# A Successful Experiment.

Mrs. M—— looked for the twentieth time at her watch, and then with a sigh walked to the window.

"He promised to be home at 6 o'clock to dinner," she murmured, "and it is now 7:30. Am I to be disappointed evening after evening in this fashion? Must I sit down to another solitary meal, with servants to wonder at my red eyes? Only six months married! From the depths of my heart I wish I had never left my father's house!"

Dinner finished, then far into the night this heart-broken wife awaited the arrival of her husband.

At last she heard his footsteps, and pale and almost breathless she rushed to meet him.

"Why in the world are you not in bed, Annie?" was his first salutation.

"Oh, George, how could you alarm me so?" came nervously from her lips. "I have been so worried." And she burst into tears.

"Wipe your eyes, Annie, and just here I have something to say to you.

"When I married you it was because I loved you, and supposed you loved me. I find I am mistaken, for no wife who has a regard for her husband will annoy him with continual reproaches.

"I shall attend my club and my business generally, go out when I please and come in when I feel disposed. Now go to bed."

His wife was thoroughly roused, and her face nerved with indignation, and she said: "You shall never again be troubled by my tears or faultfinding. Love is a myth, a ridiculous delusion, and hereafter I shall follow your example—be a woman of the world as you are a man of the world—and now, good morning."

Annie kept her word. The tender expression of countenance gave way to

a subdued, almost cynical look. Bright, intellectual, a good conversationalist, an exquisite singer and pianist, what wonder that her society was sought after, and that wherever she went admirers flocked to her side.

She presided over her household with grace and dignity, but there was no unbending in her conduct towards her husband, although she was most careful of his comfort and always polite.

This behavior was anything but agreeable to Mr. M. He became suddenly punctual in his home engagements, was seldom late to dinner, and seemed to wish to win her old love ways back.

Annie was exact about every domestic arrangement, and after these duties were finished, without any word, withdrew to her own boudoir or made one of a gay party elsewhere. George tried to demolish this icy barrier, but words were useless. The reply was: "Don't annoy me with your fault finding."

Three months passed in this way. George grew pale. Neither business nor pleasure had any charm for him. Annie kept on in the even tenor of her way apparently unconscious of the change in the manner of her husband.

"I shall start for the South next week, Annie," said he one evening, after several ineffectual attempts to engage her in conversation.

Her hands closed tightly as he said this, but the proud woman controlled herself, and not a muscle of her face moved as she replied:

"Very well. Is there anything I can do?"

"No," he replied; "there is nothing for me to do but to leave home. I can never stay here and be treated as you are treating me now."

Everything was soon ready, and there only remained the good-by between the husband and wife.

"I am going now, Annie; will you not give me one pleasant word?" he said.

"Certainly," she replied. "I wish you bon voyage and a safe return to your home."

"You will write to me, Annie?" and his lip quivered.

"Certainly, since you desire it, with a great deal of pleasure."

"Oh, heaven help me!" moaned Annie, as the door closed after him; and, throwing herself upon her knees beside the couch she poured out her soul in passionate lamentations. Oh, heaven, send him back to me. My heart is breaking. Why did I let him go? Oh, I love him more than all on earth!"

"Annie! Annie! My own precious wife!" And the next moment she was in her husband's arms.

"Darling, I came back for my hatbox and overheard your cry. Let us both be thankful."

And two heads, never again to be raised in pride and defiance, were reverently bowed.—Boston Post.

### A New Party.

A hostess often finds difficulty in entertaining her young friends. Here is a novel way to spend an evening which will afford amusement to old and young. In sending out invitations request each guest to come with his right hand securely bound up. Let no one be excepted. When the hostess greets them she extends her left hand and begs them to write their names in a blank book on her desk. The page will soon have the appearance of a 3-year-old's first attempt to write. Some soloist may play her own left handed accompaniments, and an elocutionist recite, making all her gestures with the left hand. The menu must include something that will demand the use of a spoon to add to the awkwardness of the left-hand community.

