

VERY PRECIOUS.

"I did not give it to him! He stole it out of the mother's album. He did! He did! He did!" The speaker's voice rose with each repetition and her cheeks got redder and redder. "I must know better than you, Rosie."

plan and entry. Give me those things and trust to my ingenuity to get myself out of the scrape. They cannot say much when they know it was another girl's photograph I carried off."

The rattlesnake's awful eye. Never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think till a few days ago, when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still headed him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage and began rattling his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists?

A Curious Affection. A North Greenland physician has given an account of a curious affection that attacks the Esquimaux, its name, in the vernacular of that people, being the equivalent in English of "boat fright," though Danish physicians call it "svimmelhed i kajak," or vertigo of the kajak. According to the description, an Esquimaux, while sailing in his kajak upon a perfectly calm, smooth sea, is suddenly seized with a feeling that his boat is tipping to one side; he jumps to the other to preserve the equilibrium, but this only makes matters worse, and he abandons himself to anxious and even frenzied attempts to keep the boat from tipping; he can no longer fish, and his troubles do not cease until he gets in sight of shore or of another boat. These attacks are not accompanied or preceded by any malaise or nausea, nor does there appear to be any true vertiginous sensation, but rather an hallucination of the sense of equilibrium. The attack occurs when the subject is apparently in full health, and is unattended with headache, palpitations, convulsions or paralysis. Boston Transcript.

Pet Superstitions of the Fair. The other evening I went to a party and tried to find out the pet superstition of each girl I danced with. And they all have them. One wouldn't go under a leaning ladder, another would be sure of becoming ill if she saw the moon over her left shoulder, another would not read an epigraph for fear of losing her memory. One girl told me she could stop a dog's howl any time by taking off her shoe and spitting in it. In drawing her kerchief from her bosom a narrow slip of paper fluttered to the ground, on which were some hieroglyphics. "Oh, my charm!" she exclaimed. I supposed she had lost an article of jewelry, and was searching about for it when she seized upon the scrap of paper as though it were a deed to a San Diego corner lot. My curiosity was aroused, and she explained that it was a charm insuring success in undertakings, purchased by her at a great price from an Egyptian fortune teller in Paris, and that its possession alone amounted to nothing, but it must be put into the pocket or in the bosom of a dress during the recital of an Egyptian verse. If one failed to remember that, however, the Lord's prayer might be substituted. I have taken notes since then, and I find there is not one of the sweet creatures that has not her pet superstitions whim. I have a little friend on Van Ness avenue who would go to church with her seaklein jacket wrong side out, if by any improbability she happened to get it on that way, rather than incur the bad luck sure to overtake her by taking it off to change it. I know a girl on Fourteenth street, in Oakland, who becomes quite radiant when her dressmaker is obliged to rip a seam she has just sewed, as she is sure she will live to wear the garment out. I remember visiting a ranch where bees were kept and the hostess telling me the honey was a failure that year on account of their neglecting to rap on the bee house to tell the occupants that her father had died. "He died very suddenly," she said, pathetically, "and in the surprise and hurry and all we forgot all about it until daylight, and it was too late then, for he'd been dead four hours, and the bees must be told within the hour or you'll lose 'em all, and grieve enough we did."—San Francisco Post.

His Flyship on a Spree. The bartender said: "A roach is a happy, harmless drunkard, but liquor makes a fly quinine-sore." At that instant a big house fly fell into a glass of champagne that one of the spectators of the roach's debauch was preparing to drink. The fly was rescued from the wine and lapped on the counter. He appeared at first to be dead, but he finally revived, struggled to his feet and tried to walk away. One of the spectators thrust his finger before the fly's head, but his flyship paid no heed to the act. He walked about in a circle and staggered like a tipsy. Occasionally the legs on one side of his body would give out and he would fall over on his back, weakly wave his legs in the air and then lie motionless and supremely contented. A magnifying glass was produced and a view of the fly's countenance showed that his eyes were glazed and his expression idiotic as compared with that of the temperate fly. When the wine had begun to fully assert its power the fly struggled on his feet and proceeded to vindicate the bartender's estimate of him. He reeled along the counter until he met a sober fly that was making toward a cube of loaf sugar. The tipsy turned toward the temperate fly and struck him with unalloyed aloofthought. The temperate fly, in vain to escape, then he turned on his assistant, rolled him over on his back and left him with his legs in the air.

The Groomer's Secret. Dr. Sargent, of the Harvard gymnasium, has examined Hamlin, the carman, and says that he has "a great head and an excellent body all the way down to the legs." Judged by a standard of perfection the carman's legs and arms are too short. Dr. Sargent says that this defect has made Hamlin the carman that he is, and that the power from the shoulders, back and hips, together with the immense leverage given by the short legs and arms, is what has made him almost the perfection in build for a sculler.—New York Sun.

Slarks are accused of causing the great scarcity of soft crabs in the waters of the Chesapeake bay this summer. They are usually numerous and bold, and may be seen any day swimming on the flats exploring the water grass with their blunt noses.

