

A WOMAN DIES OF RABIES.

Written by a Dog, She Expires Three Months Later.

Miss Jennie E. Glatigny died of rabies at her home at Seventh and Hill streets yesterday morning about 2 o'clock. Her sufferings from spasms of the throat and larynx just before her death were terrible, and it was impossible to do anything for her relief, says the Savannah (Ga.) News of March 23. Dec. 29 Miss Glatigny took her dog and went out for a walk toward Mt. Kiesel's place, a short distance from her home. When near there she saw two dogs, one of which attacked her dog, and when she took a stick to beat it off the other dog sprang at her and bit her through the right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Miss Glatigny went on to Mrs. Kissling's, where some turpentine was applied to the wound and after some days it healed up. On Jan. 12 it broke out again and Dr. Stanley was called. He pricked the hand and let out a small accumulation of pus, after which it healed again and she took no further notice of it until Thursday, March 18, seventy-nine days after the bite, when, about 12 o'clock noon, she began to feel a pain in the hand, which ran up the arm, through the shoulder and down her side. She was very restless Friday night and in the morning and complained that the pain kept annoying her. She was about the same Friday night and Saturday morning about 10 o'clock she sent for Dr. George H. Stone. When Dr. Stone called he found her suffering from this pain, but there were no other symptoms and it appeared that she had taken cold. The pain was easily relieved and it did not return. She had one choking spell and on the return of Dr. Stone Sunday morning she complained that she had not slept through the night, though she had suffered no pain. She then showed signs of rabits in her inability to swallow and from then until 2 o'clock in the morning, when she died, there was a constant succession of spasms whenever she attempted to drink water. Although she wished for water eagerly, and would hold a glass of it in her hand for an hour at a time, while the sight of it did not seem disagreeable to her, yet when she attempted to swallow it her effort would make the spasms of the throat still more intense and these kept up continuously to the time of her death, nature being unable to endure longer the severe strains produced. Miss Glatigny was conscious to the time of her death. She knew those about her and would talk when she had long enough relief from the constantly recurring spasms of the throat to do so. Her case was accompanied by all of the other symptoms of rabies, such as extreme nervous irritability. Touching her nose at attempting to blow it would bring on a severe spasm, as would also any draught of air, no matter how slight. On one occasion the suggestive treatment was tried and she was finally enabled to drink a glass of water through the induced belief that she could do it. But this could not be kept up and the spasms became more frequent and more severe until death relieved her. Yesterday morning Dr. Stone and Drs. Graham and Brunner held an autopsy for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the case. There was no doubt in the minds of any of them that it was a true case of rabies. They took some of the virus and will cultivate it and try its effect on some animal, such as a rabbit, for the purpose of more thoroughly understanding the case.

The German Emperor and Empress.

I remembered that when I lived in Berlin, when a child, Sunday was scarcely observed in any way by the Germans. The churches were well nigh empty. You might have imagined yourself in London upon a bank holiday. But the present empress is a woman of very firm religious principles and William II, however changeable he may be in other matters, is a rock where his pious belief is concerned. It has been the dearest wish of both himself and the empress to introduce the "English Sunday" to the Germans, and it is wonderful, indeed, how they have succeeded. The increase of belief is remarkable; the Berlin churches are now attended by crowds and the clergymen, formerly at a discount in society, are feted as if they were the military. Both emperor and empress always attend divine service in the morning. The preacher is forbidden, it is true, to speak longer than fifteen minutes and the congregation is warned against "staring" at their majesties. After church the royal couple entertain a few intimate friends at luncheon and before bed time the empress imparts some bible knowledge to her children.—The Woman at Home.

Writers of Books.

In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, nonwriters must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people.—Thackeray.

The Unlikely.

"No," sighed the poster farmer, as he sadly contemplated the poster cow. "I can't say that I consider her a very likely animal, but we all have our shortcomings, I suppose."—Detroit Journal.

The Difference.

She—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself. He—But you weren't married to a woman.—Tid-Bits.

STRANGE HOLE IN GROUND.

Contents of Sea Water Have Been Taken It to Years Past.