## A TRUE "HEROESS."

**Elizabeth Robin, Student at Blind School, Boston.**

Notwithstanding the marvelous way in which the deaf, dumb and blind are now freed from the ignorance and loneliness which were formerly the greatest horrors of the silence and darkness in which they must dwell, the struggle they have to make to be, as nearly as they may, like other people can never be anything but difficult. It is fine and touching to behold how gallantly these children of sorrow set themselves to overcome their disadvantages, as it is also to see what tireless patience and loving skill our hard old world places tenderly at their service. There is probably no woman in the United States for whom there is felt so universally an affectionate respect and regard as for that simple, sweet and modest young student, Helen Keller; nor does the public ever weary of listening to new anecdotes of others afflicted as she is—especially of their progress on the thorny road to knowledge. One of these upfortunates is Elizabeth Robin, now a student at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston. Kingsley's "Greek Heroes" formed the basis of the reading lessons of her class at the beginning of the year. In the discussion of the book, Elizabeth gave prompt answers to questions. She declared the difference between a hero and a god to be this: "A hero is half-powerful, whereas a god is all-powerful." Asked if she had ever seen a hero, she responded quickly: "Edith (a companion afflicted like herself) is a hero because she is not afraid of anything. After a moment's reflection, she added: "We might call her a heroess, but she isn't really a hero." The story of Elizabeth's work in arithmetic is one of alternate victory and defeat. Her most serious deficiency lies in the lack of power to analyze problems. She spent a long time over one difficult example, and when asked how she was progressing, replied: "He is a Spaniard, but I hope to conquer him." Later she said: "I have been asking the Spaniard all sorts of questions, but he will not answer me. My brains are heavy." Returning to the task on the following morning with renewed zest, she gained the victory. In the solution of one long problem, requiring the use of many ciphers, Elizabeth used all the ciphers on her type-slate, and then substituted units. "I imagined the ones were ciphers," she explained, "and it was hard, and I was almost mixed." She had, however, arrived at the correct conclusion. She shares in gymnasium work and games, and enjoys them heartily. She is also a good dancer. She runs with great speed, and preferably alone. At one time she hurt herself severely by running into a wall, but her Spartan comment was only: "I would rather be bumped than not run." That is the spirit of a real heroess."—Youths' Companion.

## DINING AT RACE HORSE SPEED.

**Americans Are Given to Fast Eating at Their Social Functions.**

To realize how our "upper ten" scramble through existence one must contrast their fidgety way of feeding with the bovine calm in which a German absorbs his nourishment and the hours an Italian can pass over his postprandial meal. An American dinner party affords us this opportunity. From oysters to fruit, dinners now are a breathless steeplechase, during which we take our viand hedges and champagne ditches at a dead run, with conversation pushed at much the same speed. To be silent would be to imply that one was not having a good time, so we rattle and gobble on toward the finger bowl winning post, only to find that rest is not there. As the hostess pilots the ladies away to the drawing-room she whispers to her spouse: "You won't smoke too long, will you?" So we are mulct in the enjoyment of even that last resource of weary humanity, the cigar, and are hustled away from our smoke and coffee, to find that our appearance is a signal for a general move. One of the older ladies rises; the next moment the whole circle, like a flock of frightened birds, is up and off, crowding each other in the hallway, calling for their carriages and rattling the unfortunate servants who are attempting to cloak and overshoe them. Bearing in mind that the guests have come as late as they dared without being absolutely uncivil, that the dinner has been served as rapidly as was materially possible and that the circle broke up as soon as the meal had ended, one asks one's self in wonder why, if dinner is such a bore that it has to be scrambled through, coute que coute, people continue to dine out?—Atlantic Monthly.

### Chinese Honor to an American.

The United States legation at Pekin, China, has sent to the Essex institute of Massachusetts, an attested copy of the imperial edict, making a demigod of General Frederick Townsend Ward of Salem, who was killed in the service of China. General Ward was the creator of the Chinese army, afterward commanded by "Chinese" Gordon. The document referred to is authenticated with the seals of the Chinese and American governments and is believed to be the only copy in the original Chinese to be found in this country, as the state department at Washington has only an English translation thereof.

