TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Apparently it is the open season in Macedonia for almost everything.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

It is announced that Alaska's great need is wagon roads. We thought climate was its principal lack.

It is quite probable that a speedily forthcoming theatrical venture will be "The Van Wormer Brothers."

Thus we see that if an editor says something severe about you in his paper, and you kill him, it is a case of self-defense.

David M. Parry will go right ahead solving the labor problem unless he can be diverted to the Mary and Ann controversy.

Another "expert" has discovered the secret of determining sex at will, and Nature will laugh him to scorn as she has all his predecessors.

An easy conscience is one which permits you to violate the law with impunity so long as the responsible officials raise no objections.

The Sultan of Turkey has levied a heavy war tax. Thought the old bird hadn't even a pluckable pin feather; but Abdul knows how to use tweezers.

Even though the government scientists prove that people eat too much, it will be a difficult task to effect a reformation unless hard times return.

Oh, horrors! We spend more on chewing gum than on missions! Ah, but by keeping some jaws busy, otherwise than in talk, we do the best kind of mission work.

Capital punishment might restrain crime if all murderers were put to death, but no such execution of the law is to be expected while human nature is what is is now.

An investigator with a microscope and a large stock of patience has found out that there are 200 kinds of mosquitoes. Some men are never happy except when they are digging up trouble for other people.

As safe blowers have learned to use electricity to promote their ends, the nimble pickpocket may acquire the art of the X-ray operator to locate the desired purse. In the progress of science the wicked are not without their share.

The Shah of Persia still has some very old-fashioned notions. For one thing, he insists on doing his own official poisoning when he wishes to put any of his loving subjects out of the way. Some crowned heads are so fussy over these things.

One hundred and fourteen miles an hour was the speed attained by an experimental train on a new military railway in Germany, and it is hoped to run a train at the rate of two hundred miles in the same time. As preparedness for war means avoidance of it nowadays, this indicates the German disposition to hasten toward peace at a pretty rapid pace.

The agreement between Great Britain and France for a treaty of arbitration of commercial and political differences is the most important victory for the arbitral principle since the establishment of the tribunal of The Hague. Particularly is this agreement noteworthy because effected between traditional enemies who for centuries have been at war.

Americans have occasion to regret one excellent feature in British administration. Under the system long in use by that government diplomacy is a profession. Men start at the bottom as attaches or consuls and go up by promotion or merit to the highest place, which is ambassador. This secures in the service officers who are acquainted with many countries, who speak many languages and have the skill in diplomacy acquired by experience. It is far different from our catch-as-catch-can system, which offers no career either in consular or diplomatic service.

The reluctance with which some persons took up the duties of life when the holiday season ended has reminded a correspondent that at the beginning of September the men of the Scotch shipyards sometimes resort to the sporting method of a "toss-up" whether they shall return to work or not. A brick is thrown into the air. If it stays up the men go back to the yard. If the brick comes down the holiday is extended. To tired persons who believe in "luck" and govern their lives accordingly, this experiment can always be depended upon to yield satisfactory results.

The frequency with which dangerous cranks seek to gain access to the president should put an end for all time to those senseless public receptions at which the president is expected to stand up and let hundreds of people file in and shake his hand. This degenerate survival of the royal levee has long been an outrageous nuisance. It has been used as an advertising card for Washington excursion business and parties of tourists have been taken to the receptions by a guide and put in line to shake hands with the president. Our president is not a king or a show piece of any kind, but a republican magistrate, with important public business to attend to, and nobody ought to have access to him for the gratification of idle curiosity.

