

## BABY DID IT.

The Little Thing Was Sunshine in That Dingy Street Car.

On one of the cold, rainy days of the past week a Washington Star reporter was on a car on the Pennsylvania avenue line coming down Capitol hill. There was a pretty good load of passengers. It was cold, wet and uncomfortable inside of the car, and the rain beat a tattoo on the windows without that brought anything but pleasant reflections to the passengers who would have to face it. At the Peace monument there was a big reinforcement of passengers. They piled in very unceremoniously, bringing with them a rush of cold air and scattering showers of spray from their soaked garments. In the crowd which got aboard was a woman with a baby in her arms. The woman was rather poorly and thinly clad and had no umbrella. There was some delay in her getting a seat and she looked decidedly forlorn and helpless trying to maintain her balance and at the same time look out for her child. But with all the environment calculated to make men mean and surly some one had enough gallantry in spite of the weather to offer her a seat. But mother and child got many a reproving look from the other passengers. Those who were in an ugly mood on account of their unpleasant surroundings found it very soothing to their ruffled feeling to think, "Well, there's a bigger fool than I am," and one lady whispered to her neighbor loud enough to reach the ear of the writer: "The very idea of taking a baby out in such a storm," and finished her sentence with a shrug of her shoulders which meant more than she said. But baby was wrapped up snug and warm in a blanket and its mother, heedless of what her neighbors might think, began to unroll the quilt covering to see how his diminutive majesty was getting on. Everybody in the car was watching her with looks of mingled disapproval and curiosity. She finally got the roll undone so that Mr. Baby's face became visible. And such a face as it was! There was probably never a more completely surprised set of people in that street car before. Baby was a real beauty of the sort that is apparent to somebody else besides the mother. Such eyes, such dimples and, withal, such a bright, healthy, smiling face in all probability will never light up a similar occasion. Baby's appearance worked like a magic charm on the rest of the passengers. As soon as his face was uncovered he took a survey of the passengers about him with owl's gravity. Then, as if struck by some highly ludicrous idea in the contemplation of the scene, he burst into a great fit of baby laughter. He chirped and chuckled and kicked up his heels in such glee that inside of a minute he had the entire car on his side. The scowling looks had all disappeared as if by magic and people forgot all about the disagreeable weather outside and their uncomfortable surroundings within and joined with baby in a broad smile at the novel situation. Somehow that baby's genuine, healthy and spontaneous good spirits had for the time put an entirely new phase on life for all who saw him.

## Passing of the Carpet.

"When I came out of the sanitarium," said the woman who had been taking a rest cure, "my first act was to order all the carpets in my house taken up. After I had been a daily witness of the exquisite neatness of wooden floors, wiped up every twenty-four hours with a damp cloth, carpets seemed unseparably dirty. And I believe my family has been the better for the change."

Carpets have long been the target of hygienists, both because of their dust and germ collecting facilities and their disease-dispensing ones when sweeping day arrives. The wise and progressive woman resolutely banishes from her floors woolen coverings too large to be shaken, aired and sunned at least once a week.—New York World.

## Washing Fine Handkerchiefs.

Few laundresses wash fine embroidered handkerchiefs properly. Too often they go to pieces in the wringer or are rubbed into holes on the washboard. The dainty bit of cambric that is carried more for show than for use may be washed by the owner in her own bowl. This done, all dust should be wiped from a large window pane, and the handkerchief, while it is still wet, spread smoothly over the glass, all creases pressed out and the corners kept flat. When the handkerchief is dry it will be crisp and new in appearance.

## A Poisonous Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Granada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of a rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.

## An Acrobatic Goose.

A gray goose has built a nest far out on the forked limb of an apple tree, near Smyrna, Del. The intelligent bird is now engaged in hatching seven eggs, and when she leaves the tree for food she walks along a limb with all the skill of a tight-rope performer.

## It Happened.

"Matrimony happened to Mr. — and Miss —" is the way a Maine correspondent starts his report of a June wedding at high noon.

## He Is Small, Indeed.

When a man brags of his power, ask him to make a blade of grass of spin a spider's web.

## IN TIFLIS.

The Handsome, Good-Natured, Lazy Georgian Is a General Favorite.