### Scientific Indifference.

Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an indefatigable worker. Often, to save time when studying in his laboratory, he used to have a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked

### Roof Garden for Consumptives.

One of the pretty features of a dense neighborhood in the heart of New York is a roof garden belonging to a hospital for consumptives. The windows from the men's sitting rooms reach to the floor, so that the sufferers can walk out to the roof, and they spend much of their time tending, watering and pruning the plants.

### Hoosier with Two Appendices.

An Indianapolis man, operated upon recently for appendicitis, was found to have two appendices.

# THE CODLING MOTH.

## THE GREATEST ENEMY OF THE APPLE GROWER.

**Causing a Yearly Loss of Fully $25,000,000—A Destructive Insect Very Seldom Seen Because It Works Only at Night.**

According to Prof. Forbes, the eminent entomologist, who has made careful experiments and observations regarding the subject, one-half of the apple crop of Illinois is annually destroyed by the apple worm, the caterpillar of the codling moth, involving a loss each year to the farmers and fruit-growers of the state of more than $2,375,000. The annual destruction to the apple crop by this pest and consequent loss to the farmers in the country at large is estimated to be $25,000,000—and yet, according to Prof. Slingerland, the entomologist of Cornell Univeristy at Ithaca, N. Y., not one fruit grower in ten ever saw a codling moth although it is busy at work every season in their orchards by the tens of thousands, and moths of almost every other kind are a familiar sight to the farmer and fruit grower. The reason for this is that the codling moth does not have the universal habit of other moths, that of being attracted by a light or flame at night, and it so completely secretes itself during the day that the most violent disturbance of its retreats rarely causes it to take wing or to emerge from its hiding places about the orchard trees, the rough, scaly bark of which it so closely resembles that even if one were resting on the exterior of the bark of the tree it would defy the sharpest eyes to detect it. A flaming torch placed at night under every tree in an orchard would fail to draw a single codling moth from its work of egg laying in the trees, although its numerous varieties of cousins would be hastening from all directions to meet destruction in the fascinating blaze.

The codling moth emerges from its cocoon about ten days after the apple blossoms have fallen from the trees in the spring, by which time the young fruit is grown sufficiently for the moth's purpose. The cocoons are beneath the scaly bark on the apple tree trunks. The moth, which is about half an inch long, comes out at night, and at once begins depositing its eggs. A codling moth's egg is nearly flat, and no larger than a small pin head. So small is it, and almost imperceptible on the apple, that although the codling moth has been known to naturalists nearly three centuries, it was only four years ago that its eggs were positively identified and described. The moth places but one egg on an apple. If one codling moth finds that another one has already deposited an egg on an apple it does not leave one of its own there, but seeks unpreempted fruit. Each moth lays from eighty to 100 eggs. The egg hatches a tiny worm at the end of ten days, always at night. The worm at once crawls to the blossom end of the apple, enters the cavity there, and tunnels its way to the core, where it feasts and fattens on the heart of the apple, and tunnels its way to the surface at the end of a month, emerging a plump, pink worm, three-quarters of an inch long, always coming out at night. It makes its way without delay to the trunk of the tree, where it spins about itself its silken cocoon beneath a sheltering scale of bark, and remains there in hiding until it in turn develops into a moth, to continue the perpetuation of its pestiferous kind.

Tiny as the codling moth's egg is there is a fly so small that it can deposit as many as four of its own eggs in a single egg of the moth. The fly's eggs hatch worms that devour the moth's embryo in the egg, and thus hosts of the ravenous insects are destroyed before they have begun active life. Other parasitic enemies of the caterpillar make way with untold numbers of the insects at that stage of their existence, and night birds destroy myriads of the moths. Vast numbers of the cocoons are uncovered and their contents devoured by woodpeckers and other insectivorous birds, but enough come to maturity to levy on the farmers of the country a bounty of $25,000,000 a year to keep them in board and lodging. Nothing but spraying the trees with a solution of Paris green has any effect decreasing the annual loss in crop, and in checking the ravages of the pest and this spraying the farmer, as a rule, resolutely persists in not doing.