THE BIG NEWSPAPER HAS THE LIMIT OF THE READING PATIENCE BEEN REACHED? The Newspaper of the Future May Be Smaller Than the Present Average. Condensation in the Judicious Use of the Pictorial Practice. When the big newspaper becomes smaller how is it to be delivered? News carriers have already complained of the hardness of the task of handling so many pounds of paper. How will it be when more pounds are added? Why, it will be possible, certainly at the prevailing low price. The days of the cheap press will be over. The price must be very considerably raised to induce the middlemen to disseminate Mr. Jones' larger sheets and were of the newspaper of the future will be smaller than the present average. And it will be no worse a newspaper account, but rather better. This result is reached by condensation in the judicious use. I don't mean by the "boiling everything," so that there is little of substance left in the article or paragraph, anything much but the leading. The paper to which I refer is condensation by excising the newspaper of the future will be only what it is really worth while to print. The newspaper of the present prints a mass of matter upon which space is which nobody is profited by reading or all wants to read, or having read read men later. If all of this were omitted newspaper would shrink rapidly.

IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS. But it is not only the literary department that condensation is advantageously invading a field. I doubt that the present state of advertising will be in operation 1907, or even in 1907. An illustration of the case. If all the newspapers in New York should agree to double their advertising rates, and if in consequence the advertiser should buy half as much space as heretofore, it is, of course, mathematically demonstrable that the newspapers would be no worse off pecuniarily. I think it is morally probable that the advertiser would be no worse off in respect to the publicity of his business, but that all hands by and by would be a great deal better off in every way. The advertisement would attract nearly as much attention. It would be quite as much if the advertiser agreed to stand upon a level. It is the competitive magnitude—the struggle for a longer notice and for bigger letters, the numerous alphabetical blotches which clutter so many daily journals—that characterizes the system. Then there is another source of competition within the paper itself, between the literary and commercial columns. Mr. Ottendorfer says: "I think the habit of presenting illustrations in such journals foolish and in very bad taste." I certainly agree with him; but if we should trace the genesis of the pictorial practice might we find that it originated in part in a super-necessity for an offset to the black and poster letters of the advertisements? Was, perhaps, a disposition to restore the balance between the departments, and to blot out headings, monstrous "cuts" and padding of all sorts were resorted to? The policy of the literary half in turn stimulates the commercial half to fresh efforts. If journalism could recover from this sense of magnitude the two sides would act and react upon each other, but in a wholesome way. Both would learn to there are effective opportunities in compactness of space and moderation of statement. It seems to me that the hope of journalism lies in some such reform as this. Otherwise its fate threatens to resemble that of seaweed, gigantic vegetable, not nutritious, but running to useless pulp and unproductive seed. I think the newspaper of the future will have smaller pages and fewer of them. The tendency almost everywhere seems to be from the blanket form.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Cookery in the South. It has been the habit of some to speak of writing slightly of cooking in the South. The itinerant journalist travels through southern states, stops at a railway station, buys a cup of badly prepared coffee and sour roll, or hastily boils a wretchedly cold dinner; jots down his unfortunate experience in his notebook, and at his next stopping place writes his letter to the northern daily weekly; graphically portrays the barbarism of southern cooking, and would almost surely make his readers that he is journeying to land outside the pale of civilization. The man who keeps the eating house may be himself, a stranger to the south, steeped there only for the purpose of making money or he may be as inefficient as some who preside at similar houses in the north, since there a railway station dinner is not one of the most tempting meals to a discriminating palate. But the mind of the journalist who would to appreciate conditions; he must stop upon facts. During his journey he has perhaps, entered one southern home, has been once seated at a family table. With the capricious gods of the pantomime—also, he has had some dealings, but here and penates of the southern find save neither welcomed him nor dressed themselves to him. What, then, does the southerner know of southern cooking? Southern tables!—Zetella Cooke in American Magazine.

There are 160,000 colored Baptist church members in the southern states. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, accepted the presidency of the American missionary board. A visitor at a church in a big northern city, whose members are almost all rich and, and therefore conservative, described it as the "Church of Retired Christians." The ten cent fund for the Memorial church, collected by Dr. Edward Judson in memory of his father, Anoniam Judson, the pioneer missionary in India, now amounts to nearly \$25,000. The Presbyterian synods of New York and Pennsylvania agreed last May to take charge of the weak churches within their bounds and relieve the Board of Home Missions of their support. There is a deficiency in both synods in the funds collected for this purpose.

THE GLOSS EYE INDUSTRY. A London paper says that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, and one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire, and are consequently liable to lose an eye.—Frank Leslie's.

MARKS DESTROYING GRASS. Slarks are accused of causing the great scarcity of soft crabs in the waters of the Chesapeake bay this summer. They are usually numerous and bold, and may be seen any day swimming on the flats exploring the water grass with their blunt noses.

PATENTS. Patents, and Trade Marks obtained, and all