One is reminded of the pretty fable about Arochtha and Alpheus by a curious story in the current number of "Pioneer's Magazine." But in the ancient narrative it is a fresh water river into which the pursuing lover was banished, and the fountain which represents the metamorphosed nymph has been obliterated; while in the less romantic tale now told a salt water stream disappears into a hole in the ground, and all the rest is a profound mystery, says the New York Tribune. On the coast of the Greek island of Cephalonia, near the town of Argostoli, there are two little bays, or cales, leading inland from the sea to the distance of about 100 feet, and then discharging their contents into deeply excavated pits, through whose badly fissured, rocky bottoms the water immediately issues itself. At least as long ago as 1835 a mill was run by power from one of these fumes, and a second mill was built beside and operated by the other a little while afterward. The mills themselves are now in ruins, but the flow continues. This remarkable state of things has existed for over sixty years, and very likely for a century. One cannot help asking in amazement where all that water goes to. The Messrs. Crosby, who furnish the account which Cassier's prints, estimates that the flow in each channel amounts to 1,900 cubic feet per minute, or 3,900,000 cubic feet per day in both. Two smaller passages of a similar character have been observed in the same neighborhood, and it is added that along the shore, "at all points between the two mills, and for an unknown distance beyond each, the water is everywhere percolating through cracks and fissures of the limestone and sinking into the earth. The openings in the sea bottom are no doubt mainly closed by weeds and gravel, yet no inconsiderable amount of water must find its way to these mysterious depths through such an extent of beach, lying on a rock that is practically as porous as a sieve. * * * It is difficult to decide which is the greater marvel, the sea mills themselves or the fact that they have remained practically unknown to the scientific world up to the present day, although described by several authors, mentioned in the guide books, and visited by admirals, generals, bishops and distinguished civilians."

Almost the only explanation hitherto offered assumes that evaporation goes on rapidly in some subterranean cavern and thus disposes of the water. But as it is admitted that the remaining salt from the two mill streams alone would amount to 48,500 cubic feet a year it is hard to understand why the subterranean cavern, if there be one, does not fill up. The Messrs. Crosby offer a different hypothesis. They ask the reader to imagine two great fissures descending into the earth and meeting below like the sides of a letter V or U. Then they suggest that perhaps one arm is shorter than the other and that there is a long, very gently rising passage leading from the bottom of one to the bottom of the other, so that the subterranean heat can get a good chance to act on any stream passing through it. It then becomes easy to suppose that a cold current of sea water comes down through one branch of the system and is forced upward through the other by thermal influences. The rocky island of Cephalonia, like some of its neighbors, betrays the effect of earthquakes innumerable in times past, abounding in fractures and faults, caverns and subterranean rivers. None of the spring on Cephalonia contains any large quantity of salt, however, and it is difficult to regard any of them as the overflow of the flood which disappears at Argostoli. But it is possible that, as Alpheus is said to have done, it takes a dive beneath the sea and comes up on some far-off island.

The Plucking of Fowls.

The Australian method of plucking fowls possesses the advantages of being rapid and easy. As soon as the birds are dead, plunge each in turn into a pail of boiling water, into which one and a half pint of cold water has been thrown (the object is just to scald them), taking care that the water reaches every part of the feathers. One minute's soaking is generally sufficient; if kept in too long, the skin is apt to discolor, and, if not long enough, the feathers will not easily draw. Every feather can now be stripped off in the easiest possible manner—in fact, they can almost be brushed off. The skin never tears, and the insects that infest all chickens will have disappeared. When clear, pump on the birds to rinse off the wet feathers that still adhere, wipe tenderly with a soft cloth, and hang up to dry with a cloth fastened loosely round. This is to keep them from the air and preserve them white. By this means all the feather stumps are perfectly removed. Ducks cannot be treated in the same manner, as the oil in the feathers prevents the water from penetrating.

Warwhoops on the Scaffold.

Not yet extinguished is the spirit of the Indian warrior's death chant in the northwest. Charcoal, an Indian murderer of one of the mounted police at McLeod, Manitoba, was so infirm in the legs that he had to be carried to the scaffold, but he died full of defiance, giving three ringing warwhoops as he was taken up the stairs.

Very Desirable.

Algernon Verisot—I feel as though my presence is not desired. Miss Play-theboys—Oh, no; on the contrary, your presents are very acceptable.—New York Tribune.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Several Groups of the Famous Trees Are Still Standing.