### High Explosives for War.

Melinite as a high explosive is not considered by the Russians equal to pyroxyline, and in future the latter is to be used. In addition to the heavy projectiles 130,000 light shrapnel were made. Melinite shells for eleven-inch guns have not been found satisfactory, and it is uncertain whether their construction will be continued. More than $500,000 has been spent on setting up a press on the principle of Ergardt, by which working at full pressure 200,000 shrapnel for three-inch quick-firing guns can be turned out every year. The Zlatoustovski manufactory turns out on an average 30,000 projectiles in a year, but it is intended this year, in order to expedite matters, that this manufactory shall cast only the projectiles which will be worked up at Satkinskom manufactory.

### Glasgow's Profitable Street Railways.

Some interesting figures have been published showing the growth of the Glasgow tramway undertaking since it was taken over by the corporation. It is only five years and a half since the town council acquired the tramways, and during that period the weekly drawings have risen from $19,000 to between $40,000 and $45,000. In the first year of the corporation management the tramways carried 60,000,000 passengers. Last year they carried 119,000,000 passengers; or, in other words, they carried the whole population of Glasgow three times in a week.

### American Rights in Klondike.

The Americans in the Klondike have exactly the same rights and privileges and pay the same taxes as Canadians.

## MINING CLAIM

**For Mastodon Bones Filed by a California Prospector.**

Los Angeles (Cal.) correspondence New York Sun: One of the most remarkable mining claims ever filed has recently come to light in Los Angeles. A well-known attorney has on his table some parts of enormous tusks of mastodons, literally a bunch of three, found by a client in Death Valley; and it was on the bones of this animal that the claim was filed. Death Valley is a well-known depression in the eastern and central part of California. In winter it is not a particularly attractive region, but in summer it is several degrees more disagreeable than almost any other spot on earth. The heat which is radiated from the Rocky mountains here is unbearable, and in midsummer the vast sunken pit is the home of the sand storm, and given over to the elemental terrors. Millions of years ago this region, in all probability, was covered with a forest growth and was frequented by large and powerful mastodons. The valley offers few inducements to any but the owners of borax mines and gold, silver and copper prospectors. It so happened that one of the latter entered the valley late during the present season and wandered through the mountains looking for treasure or signs, when he stumbled upon some curious bones. Investigation showed that they were merely the indications of others beneath the surface, which had not been washed away, and a little work resulted in uncovering some enormous tusks, which could belong only to an animal of the elephant family. Further investigations showed that in some way three gigantic elephants had died and been covered up here. It was impossible to take them out without appliances, and as the prospector did not wish to remain there, he adopted the ingenious expedient of taking out a miner's claim and having it filed with all due ceremony, bringing one of the tusks to Los Angeles to exhibit. The excavations made showed that the remains of three mastodons were lying together undisturbed where they had fallen ages ago. The three mastodons thus staked out will soon be taken out, bone by bone, and mounted; and if they prove to be perfect will be as valuable as a good big nugget.

## SHIPS WITH AIR JACKETS.

**They Reduce Friction and Render Greater Speed Possible.**

The air jacket for ships is the latest thing out. It is the invention of a Scotchman, and, it is claimed, greatly reduces the "skin friction" and as a consequence enables a higher speed to be attained. The "aspirator," as the machine is called which supplies the air, is described as being self-acting and without any moving parts. It is a V-shaped air channel, which passes down the vessel's stem as far as the keel, and in most cases goes a certain distance along the keel. This channel may be either inside or outside the vessel, and is provided with certain protected openings or ports constructed in such a way that the water rushing past them produces a minus pressure within them and consequently draws out a continuous stream of air, which, passing along the submerged surface of the ship, cuts off the immediate contact with the water, and, therefore, the water friction. It is the claim of the inventor that by means of his process a steamer makes her voyage in a continuous air jacket. The air, of course, ultimately rises to the surface of the water, but if the ship be going at a fair degree of speed she will pass her whole length through the air current before it escapes. It is said that in the experiments made with steamships on the Tay there was an increase of speed amounting to from 21 to 26 per cent of the ordinary speed of the ship, and it was noted that the greater percentage of increase was in ships that had the greater speed to begin with.—Chicago Chronicle.

