

## OLD TRIALS BY WATER

### INNOCENT WOULD SINK WHILE GUILTY WOULD FLOAT.

#### Modern Survival of the Ordeal in Dalmatia—How it is Employed by the Tibetans.

Throwing people into the water to let it determine their innocence or guilt was widely in use in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A Synod of West Prussia, forbade its use in 1745. Sporadic cases, however, occurred during the whole of the nineteenth century.

Prof. E. P. Evans wrote in 1895 of its use in Dalmatia, where in some districts it was still customary to throw all the women into the water on a specified day to see whether they would sink or swim. A rope was attached to each in order to save from drowning those who proved their innocence by sinking, while those believed to be guilty because they floated were also rescued and made to promise to forsake their evil ways on pain of being stoned.

A traveler has described a modern survival of the ordeal used in detecting thieves in southern Russia, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. All the servants of the household where the robbery occurred were assembled and as many balls of bread were made as there were suspected persons.

A sorceress then addressed each one of the number, saying that the particular ball of bread which she held in her hand would sink or swim as the party addressed was guilty or innocent. She then flung it into the water.

Boiling water was used in ordeals by the Persians and it is referred to in the Avesta. It contained both the sacred elements, water and fire, suggesting the deluge past and the fiery doom of the future. In the simplest form of the hot water test the bare arm was plunged to the wrist in trivial cases, and to the elbow in more serious trials, usually to bring out rings or coins thrown therein.

In Tibet plaintiff and defendant settle their cause judicially by plunging their arms into boiling water containing a black and a white stone, when he who brings up the white stone wins the verdict. A King of the Goths in the seventh century, with the sanction of the Council of Toledo, recommended the boiling test for crime.

#### Note of Discouragement.

A Philadelphia lawyer who spends his summers in the Adirondacks tells an amusing story of a country bumpkin whose friend he was. The countryman was courting a girl of the countryside, but he grew discouraged over the progress of his love affair.

At times, when he was certain the girl loved him, he was gay to the point of being foolish. Then, again, when he thought he detected coolness, he was sad and dejected. He confided to the lawyer one day that he had balanced accounts, and was convinced the girl didn't want him.

"And she's breaking it gently," he said. "She has such a delicate way of telling me, sir."

"How's that?" asked the lawyer.

"O, she's just delicate, that's all," was the explanation. "We wuz settin' in the parlor las' night, an' I wuzn't sayin' much, an' nuther wuz she, but she says, says she, 'Albert, did ye know that I's a twin an' my sister's a twin, an' my mother and her sister wuz twins, an' grandmother and her sister wuz twins, an' mother and her sister wuz twins?'"—Philadelphia Times.

#### How the Blind Tell Time.

The fingers of a blind man were skimming over the pages of a book in the reading room for the sightless in the New York public library, when he suddenly drew a watch from his pocket, opened the face, closed it with a snap, and then placed his book on the table, says the New York Times.

"It's 4 o'clock. I guess I'd better be going," he said to the librarian, Miss Lucille Gothwaite, who was hovering near to attend to the wants of her readers. The book was replaced on the shelf and the blind man rose and departed.

The blind man's telling time by a watch impressed a visitor, who asked Miss Gothwaite.

"You will find that most blind persons carry watches, and often consult them. The watches are of the hunting case sort, but they have no crystal, and the numerals are embossed. The blind person opens the case and by pressing his fingers lightly on the face he can tell the time instantly by the position of the hands. The watches are especially made for the sightless, the hands being made differently, so they may be distinguished at once."

#### Classified.

"What kind of a voice has that Mrs. Highy, anyhow?" asked Squiggles.

"I don't know exactly," said Dudd-leigh. "I'm not up on voices, but I should say, judging from her pertinacity in singing 'Cavalleria Rusticana' from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day of the week, that she's what you might call an 'intermezzo soprano.'"—Harper's Weekly.