In April St. Nicholas there is an article entitled, "Silk and Cedars," by Harry Penn, the artist, describing a visit to the mountains of Lebanon. Mr. Penn says:

Every boy and girl of the Christian world has heard and read, over and over again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon," but very few have any idea of the locality and surroundings of the famous grove. It is a popular error by the way, to suppose that there are no other cedars remaining besides this group at the head of the "Wady" (valley or canon) Kadisha. There are to my knowledge, ten other groves some numbering thousands of trees. This particular group that we are about to visit is called by the Arabs by a name which means, "Cedars of the Lord." They number about four hundred trees, among them a circle of gigantic fellows that are called by the natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon the strength of an old tradition that Jesus and his disciples having come to this spot and left their staves standing in the ground, these staves sprouted cedar-trees.

There is every reason to suppose that in the time of King Solomon these scattered groves were part of an enormous unbroken forest, extending the entire length of the Lebanon range of mountains, about one hundred miles running nearly parallel with the Mediterranean shore from a little below Beirut. The summits of the range are from fifteen to twenty miles from the coast.

The Lebanon—that is the "White"—does not derive its name from glittering snow-peaks, but from the white limestone cliffs of its summits. The first historical mention of the trees is in the bible (2 Sam. v.11): "And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters and masons; and they built David an house."

From that day to this the people have been almost as reckless and wasteful of these noble giants of the mountains as our own people are of these cedars' first cousins, the redwood trees of the California coast-range. As we approach the grove, which stands upon the top of a small hill, the foliage is almost black against the snow-covered crags of Dahrel-Kadib which rears its highest peak over the ten thousand feet above the sea.

There is a Maronite chapel in the grove, its patriarch claiming the sole right to the sacred trees; and, luckily the superstition with which the trees have been surrounded has been their salvation. All the cedars of Lebanon would have been demolished for redwood years ago were not the people threatened with dire calamity should they take a single stick.

Sultan's Mental Condition.

A curious story, illustrative of the sultan's mental condition, is exciting notice, according to the London Telegraph. It is vouched for by the narrator, who had it from an embassy with which he is on intimate terms. Two days before the Barlam festival the aide-de-camp on duty went to Abdul Hamid's room for orders and found him walking up and down with wild gesticulations and incoherent murmurs. As soon as the sultan caught sight of the officer he exclaimed: "Son of a dog, what are you doing here? Do you not see that I am conversing with my father?" The aide-de camp, in great alarm, was about to withdraw when Abdul Hamid stopped him, saying: "Prostrate yourself before my father and then execute his commands." Down dropped the trembling officer on his knees, awaiting the development of events with intense interest. A quarter of an hour later till horrible suspense came to an end, for the commander of the faithful, bringing his promenade to an abrupt close, threw himself on a divan and, looking around the chamber, relieved the mind of the aide-de-camp by inquiring what he was doing and why he had come. He had completely forgotten the previous scene.

Party in Municipal Affairs.

The Citizens' Union of New York aims to constitute in municipal affairs a party for the abolition of power. A civic servant cannot serve two masters. If he owes office to a party machine, that is the master he will serve, whose punishment he will dread, whose rewards he will try to deserve. The city he will regard as an orange to be squeezed for his master or for himself. Just as long as there is party control, and partisans are human, this will inevitably be. When the citizens can be taught to see that municipal affairs have nothing to do with national politics then they will cast out national politics from municipal affairs. They will realize that the city is a great stock company in which they are all shareholders. They will demand that their business, like the business of a bank, be run by the most honest and competent men, whether Republican or Democrat. They will fiercely resent any attempt to prostitute civic affairs to political ends.—The Illustrated American.

Why She Left.

Mrs. Timmins—I hear your cook has left you. What was the trouble? Mrs. Rockwell—Our kitchen is so small that she had to put her bicycle in the cellar and she thought the dampness wasn't good for it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Probably.

"I've noticed an Indian hanging around the entrance for several days," said the theatrical manager. "Do you know who he is?" "I strongly suspect that he is a scalper," remarked the ticket agent.—Philadelphia American.

OLD WATER HEATERS.

Found That the Main Features of Both are Now Known in the Ancient.