### The Wounded in Battle

An army loses far more of its strength through its wounded than through its killed. There are four or five wounded to one killed, and the dead men give no trouble, while the wounded require an immense number of non-combatants to attend them. A great many of the wounded return to duty; but, as a rule, more than half of them take no further part in the war. Probably the same thing is occurring out in Africa now as occurred in previous wars, for the effects of the new weapons do not seem to differ greatly from those of the old. In that case it is easy to calculate what generals lose by having so many men wounded. If they fight a battle in which 100 are killed and wounded, the probabilities are that twenty would die on the field, twelve of the wounded would die later on, twenty-one would be invalided home, while forty-seven would return, cured, to duty. These are the averages for big battles in which there are several thousand casualties.

### Carlyle a Rapid Feeder.

One day at dinner a gentleman—moved, it may be, by the sight of Mr. Gladstone's conscientious mastication of his food, for the great statesman was not one to eat in haste and repent at leisure—remarked what a victim to dyspepsia Carlyle had been. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, "he smoked too much. I have been told that he ate quantities of sodden gingerbread and he was a rapid feeder. I lunched with him one day and he tumbled his food into his stomach. It was like posting letters." After a slight pause, Mr. Gladstone added: "Carlyle did not seem to use his jaws, except to talk!"

### Fist Fight Amid Bullets.

During the fight at Colenso there occurred a truly Irish incident. The gallant Dublins, in an attack on the enemy's left flank, paused at a spot for cover and also in order to regain their breath. Here two of the soldiers had a dispute, and before one could say Jack Robinson they were on their feet banging their fists into each other's faces with tremendous vehemence, while bullets whistled by their ears [illegible] Boers [illegible] up the dust at their feet. [illegible] had won the Dublin [illegible] and went for the

# THE SIOUX GHOST DANCE

## Indians Give Up Looking for a Messiah.

Ghost dancing among the Sioux Indians, which led to such fierce battles with the whites in years gone by, has died out and the noble red man no longer looks for the coming of a Messiah who would bring dead Indians to life, reincarnate the buffalo and deer and effectually dispose of the white population of the earth. Ghost dancing, according to one who has made this custom a study, is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of the frenzy dances of the whirling dervishes of Turkey and Egypt, an exercise undertaken for the purpose of placing the physical being in a state of exaltation wherein the spirit gains intimate communion with the dead and with the Messiah. It is a curious fact, attested by the better educated Indians, that the idea of an Indian Messiah was an adoption of the Christian idea of the Savior, doubtless traceable to the teachings of the early missionaries. The expected advent of an Indian Messiah has been among the traditions of the Indians of North America almost from the beginning of their contact with the whites, and when the failure of crops in 1889 and 1890 left the Indians without the subsistence upon which they depended—the government failed to furnish all of the supplies demanded—their minds naturally turned to the thoughts of the Messiah's advent.