The Armenian, with his shiny broadcloth and Jewish type of countenance, adds little to the attraction of the place, though it must be confessed that from the traveler's point of view, if from no other, he is most useful, says the National Review. Nearly all the banks and most of the shops are in his hands, from his ranks spring the guides and interpreters, and go where one will one finds him a ready linguist and polite so long as he is paid. But from the artistic point of view the lazy, good-natured Georgian is charming as he swaggers about with his handsome looks and becoming costume and "tcherkas" or long, tight-fitting coat, from beneath which only the feet of his topboots appear. True, he is a lazy, pleasure-seeking creature, about whose morals the less said the better, but his appearance of good looks and good nature and his dandy airs seem to render him a favorite everywhere. No one seems to realize better than he that he has the reputation of coming from the purest stock in the world and of being a member of the handsomest race. Nor is this reputation belied as he is seen in his long white coat, with its silver or gold cartridge or powder tubes sewn across his chest, with his cap of white lamb's wool perched jauntily on one side of his head, to say nothing of his personal charm of countenance, which is often of the greatest beauty. Round his waist is a silver or gold girdle, from which hang a handsome sword and straight dagger, both incased in the same precious metals.

Of the Persians one sees but little in the European quarters. One must seek the narrow, dirty bazaars near the river bank to obtain a glimpse of these scowling, sallow fanatics, in their dark clothes and tall black lambskin caps. As a matter of fact, though Persian subjects, they are not of Iranian blood but belong to the wild Turkman tribes which overrun Persia and whose descendants, now known as Turkmens, today hold almost the entire northern part of the dominions of the shah. But to the traveler it is the Tartar, after the Georgian, who proves of the greatest interest. True he has little beauty either in feature, figure or costume to recommend him, but nevertheless there is a peculiar attraction, humorous rather than ornamental, perhaps, about the squat, narrow-eyed tribesman in his ragged clothes and absurd "papak" or enormous hat of ragged wool.

## France's New Minister to Berlin.

The Marquis de Noailles is to go as ambassador to Berlin. It is rather courageous to appoint a De Noailles to any great post. The name was in the eighteenth century synonymous with private good luck and public bad luck. The Marquis de Noailles has the plant temper of the family. His nephew, the Duc d'Ayen, married a few winters ago Mlle. de Luynes, sister of the Duc d'Orleans' most devoted partisan.

The Marquis de Noailles was born in 1830, a year that set its mark on French history. He is a son of that Duc de Noailles who was a member of the academy and kept out of it all writers hostile to Mme. de Maintenon, from whose niece he was descended. The marquis lost his wife when he was ambassador to Constantinople. She was one of two very beautiful Polish sisters who were a good deal noticed for their beauty at Biarritz during the empire.

The marquis flattered Gambetta by his attentions and succeeded in securing his warm friendship. He would have been transferred from Rome to London by Gambetta if Lord Lyons had not been against the proposed appointment when consulted. M. de Noailles was then sent to Constantinople. He asked in 1866 to be allowed to resign and has lived ever since a retired life. He wears the rosette of grand officer of the legion of honor. The marquis entered into his wife's Polish sentiments. It was the fashion in France from the time Henri de Valois was elected king of Poland until the Russian alliance was brought about to avow warm sympathy for Poland. M. de Noailles was in the fashion. He is the author of three books on Poland and has written an agreeable criticism on Polish poetry.—Paris Dispatch to London News.

## The Way to Iron Lace Frills.

Washington Evening Star: In brooking the lace frills on underwear or lawn dresses you can make the lace look almost like new after this fashion: Iron all the rest of the garment, then have a clean, wet cloth at hand, with which spat the lace till it is pretty damp, then rub it over with a moderately warm iron. Do the smoothing of the lace rapidly and leave it quite damp. As soon as you have finished a ruffle or a sleeve lay down and gently pull the lace out to its fullest width, smoothing and patting every fine stitch at the edge into shape. When you once get used to it you will not have to spend much time, and it improves lace wonderfully to treat it that way.

## A Locomotive's Life.

Some careful experiments which have been made in England prove that the life of a locomotive is about 500,000 "train miles." In other words, that a locomotive of the latest approved pattern will run 500,000 miles before wearing out so as to be useless. In making this run of 500,000 miles the fire box will have to be renewed three times, the wheel tires five or six times and the crank axles from three to five times.