Few trade movements of recent years have been more notable than the increased demand of our zone for the productions of the tropics. From the United States is now bringing in four times as many pounds of coffee, sugar and rice as it did in 1870, twice as much tea, five times as much India-rubber, and twenty-six times as much silk. Improvements in transportation have enabled this remarkable development to take place. Better steamship facilities, perfected cold storage appliances and the canning industry have brought within reasonable price many fruits which were formerly too expensive for general use. Even bananas, which are easily transported, sold for eight cents each in country stores in 1870. A Harvard professor relates that when he was a student in college he used to welcome an invitation to dine with a certain family because they served bananas. Many other tropical products now abundantly used were the luxuries of a generation ago. Their lowering cost on one side and the increased means of the American public on the other have resulted in an extraordinary increase in their use. Sugar and other articles, which only a few years ago were employed sparingly in many frugal households, have become so cheap that there is now little restraint on their use. Similarly, there has been a great increase in the use of wheat and kerosene oil by the people of the tropics. Very fittingly have the British made botanical gardens a chief object of interest in many of their tropical cities, like Singapore, or like Kandy in Ceylon. The familiar household names of their luxuriant trees and shrubs remind the visitor of the new dependence of the modern world upon the peculiar growths of the perpetual summer.

In New York a woman with three children walked the streets searching for a home. They found lodging in a basement, and were told to "move on" by the landlord. Her character was all right. She had references. The children were the ordinary kind of boys and girls—healthy and noisy. She had money. She couldn't pay for a palace, but she was ready to settle in advance for a modest apartment. The children were not wanted. They were the obstacles, impediments, flat nuisances. That is why the landlords said, "Move on." It is why they say "move on" in other cities. It isn't right. If our boasted civilization has reached a point where a place called home has children blacklisted, it isn't home at all. If a boycott on the little folks is to be a part of life in a flat, then flats are by no means a blessing. This a world of averages. You have got to put up with some things that you do not like, and you should accept the noise made by the neighbors' children gracefully, and thank God that they can laugh and shout and romp and be happy. The man or woman who is grouchy because of children isn't right. There must be something wrong inside. The life that doesn't include joy in the reflected happiness of boys and girls is a narrow life. Don't blame the landlords too much. They didn't bar children because they are naturally hard-hearted. Grumpy men and fretful women complained that other people's babies were a nuisance. The gruff old bachelor refused to find any music in the merry laugh of a child, and few women found dogs better company than children. It is business to supply a demand, and so the landlords of countless flat buildings rubbed their hands and said to mothers and fathers of fine families: "Very sorry, but we can't rent to you because of your broods." Once upon a time France discouraged children. It was the greatest mistake ever made by a nation. France has not recovered from the error to this day. Perhaps she never will. Isn't there danger for America in flat regulations that provide that "no children need apply."

Tragedy in Punctuation.

5 he was after,
Longed for fashion's swim,
But she said, with laughter,
She cared 0 for him.

? he propounded,
Caused no exultation,
Then became dumfounded
At her !

'Twas like heaping :
Fire burning hot,
For he'd staked his soul on
Marriage with a .

Soon he made a — for
Nearest exit gate,
Found he had no cash for
Dinner that he 8.

Quickly she relented,
Wrote that she'd be his,
Told him she repented
In ( )

Now they're living double,
Happy, strong and well;
It seems the cause of trouble
Was a deadly | |
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Beds and Bedsteads.

Bedstead originally meant "the bed's place." The truckle-bed was the first advance on the bench, and then the tester suspended from the roof. Then came in the Arabian bed—a name, perhaps, derived from the Crusades. The four-poster came from Austria in the fifteenth century. The late Queen Victoria always carried her bedstead about with her, and so did the nobles in the Middle Ages. The coverlid, or counterpoint, whence comes counterpane, was often splendidly embroidered. Yet the beds at this time were often only sacks of straw. Feather beds came from France in the fourteenth century but straw was in general use long after. Blankets of wool were not introduced by Blanket of Bristol, who made them, for the word in the sense of a coarse woollen fabric existed before.

The Latest Anarchist Scare.

(Sketched on the Foot-ball Ground.)
—Pick-Me-Up.

Science and Invention

An ingenious chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth about $18,300 from the chemical standpoint. His calculations are based on the fact that the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium; and calcium, just now, is worth $300 an ounce.

The last discovered and most distant of great planets, Neptune, extended the solar system more than one thousand million miles. Prof. George Forbes is seeking an even more distant planet, so confidently that he has actually named it Victoria, and he expects that it will be found about 10,000,000,000 miles from the sun.

