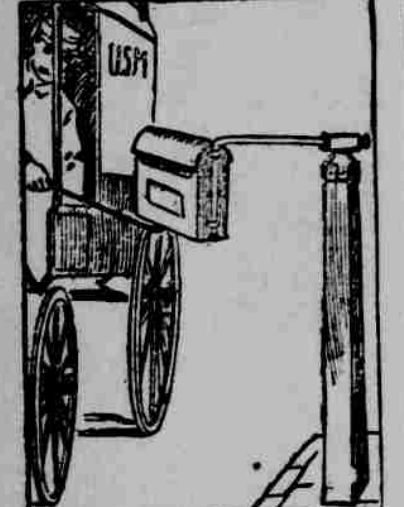


# SCIENCE AND PROGRESS



**IMPROVED POSTAL SERVICE.**  
The main improvement in the postal service of this and other countries for some time past has been along the line of increased rapidity, of collection and distribution of mail matter, and in all the larger cities wagons have been utilized in taking up the mail from the collection boxes. But heretofore no thought seems to have been given to an improved box which would allow the collector to make his tour without leaving the wagon, it having been considered a sufficient improvement of the service to provide rapid transportation between boxes an fadina inventor has now invented a box which makes it unnecessary for the driver to leave his seat during his entire round of collection. As will be seen by a glance at the above illustration, the box is mounted on a pivoted sliding bar, while the collector is provided with a hook, with which he engages the box, pulling it within easy reach and allowing him to extract the contents, after which the box is pushed back to its normal position in contact



with the vertical post. The invention should prove especially advantageous in the establishment of the rural delivery system, boxes of a smaller size being provided for this purpose. By driving close to the box with the wagon the contents may be extracted without exposure to rain or snow, and this also enables the driver to perform his duties without exposing himself to the storm.

## UNDERGROUND CHAMPAGNE.

Visitors to France may go out of their way to gaze upon the quaint architecture and crumbling houses of Epernay, or the Roman antiquities and grand old cathedral of Rheims, but the real towns of Champagne are to be looked for underground. These are the bustling, busy places where the business of Champagne is carried on. They are of vast extent. American and British workmen would probably not trouble themselves to obtain employment in underground Champagne. Day after day the work-people leave the outer world for eleven and twelve hours at a time to discharge duties which, if not particularly arduous, must be wearisome by reason of their monotony. An intelligent Frenchman assured a writer in the Royal Magazine that he had worked below ground for nearly forty-five years. His duties consisted in shaking bottles to dislodge the sediment. He said that he had shaken fifty-five bottles a minute during each working day of twelve hours for these forty-five years, and then asked the writer to calculate how many bottles he had shaken. It is no great wonder that after a moment's consideration the visitor took to his heels. Underground Champagne has a reputation for producing good wines, but according to the writer the business tends to sour the dispositions of the workers. He found most of them taciturn not to say misanthropical. In one cellar at Epernay he came across an old man who assured him that the place was filled with ghosts and goblins.

It is hard to realize that underneath the primitive villages where the vineyards grow there are springing up subterranean cities of great importance, but this is the case. Men must search below, and not above, ground if they would understand the life of the people of Champagne.

## TREATMENT OF CORNS.

A corn is an overgrowth of the horny layer of some portion of the skin of the foot, induced by friction or undue pressure in one spot by the shoe. It is situated generally on a prominent portion of one of the toes, more commonly the little toe, but may be on the sole of the foot or even on the ankles. It begins by an increase in size of the papillae in the deeper part of the skin, and this induces an increase in the production of the scurf-skin, or horny layer. The scurf-skin soon becomes indurately thick, and the pressure from the shoe continuing, is pushed back against the enlarged papillae, causing their final atrophy. This formation of a corn affords a curious illustration of the defect of nature's self-protective efforts to prevent trouble; for the increased thickness of the horny layer is intended to afford protection to the enlarged and tender papillae, a purpose which would be well accomplished did the process stop there. But the friction by the shoe keeps up the irritation, and more and