## Will Challenge Him.

Brown—"I'm going to challenge that man who ran off with my wife." Jones—"Why, that was six months ago." Brown—"I know it, but he has sent her back."—New York World.

## A FENCE 400 MILES LONG.

How the Australians Deal with the Rabbit Pest.

Then the New South Wales government, it may be remembered, offered a reward of £25,000 to any person or persons who could suggest a really efficient method of getting rid of the pest, but, although this liberal offer led to the receipt of no fewer than 2,000 schemes from all parts of the world, none of them was regarded as satisfactory, and the offer was withdrawn, says the London Times. The domestic cat was introduced and in certain limited areas did much service. Poisons were largely resorted to, and ferrets, stoats and weasels have been imported in thousands into some of the colonies and have increased fast. But hitherto the rabbits, owing to the rate at which they multiply, have managed not only to hold their own, but to constantly spread over new ground, carrying destruction with them wherever they go. In South Australia, for instance, the direct loss from the rabbits has been put down at £250,000 per annum and the indirect loss at a similar amount. In Victoria the active operations for the destruction of rabbits on crown lands have been carried on by the government since 1880, and from that date to the middle of 1894 a total of nearly £300,000 had been spent by the state on that object. As for the money spent by private individuals for the same purpose, that is almost incalculable, but it may be mentioned that on one estate alone upward of £15,000 has been expended by the owner with the view of clearing his land of the pest. In the seventeen years ending with 1893 nearly 68,000,000 rabbit skins, valued at £402,000, were exported from Victoria, without counting the large quantities used by hat manufacturers in the colony, one establishment alone using 374,000 every year; yet, notwithstanding all this slaughter, the present infested area throughout the colony is estimated by the chief inspector at no less than 37,750,000 acres. Adding to the direct expenditure the depreciation of the grazing values of the land, the losses to the colonies concerned amount to millions of pounds sterling.

The final outcome of royal commissions, of intercolonial conferences and of the testing of every practical method of extermination is that the most effectual method of dealing with the evil is found to be the construction of rabbit-proof netting by means of which the animals can be kept from areas not yet infested, can be shut off from food supplies, and can be more effectually dealt with locally. The length of some of these fences is enormous. There is one starting at Harrington, on the Queensland border, and following the main trunk line from Bourke to Corowa, a distance of 407 miles, and there is another along the entire western boundary of New South Wales, a distance of 346 miles. The Queensland government, too, has erected a similar fence along a considerable portion of the northern boundary of New South Wales, but the surveyor-general of Queensland, in the report already referred to, says that "the rabbits must have come through the fence in mobs and droves of innumerable multitudes at some time," and thus have established themselves in Queensland as well.

## Two of a Kind.

"I was walking along 23d street last night," remarked an old man in a Broadway cable car, with a smile, "when a nicely dressed, clean-looking young man approached me and commenced to beg. I gave him a good lecture in a few words. He slunk away and walked slowly down the street."

"I went on half a block farther, when another young man, quite as neat and well dressed, gave me a 'ghost story'—I think that's what they call it—and wanted to 'touch' me for a quarter. He failed, of course, and moved off."

"I discovered that my cigar was out and looked for a place to strike a match."

"Remembering a convenient doorway a little way back, I retraced my steps. Beggar No. 1 had turned and the two had met. Each took the other for a solid citizen and each started in 'to work.'"

"A poor man, sir! 'A night's lodging!' 'Can't get any work in New York!' These were the disjointed phrases I heard and then deep, voluble expressions of disgust from both. 'This your lay—well, he! he!' 'Get off the block yourself! I started workin' it first!' 'You're a 'beaut, ain't yer, tryin' to cut me 'troat in dis way!'"—New York Herald.

## An Ohio Girl's Strange Faculty.

Miss Harriet Morgan died recently in Picketon, O., from quick consumption contracted last winter while going to watch at the bedside of a sick friend. She possessed one peculiarity which had given her considerable notoriety in the region adjacent to her home and which entitled her to rank as a curiosity.