Cotton growing has lately attracted much interest in Paraguay, and many inquiries have been addressed to our Consul at Asuncion about American cotton gins, presses, tires, baling, and so forth. The native cotton of Paraguay grows on tall bushes, approaching the size of small trees, and is consequently difficult to pick. These bushes produce during from seven to ten years. The question of planting American cotton in Paraguay is under discussion.

A new illuminating material has been discovered by Herman Blau, the Bavarian chemist. It is made from oil gas. By a process of rectification the methane and hydrogen contained in it are separated from the gas, and, by a pressure of 40 atmospheres, are reduced to the liquid form, in steel receivers. The new compound can be used in the place of petroleum, alcohol and acetylene, and it is said to give a light of a beautiful color, preferable to that of the electric light.

The German government has erected a new lighthouse on Helgoland, in which a return has been made from the Fresnel lenses and prisms of other modern lighthouses to the old form of parabolic reflector with a powerful illumination in the focus. The illuminator is an arc-light, with a current of 34 amperes, and an estimated candle power of 30,000,000. The revolving reflectors are parabolic glass mirrors, silvered on the back, and no protection against the weather is provided in front of the light.

Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, calls attention to a curious variety of nickel-steel alloys, recently invented in France, which he thinks may have more importance for the world than the form of nickel-steel that has given us the modern armored battleship. The new alloys are practically non-dilatable—that is, their dimensions do not alter with ordinary changes of temperature. Thus a pendulum of constant length can be made, and already the new material is employed in making clocks and watches to run true in both winter and summer. For measuring instruments of precision, like those employed in geodetic surveys, these alloys are particularly suited. The inventor, Monsieur Guillaume, is also experimenting with nickel-steel as a substitute for the carbon filament of the ordinary incandescent lamp.

SHE KNEW JOSH ALL RIGHT.

This Witness Not at All Reluctant to Speak Out.

"Now, madam," said the counsel for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed fidgety woman, who had been summoned in a case, "you will please give your evidence in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg? I do know him, and I knowed his father before him, and I don't know nothin' to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my questions."

"What questions?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know him, though. You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything about trying to cheat a poor widow like me out of $25. Ask—"

"Madam, I—"

"Ask him whose orchard he robbed last and why he did it in the night? Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbor's field and milkin' three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"Look here, madam—"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in prison. Ask him about lettin' his pore old mother die in the workhouse. Ask Betsy Bagg about puttin a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last spring—"

"Madam, I tell you—"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle on all the salt they could eat, and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold, just 'fore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got kicked out of his native town, and Betsy Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's henhouse at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know a livin' thing 'about it, but I'm sure Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen years, and I got myself called up on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it."—London Tit-Bits.

FOUND IN A CURIO SHOP.

Strange Recovery of a Family Relic After Fifty-three Years.

Truth is stranger than fiction, to revert to the time-honored and worn phrase and if ever an incident proved it the experience of a Chicago woman in New Orleans recently does so to a satisfying extent. Like many who come down from east and west, she first wanted to see French market and then she made a happy, fanatical tour of the curio and second-hand shops and pawn shops for souvenirs, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. She thought she wanted pearls and corals and jeweled daggers and one afternoon about a week ago, with these luring her along the quaint, sunny length of the "quarter," she entered a shop—dingy, dusty and of delightful promise. In the process of "nosing" about with a veiled eye for "finds" she came upon a broken plate filled with old-fashioned seals and began half idly picking them over. Presently she chanced upon one for a fob peculiarly odd, a beauty of antiquity, with its heavy carved gold ring. "I'll let you have that very cheap," the man said. "It's a locket as well an' has a piece of hair inside. It's funny sort of hair, gold and brown, an' always seems to me like it's alive. I can't sell it and that hair in it. Most people don't want to keep hair and won't take it out because it's bad luck. The ring has some letters cut on it, you see, R. W. W."

"R. W. W.," exclaimed the lady, "my brother's initials; how strange!"

"Well you are the first person I've ever been able to find that had 'em in any part of the family. Nobody wants to buy it. I'll let you get a bargain on it. I'd have melted the ring for gold long ago, but I never could git up the courage to take out that there hair. Somehow it wouldn't let me."

The woman opened the locket and there was the little shining curl seeming still to vibrate with a beautiful fresh life that must have crumbled to dust many years since.