In the summer of 1890 the idea became widespread and was followed soon after by the announcement that the Messiah had actually come. Twenty miles from the Pine Ridge agency about 2,000 Indians gathered, many of them belonging to the band of the famous old medicine man, Sitting Bull. They believed the Indian millennium would come with the next spring, when the new grass appeared. Soldiers were hurried from all parts of the country. They herded the Indians into their agencies and pursued the wandering bands of fanatics into the Band Lands, and there proved to them that their ghost shirt was only painted muslin and incapable of turning the bullet of the white man. The ghost dance was held for six days and nights at the beginning of every new moon, by command of the Messiah. Month after month in 1890 the dance was kept up. By the influence of the agents and the Indian police, backed by the soldiers, all of the Indians, except the Sioux, were brought under control. The Sioux were numerous and defiant. They refused to quit dancing and treated the agents' orders with contempt. The collision came at Wounded Knee creek on Dec. 29. Several companies of soldiers had surprised and captured Big Foot's band, the leaders of the deviltry of the times. They were lined up while a search of their tepees was made for arms. This proved fruitless and a personal search was ordered. The first detachment of searchers was shot down by the Indians, who had their guns concealed beneath their blankets and ghost shirts. There were 140 bucks and 250 women and children in the band. The signal for hostilities was given by the medicine man grabbing a handful of earth and flinging it above his head. The soldiers were of Custer's old command and soon rallied. The Indians retreated to their tepees after they had lost 52 men. Before the battle ended 116 Indians, including Big Foot and 60 or 70 women and children, hiding in the tepees, were killed. The soldiers had 25 killed. The demonstration of the worthlessness of the ghost shirt as armor had a powerful effect upon the other dancing Indians, and they sullenly submitted after weeks of protest. The ghost dance belief died hard, however. So alluringly did the Messiah idea present the future to the simple-minded braves that they were loath to give it up. The following year ghost dancing was again started, but was soon stopped by the Indian police. Periodically since then have the followers of the craze sought to revive this dance, but each time it was sternly repressed. The end came last year, when only a score of the believers in all the Sioux could be got together. Then and then only was it finally abandoned.

### Bible for Prisoners.

A precedent has been established by the grand jury, which will probably be followed by members of that body who succeeded the incumbents, says the Indianapolis News. In the statutes of 1879 a provision is made that at every session of the grand jury the member shall visit the county workhouse and jail. Any defects in the management, or discrepancies in the accounts of the officials, are to be reported to the judge of the Criminal Court. Recommendations tending to add to the comfort of the prisoners are to be submitted to and considered by them. This section has never been closely observed, it is said. In the report made by the grand jury, yesterday, there was a recommendation that the prisoners of each institution be furnished a Bible. The county officials have received notice from one of the local charity organizations that the Bibles can be had without cost to the county.

### Fish Knew the Professor.

Dr. Samuel Dixon, the president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, has a large aquarium containing goldfish and marine creatures which he is in the habit of feeding every morning. During the winter he wore dark-colored clothing, and as soon as he approached the glass tank all the fish came to surface of the water looking for crumbs. Changing his clothing to light-colored fabrics the first of May, the fish failed to recognize him, and went without food for two days. At last, however, they began to recognize his f[illegible] proached the aquarium [illegible] the surface [illegible] hands [illegible] tender[illegible] had orde[illegible] to please [illegible] and allowed [illegible]

one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I have been working on."

## BET ON SURE THING.

**Traveler Knew if Accident Occurred Wager Would Be Off.**

"Speaking of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveler at the Cosmopolitan yesterday to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "I am reminded of a curious experience and incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going west over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow passengers in the Pullman was a race horse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading everything up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society. Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposite, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire when all of a sudden the whole car was shaken by a series of swift and heavy concussions. We both realized instantly what had happened. The train had jumped the track and was at that moment bumping its way over the ties preliminary to heaven only knew what kind of a plunge. We were at that time in a part of Kansas that is full of ravines and gullies and short bridges are of frequent occurrence. That disquieting fact flashed into our minds simultaneously. "Bet y' a hundred we're on a trestle!' yelled the Louisville man above the pounding of the wheels. 'Take y'!' I yelled back, and with that the coach gave a sickening lurch and rolled completely over. When I extricated my self from a broken window I found we had stopped on level ground, and while everybody was more or less cut and bruised no one was killed. I encountered my Kentucky friend wandering about the wreck and he promptly handed me a $100 bill. 'What made you take me up so quick?' he asked. 'Because if we had been on a trestle we would all have been killed,' I replied, 'and you couldn't have collected the bet. I stood to win, but not to lose.' 'That's so,' he said, regretfully. 'Next time this happens I'll take the other end.'"