From the Burton Transcript. In two of the museums of Roman antiquities at Naples there are several water heaters which would indicate that the principle of the water tube, the crowning feature of modern boilers, was successfully understood and appreciated some 2,800 years ago. W. T. Housner of Cincinnati, O., has been investigating these heaters and found them to be as interesting as they are beautiful. One of them consists of an outer shell twelve inches in diameter and nearly seventeen inches high, surmounted by a somewhat hemispherically shaped top, inside this shell is an internal cylinder, also having a hemispherical top, which is ten inches in diameter and twelve inches high. The two shells are connected at the bottom by a rim. Like the main rings of a locomotive firebox, and the space between was filled with water. The grate was formed of seven tubes made from sheet bronze, rolled or soldered or brazed. These tubes open at both ends into the bottom of the space between the shells, thus forming a water tube grate for the fuel to rest upon. Charcoal was probably used with this heater and was placed on the grate through an opening 4 1/2 inches high and 4 inches wide, closed by a beautifully decorated door. The gases from the fire escaped into the outer air through three small openings formed by tubes crossing from the inner to the outer shell about 5.6 inches above the grate. The whole apparatus was raised about twelve inches on a tripod, so as to allow air to reach the fuel. In another boiler of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form of an urn, while the inner shell rises from a water tube grate to an opening in the side. It is 12 inches in diameter at the widest part and 17.6 inches high, and supported on a tripod about four inches high. Its general shape is much like that of the silver cream pitchers known as the Paul Revere patterns, although, of course, it is much larger, and has a top closed by a lid. It has been suggested that these utensils may have served at some time to heat wine as well as water, which suggestion appears reasonable, as many historians state that the Pompeians made great use of hot drinks. It may be that they were found in one of the templid or cafes, of which there were several in Pompeii.

Christianity and Buddhism.

Buddhism and Christianity are at one in this, that they perceive that our life here is but a moment and, if rightly lived, it must be lived in view of an eternal life or a life hereafter. Life does not cease with our departure, it still continues beyond; and that life beyond will be shaped by the life here. Indeed, no discrimination can be made on grounds of time. A fall from a horse, contact with a fever germ—these things cannot change the nature of eternal life. So the Buddha teaches, so Jesus teaches. Eternal life is something here and now, if it ever is to be. Both teachers insist on this. Yet, once more, there is here a strange difference of emphasis, for that which is promised in Buddhism is that in proportion as we are righteous here, so shall existence hereafter be shortened; whereas in Christianity it is promised that in proportion as we are righteous here we may be assured of an immortal life hereafter. We have already seen how in Buddhism desire is regarded as the evil thing and as that which produces existence. When, then, a man is filled with desire up to the moment of death, thereafter that self-asserting desire goes on. He is reborn and given further opportunity. He may still maintain a degree of self-assertion and be born over and over again. This is the immortality of Buddhism. But if he succeeds in altogether suppressing desire, if he can entirely obliterate personality, then he has attained to Nirvana here and hereafter.—Outlook.

What Will We Do With Our Boys.

There was a small boy close to the window of the bookstore. The youth was gazing at the periodicals with keenest interest on the open pages before him. Near the edge of the walk was another boy, walking briskly along, whistling, happy, at peace with all the world. A cable car passed northward and there was still a third boy on the grip. This boy was eating an apple—had consumed about half of the russet, when he noticed the boy at the window and the other boy on the walk. The youngster on the grip was a Macchilavelli, a diplomat, a skilled intriguer and a villain. He drew back his arm, let go the apple and craned his neck far forward as the half-eaten russet flew on its career. It struck the boy at the window full on the back of the neck and, bursting, distributed its juice and seeds impartially over his hair and collar. The assaulted one gave a shriek of surprise and rage. Then seeing the boy on the edge of the walk, he wheeled, rushed at that innocent and inoffensive future president and smote him violently upon the proboscis. The lad clinched and rolled on the pave, while the car sped by, and the boy who threw the apple contorted himself in frantic paroxysms of uproarious glee.

The Sun Damages Bicycle Tires.

Do not leave your bicycle standing too long in the sun, or you cannot expect your tires to last as well as if your wheel was kept in the shade. The bright sunshine soon takes the elasticity out of rubber tires, and so does oil if allowed to stay on the rubber. They absorb water quickly, then the dirt grinds in and the tires soon rot.—New York Evening Post.

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