#### Spring Training.

"She is the most accomplished flirt at the beach."

"We must remember that she got a start on the other girls. She went south last March for preliminary practice."—Exchange.

## COMPETING WITH A DENTIST

### Jonathan Drew of Indiana Was Sorry That He Tried to Extract His Tooth.

Jonathan Drew, who resides in Indiana, had a curious experience the other day.

Jonathan developed a toothache that made him sit up and take notice. He tried various remedies without avail and finally went to the dentist. Jonathan asked the dentist how much he would charge to yank the aching molar, and the dentist told Jonathan \$50 cents, which was his regular rate.

Now Jonathan is a practitioner of economy even in the matter of having an aching tooth pulled, so he tried to beat the dentist down to a quarter, but the forceps artist refused to cut rates.

"Very well," said Jonathan, "then I'll let the blamed tooth ache—if the tooth can stand it, I can." So Jonathan went back home with his face in his hand.

That evening the molar got down to business in earnest. Jonathan walked the floor in agony—and he stepped lively, too. At last he could stand the exquisite pain no longer, so he tied one end of a piece of picture wire to the tooth and the other end to a stone weighing about five pounds.

Then he stood before a window, with his mouth open and his eyes shut, counted three and threw the stone—which went through the window and struck Abe Winslow, a neighbor, a terrific wallop on the head. Incidentally the wire broke and the aching tooth still stayed put.

After Abe had regained consciousness he invited Jonathan to step out into the street a minute, as he had something important to say to him. Like a lamb to the slaughter Jonathan went, and Abe gave Jonathan what was probably one of the worst lickings a man ever had visited upon him.

Jonathan is now suffering not only from toothache, but the faceache, and his face aches so that he is hardly conscious of the toothache.

This little incident teaches that when we have toothache we should not try to compete with a first-class dentist.—Philadelphia Times.

#### Praise and Encouragement.

In helping to train a family of five boys I had the greatest difficulty inculcating an idea of politeness or even the necessity for it. "Oh, what's the use?" I heard where I had been particularly emphatic in insisting on good manners.

Their father was a polite man—exceedingly easy and polished in his bearing, and they associated with the children of the best families in town. All this proved unavailing.

One day I was looking out of my window and chanced to see one of the younger boys, eight years old, put his hand to his cap as some ladies passed him. I confidently believed it accidental, but spoke of it casually, letting him think I believed he did so habitually. It was the same when he came into my sitting room and took off his hat to fan with! I noticed his politeness—saying how pleased I was at his thoughtfulness, and there was never any more trouble on that score. He, and the others, from the force of suggestion and a sense of rivalry, never failed to remove their caps on proper occasions, politely and not grudgingly as of old, as though yielding to superior force.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Riding the Combers.

As the very strongest man in the world is a weakling in the grasp of a good-sized comber, such waves must be outwitted, not outwrestled. And, to be at home in the breakers, even beyond your depth, it is only necessary to know what a wave really is and where it is weak. Many people believe their eyes, and are sure that a wave travels. The water moves up and down, and the motion forward, but the water doesn't travel. Consequently, if you get beyond the breakers, the waves will go up and down and carry you with them, but won't sweep you forward.

Near the shore the waves behave differently; they curl over the break, and there the water, as well as the motion, travels. And, if you are just at the curling-point, the water will pick you up and sweep you in, and you can literally ride the waves, than which there is no finer sport in the sea. But woe unto you if you get a bit ahead of the curling wave-front, for then you will be turned over and twisted around and flung to the bottom.

Hence, it is wise to experiment with little waves first and learn just where they do break and just where they actually commence to exert a forward movement on your body before testing your swimming powers in the surf.—Woman's Home Companion.