"Well, I'll come in before I go and see," she said, and went on her search for pearls. But the thing haunted her and finally impelled her, so she says, to write to her brother describing it. "If you want the thing I'll bring it to you," she wrote. He sent her an immediate reply. "Get the ring at all costs. Mother says it is father's and the hair that of his mother. It was given to him with her blessing when he was a boy and he had treasured it dearly."

Fifty-three years ago the father had come south to Mobile and the seal fob with its locket had been stolen by a superstitious black, who, discovering the hair, was afraid of the ill-luck and a possible hoodoo and left it in a bundle on the doorstep of that same old curio shop.

So fifty-three years afterward the granddaughter found by accident the precious little relic, preserved for her until now by the intangible protection of the glinting curl of hair.

LEAVING THE HOME.

Desolation That Reigns After the Children Have Gone Out Into Life.

Once we heard a man who was well advanced in life, the father of a large family of children, descant, with moistened eyes and quivering lips, upon the loneliness which broods over a home when the children have all gone out from it. We couldn't understand what this perturbed father meant. We reckon this is one of those heart truths—one of those verities of life which can not be fully imagined nor adequately described, but to be realized must be personally experienced. We have lately lifted the veil and taken a peep, just a peep into this sombre realm of experience, and a faint idea begins to dawn dimly upon us as to what that father meant. To feel the thrill of parentage, to listen to the sweetest music that ever charmed human ears—the cooing and the prattle of innocent childhood—to share in the later glory of the romp, to watch with increasing hope and pride the budding and blossoming of these flowers of the family, to have the tendrils of the heart entwined and intertwined about these objects and affection like ivy, creeping into every crevice of a wall, and then be compelled to turn from the contemplation of these pretty pictures to that pathetic creation, "Breaking Home Ties," which hangs on the walls of so many memories, to have these idols of the home go out, one by one, until every "Light in the window" is gone, and the halls of the old home are deserted, and the music of many voices is hushed and the fireside is no longer gladdened by the dear, familiar faces, and the home coming gets no more the coveted greeting, and the places at the table are vacant, and the cradle and the high chair and the school books and the souvenirs are all put away, and father and mother read in each others eyes the mutual story, and two full hearts find themselves in empty rooms, at a time when the frail barque, tossing upon a restless sea, most needs strong oarsmen, and dim eyes most need the supplement of clearer vision, and the tottering limbs most need support—ah, this is part, just a small part of what the old man meant!—Marion (Kan.) Record.

Identified.

There is a time in a small boy's life when his universe holds one glodious central star around which paler stars tamely revolve. It is of that time that a New York Tribune writer tells.

One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?"

"Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."

Prepared for Coming Pleasure.

"You know I promised to buy you a wheel if you brought a good report from school, and here you have one worse than last month. What were you doing?"

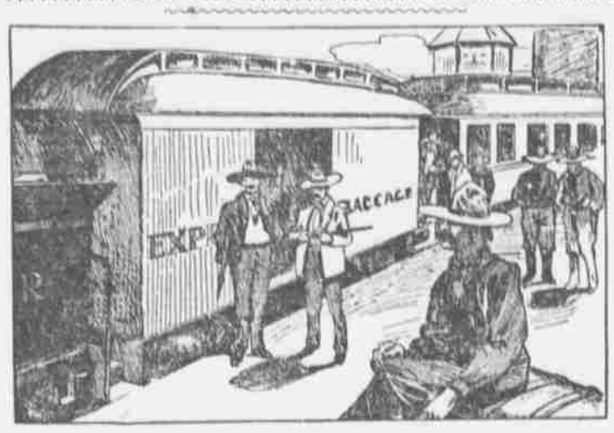
"Learning to ride a wheel."—Fliegende Blaetter.

We have decided that when women get together, the only subject upon which they agree is that nothing will stop their hair from coming out.

When we have troubles we find that one of the greatest of them is the "helpful talk" given us.

TRAINS THAT CARRY ARMED GUARDS FOR PROTECTION

In the Indian Territory Great Precautions Are Taken as a Necessary Step to Foil Robbers Who Lie in Wait for the Treasure Trains.