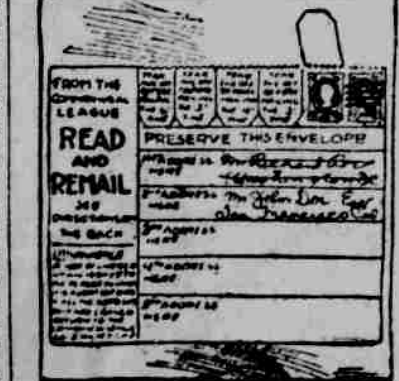
more of the horny covering is manufactured, until, instead of affording protection, it is actually the cause of all the pain. After a time the spot where the corn is seems to acquire a bad habit, and the formation of the corn will go on even after the offending shoe has been discarded. The first thing to do for a corn is to get new shoes that are so snug as not to rub the foot anywhere, and so loose as not to make pressure in one spot more than in another. The top of the corn may be pared with a sharp knife, extreme care being taken—especially in the case of the aged—not to cut the sound skin; or it may be filed down to the level of the surrounding skin; or the entire corn may sometimes be loosened with a dull knife-blade or by the fingernail, and extracted from its bed. When this cannot be done, removal may be facilitated by moistening the corn every other day with glacial acetic acid, the softened part being subsequently scraped away with a dull knife or a small file. A salve containing salicylic acid, applied every night, will also frequently loosen the corn so that it can be pulled out. This is the basis of many of the popular corn plasters. A soft corn, which is merely a corn that is always moist on account of its location on the inner surface of one of the toes, should be treated by keeping a piece of absorbent cotton between the toes so as to prevent maceration, and by bathing it frequently with strong alum water.

## JAPANESE PAPER PLANTS.

It is said that the introduction of European methods of manufacture threatens to destroy the distinctive qualities of Japanese paper. It is a wood or bark paper, made from several plants, having no English names, which are cultivated for the purpose. In Japan its varieties are numerous and its uses innumerable. It serves for window lights, and for light partitions between rooms. Brilliantly colored lanterns are made of it, and umbrellas are covered with it. It is used for printing bank-notes. Ohed, it makes waterproof garments, and covered with paste it forms tapestries. When varnished it can be made to imitate Cordovan leather. Handkerchiefs, cords and pressed articles resembling paper-mache are among the things formed from this most useful paper.

## IT FACILITATES REMAILING.

A New York City genius has designed an envelope which will be of value in the distribution of circulars and other printed matter, which the original sender is desirous of spreading over a wide field. When sending out the envelope for the first time the single address at the top may be written by the sender, relying upon the receiver to address it to one of his friends, or the entire space for names and addresses may be filled up by the original sender. In the former case each receiver is more than liable to send the envelope to a personal friend, especially if he considers the contents worth reading. To protect the stamps from cancellation a strip of perforated paper covers each stamp after it is fixed in place by the sender, each receiver detaching this strip from one stamp, which pays the postage to the next reader of the contents. Explicit directions are printed on each envelope



for the guidance of the person receiving it, and with the use of the device it is possible to disseminate through a number of hands a single circular, with the added advantage that every remaining brings the contents to the notice of some friend of the last reader, whom the latter believes from a personal acquaintance would be interested in the matter.

## THE SALT LAKE OF LARNARCA.

In the island of Cyprus is a basin cut out from the sea, although sunk slightly below sea-level, which contains a salt lake from which a considerable harvest of salt is annually obtained in August, when the fierce summer heat dries up the water. Mr. C. V. Bellamy, who recently visited the lake called Larnarca, thinks sea-water percolates through the rocks into the basin, thus supplying the salt. A single heavy rain in midsummer has sometimes sufficed to ruin the salt crop, and the Cyprians, in order to protect the valuable lake as much as possible, have constructed channels to carry off the flood water of rains from the slopes of the basin into the sea.

