

SLEEP THEIR ENEMY.

TROUBLES OF NIGHT TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

One Scheme That Made a Tramp Angry—Alarm Clocks, Dogs, Tin Cans with String Attachments and Many Other Devices.



WHEN I was a young fellow I was night telegraph operator at a little way station on a railroad...

lunch, according to the New York Tribune. "I remember that our chief ambition in those days was to get as much sleep as we could nights without being found out...

"For instance, if westbound trains had the right of way the dispatcher might send me an order to 'hold No. 28 for orders' and then run trains east-bound against it all the way up the line...

"This wasn't infallible, however, unfortunately, and we used to try all sorts of schemes to awaken ourselves, usually beginning with an alarm clock...

"The greatest trouble we had was in reporting the passing of trains. Some of the night expresses would rush by so quick that we wouldn't get thoroughly awake...

"For awhile I had a dog who would begin to growl when a train was a mile away and would wake me up, but after awhile he got afflicted in the regular way and would growl only for a tramp...

"That scheme was pretty satisfactory for quite a while, but I got so that I'd sleep through that, too, sometimes. It would get caught occasionally and wouldn't work, and it was a mean rigging to arrange, anyway...

ped over the cot, dragged me half way across the floor, nearly frightened me to death and cut into the flesh of my wrist nearly to the bone...

NOSES MADE AS GOOD AS NEW.

Celluloid, Pattinace and Sometimes a Finger Needed.

He would not, with a peremptory tone, assert the nose upon his face his own.

And how could he if that nose were fashioned of celluloid, gold, platinum or even a baser metal? asks the New York World. "Building a nose" sounds queer, and yet that is just what surgeons are doing almost every day...

The operator, in the case of a man, the bony portion of whose nose has been destroyed, first removes the dead bone until he finds healthy bone.

He is then ready to proceed with the building. Holes are drilled into the sound bone for the reception of the metallic frame work which is to support the flesh that will give the nose the appearance of having its natural bony and cartilaginous support.

Probably the most famous case of nose-building is that of the late Dr. Thomas Sabine. The operation was performed at Bellevue hospital. The patient's nose had been entirely destroyed by a disease called lupus.

The surgeon transplanted the middle finger of the patient's hand to replace the nose. To the house surgeon fell the task of destroying the nail. For this he used a powerful acid. In relating his experience recently he said that he supposed his work had proved successful, but after the finger had been transplanted he found that the nail was inclined to grow again, and he was obliged to use the acid repeatedly before it was finally destroyed.

There are surgical records of other similar cases in many of which the nail had grown on the "finger nose."

In ordinary cases where only the bony portion of the nose has been destroyed, celluloid is said to prove most satisfactory, as it is better borne in living tissues than any other substance.

A case was recently shown at the Academy of Medicine. The patient was a young man whose nasal bones had been destroyed through disease. The skin had fallen into the cavity.

The shape of his nose was restored by an aluminum tripod. The surgeon drilled a hole in the frontal bone for the reception of one branch of the apparatus, while the other branches fitted into holes which had been drilled in the upper jawbone. To the untrained eye the nose had every appearance of being normal.

Certificates for Women at Oxford.

The Council of the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford has decided, pending the revival of the agitation for conferring the bachelor of arts degree on women, to issue certificates to those of its students who have complied with certain conditions of examination and residence.

They will be of three kinds, but it will be essential for all that residence shall have been kept in Oxford and a class obtained in an Oxford honor examination. The first will be given for the strict bachelor of arts course with full residence. The second will be given for a course approved by the council of the association as an alternative to the degree course. Three examinations will be obligatory and twelve terms' residence, but there will be no limits of standing. For the third, eight terms' residence will be sufficient, and an intermediate examination will not be required.

The certificates will bear the signatures of the president of the association and the principal of the college, hall or other body to which the student belongs, and will be issued only to students whose names have been on the books of the association during the requisite period of residence. By the present rules of the association no student can be placed or remain on the books unless she is a member of Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, St. Hugh's Hall or the Body of Home Students, but provision has been made for the recognition, under certain conditions, of new halls.—London Times.

The Roentgen Rays.