Armed guards still travel on the trains that run through the Indian Territory, the paradise of train robbers. If you take the "Katy Flyer" from St. Louis to Dallas, Texas, you'll see a couple of dark-skinned guards climb aboard at Vinita at about 6 o'clock in the evening, and see them jump stiffly out at Denison, Texas, at 7 in the morning. They'll be coddling their short, neat rifles familiarly as they go across to sleep at the hotel. The steady development of the West, its capable judiciary and active constabulary, the multiplying network of telegraph lines, its consistent advance toward economic and civic importance—all these things have combined to throw train robbing as a business into the far limbo of neglect and disapproval. Special conditions are necessary to the prosecution of the trade. And special conditions exist still in only one part of this country, the Indian Territory. There, where political and social chaos reigns, Winchester armed guards still climb into the express cars on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad when a night train reaches the limits of its territory; and there the sudden squealing of the brake shoes in the gloom of a creek woods or on the staring loneliness of the prairie still warns the experienced traveler to lie close in his birth, his purse convenient to hand in case the impatient gentlemen of the road should, failing sufficient reward from the express car, decide to rob the passengers. Out of that country still come occasional dispatches to the eastern newspapers that wake the memories of the old, familiar golden age of outlawry.

Where Criminals Thrive.

Of one kind and another, the Indian territory has, perhaps, harbored more criminals than any other small section of the United States. Granted originally to the sole use and occupation of the Indians, with the guarantee of the general government to keep out all intruding white men, the country early became a rendezvous for those who knew and obeyed no law. Horse thieves, whisky peddlers, bigamists, murderers, old-time road agents—these, and the class of pure adventurers, asking leave neither of the United States nor the Indians, followed close on the heels of the builders of the first railroad through the new country. The neighboring States were glad to be rid of a disturbing class, and left them to work out their salvation in the new surroundings as pleased them best, only keeping a watchful eye upon the border against any attempted return.

In various ways these transplanted criminals worked out their fate. Not a few married Indian wives and settled down to a quiet, easy citizenship in the tribe. Don't press for the man's history and you may leave an ex-convict's house with the belief that he is one of the finest fellows you ever met. Some of the right-minded enrolled themselves in the police force, becoming zealous and capable officers. A fairly numerous class maintained an illegal traffic in whisky with the Indians, boot-leggers, saddle-pocket men, and the more daring, who, in the dead of night, hauled it in by the barrel. Few, indeed, dared to continue horse and cattle stealing, for the simple reason that this was the easiest thing in the world to do, and, consequently, the most summarily and rigorously punished. Thus local crimes, excluding the frequent private brawls, were of rare occurrence. But the idea came to a member of the notorious "Younger gang" that the Indian territory offered a much safer field of operation than Missouri or Minnesota, where the State authorities were anxious to retrieve the reputation of their commonwealths. With two or three companions he went down to the Indian territory, gathered a few more followers, and almost before they had covered their heads with shanties, held up a train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas near Muscogee. Report said that the haul was a rich one. The matter had been accomplished with a great flourish. The "style" of the robbers was much discussed and admired. The railroad detectives were discouraged, the outlaws aided in their flights and warned of pursuit.

After a time a woman joined the band—wife of one—and under the name of Belle Star, spread her fame far beyond the Indian borders. She was assuredly young, and she rode as wildly as the men, but, beyond this, report said that she was a crack shot with the rifle and pistol, that she rode "a-straddle," that she actually took part in the hold-ups, and that was, in truth, a "Queen of the bandits." Sombrero-topped, booted, and spurred like the men, erect in carriage, supple, graceful, beautiful—the picture of Belle Star graced the pages of the illustrated papers. And it were after all, better to think of her so than as a broken, consumptive woman dying in a dingy jail, where she was sent with her mate when a determined little posse of United States deputies swooped down on the gang unannounced and carted them away to Fort Smith.

Rise of the Dalton Gang.