## Children Swallow Metal Dogs.

Within a short time two children in Indianapolis, the Press of that city announces, have had to undergo surgical operations for the removal from their throats of tin metal dogs that are sold with pieces of candy. They are somewhat in the fashion of tobacco tugs, and children who buy the candy put them in their mouths,

# MORSELS OF WIT & HUMOR

## MAN—A PARADOX.

From the Detroit Free Press: Being a man who does more thinking than talking and who is generally regarded as taciturn, his family were rather surprised when he laid down a standard magazine of the day and proceeded with a talk that suggested the propriety of his being on a platform. "I'm no rose-water sentimentalist. I never allow my heart to run away with my head. I have an individual entity as clearly defined as that of any man. I know how to reason and I'm not afraid of my conclusions. I'm dead set against anarchy, socialism, communism and the whole nest of kindred vipers." That was his exordium.

"But I've been reading an article here that just meets my views. I have what they call the money-making faculty and have always prospered. But I believe with this writer that we should be more liberal with the men and women who are not thus favored. Give them a good, generous show. Live and let live—those are my sentiments." "I feel the same way," ventured his wife. "This very afternoon I raised the girl's wages 75 cents a week." "You did? Well, that's a pretty howdydo. Funny you wouldn't make it a couple of dollars more. You must think that I find money or have it sent to me by the government. I've been telling for years how thrifty and economical you were. Guess you must have lost your grip. You've got to get even with that girl by charging her up with all time lost, everything wasted, broken dishes and the use of the sewing machine. I'm no national bank."

Then he was called to the kitchen by the man who put up the storm door. There was a war of words because the man wanted a dollar and the head of the house stuck at 50 cents. After they had split the difference and jawed as long as they could hear each other the husband and father seized the book he had been reading, flung it into the corner and went to bed three hours before his usual time.

## HE PAID THE FREIGHT.

"Boss," said an old negro, looking in through the post office stamp window yesterday, "how much does hit tek ter sen' to letters?" "Eight cents," said the gentleman within. "Hush!" "Fact!" The old man studied a while, got out his leather book, vintage of 1855, and worried eight coppers out of the lining. Laying these on the counter, he drew a long breath and said: "Well, you c'n let 'em so long." "But where are the letters?" "What is dey? Why, I done drapt 'em in de hole 'round' yonder!" The letters were fished out, stamped and allowed to "go long."—Macon Telegraph.

## LATEST QUOTATIONS.



Colonel Kentuck—Uncle, what's the price of yoh turkey?  
Uncle Reuben—Well, sah! dat dog he got my trousers and some of mah leg; but don't grudge dah price—no, sah!

## STORY OF UNCLE PHINEAS.

From Puck: "Why, yes, Horace, your Uncle Phineas will tell you a Christmas story." "Once upon a time a certain man of bibulous tendencies, having spent the greater part of the night in hilarious communion with sundry genial companions and numerous cups of sack, returned to his abode at about 3 o'clock on Christmas morning with a wobbly walk and a woefully distorted vision and beheld, ranged in a neat row along the south wall of his room, 38 consecutive pairs of slippers all exactly alike in appearance and all seemingly of the same size. "Great Gessar's Ghost—I mean great Caesar's ghost!" ejaculated the man, for he was considerably astonished. "Something is radically wrong in this immediate vicinity! Either I am mightily and monumentally intoxicated and seeing slippers by the score where only one pair exists or else I am the popular young pastor of a fashionable church and have forgotten all about it. In either event I must confess that it is exceedingly unpretty of me to say the least about it. Now, let me pause and cogitate for a moment. Ah, yes, I have it! I know what I will do; I will wrap all these superfluous slippers in bundles, each pair by itself, and send them with my compliments to the signers of such patent medicine testimonials as I may chance to find in the first newspaper I pick up. Of course I am pretty sure that these are imaginary slippers, but, then, the only people who are ever cured by patent nostrums are imag-

## INARY BEINGS, SO THEY WILL NOT BE LIKELY TO DISCOVER THE IMPOSITION."

"He did so. And there, now, Horace, it is time that all good little boys should be in bed. So run along, and—ah, wait a moment! I forgot to say that during his remarks the gentleman in question uttered at appropriate intervals the regulation number of hic-coughs. Here they are: 'Hic! hic! hic! hic! hic! hic!' and so on. You may take them along to bed with you and pepper them into the story as you may see fit while you are thinking it over. That is all. Good night, Horace!"