#### French Heroine.

The Souvenir Français has placed a tablet on a house at Bievres to commemorate Mme. Juliette Dodu. There was a large assembly, as was fitting for the occasion, inasmuch as the lady played an important part at the time of the war with Germany. She had charge of the telegraph office at Pithiviers, and hid the machines during the day, pretending they had been seized. At night she brought them out and succeeded in tapping the wires over which the German communications were passing. The information thus received she communicated to General d'Aurelle de Paladines. She was discovered, brought before a court-martial and sentenced to death. The Kaiser's father, though not approving Mme. Dodu's act, could not help admiring her patriotism, and through his representations she was pardoned.

## EL CAMILO OF WEST POINT

### Ancient Spanish Cannon That Was Captured by the American Troops at Monterey.

Among the old guns from past wars on Trophy Point there is one that is fondly remembered by every graduate of the West Point military academy. It is "El Camilo," literally "The Camel," a relic of the Mexican war, but dating far back of that.

This antiquated piece of ordnance, which is three parts silver and painted a light green, bears its name and the royal coat of arms of Spain over an inscription relating that it was the property of the Regiment of the Golden Fleece, commissioned under Ferdinand and Isabella at the time when Columbus set out on his famous voyage to discover a new world. It would be interesting to know what the Spanish grandees would have thought if they could have foreseen that the very cannon which probably thundered God-speed to the explorer would one day be captured by the unborn nation of the undiscovered continent to which Columbus was bound. The ancient gun was probably brought to Mexico as part of the armament of a Spanish ship, and many years later was pressed into service in the Mexican army, where the "sneaks of war" were always at a premium. It was taken at Monterey by the Americans and sent to West Point as the most appropriate place for such an interesting relic. In former years it was mounted and pointed its tapering, old-fashioned muzzle out over the glassy Hudson just as wickedly as it did when the gunners of the old Spanish regiment used to send the fire leaping from its throat, but lately it has been dismounted and laid with other trophy guns in a long row on the grass, where it affords a seat for the tired excursionist.

#### Rubber Paving.

The prophecy of the president of the rubber exhibition, held at the Agricultural hall, that the time will soon come when the price of rubber would be low enough to make rubber paving an accomplished fact in the streets of London, is excellent hearing. Whenever one comes across one or other of the few specimens of rubber paving which are to be found at present in the metropolis, one experiences a sense of grateful relief. But up till now a wider use of this material for such a purpose has been prohibited by the question of expense, although it has been thoroughly recognized that as a substitute for the ordinary materials used in paving the streets, rubber offers enormous attractions. If it could be employed in large quantities in certain localities, London, one imagines, would be a happier place. For there is no doubt that, as things are, the increase of traffic must be attended with increase of noise, and that, though Londoners may become dulled, painful habit, to the ceaseless roar, the nerves of the community are certainly, even if unconsciously, in a state of tension. At the same time, however, we trust that the evil will not now be allowed to go unchecked simply because there is a chance that the adoption of rubber paving is likely to cure it in the future.—London Globe.

#### Prehistoric Art.

On the side of a steep down in the old town of Cerne Abbas, Dorset, England, a huge figure of a man appears cut deeply in the hard turf. It is a creation of a period hidden in the mists of antiquity. The body resembles that of the simian, the arms are unusually long and outstretched, as are the legs. The right hand grasps the handle of an enormous club, and the general attitude suggests pursuit of game.

The head seems sunk between the shoulders, and the face, which is roughly cut, exhibits an uncanny leer. Students of types attribute "the giant," as the Dorset figure is called, to the bronze age. The figure has been cared for throughout the centuries of its existence. Originally it is supposed to have been regarded as bringing good luck to the people during the Celtic and early English epochs. It receives attention now on account of its quaintness and age.

The Dorset giant is incised in the turf after the manner of the Long Man of Wilmington and the White Horse of Berkshire and elsewhere. The turf is so hard that the outlines of the figure have been preserved intact for many centuries.

