EATS CANDY AND GOES BLIND

The Peculiar Results Which Follow a New York Child's Indulgence.

Emma Zimmerman, a 4-year-old girl of Bath Beach, which is now a part of the city of Brooklyn, has one of the strangest afflictions on record. The little one cannot eat anything sweet like a piece of candy, or pie, or fruit without becoming blind for three days. Her remarkable complaint, it is said, has so far baffled the skill of the physicians. She is now under the care of a New York specialist, but he has not been able as yet to give her any relief. While playing with some of her little companions three days ago Emma ate a piece of candy, and as a result a spell of blindness was brought on, from which she has not fully recovered. It was about a year ago that Emma's disease first manifested itself. She became suddenly blind, and then, after three days, as mysteriously recovered her sight. Over her eyes came a filmy white covering that gradually increased in thickness, until it produced total blindness, after which it began to grow more transparent, and finally went away.

After the girl had been afflicted with several of these spells a specialist was engaged. He was at first utterly at a loss to account for the disappearance of sight, but by a series of experiments with food he demonstrated that sweetmeats were the exciting cause of the blindness. Since then, although great care is exercised, Emma once in a while forgets the dire results that follow the eating of forbidden dainties, and pays the penalty of her rash thoughtlessness by losing her sight for seventy-two hours.

THE ART OF REMEMBERING.

All Sorts of Systems Have Been in Use From Time Immemorial.

The art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the minds things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection is said to have originated with the Egyptians. The first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 B. C. His plan is known as the topical, or locality plan, and was in substance as follows: Choose a large house, with a number of differently furnished apartments in it. Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house, so that the mind can readily go over all its parts. Then place a series of ideas in the house; the first in the hall, the next in the sitting-room, and so on with the rest.

Now when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it.

It is related that the mnemonic plan was first suggested to the poet by a tragic occurrence. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company, he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized; but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at the table, he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may by association suggest the order of things.

Working the Manager.

Lemaitre, the French actor, was always head over heals in debt, despite an enormous salary, and was always kept busy devising means by which he could raise money. One evening, an hour before the curtain was to rise upon a new play, a well-known pawnbroker entered the private office of the director of the Theatre-Francais. "Here is a pawn-ticket for you, sir." "For me?" exclaimed the astonished director. "Yes, monsieur. It is for twenty thousand francs, and I hold M. Lemaitre as security. He cannot leave my place until I have been paid." And the pawnbroker was telling the truth. The director had to pay this amount before he could get his star. Lemaitre and the pawnbroker divided the spoils.

A Dirty Trade.

One of the dirtiest trades is that of the weaver of rush chair bottoms. A well-made rush bottom will last a long time, and the demand is not great for such chairs, though their use is reviving. The rushes come to the weaver still soiled with some of their native ooze, dry and dirty. The preparation for the work requires the wetting and twisting of the rushes, and in this process muddy streams are wrung out, which trickle over the worker, and make dirty puddles on the floor. It is just possible that malaria germs lurk in the rushes.

Western Women Behind in Fashions.

Few persons who observe the hats and bonnets hung in the shop windows in the winter realize that they differ entirely from those displayed during the early autumn, and then announced as Paris winter fashions. These latter are made for the Western and Southern people who visit New York in the summer and autumn and are known as the "Western styles." The real winter fashions come a month or so later, and the "Western styles" are usually only summer designs made up in heavier materials.—New York Sun.

Suns of the Hindoos.

The Hindoos have some very odd astronomical ideas, among others that there are really twelve suns, which take "turn about" supplying our planet with light and heat. They argue that these suns are brothers, but that some are much younger and weaker than the others. In the winter a weak sun is on duty and in summer a strong one.

DOCTORS.

Die of the Disease of Which They Make a Specialty.

"In one of your stories in 'Round the Red Lamp,' doctor," said the reporter to Conan Doyle, "you say through the medium of Surgeon Walker that a doctor generally dies with the disease that he is especially interested in and has investigated thoroughly. Were you quite in earnest when you made that statement?"