The electrical ether waves, which Herz and others have experimented with, are, as a rule, too large to decompose the salts of a photographic plate, but they can traverse opaque substances, such as the human body, without causing sensation, as Tesla's experiments showed. If they are too large to affect the sensitive plate and the eye, they are also too large to irritate the nerves. Roentgen and others have demonstrated, however, that certain of these electric rays or wave motions can affect the sensitive film indirectly by exciting phosphorescence in bodies on which they fall. Hence the Roentgen silhouettes and the cryptoscope of Salvioni are already familiar to the readers of this column.—London Globe.

On Their Track.

"Ha! ha!" quoth Romeo Gruffvoice, the tragedian, as he wearily stepped from the tie to the way in from Frostville, "tis the first time, forsooth, I have played the role of detective. The directors of this road know me not, but I am on their track."

Just then a train turned the curve and the way it used him made him feel very much cut up.—New York World.

DECAY OF ST. HELENA.

Great Britain Allows It to Fall Into Disrepute.

Napoleon effectually prevented St. Helena from ever sinking into obscurity, says the African Critic. Nevertheless, for some years past the island has been getting deeper and deeper into financial straits, while the population has been steadily diminishing. St. Helena is only some 1,600 miles distant from Cape Town and yet the island is comparatively unknown to South African colonists, as the outward and homeward steamers to and from Cape Town call there only once in three weeks and make a very brief stoppage. And yet this historic island is well worthy of a visit, not only from its association with the great Corsican but also because it possesses, probably, the finest climate in the world. A constant southeasterly trade wind, straight from the pole, blows over the island and sweeps away those germs of disease which lie latent in less favored spots. As a consequence, the longevity of the inhabitants is probably much greater than in any other portion of the globe. In spite of all this and the proximity of the island to the Cape, hardly a solitary African finds his way there from one year's end to the other.

So much in reference to St. Helena as a health resort. Now let me briefly refer to a matter that is of more vital importance. The strategical advantages of the island have been fully recognized by both military and naval experts and the royal commission which was presided over by the late Lord Carnarvon recommended that it should be strongly fortified and constituted an important naval and coaling station for the vessels of the squadron within the Cape command. These recommendations have, however, not been carried into effect. Certainly something was done to improve the fortifications ten or twelve years ago, but the guns are now of an obsolete type and the diminutive garrison maintained in the island is utterly inadequate to defend it. Moreover, though St. Helena is supposed to be a naval coaling station, the admiralty maintained no coal supply there, the coal for the ships on the Cape and west coast of Africa stations being kept at Ascension, which does not possess even a solitary gun but is a cinder heap upon which many thousands are annually wasted.

The defenseless condition of St. Helena is a matter that intimately concerns the South African colonies and should engage their attention. The island is utterly unable to help itself. The opening of the Suez canal ruined its prosperity and ever since it has been drifting nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. The greater portion of its adult male population has migrated to the Cape and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. There are only half a dozen officials and the governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of chief (and only) justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of its possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, and especially an island which, lying in the direct route to the Cape, must ever be of considerable importance.

The Paper Returned.

"I'll tell you the queerest story you ever heard," said Chief Dickinson of the department of fire the other day, "and it is a true story at that. In 1864, toward the end of the war, I was at Fort Lincoln, at Washington, the leader of a band of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio Regiment. The war was hot, and of course we were all intensely interested in the very latest we could get about it. Newspapers were scarce, and when we managed to get hold of one we regarded it as a treasure. One day I was fortunate enough to get hold of a copy of the Philadelphia Inquirer, which contained a lot of war news. After I had read it I handed it around among the boys, and finally loaned it to a man named Breymeier. Yesterday who should walk into the office but Breymeier, who returned the paper with thanks. He was looking over his old papers to get information to assist the widow of an old comrade in getting a pension, and he ran across the Inquirer. What do you think of the conscience of a man who would return a paper after all that time?"—Cleveland Leader.

Game Law in Central Africa.

Game is to be preserved in Central Africa. Major von Wissman has set aside a portion of German East Africa, within which no shooting will be allowed without a license from the governor of the colony. A license to shoot elephant or rhinoceros costs 500 rupees a year for a native; females and young elephants with tusks weighing less than six pounds must not be shot at all. White men will pay 100 rupees for the first elephant shot and 250 rupees for every other, 50 rupees for the first two rhinoceroses, and 150 rupees for all after them. Monkey, beas of prey, boars and birds, except ostriches and secretary birds, may be killed without a license.

Curious Writing Table.