#### Remarkable Feat of Aged Man.

A wonderful feat of endurance has just been accomplished by an old man, ninety-two years of age, named Herbst, who returned to his native town of Zurich the other morning. Lately he set out on foot from Zurich for the Tyrol, on receiving a letter that his mother, aged one hundred and fourteen, was dying in a village near Innsbruck. Herbst did not have sufficient money for the railway fare, but he knew the country and the mountain passes, and he decided to undertake the long journey alone. He found his mother dead, but was in time to be present at her funeral. After a week's rest the old man started back for his Swiss home over the same route. He says he will never cross the mountains again. He was formerly a guide in the Tyrol.

#### Its Bounds.

First European Power—I suppose a new blue book will be issued on the situation. Where do you think the tendency is bound?

Second Ditto—It looks at present as if it would be in Morocco.

## TAKE MOTHER TO BALL GAME

### Young Man Given Up in Despair When Sweetheart Asks Him to Prove His Love for Her.

"You say that you love me," she remarked, and there was the suggestion of a challenge in her tone.

"I do," he fervently replied.

"You have many times assured me that you would do anything to prove your affection for me."

"Darling, I am ready to dare anything to convince you that my love for you is no light thing which is likely to end tomorrow. Put me to the test. If it will make you happy to see me climb a flag-pole I will do it. If you wish me to risk my life in a motorcycle race, say the word and I will become a daredevil. I would be willing to fool with a rusty gun if I might in that way convince you that my love for you is deep and all-embracing. If it would make you glad I would undergo the ordeal of riding on a scenic railway in an amusement park. There is no risk, no danger, that I would not dare for you."

"I shall not ask you to do any of the foolhardy things you have mentioned, but if you really care for me won't you please take mother to the ball game tomorrow? She has never seen one and is anxious to go with some one who will be able to explain it to her."

With a wild cry of despair he took his hat and left. She had asked too much.

#### SHE SUED HIM FOR \$10,000.



Jiggson—My brother is a very unfortunate man of letters.

Wiggson—I didn't know that he was literally inclined.

Jiggson—Neither he is; but he wrote several letters that lost him a breach of promise case.

#### Excuse Enough.

Mrs. Hen—This boy of yours used the most shocking language in my presence. I want him punished severely.

Indignant Mother—Madam, you should pity the poor child—not blame him. He can't help it. He was hatched from a bad egg.

#### Too Significant.

First Lady Guest—We're so comfortable here and the poor men home working hard. I'd just love to see my husband smoking now, would you?

Second Lady Guest—Good heavens, no! My husband's dead.

#### No Trouble.

Church—A box of congressional records came today by express.

Gotham—What did they send them to you for?

"I don't know. But the real joke of the matter is that somebody had marked on the box 'Keep dry.'"

#### Indelicate.

"Your friend is rather indelicate," remarked Mrs. Wombat. "Says she gave her husband some pantatellas for Christmas."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I wouldn't think of mentioning sleeping garments in public."

#### Her Best Role.

He—What a glum and dismal wife you are! I don't believe you could be lively or pleasant to save your life.

She—I may be a dull wife, but just give me a chance and see what a merry widow I would make.

#### Might.

"Do you believe the pen is mightier than the sword?"

Of course it is. Who ever had to pay \$25,000 damages in a breach of promise case on account of the sword he carried?"

#### Bigger and Bigger.

"I asked her to remove her big hat so I could see the stage."

"Wouldn't she do it?"

"No," she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself."

#### In the Suburbs.

"Say, Jones, how is your vegetable garden coming on? Have you learned anything about harrowing yet?"

"Yes, I've learned that is the kind of fate this suburban life is!"

#### His Kind.

The young English nobleman who is visiting in New York society just now, is looked on as a glass of fashion.

"Ah! I suppose he is a peer glass."

#### A Woman's Way.

"It is time to start for our party. Why is your wife so long upstairs? Is she changing her dress?"

"I rather think she is changing her mind."