## NAMES FROM CELEBRITIES.

**Manner in Which the Memory of Noted Persons is Kept Alive.**

As soon as a man or woman becomes famous, something or other—generally an article of dress—is sure to be named after him or her. Usually the new word sinks into oblivion with the celebrity who inspired it, but not always. Wellington boots continue to be worn, although some people prefer to call them bluchers, after the iron duke's great rival and friend. Gladstone bags, which superseded the old carpet variety in the '60s, are as popular as ever. The brougham, was called after Lord Brougham, one time chancellor of England, who first discarded for it the old, lumbering hackney coach, whilst the victoria, of course, received its title out of compliment to England's queen. "None of your blarney," on the other hand, can be clearly traced to one Cormack Macarthy, who was lord of Blarney castle in 1602. The fortress was besieged by Gen. Carew, with an overwhelming force, but the wily and soft-spoken Irishman literally talked him into raising the siege. The boycott is an even more striking example of an Irish celebrity-derived phrase. Although now a recognized English word and incorporated as such in all the best dictionaries, it only came into being in 1881, in which year Capt. Boycott, an unpopular Irish landlord, was ostracised by order of the Land league. Neither is it always necessary for an individual to be exactly famous in order to originate a word or a phrase. It is sufficient to get one's self to be talked about to be notorious. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was of no particular consequence even in her own locality, while the black maria, which dail conveys prisoners from the metropolitan police courts to the jails, and vice versa, derives its quaint nickname from a certain Maria Lee, a burly negress, who kept a sailor's boarding-house in Boston. She was a woman of such great size and strength that the unruly stood in dread of her, and when the constables required help it was a common thing to send for black Maria, who soon collared the refractory and led them to the lockup.

### Exhaust Steam By-Product Saved.

In the business of manufacturing electricity for public supply, where steam power is used, the only available by-product is exhaust steam. This steam contains much of the heat of the furnaces which are fired to produce it when it is discharged into the air, and is entirely available for steam-heating purposes. In certain towns in the western states, notably in Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the winters are long and severe, the electric light stations have laid systems of underground pipes and have supplied steam heat and hot water to citizens through them. Th experiment has been an unqualified success.

### Lacked Sufficient Boodle.

"So you were defeated for the senatorship?" "Yes." "How did it happen?" "Oh, it was a pure case of forgetfulness. I had my plans all made, but when I got to the capitol, just before the voting began, I found I'd forgotten my check book, and I hadn't more than $15,000 or $20,000 in my pocket."—Chicago Evening Post.

### Sure Preventive.

[illegible] old chap, there'll be no more [illegible] in ld collisions after this——" Old [illegible] to a better, [illegible]hy, you don't say!" "Yes. [illegible] take off the last car on all

## FIND PLENTY OF ADVENTUR[E]

**Central America Affords a Fine Fie[ld] for Men of Roving Habits.**

There is as much exciting adventu[re] in Central America as in any othe[r] region on the globe, says an Amer[i]can who had an experience there. [I] once went there and opened up a stor[e] in a small town. My stock consiste[d] chiefly of whisky and cartridges, which were the two articles most in demand in that part of the countr[y], but I also carried small side lines o[f] tobacco, sardines and fancy percal[e] shirts. One day a big nigger came int[o] the store, smoked what was left o[f] the tobacco, ate the last six boxes o[f] sardines and put on all the fancy per[-]cale shirts—one on top of the othe[r]. Then he introduced himself as Ge[n.] Tomasso Somebodyorother, and tol[d] me to charge the bill to the army o[f] liberation. While we were arguin[g] about the matter a detachment of gov[-]ernment troops came up looking fo[r] my colored friend, and blew the roo[f] off the store with a small shell from [a] mountain howitzer. The general wen[t] one way and I went the other, but w[e] both got caught, and the commandan[t] promptly put me under arrest for har[-]boring a notorious rebel. I was taken before the magistrate, and, in order to square himself with the authorities, Tomasso turned state's evidence and swore that I was the head and front of the revolution. The scoundrel had on all my percale shirts at the time he was giving his evidence, and I was so mad I couldn't talk coherently. Still, I think I would have been discharged if it hadn't leaked out that I had a couple of barrels of whisky in the store. When the magistrate heard that he ordered me locked up and confiscated my property for the use of the department. The American consul got me out eventually, and I came home in the steerage of a banana steamer.'