"I am glad you asked that question," rejoined Mr. Doyle. "The story you mention, though it has been called horrible and other startling names by the critics, is the result of a large number of years of medical practice. I am thoroughly of the opinion that imagination as regards the existence of a disease can affect a doctor as well as the most susceptible of his patients. The story in question relates the life of Surgeon Walker, one of the greatest specialists in nervous diseases in the United Kingdom. He addresses the students in the clinic on a horrible form of nervous disease and concludes his lecture by saying that the only method to determine the evidence of the disease is to close the eyes and endeavor to bring the heels together.

"Surgeon Walter suits the action to the word, but he finds it impossible, and the terrible truth is flashed to his mind that he is afflicted with the very disease he is explaining and which is a lingering one, and in the way of exquisite torture could discount seven times any form of torture germinating in the agile brain of the Apache or Sioux Indians. The story is dramatic in way of climax, for such a position could not be otherwise than horrible. The critics have said that I was stretching my imagination too far and all that, but the story is founded on something more substantial than mere fancy. It has been the result of my observation that a great per cent of physicians and surgeons die of the very disease which they have so sedulously studied and investigated. I am glad that you asked that question, as I wanted the statement emphasized."

AND HE DIED.

The Old Man Met His Fate in That Small Still Voice.

She was a typewriter. Of course she was pretty. A typewriter that isn't pretty is as rare as a hen that isn't a chicken or a circle that isn't round. Nobody ever saw one—at least, who lived to write about it.

He was the senior member of the firm, but susceptible, for all that. He was smitten. He wanted to ask her a few tender questions. He dared not commit them to paper, oh no! He dared not speak aloud for fear some of the weasel-eared clerks or junior partners would catch on and squeal.

For three days he thought, then hit upon a plan. He would inveigle her into the soundproof telephone closet.

He did so. "Little dear," he pleaded there, "will you go to the opera to-night with me and for a little supper afterward? Don't refuse me, I will promise you a glorious time."

The sweet girl blushed. Oh, it was indeed a temptation. She tried to speak. What her answer was no one shall ever know; for just at that instant there was a buzz at the telephone. With pallid face and trembling hands the senior drew the 'phone to his ear and heard a familiar voice from afar: "Yes, dear, thank you. Come home early. I will be ready on time!"

The doctors called it heart failure. But the wife and the little blond typewriter knew more than these wise men.

Edwin and Edwina.

Constancy and devotion were in the blood of Edwin Booth, as his published letters, edited by his daughter, abundantly show. I recalled, as I glanced them over the other day, the touching love story of his daughter Edwina. The man to whom she was engaged to be married became demented through his accidental inhalation of illuminating gas, and for years father and daughter found in the poor chap's helplessness only another tie to bind them more closely together. Booth sent him abroad and gave him the best of medical advice, while his daughter nursed him with an unselfish fealty, which lasted until his untimely death. Booth ardently longed for a son, and tried to alleviate his disappointment over the birth of a girl by baptising her Edwina. The child grew to be the man's other self, however, and the time came when the father would not have exchanged Edwina for a dozen Edwins. The domestic history of the two is one of the sweetest and rarest stories of the stage.

Music for Young Children.

One of the most interesting applications of kindergarten methods has been made in the teaching of music to young children. The instruction is begun at a very early age. Tiny children are taught to sound a given note after it has been struck on the piano, and to do many things that at first seem impossible to the very little. Much of the knowledge of music usually imparted in later years, with much labor to both teacher and pupil, is thus acquired with comparative ease.

Quick Butter Making.

A German inventor has turned out a machine for the making of butter in small quantities. A receptacle containing the cream is attached to a bar which has a reciprocating motion imparted to it by means of a revolving crank and connecting rod. A wheel is turned by hand and the connecting rod is moved backward and forward; this motion is communicated to the receptacle, the contents of which are speedily converted into butter.

STRUCK THE WRONG CROWD.

A Faker's Appetite Encourager Not Wanted by Hungry Strikers.

The dapper little man in the check suit, with a bulky cane and a large yellow valise, saw a good-sized crowd on the street corner and immediately dived into the center of it. He didn't take time to stop to find out what was the reason of the crowd's gathering, but began business at once. The thick cane was given a dexterous twist that developed it into a tripod and the large yellow valise was placed on top of it.