## NOT TO BE DENIED.

Coro—So you think the mistletoe is the most appropriate decoration for the holidays?  
Merritt—Yes, my dear. It undoubtedly smacks of Christmas.—Puck.

## GENEALOGICAL.



He descended from an old cavalier.

## WAS DISCRIMINATED AGAINST.

From Leslie's Weekly: "I was always discriminated against in our family," said impetuous Annie Fosdick in a burst of confidence to the handsome and eligible Arthur Barrowcliff.

"How so, Miss Fosdick?" "Why, my elder sister had any quantity of money lavished on her accomplishments, but when it came to poor me I was left out in the cold. I wanted very much to learn to sing. I thought I had a good voice, but papa said no. Then I thought I'd like to take piano lessons and become a famous player, but papa put his foot on that. Then I suggested that I be allowed to take china painting lessons like all other girls. He wouldn't have it. The same way with everything else. Papa said he was determined that one of his girls should learn to be a housekeeper and not be filled up with useless accomplishments. That's what he called them. And the consequence is that not a girl I know is a better housekeeper than I am. I can cook things that papa says are better than he gets in any restaurant in the city, but I don't know how to play a single tune on the—

"My dear Annie—er—beg pardon, Miss Fosdick!" cried Mr. Barrowcliff, interrupting her. "I can control myself no longer. I love you to distraction. Will you marry me?" "Yes, Arthur," replied Annie, coyly, as she nestled her curly yellow head on the young man's white vest.

## HOLIDAY GLOOM.

"There are saddening features about Christmas shopping."  
"I think so; going around and seeing all the \$2 presents you brought last year marked down to 49 cents."—Detroit Free Press.

## CURRENT JOKELETS.

Age of Indifference—Fortunately when the little folks discover that there is no Santa Claus they also discover that they can get along without one.—Puck.

The Real Thing—"Do you think her hair is all real?" "Why, of course. A girl with her means would never buy any other kind."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

One Token Barred—"Dearly, what do you want me to give you for Christmas?" "Well, precious, I've got eleven framed photographs of you now."—Detroit Free Press.

As to Stockings—Bachelor—What are you going to put in your children's stockings this Christmas? Phamlian—"Huh! It takes all my money to keep the children in them."—Philadelphia Press.

Success Varies—"Dar is all kinds an' degrees o' success," said Uncle Eben. "Wh some folks it in amassin' fortunes an' rulin' countries an' wif yuthus, it's jes' keepin' out o' jail."—Washington Star.

Joys That We've Tasted—"Does your husband worry you about the mince pies his mother used to make?" "No, he's always and everlastingly bragging about his grandmother's baked hash."—Indianapolis Journal.

Quite Fit—Trainer—Now, this horse is as fit as chemicals can make him. You've got a galvanic saddle, an electric whip, hypodermic spurs, and if you can only shin a bit farther up his neck you ought just to lick anything with 'air on it!—Punch.

The exports of coal continue to grow monthly. In ten months this year the country shipped abroad coal and coke to the value of almost \$20,000,000.

## IBARRETA'S FATE.

Relief of Explorer and His Comrade Found in the Grand Chaco.