## SHE FINISHED HER DRINK

### Fifty Years Had Intervened but the Courteous Old Gentleman Came to the Rescue.

It was at a reception of the twentieth century kind that the white-haired man and the little old lady with the point lace collar were chatting in a corner where the palms stood. They belonged to the present day only because they lived in it and tried to make its interests theirs, but when you looked at the little old lady you immediately thought of lavender and rose jars. You knew also that the white-haired man would kiss her finger tips in deference when he left her unless somebody from the modern throng restrained him, and you knew he was talking to her in phrases that belonged to a day of gallantry that had gone.

Once during their chat the little lady tapped his arm with her fan, just as they always do in story books, and said: "Ah, but you're forgetting I'm an old woman. On the 21st day of this very month I shall have been married fifty years!" and she drew back from him and looked into his face with gentle blue eyes that might have belonged to her granddaughter. "The very first taste of champagne I ever had," she went on, "was at a little party I attended just before my betrothal. I sipped a tiny bit from the glass—and oh! it was good! Then, for some reason or other as I turned aside, my glass was taken away and I never had the remainder of that delightful drink." And the little old lady sighed in retrospect.

The crowd in the reception room moved closer and soon the two were absorbed by it and disappeared.

On the morning of the 21st of the month two parcels were among the mail delivered to the little lady of the point lace. One was a box containing a small golden spoon and with it the cards of the white-haired man and wife, and their formally expressed "congratulations upon her anniversary." In the other package was a note in an old-fashioned hand and a bottle of champagne of the size that holds a single glass.

"Finish it, dear lady," ran the little note—"that glass they took away from you fifty years ago."

#### Becoming a Nurse.

If a girl can find employment in her own town or city, she can work up from the bottom until she achieves results and is earning a salary commensurate with her talents; but unless a girl can do this near home where she can be with her family, the wisdom of finding work which will give board as well as a small compensation, is apparent. I have had many inquiries about nursing as a profession. The girl with a high school education, or its equivalent, has in this work a chance for noble occupation and, if she has talent, a salary that is larger than in many other forms of work. While in training, a nurse is given a small sum for incidental expenses; this allowance varies in different hospitals, but ranges from \$6 to \$14 a month. If a nurse is really ambitious, she will take a post-graduate course at some large hospital, then possibly a course in stenography, so that if opportunity should come she will be fitted to be secretary as well as nurse to some specialist or surgeon. Many of the great surgeons who operate in private hospitals have their own nurse with them at all operations, and of course these positions are well worth striving for.—The Housekeeper.

#### Strange Are Fancies of the Inventor.

Necessity may be the mother of invention, though of this there is recurring doubt, but evidently that stern goddess concerns herself only limitedly with patents. Among the 970,000 patents at present registered the Patent Office Gazette finds numerous examples whose conception no necessity could be brought to foster.

Here is a strange one that was actually patented—a scheme for controlling horses by electricity. If the animal balks, a powerful and well placed shock will make him spring forward in spite of himself. If he tries to kick, his muscles will be cramped by a paralyzing charge of electricity. Instead of bridle and reins, the all powerful current may be used to give him a shock on the left cheek in order to turn into the right fork of the road, or on the right to make him take a left turn. Instead of sawing away at the lines, the driver may sit back in comfort, and by means of push buttons, "typewrite" the beast into submission.

#### Forgot His Pearls.

A Dublin magistrate has given judgment in the matter of some pearls which have been in the hands of the Dublin police since 1905. These pearls forty-seven in number and valued at \$1,500, were originally deposited with a firm of Dublin jewelers by a man who never returned to claim them, and the firm handed them over to the police. The magistrate directed that if the owner did not claim the pearls within six months they should be sold by the crown at the expiration of that time.

#### The Soothing Thought.

"Now that we've spent so much money fixing up the house, perhaps you won't go away," said her husband, hopefully.

"Oh, yes, John I will, but," she added, encouragingly, "I'll be more cheerful about coming back."—Harper's Bazar.