"Gentlemen," began the dapper man. The crowd concentrated its collective eyes on him. "I have here," continued the orator, with the easy confidence of a man whose life has been passed in public speaking, "I have here for sale at 25 cents a bottle Old Mother Sohnso's Home-made Root Bitters. These bitters, gentlemen, are warranted to cure any case of loss of appetite that ever existed. Ten drops taken as a dose before meal time will make the most dyspeptic man want porterhouse steaks, fried chicken, ice cream, a whole half of a pie ——"

He said no more. The crowd of hungry strikers, who had been living for two weeks on half a meal every forty-eight hours, jumped on him, jammed his yellow valise, bottles and all, down over his head and chased him up the street at wondrous speed.

FEWER HOT BOXES NOW.

Improvements Have About Done Away With This Railway Annoyance.

Those who have traveled much by rail are more or less acquainted with the hot box. A hot box, as it is commonly called, really means a hot journal bearing or a hot journal, or both. It arises sometimes from the use of poor material in the bearing, sometimes on account of imperfect casting, and sometimes from too great weight upon the bearing, producing friction and heat.

There are now far fewer hot boxes than formerly. Some of the heaviest cars are now carried upon six-wheeled trucks, thus distributing the weight of each end of the car upon six journal bearings instead of four, and reducing the danger of excessive friction. Better materials are used and the workmanship upon them is better, weights to be carried are calculated more nicely, and greater care is exercised in operation, so that the hot box is not what it once was. A man thoroughly familiar with railroading who made not long ago a trip of 10,000 miles which included points as far apart as the City of Mexico, San Francisco and Chicago, said that he did not encounter a hot box until he was within twenty miles of New York on his return.

Peter the Great.

A St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that an Englishman who was passing lately through a small village in Russia, entered a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea. Hanging on the wall, framed in a tea-tray, the edges of which were turned over the canvas, he noticed a portrait in oil of Peter the Great. Having bought it for half-a-crown, he showed it in St. Petersburg to the curators of the Hermitage gallery who, after consulting their catalogues, identified it pretty surely with the picture at Versailles; but considered that if they were by the same hand, or copied one from the other, the copy was at Versailles, and the original was this. The portrait, if not the finest of any existing is inferior to none, and will probably be purchased eventually by the imperial family.

Oregon Claims a Record.

Oregon has long been celebrated as the land of big red apples and red-cheeked children, and the supply of both is pretty well maintained. Some do more in keeping up the record than others, but a couple on the east side, Jarrett by name, have, it is believed, broken the record for Oregon, and are world beaters. They have five living children, born to them within a period of one year. The triplets, two boys and a girl, are about 3 years of age, and the twins, a boy and a girl, are less than a year younger. Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett came from Missouri to the state.

A Famous Blind Woman.

The death of "The Blind Woman of Manzanares" has attracted wide attention in Spain, where she was known from one end of the country to the other. She was a poet and had a remarkable talent for writing begging verses, describing her misery. Many of the poems are beautiful, and the author enjoyed a large income. She was said to be one of the best reciters in Spain, and many of the most famous men in that country made pilgrimages to her house to hear her. Queen Isabella gave her a pension years ago, and she left about $6,000.

Another Monte Carlo.

Ostend has finally decided to permit gambling tables to be maintained at the Kursall, though the lessees are taxed heavily for the privilege. What with engagements to pay large specified sums to the hospitals and the town charities, the undertaking to pay half the town taxes and cost of keeping the establishment lighted and in repair, the rent will amount to at least $125,000 a year for a season which normally lasts six or seven weeks. The privilege is granted for nine years from 1895.

Women Mining for Silver.

Two women in Baker county, Oregon, own silver mines and are running them in person. They do not actually handle shovels and work the dirt, but they superintend the working of the property, and while they admit the business has rough sides for a woman, they are making money and propose to hold on.

A CHINESE THUG.

Certificates of Membership in Highbinders' Societies Secured.