The later Dalton gang, four brothers and as many more brave and intelligent associates, came nearer to reproducing the real flavor of romance than any who had preceded them in the business of pilfering express cars. The Daltons came into the territory trained to the trade, three of them having worked with the famous Evans, Sontag, and Sontag trio in Southern California. The spectacular ending of the Evans-Sontag partnership, after an all-day duel between a houseful of deputies and two of the outlaws behind a stack of stable refuse, sent the Daltons packing from California to the Indian territory. Here they lived quietly for a time, winning friends all over the country, working as cowboys and winning reputations as hail-fellows, good rifle shots, and stanch friends. One or two hold-ups, cleverely managed, carried through without a hitch, set people to wondering who the robbers were. Still the Daltons held their jobs and were not suspected. But the hold-up of a train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, near Adair, on which half a dozen armed guards were posted, and from which an unusually large haul was made, served to rouse the officers to an extraordinary activity. Robbers who could sweep the length of a train with a fire that kept even a Winchester armed guard inside, who could uncouple the express car from the passenger coaches, run away into the woods with it, crack it open, take it back to the train, and send the whole on to the next station without exposing themselves to a single shot—certainly these were of an extraordinary cleverness. Finally the officers picked the Daltons as the criminals, but the community was incredulous, knowing and caring little for the brothers' former reputation. So completely had these genial fellows won the confidence of the ranchmen and cowboys that the officers for a long time dared not try to arrest them. A sense of security emboldened them; they mussed an attempt on the Arkansas Valley road. Bob was wounded, and the community had indisputable evidence of their guilt. But still public opinion shielded them—the railroad could, in the opinion of the countryside, easily afford their losses, and the boys had made themselves popular and pleasant.

One day three of the Daltons, accompanied by three others, rode leisurely up to Coffeyville, Kan., four miles over the border of the Indian country, hitched their horses, and walked over to rob the bank. An obstinate, faithful cashier delayed them unduly, the town woke out of a lethargy, and when the boys made a rush for their horses, shotguns, rifles and pistols popped at them from all sides. These were annoying but not fatal until a calm, sleepy-eyed livery stable helper climbed into a barn loft with a Winchester, stretched himself comfortably on his stomach, and began to pick off the bandits as they mounted and started to ride away. Two of the brothers were killed by the livery stable man, the other was wounded and captured, and but a single member of that band reached the territory to tell young Bill Dalton of the fate of his brothers.

This young brothers, just past 20, resented bitterly the summary taking off of his relatives. He talked freely with the sympathizing cowboys of revenge. He came and went free of molestation, and at last he drew together a little band of his own. He was a brave boy and shrewd, but he spent most of his energy running away from the officers after he had indiscreetly murdered an inoffensive citizen. It was all very well to rob a rich railway corporation, said the Indian territory people—in their view it was mere retaliation—but when a ranchman was not safe from the whim of a fool, hot-headed boy it was quite time to stop him. Bill Dalton led his pursuers a long chase, but was finally wounded, captured, and thrown into prison to die. Bob Rogers, an insignificant-looking, slight-limbed little cow-puncher, who had known the Daltons, induced two of his companions to help run off two carloads of cattle from the Indian country to Kansas in the night. The cattle were sold, the buyers shipped them to Kansas City, where the territory ranchmen's spotter saw them, and the theft was soon charged to Rogers. That made him an outlaw, and with his companions he tried train robbing. One success and one failure within a year made him talked about considerably, but he was never regarded as a clever leader. When the United States deputies were ready, after the railroad's offered rewards had mounted to a respectable figure, they were led by Heck Bruner, who was a blacksmith by trade, to Rogers' rendezvous. Here, in the middle of the night, a freezing winter wind howling outside, they fell upon the gang asleep in a cabin, killed two, and captured the other three. With the extinction of the Rogers gang train robbing fell into disfavor for a number of years, and the railroad companies tired of paying guards to ride in their express cars. But a holdup down at the edge of Texas, another wild chase with a posse, later forays of little parties, and occasional single-handed attacks, warned the express agents to renew their vigilance.

AIDES TO APPETITE.

Cold Air Stimulates Desire for Food and Helps Digestion.

The German inventors of a portable gymnasium advertise their apparatus as a "substitute for drugs and spices," warranted to effect a mechanical promotion of appetite.