Her right hand was a trifle larger than her left, but it was so perfectly formed that a casual observer would not notice the difference in them. She also had the power to increase the size of the larger hand by a simple effort of her will. She could not explain how she did it, but without an effort she could lengthen the fingers and make the flesh swell considerably. She was a talented musician and a popular girl socially.

## Up on Politics.

Mrs. Plunkett—"George, you know the children missed the circus procession, and I really think you ought to take them down town Saturday morning."

Mr. Plunkett—"What for?" Mrs. Plunkett—"Why, to see the McKinley band wagon. Every paper that I pick up has something to say about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## TONGUELESS MAN TALKS.

Pennsylvania Physician Who Retains Speech Despite the Loss of His Tongue.

Philadelphia Record: A remarkable case of special interest to the medical world exists at Bradford, Pa. The case is that of Dr. B. A. Williams, who, although he recently had his tongue removed, is able to talk. He is unable to tell the nature of his disease, which, he says, was undoubtedly malignant. It was a sort of cancerous growth, and in order to save his life he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and entered a hospital, where he had his entire tongue, left tonsil, left submaxillary and sublingual glands and some cervical lymphatic glands removed. With these gone, according to general belief, speech would be impossible. Yet Dr. Williams can speak and speak quite well. He began to study out the subject of speech and discovered that persons were "right" and "left" in the use of the organs of their throat, just as they are "right" and "left" in the use of their hands.

In this case he was "left" in the use of his mouth and throat muscles, a circumstance that made his condition still more desperate, because some of the organs of the left side had been removed with the tongue. He is inclined to the theory that, while the preferred use of the right instead of the left hand is generally a case of education or choice, the involuntary discrimination that leads one to use a set of mouth or throat muscles or refrain from using both sets is, in most cases, the result of heredity. Examination of peculiarities in their pronunciation of certain letters, wherein Dr. Williams and several of his descendants agreed, but were at variance with most other people, and which peculiarities were in no wise due to defects of vocal organs, led him to form the conclusions above stated. He has finally succeeded in being able to talk. In conversation he never resorts to the pencil. He has been out of the hospital five weeks, and can speak so as to be fairly well understood. The doctor is confident that within a short time his speech will greatly improve.

## A MOTHER-OF-PEARL HOUSE.

Built by a Chinese Fisherman Many Years Ago.

Old habitations are to be found all over California, says the San Francisco Call. Sometimes there is good reason for their being odd, but often it is the result of some crank idea. On the beach near Cypress Point, in Monterey county, there is one that cannot come under the first head and hardly under the last. The residence belongs to a Chinese fisherman and is part natural and part the work of his own hands. The natural portion of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The lumber used is of the roughest kind but the esthetic Chinaman overcame this objection by covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out. The Chinaman evidently did that many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been destroyed as one or more nails have been driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least fifteen inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nailholes, would readily sell for from \$3 to \$5 apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now, and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast. The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astounding brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight and the only pity is that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.

## Wraps for Summer Driving.

The wraps which are designed to protect airy and delicate summer frocks from the dust which blows on even aristocratic roadways are strikingly pretty. Some of them are of pongee, trimmed with coffee-colored lace and galloon. These, however, are of the merely useful variety. Those which have claims to be considered real works of art are of the dull blues and reds, with a silvery sheen upon them. This "bloom" is not only attractive in itself, but is particularly desirable in a dust garment.

The most elaborate of these wraps fall in rather loose lines from the shoulders to the feet, but they have lace-trimmed capes with fluffy collarettes which give them a chic appearance. Those of deep claret color, trimmed with black lace, are particularly pretty.

## Lively French Town.

The record for quickly increasing population, as shown by the recent census, says a Paris correspondent, certainly belongs to Roubaix. In 1890 the population of this town was 8,302; at the taking of the last census it was 114,917, of which 53,075 were Belgians. Of this increase 61,600 were immigrants, while the remaining 53,075 were due to the excess of births over deaths. There is certainly no other town in France where the population has increased so rapidly. The rate of increase is ten times that of the rest of France and three times that of Paris.

## Youngest School Teacher.

The youngest school teacher in the United States is 11 years old. At the examination he secured a first-grade certificate and finished his papers before many of the older teachers. His name is Marion Glasgow, and of course he lives in Ohio.

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