Mrs. Winthrop—"My husband is going to do most of his business correspondence at home while I'm away in the country." Mrs. Merritt—"Is he going to use that lovely desk of yours?" Mrs. Winthrop—"No; he has bought a table covered with green cloth, with the funniest little hole cut in the top you ever saw."—Puck.

Awfully Squeezed.

Haggist—"I understand that you have been awfully squeezed in the city of late."

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DEMON MADE IN JAPAN

SUPERSTITIOUS ORIENTALS DECEIVED.

Became Rich in Three Months—Cranial Bones of Horses and Oxen, Horse Teeth and a Steer's Horns Used. Make the Skull.



THE skeleton of a "demon" was recently placed on exhibition in Japan. It was exhibited over half of the empire, and caused an immense sensation wherever it was shown. The "demon" is the great bugaboo of the Japanese.

In the olden times in which, according to native tradition, the demon existed, it was possessed of enormous strength, a voracious appetite and a pestilential breath, devastating a district with even greater dispatch than the plague.

It is supposed to have had a real existence and to be extinct only in the sense that we know the dodo to be extinct. Hence there are many natives of Japan who believe that there is a possibility that one remaining specimen of the demon may be discovered in some remote place where it has been concealed for many years.

Therefore, the skeleton, fabricated by an ingenious Japanese fakir, caused great curiosity, and thousands



THE DEMON THAT SCARED JAPAN.

of Japanese flocked to see it. Its owner grew rich, and his specimen might have continued to furnish evidence of the truth of some of the astonishing folkloric tales of the masses had not the fact that it was a swindle been proved by the authorities. As it was, the excitement over it was immense. Here is what the Japan Weekly Mail says of it:

"A most ingenious swindler recently met with well-merited punishment at the hands of the Kumamoto police authorities, after having for more than three months done a roaring business by imposing on the credulity of the Kyushu people. He exhibited what he was pleased to call the skeleton of a demon, and has been convicted of most daring duplicity and sent up for a long term to a place where flesh and blood demons are of not infrequent occurrence.

"His name is Michigami Kataro, his native village Bingo, his real profession that of a paper-hanger. Being dissatisfied with the profits derived from honest trade, he conceived the idea of manufacturing a demon of the good old-fashioned Shuten-doji type, believing with justice that he would make a fortune by exhibiting so rare and noteworthy an object. His professional skill stood him in good stead in carrying out this plan, the ingenuity displayed being well worthy a better scheme.

"In manufacturing the huge skull he used the cranial bones of horses and oxen. These he joined together most deftly by covering them on the inner side with skin taken from the stomach of an ox. Horse teeth inserted the wrong way were placed in the demon's mouth, giving the skull a most ferocious expression. Two horns remained to be soldered on in strict accordance with the received traditions of demons in Japan, and here again the horns of an ox were put in requisition.

"The thorough preparations being completed, he set out on a swindling tour and earned a substantial sum by exhibiting his handiwork.

"But fate was lying in wait for him at Kumamoto. The fraud was detected and the swindling three—the skeleton, the document and the man—were impounded and imprisoned. The man made a clean breast of it, giving a minute description of the manner in which he had made the skeleton, to the delight of the Kumamoto police."

A CITY PASTEL.

Pictured in the Dens Where Editors and Proof-readers Toil.

Once upon a time a wealthy proof-reader who possessed an entire box of matches was accosted by an indigent editor who wanted fire for his pipe and possessed nothing but a copy of the "Light of Asia." The proof-reader thus importuned declared he could give his comrade no assistance, as his matches were hard come by and he had nothing but a good, fat salary between himself and a heartless world. The editor declared he was in the same fix, and the proof-reader relented and gave him one measly fugitive match with a head on it that was so small it was only a pimple.

"This match," said the editor as he struck it, "which you have so generously donated to the relief of suffering humanity, has effected a marvelous revolution in society for so small a thing. I recollect my grandfather telling me of the trouble they used to have in obtaining lights in the old days. How he would sit up in bed while grandma would paddle around in her pretty bare feet hunting the flint on cold winter mornings, and how when she had

VAN TASSELL'S TEA.

His Fortune Was Told but Not by His Fiancee.

