get them all out of the room, Madge. I am so afraid they will see the joy in my face that I feel in my heart!" He had been a brute to her and to his children. He used often to knock the little ones down in his rages, and though his wife never told me so, I fancy that he more than once had laid his hand upon her by no means "in the way of kindness."

Now, was not that a release from misery for her and her children? They are happy as possible now, and when any one suggests a second marriage to her she smiles in a way that a few of her friends understand thoroughly.

Lella, our American friend, is great on the subject of widows. "I know," she says, "that society expects widows to sit on their husbands' coffins and make every body uncomfortable, and society is just the first to turn and rend them for doing it. Just you wait till I'm a widow; I'll be a real smart one. This is the sort of cap I'll wear," and she sketches her own pretty head, with a cap about two inches square on the top and a pair of "weepers" streaming on the air behind. "There! I don't look nice? Oh, girls! I wish I'd been born a widow, that I do!"—"Madge," in London Truth.

—During the past twenty years there have been granted in the United States \$28,716 divorces.