That claim is founded on the experience of all but the most far-gone dyspeptics; still, in a list of digestive stimulants refrigeration must be admitted to outrank even active exercise. The capacity for assimilating large quantities of food at short notice increases with distance from the equator. Jack Frost is the patron saint of gluttons, and the gastronomic exploits of a puny Laplander would amaze the tall Texans who have earned their right to roast beef by a fifty-mile gallop.

About two years ago Dr. R. C. Menrice, of Toulon, France, published an account of his experiments with artificially cooled air, "inhaled as a tonic, with invariable success, for the relief of asthma and similar respiratory difficulties, but with a still more remarkable effect upon the function of the digestive organs."

After breathing the intensely cold air currents of an "evaporator" (in an ice factory) for half an hour, a pug dog manifested a ravenous appetite. Of three dyspeptics who were cured in a week, the third could not altogether overcome his dread of cold drafts, and entered the refrigeration vault with his face partly muffled, but was benefited to the extent of enjoying a good night's rest and being able to digest sundry viands without the aid of chemical stimulants.

In a climate like that of Calcutta no gymnastics could be relied upon to lessen the risk of a surfeit. The natives stick to their Lenten fare the year round, and foreigners have to adopt similar habits or leave the city to brace up their system in the highland sanitarium of Darjeeling.

Exercise alone would not save them, but there is no doubt that frost alone sustains the digestive vigor of the sluggish Greenlanders, who pass six months of the year in dugouts. After the end of October they often sulk in their dens for weeks together, drowsing away their days like hibernating bears, but awake in the eleventh hour with appetites sufficient to gobble the rations of twelve Mexican cowboys.

The time will come when our houses will be artificially cooled in midsummer as effectually as we now heat them in winter, and in that millennium of thermal comforts spices will become almost superfluous. Ketchups will be superseded by cold waves. Instead of opening a mustard bottle, Epicurus will open a patent refrigerator and turn on the requisite amount of digestive tonics.—What to Eat.

TALE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Blood-Stained Phantom Seen by Photographer in Guernsey, England.

A remarkable ghost sensation is disturbing the serenity of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, where a local photographer has just vacated his residence on the ground that he and members of his family have been terrified by supernatural visitations.

The photographer states that when taking his meals he has seen arms reaching over his head and endeavoring to take away his food. The pictures on the walls have moved in weird fashion, and there were sounds of rattling chains and ringing bells.

One evening, according to a writer in the London Express, the tenant's daughter saw an apparition clad in white coming down the stairs. It possessed only one hand, the fingers of which were twice the ordinary length and streaming with blood.

This spectral visitant, seen on another occasion by the daughter, indicated that her mother's brooch, which was missing, would be found in the range in a certain room. Here it was discovered.

This so preyed on the girl's mind that she had to take to her bed, and finally the weird manifestations became so frequent that the photographer decided to leave the house.

Crowds gathered nightly around the place and the authorities deputed several constables to watch the house. When one of these entered the premises a mat flew in his face. Another officer, while sitting in one of the rooms, felt his chair being lifted in midair. He fled in terror.

After this a number of prominent residents endeavored to solve the mystery. They chalked the stairs, locked a chocolate box in one of the cupboards and left the premises apparently secure.

When they returned shortly afterward there were footprints on the chalked staircase, and the chocolate box was on the middle of a table, with a feather balanced on the top of it. Yet the cupboard in which the box was placed was still locked.

Greatest of Linguists.

Cardinal Guiseppi Mezzofanti, who died in 1849, surpassed all other men in linguistic ability. All the tongues of Babel were gathered together in his tongue, but without confusion. He spoke fluently no fewer than 58 different languages and wrote in more than 30. Lord Byron, who knew him well, called him a "walking polyglot, a monster of languages and a Briareus of parts of speech." Mezzofanti was not in the strict sense a critical or scientific scholar or even otherwise a man of great intellectual power.

Sentient.

Patience—Did you say your brother's automobile is unmanageable at times?

Patrice—Why, yes; this afternoon when he had his wife out it stopped twice in front of millinery stores and three times in front of saloons.—Yonker's Statesman.

A good son maketh a good husband—but he is worthy of a better fate.