Chicago Boomers.

Don't tell a Chicago man that his city has less than three million population unless you are prepared to fight. Boomers of the Lake City have reorganized their Two Million Club, re-christened it the Three Million Club, donned their aggressive club buttons and promised allegiance to the club constitution, which provides that each member must claim at all times that Chicago has at least three million people.

Rabid.

Noozey—I've heard a rumor that she is to be married.

Oldbache—Yes.

Noozey—Who's the lucky one?

Oldbache—Neither of them, if they only knew it.—Philadelphia Press.

Called Him Brother.

Harlow—I noticed you called Fred "brother." Does he belong to some secret society that you do?

Shallop—I don't belong to any secret society. I call him brother because my wife once promised to be a sister to him.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?

Mrs. Younghusband—Horse radish!

Then He Got Foolish.

"No," said the new arrival at the temperance hotel, "I can't understand why all those sensible men take that foolish tramp every Sunday morning to see the hermit."

"You'd understand it if you went along," said the wise guest, with a wink. "The hermit is bartender."—Chicago News.

A Misguided Thunderbolt

A Billville exchange says: "Lightning struck a Georgia mule in this neighborhood last year. The mule survived the shock, but we haven't seen any lightning around here since."—Atlanta Constitution.

Don Carlos.

Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, who, it is reported, is prepared to relinquish his claims in that direction, is 53 years old, and the father of one son and three daughters. According to the St. James Gazette, he has friends in England, and is delighted to show them over his wonderful private armory at the Plazzo Loredan, Venice. It is an unequaled collection.

President Diaz.

Outside of Mexico there is a general impression that because President Diaz is now seventy-three years old he must be failing and that at best he can last but a little time longer. "On the contrary," says a man who has just returned from a business trip to the sister republic, "half a minute's talk with the general will dispel any such notion. He is of Oaxaca Indian blood, a tribe noted for longevity and physical prowess."

Destructive Dampness.

So bad is the dampness in Ceylon that a book will hardly last a year. The most expensive cemera, made of the most perfectly seasoned wood apparently will warp in Ceylon, and all its parts will become unglued.

What Radium Has Done.

Sir Oliver Lodge protests against the current idea that the discovery of radium in any way shakes the long accepted laws of science. On the contrary, it affirms them, as the instability of matter which radium proves was theoretically acquired in the electric theory of its constitution, were true, and radium completes this theory instead of destroying it. Radium gives us, in embryo, a transmutation of the elements.

An Advance.

Jingle—I knew that fellow, Storms, the comedian, would come to the front.

Weller—Well, he has, has he?

"Yes. You remember he used to play the part of the hind legs of the elephant in the pantomime?"

"Yes."

"Well, now he's playing the front legs."—N. Y. Daily News.

Get More Power From Coal.

Such has been the improvement in engine boilers and fire boxes that the power derived from a pound of coal today is nearly three times as great as it was fifty years ago.

Woman's Way.

She—Now that I have openly confessed my one indiscretion to you, what do you say?

He—That you have committed a second.—Brooklyn Life.

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.

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.

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 putting 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.

The Dream Book Man.

"Have you got any of those fool dream books?" said a short, stout man entering a down-town second-hand book store.

"Lots of 'em," replied the salesman, tossing over a pile of paper-covered books, with demons in red and black adorning the front pages.

"My servant girl wants them," explained the man, half apologetically.

"Yes," said the salesman, looking bored.

The man selected three of the books, one on dreams, one on fortune telling, and one on handkerchief flirtations, paid for them, and went away.

"His servant girl wants them," said the salesman to a friend. "The old gag. He wants them himself, and is ashamed to ask for them.

"We get several dozens of that kind in here every week. They are crazy over dream books and fortune-telling books, and all that kind of thing, but they are so afraid someone will know it.

"Almost every one of them blames the poor servant. That's the most popular bluff. They laugh, and say they don't know why the servant wants them, but they supopse they'd better humor her.

"Then they take the books home and read them by the hour. When they've finished them they come back for more.

"It's best to let them think they are fooling you, for we sell more books that way."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Summer "Cottage."

The summer "cottage" on the seashore is the selected place of all others for those who have nothing to do, who have no desire to do it, and an abundance of time in which to do it. There are tens of thousands of them, in a circle of a score or two of miles about New York. Many of them are occupied year after year by their owners, and many others are built for lease, and see a new tenant each season.—New York Letter.

Protecting Books in China.

"We have to varnish all our books in my country," said a Chinese; "otherwise they would soon be eaten into a gray powder by a little black insect, like a beetle, that takes to books as a cat takes to ashes. Everybody in China, when he receives a consignment of books from Europe or America, mixes a little pot of varnish at once and proceeds to coat his books with it. This fluid is a perfect protection; it is made of creosote Canada balsam, resin, spirit of wine and mastic."—Philadelphia Record.

Just Before the Scrap.

Wife—I wonder how they make those parlor matches?

Husband—The process is very simple. I once made one.

Wife—Indeed! How did you manage it?

Husband—By first making a fool of myself in your mother's parlor during our courtship.—Chicago News.