Young Van Tassel's fiancee was still in Boston, which may have accounted for that young man's presence in Miss Bessie Travers' little den, which opens directly from the Travers parlor, says the New York Mail and Express. It would be difficult to imagine any thing more stiff and awesome than the Travers parlor, or anything more graceful and charming than Miss Bessie's little den, unless, perchance, it was Miss Bessie herself. Young Van Tassel has of late been in the habit of dropping in to see Miss Travers at about tea time. Just why he does this he himself could not explain, but Miss Travers knows, and there are moments when a queer little triumphant smile flickers over her lips, and the very faintest, prettiest blush imaginable creeps up from her neck, dyeing her charming face a delicate pink.

Last night the young man strolled into the little room and found Miss Bessie sewing. No one else was there. Van Tassel has been wondering of late how he always happens to find his friend alone when he drops in for tea. There always used to be a crowd there. "It's warm, isn't it?" said Van Tassel as he dropped comfortably into an easy chair, which, by some accident, had been placed just where he could get the best view of Miss Bessie, who was sewing on some dainty trifle.

"Yes," said Miss Bessie, without looking up. "Heard from Kitty lately?" "Yes," said Van Tassel, shortly; "I had a letter this morning. What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"I think Kitty is quite the prettiest girl I know," said Miss Bessie. "Do you?" said Van Tassel. "When are you going to let me teach you to ride a bicycle?"

"Does Kitty ride?" "No," said Van Tassel, "she does not. I say Bess, do you remember when you used to ride on the back step of my velocipede?"

"Yes," said Miss Travers demurely. "I wonder if Kitty ever did anything like that?"

"I wonder," said Van Tassel. "We used to have pretty good times, didn't we, dear boy?" said the girl. "Awfully jolly," said Van Tassel. Miss Bessie sighed very gently. A sigh should not be overlong.

"We are grown up now," she said gently. "Will you have tea?" she continued, putting away her work.

"Tell my fortune in the tea leaves," commanded Van Tassel as he put down his cup. "If I can," said the girl. "I don't know how far I can go."

"I'm very anxious," said Van Tassel. "The future is a sealed book." "That's the right phrase," said the girl, laughing.

"I see a dark woman," she began, as she peered into the cup. "That's Kitty; and there is a blond young man; that's you; and there's another woman. I wonder who she can be?"

"I wonder, too," said Van Tassel. "I—I can't tell you any more," continued the girl, "because it is so absurd."

"Go on, please," said Van Tassel. "The young man doesn't really care for the dark girl," said Miss Bessie. "Now, don't you see how silly it is?" Van Tassel said nothing. Sometimes this is wise.

"And, although he doesn't know it, the other girl likes him—a little. Isn't it perfectly foolish?" and the young woman blushed gently.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Van Tassel. "And—and, I guess that's all I can see," ended the girl.

"I wonder who that other girl is?" said Van Tassel. "I wonder," said the girl.

Haunted by a Voice.

Joseph Knecht, 73 years old, a veteran of the late war, was found lying dead in a barn. A few days ago he purchased 10 cents' worth of arsenic and said he was going to kill himself, but nobody believed him. In connection with the circumstances of Knecht's death it is said that when he was a soldier in the war for the union a rebel shot one of Knecht's comrades. This occurred near the rebel's home and Knecht vowed revenge. Going to the house with a loaded gun he slew the rebel in the presence of his wife and family. The woman screamed when she saw her husband killed, and her voice had such an unearthly sound that Knecht said it always haunted him and he was going to kill himself in order to get away from the result of his cruelty.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cecil Rhodes an Utter Failure.

The astute president of the Transvaal has acquired for the treasury a sum of £216,000, which will pay for many Maxims, has silenced all prominent British opponents of the Boer oligarchy and has obtained a reputation for self-control and merciful dealings with rebels. He triumphs, in fact, all along the line, and will probably now devote himself with renewed energy to his two great objects—the acquisition of a port under his own dominion and the destruction of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who is to him a kind of bogey. We do not remember so complete a defeat of a British party anywhere and regard the incessant paeans to its leaders' ability as uttered in contempt of all visible facts. To be crushed in the field, to be defeated in council, to lose reputation and to forfeit great sums of money, these are feats surely to which even the incompetent are equal. "I could have done that," said the Austrian emperor disposed for incapacity, when he heard of the loss of Lombardy.—London Spectator.

The Same Thing.

Hustler—Why don't you go to work and show people there is something in you? Laziman—Wouldn't an ocean voyage answer the same purpose?—Louisville Truth.

Tourist parties of women cyclists are to be a feature of the English highway this summer.