It was reported early in September, 1899, that Senor Enrique Ibarreta and his men had mysteriously disappeared while exploring the Pilcomayo River, in north Argentina, one of the longest of the second-class streams of South America. There was little doubt that they have been massacred by the Indians, who for 170 years past have defeated the attempts made by a considerable number of explorers to explore this stream. A little later the bare fact was published that there was no longer any doubt of the massacre of the party, but no details of the tragedy had been obtained. Then a report reached Buenos Ayres that Ibarreta and a part of his expedition were probably still alive. This report led to the sending of an expedition under the command of Senor Urtiarte to rescue the explorers if they could be found. The relief expedition has recently returned to Buenos Ayres with evidence that leaves no doubt that the entire party was killed by the hostile Indians of the northern part of Argentina. In the depths of the Chaco forests, near a place called Esteros de Patino, Urtiarte found the camp of Ibarreta. Strewn all around were the camp utensils and equipment, most of it rendered useless by the weapons of the Indians, who had destroyed practically everything which they could not utilize. Even the voluminous notes which Ibarreta had made upon the work he was doing from day to day were torn to pieces and scattered to the winds. A considerable number of these fragments were recovered and they supplied undoubted proof of having been written by the ill-fated explorer. Many photographic negatives he had made were also found. Not a trace, however, of any of the party could be discovered. It is believed the entire party was surprised and overwhelmed by a superior force of Indians and that after the whites were killed their bodies were dragged away and concealed in order, if possible, to destroy any direct evidence of their having met a violent death. It is natural that these Indians should endeavor to conceal evidences of their crime that might bring it home to them, for on one or two occasions they have been made to suffer severely for murdering white men.—New York Sun.

## AFRICAN PRINTERS.

Dwellers on Lake Tanganyika Who Have Issued Their First Book.

The Catholic fathers have a flourishing mission station on the west shore of Lake Tanganyika, at a place where the forest comes nearly down to the water's edge. This place has been known for fifteen years on the maps as Mpala and much has been written about it as a station where the Catholic missionaries have been trying to introduce civilization in a most practical manner. Here in the depths of Central Africa they have been teaching the natives how to make brick and lumber, how to improve the quality of the iron they dig from their hills, how to make better implements from this useful metal and the best methods of tilling their crops. A great many natives have come from far around to enter the schools at Mpala. A year ago this month the natives who had been taught to set type in the printing office made their first book. A few copies of it have reached Europe and attracted considerable attention. The little book is a geography. It tells, in the native language and in the simplest manner, something about the world. It gives the most interesting facts about the geography and peoples of some of the great nations. There are only fifty-six pages in it, but they contain a great deal of information without being crowded with so much detail as to make the story hard to read. Father G. Van Acker wrote the little volume, superintended the typesetting and printing, and made the map which adorns the work. The natives under his tuition attended to every mechanical detail, from typesetting to binding. The book is an excellent specimen of typography considering that it is the first effort of the black printers who made it; and it furnishes conclusive evidence that progress is making in the heart of Central Africa.—New York Sun.

## Iron Melted in Five Minutes.

A European inventor recently performed a remarkable experiment in the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison at Orange, N. J. He placed a cup half full of a chemical in a crucible and covered it with a small quantity of powdered aluminum. He then placed an iron wrench about half an inch thick and six inches long in the crucible. Touching a match to the compound, the mixture blazed furiously, and in five seconds the iron wrench was melted. It was estimated that the heat evolved in the process was 3,000 degrees centigrade, hitherto considered impossible to reach. The inventor keeps the nature of his chemical compound a secret.

## We Hold Famous Jewels.

Some of the most famous jewels in the world are in the possession of American women. Mrs. Bradley Martin has some of the French crown jewels and so has Mrs. Astor. One diamond ornament belonging to Mrs. Astor was once the property of Diane de Poitiers. The Duchess of Marlborough has the famous Orloff pearls which once adorned the neck of Empress Catherine of Russia. They were given to her by her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Mrs. Clarence Mackay has some curious rings which once shown on the fingers of a Hindoo rajah, and Mrs. George Vanderbilt has a rope of rubies unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the world.—New York Press.

## Hiding on a Shark.

One of the more wonderful fish stories of the century is told in the New York Press of Dr. Ralph Smith, a noted surgeon of Jacksonville. While in bathing in surf about up to his waist over on the East coast a big shark swam between his legs, forcing him to a sitting posture and swimming out to sea with his burden astride. The sensation nearly cost the doctor his hair and whiskers. He declares he was on the shark's back fully half a minute. When the monster got in deep water he slid off.