The arrest of a Chinese known as Mar Tan in San Francisco has brought to light documents such as have never been unearthed before in this city. Mar Tan had for a long time been recognized as a Chinese "capper" for a number of police court practitioners. In his pockets were the names and addresses of a number of prominent merchants of San Francisco.

Among Tan's effects were two pieces of cloth on which are Chinese characters. These being translated prove that Tan belongs to Highbinder societies. One of these reads:

Gee Hing Co., received from Hing Sun on account of Mar Tan $10, having been paid to the company. He is entitled to be a member of the Hung Kar tradition. (Anarchist secret association. He was born again by Lang Sun, mother-leader.) Tong Lung, brother-in-law. * * *

The second certificate reads:

Sacramento. Gee Hing Co. Received of Mar Tan the sum of $1. He is entitled to be a member of the Hung Sun society. In the year of Tin Won (Calendar secret society), of the fourth month, a lucky day.

There are some secret society characters on the certificates that cannot be translated. Never before have the Highbinders' documents fallen into the hands of the police. An effort is being made to have the prisoner deported under the law by which criminals may be sent back to their native land. These documents prove the man's standing as a criminal in China.

TOOK HIM FOR A REPORTER.

The Awful Mistake Made by a Boston Hostess as to Josiah Quincy.

A good story is told in connection with Josiah Quincy that will be appreciated by all who know him. Some time ago he was at an evening party given in one of the most exclusive Boston houses, and, according to his wont, he stood aloof, preserving a mien of cold indifference to his surroundings, speaking to no one and no one addressing him. Finally the hostess, one of the grand dames of society, saw the lonesome figure, and not being able to recall who he was, went in haste to her husband and questioned him. The husband looked and looked again, but he did not know him either, then the hostess in great alarm whispered she must go at once and find out, for she believed him to be a reporter! Approaching the unknown guest she said, with an air of much severity:

"This is a very quiet house; we are very quiet people and we do not care to have any notice made of our reception for the newspapers."

"Madame!" thundered this distinguished citizen, "I an Josiah Quincy!"

Tableau.

Nathan Hale's Saddlebags.

A citizen of New Britain, Conn., has in his possession a pair of queer, wrinkled, old-time saddlebags, and there is abundant reason to believe that they belonged to Captain Nathan Hale, the martyr spy. Their present owner does not wish his name published in connection with them until he is able to recover certain papers proving the genuineness of the relics, which have been mislaid. The saddlebags are heirlooms and came to him indirectly from an ex-governor of Massachusetts. The owner of the bags says: "I have read the papers that go with the bags, and am satisfied there is no doubt that they belonged to and were carried by Nathan Hale."

A Lesson of the Stage.

Mary Anderson looks upon the stage with aversion. For six or seven years, she says, she loved her work, but after that the unnaturalness of her life, its unwholesome excitement, its glitter and glare became apparent to her eyes. First she grew weary of the constant publicity of such a life, and then her feeling became one of positive distaste. From the moment she had resolved to leave the stage her life in the theater became unbearable, and since her retirement she has never for a moment wished to return. This is a wholesome lesson to stage struck girls, whom Mrs. de Navarro never fails to discourage when they apply to her.

An Actress' Debts.

The Hon. Mrs. Spencer Cowper, who has been figuring in the London bankruptcy court with liabilities of about $400,000 and assets of less than $8,000, is none other than the once popular American actress, Jessie McLean, hailing from Newburg-on-the Hudson, and who achieved a good deal of celebrity in the United States and the West Indies in "Colleen Bawn" and other similar plays. It was at Nice that she met and married the late son of the late Earl Cowper. It was he who sold Sandringham to the prince of Wales.

White Gloves for Men.

White gloves for street wear for men have finally made their appearance in New York. They are, of course, used only for frock coat and its accompanying high hat and patent-leather shoes. They are made of the heavy dog skin used in ordinary gloves, but are white or pearl gray in color. Frenchmen have worn them for years and they have been less popular in London.

Origin of Camlet.

Camlet was first made in England during the reign of Elizabeth. It was so called not, as some suppose, from its being made of camel's hair, but from the river Camlet, in Montgomeryshire, on which the first factory was located.