## POWER OF HUMAN EYE

### MAY BE GREAT AS COMPOUND LENSES OF THE FLY.

Each of the latter reflects but a small part of the image looked at.

A specialist has claimed that he can with the unaided eye distinguish lines ruled in glass that are only one fifty-thousandth of an inch apart, but Le Conte has limited the power of the eye to distinguish lines to one one-thousandth of an inch.

To show how immensely superior is the sense of sight in defining single things one can try the sense of touch in comparison with it. The two points in inches apart on the least sensitive part of the body will be felt as a single prick.

With the aid of the microscope the human eye can discern objects whose diameter is only about one one-hundred-and-eight-thousandth of an inch. It has been said that the eye of a fly can distinguish an object one five-millionth of an inch in diameter.

What we designate as the eye of a fly is really a compound eye made up of numerous lenses. Of these the common house fly has something like four thousand in the two eyes. The structures of these lenses are well known, the optical part of each consisting of two lenses, which combined, form a double convex lens.

That each lens acts as a separate eye can be easily proved by detaching the whole of the front of the compound eye, and by manipulation with a microscope it is not difficult to examine a photograph of other object through it. When this is done a distinct image is seen in each lens.

Carpenter has shown that each lens reflects but a small portion of the image looked at and that it requires the combined action of the 4,000 lenses of the fly to produce the same effect as that seen by the one human eye. The human eye is therefore a more perfect optical instrument than the eye of the fly.

Scientists who have given considerable attention to the investigation of compound eyes have formed no opinion that would lead to the conclusion that their power of vision with respect to small objects exceeds that of the simple eyes of the higher animals. The images of objects formed in the separate lenses composing the compound eye are proportionately small, and the question whether insects can see smaller objects than animals furnished with single eyes is not a question of optics, but of the sensitiveness of the optic nerve and consequently a matter of mere conjecture.—Harper's Weekly.

#### Decline of the Dachshund.

Many of the species of hounds so popular today are survivors of the time most hunting dogs were taught to "hound" game. Then dogs selected by reason of their superior speed and powers of endurance were chosen to accompany the hunting parties. Hounds were divided into two classes—those qualified to follow the game by scent and those capable of sighting the quarry a long distance away. All, however, were expected to unite in the running down of the quarry. And so it happens that, in the Teutonic languages, the name of "hound," or "hund," as the Germans have it, was originally used to designate all species of dogs, but came in time to be applied to hunting dogs only. In later times there came a differentiation with respect to grayhounds, rabbit hounds, bloodhounds, deerhounds, etc.

An interesting case in point is that of the German dachshund, which means "badger hound." The first dogs of this species were employed in the drawing of badgers.

The breed is now too degenerate for tracking such game.—Harper's Weekly.

#### Reputation That Sticks.

Even the leopard stands more chance of being cleansed of its spots than the negro of his reputation in regard to chickens. A philanthropist found for a colored protégé a job as driver for a West street merchant, says the New York Times. The negro worked one day, then reported that he had been discharged. The philanthropist telephoned to the merchant.

"Why did Jim Rose lose his job?" he asked. "Wasn't he a good man?"

"So far as I know," said the merchant, "but, you see, you didn't tell me beforehand he was colored, and it happened that the only job I could give him was driving a poultry wagon. I didn't dare trust him with that."

"But, good heavens, man, you didn't suppose he would steal chickens out of a wagon in broad daylight?"

"I'm not supposing anything," said the merchant. "I wasn't going to put him in the way of temptation. What's more, you won't find a man in New York who will allow a chicken wagon to be driven by a negro."

#### Lesson on Smiles.

"Pa, who's that man that looks so blue?"

"That's the coalman, son."

"And who's the fellow who looks so darned happy?"

"You ought to know him—that's the ice-man."

"Ain't there nobody that's happy all the year round?"

"Heavens! Haven't you met the gasman yet?"

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