## DOESN'T KNOW RIGHT HAND.

**Woman Finds It Difficult to Distinguish Right from Left.**

In some little things of life women are absurdly ignorant, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"I saw by a paper last week that a colored woman was excluded from testifying in court because she didn't know her right hand from her left, and was, therefore, esteemed too ignorant for her evidence to be of any value," said an observant Chicago man yesterday. "Now, do you know I don't believe one woman out of six knows her right hand from her left without stopping to consider the matter. I was standing in the foyer of a theater the other day at a matinee watching the audience, mostly feminine, as it passed in. Well, each maid handed her check to the usher and he called out, 'First door to the right,' or 'Second door to the left,' as the case might be. With hardly an exception those girls turned in the wrong direction; then they'd pause to consider, exclaim, 'We're going the wrong way,' and skurry back again. This happened so often that I spoke to the user about it. 'They always do it,' he replied, laconically. 'I usually point so they'll know the way, but I've neglected to do that today. They're all right if they stop to think, but they never do think.' I myself know an intelligent young woman who has to make a little motion as if she were writing with both hands before she can determine the right one, and she declares that all her acquaintances are affected in like manner, so, perhaps, this is a general feminine failing, and the colored witness was unjustly excluded."

### The Queen's Numerous Progeny.

Queen Victoria's family, includ[ing] the infant prince, born to the Duke and Duchess of York recently, and counting in addition to her majesty only children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living, no[w] numbers seventy-four, as follows: Queen, one; sons and daughters living, seven; grandchildren, thirty-two; great-grandchildren, thirty-four. The Prince of Wales' own family relatively small—four children (one son and three daughters) and six grandchildren (three grandsons and three granddaughters). The line of direct succession to the throne continues unbroken in Queen, Prince of Wales, Duke of York and the sons of the Duke of York. Their birthdays and their ages are as follows: Queen, birthday, May 24, aged eighty; Prince of Wales, November 9, fifty-eight; Duke of York, June 3, thirty-four; Prince Edward of York, June 23, five.

### Afte[r] Crown Jewels.

On the night of the 16th of September, 1792, the Garde Meuble in Paris, where the crown jewels of the fallen monarchy were stored, was broken open and rifled of its priceless contents. Most of these, including the famous "regent" diamond, now at the Louvre, were, thanks to an anonymous communication, found in a ditch near the Champs Elysees, but it was not till twelve years later when a man who was on trial for forgery confessed to being concerned in the robbery that the mystery of their disappearance was solved. Another regalia robbery was that of the crown of Holland, which in 1829 was carried off by burglars, who having kept it intact for two years disposed of some of the stones in America. These were found at Brooklyn, and recovered, the remainder being eventually discovered in Belgium.

### The Haversack, a War Paper.

Mr. Chas. Meinhart, living in Petersburg, Ind., who was drummer in the Twenty-seventh Indiana volunteers, has in his possession a copy of the Haversack, a little four-column paper, printed on one side, and published in the camp of the Twenty-seventh, with an outfit captured in Berryville, Va.

### Journalism Good Training.

Senator Baker, of Kansas, says he started his son, E. Burgoyne Baker, in newspaper work because he believes journalism is the best of training for any young man, no matter whether he intends to keep it up or to go into some other profession.

### Few English Travelers in France.

The Paris, Lyon and Mediterranean railroad reports a loss of $60,000 in traffic from the diminution of English travel in France.