## He Gave Them What They Wanted.

"Soon after I arrived in this country on my present visit," says Bishop Partridge, (Bishop of Kioto, Japan, who is a graduate of Yale. "I was invited to a University club dinner, and was told that I was to speak to the toast of 'Yale University.' When I arose in my turn my fellow banqueters cried vociferously, 'Never mind Yale, old man—talk to us in Chinese.' I entered into their spirit, and for twenty-five minutes I orated in Chinese. What did I say? Suffice it to say that I spoke only the court dialect. The strangest part about it is that all present seemed to enjoy it even more than I did."

## Nervy Thieves.

About the coolest thieves on record did a job of work in Philadelphia a few days ago. Early in the morning, while hundreds of people were going to work, half a dozen men arrayed as mechanics appeared in front of a Turkish bath establishment on Walnut street, and with chisels, hammers and wrenches took down the handsome bronze ornaments and railing which ornamented the place. Then they calmly walked away with the plunder.

## LIEUT. MABEL C. HUNT.

A Bright Salvation Army Lassie, Who Knows How to Keep Her Corps in Good Health.

Ogden, Utah, Jan. 12, 1901.—(Special.)—The Pacific Coast Division of the Salvation Army, whose noble work in the interests of fallen humanity has done so much for this western country, has its headquarters in this city. One of the brightest and most enthusiastic workers is Lieut. Miss Mabel Clarice Hunt. Everyone knows how these devoted people parade the streets day or night, exposing themselves to all kinds of weather, that no opportunity may be lost of rescuing some poor unfortunate from sin and suffering. In some cases, their recklessness in thus exposing themselves has been commented upon as almost suicidal. Their answer to such criticisms invariably is their unflinching faith in the Divine injunction to "do right and fear not." Lieut. Hunt explains one of the means she employs to keep her "Soldiers" in good health, as follows:

"I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills of great value in cases of Kidney and Liver Trouble and Diseases contracted from severe colds. Several of our lads and lassies have been repeatedly exposed to cold weather and rain, and have spoken for hours out of doors, often with wet feet and chilled to the marrow. As a consequence of this exposure, Pulmonary Trouble, Rheumatism and Kidney Disorders often ensue. In such cases I always advise Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I have noticed better results, quicker relief, and more lasting benefit from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases than from all other medicines I know of combined. They cleanse the blood, regulate the system and destroy disease."

A medicine which can do what Lieut. Hunt says so positively Dodd's Kidney Pills do is surely worth the attention of all who suffer with any form of Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, or Blood Disorders.

Many good servants are bad masters.

A heated knife cuts freshly baked bread well.

Cocoon oil thickens and darkens the eyebrows.

## SCALDING WATER



would in the morning and that which contains a sediment after standing, certainly indicates dangerously affected Kidneys. Don't worry and make matters worse, but at once take the remedy which you can depend upon absolutely.

## MORROW'S KID-NE-OIDS

are guaranteed by the proprietors under \$50 forfeit to cure any case of Kidney Disease or Pain in the Back. This is a tempting offer and is made in perfect good faith. Other distinctive symptoms of Kidney Disease are Backache, Rheumatic Pains, General Weakness, and frequently all the troubles peculiar to women. Kid-Ne-Oids will restore you.

people cured by Kid-Ne-Oids. In writing them please enclose stamped address of envelope.  
H. L. Small, 1510 Ohio St., Omaha, Neb.  
Henry Wiperman, E. Court St., Beatrice, Neb.  
Mrs. Lily Pratt, 1610 U St., Lincoln, Neb.  
Mrs. Robert Henderson, West Market St., Beatrice, Neb.  
Wm. Noble, Greenman, Topeka, Kas.  
Andrew Jacobson, 223 Lavinia St., Atchison, Kas.  
Mrs. Gus Conover, 11th and Kearney Sts., Atchison, Kas.

Morrow's Kid-Ne-Oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.  
JOHN MORROW & CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.