

A BOY PRODIGY IN NEW YORK.

The pet of the New York institution for the deaf and dumb, the most interesting of all the inmates and the one who gives the least trouble to the teachers, is a boy to whom the outside world is an absolute blank. Deaf, dumb and blind, Orris Benson lives in a world of silence and darkness. Under ordinary conditions, left to himself, he would have gone through life a desolate soul wrapped in Cimmerian darkness, knowing nothing, thinking nothing, hoping nothing. It would be difficult to imagine a more pitiful fate. Fortunately scientific methods and patient endeavor are capable of lifting even an afflicted individual such as one deaf, dumb and blind out of the slough of despond; indeed so many advantages and resources have already been brought into his life that it is not much of an exaggeration to say that he is little incommoded by the lack of the three most valuable senses.

When seen by the writer at the institution Orris seemed to be one of the most cheerful boys of all the silent crowd. He was holding an animated conversation with one of the teachers, making use of the sign language by the sense of touch alone, the pressure of the finger on the boy's collar or the back of the hand, or a few rapid touches in the palm, being sufficient to convey to him an entire sentence. A tattoo on the finger tips, informed him of the visitor's mission. At once the lad faced about with an inquiring look on his features. The principal of the institution, Mr. Enoch M. Currier, asked him a question with the rapidly moving finger tips beating on the hand. To the surprise of the visitor, the answer came in a queer sound from the boy's lips. It was not hard to make out that he was saying or trying to say, "In my pocket." At the same time a hand went into the pocket and, with a laugh, Orris brought out a pocket knife. The principal explained that he had asked the boy what he had done with a knife that had been given him. It was marvelous that the power of even such crude vocal speech as the boy used could be imparted to one who had never seen or heard since babyhood.

Orris Benson lost both sight and hearing when a child of 3, the direct cause of his affliction being spinal meningitis. In the fall of 1889 he was taken to the New York institution, and placed in the male kindergarten at the Mansion House. At the time of admission he had no remembrance of the general appearance of persons of things but had a somewhat indistinct idea of black and white.

The first words he learned to spell by means of the manual alphabet was "key" the object having been previ-

ously shown him. Then, little by little, step by step, he learned the names of other common objects. In the same slow, tedious way, he was later taught the elements of speech. He now generally makes use of this accomplishment when with hearing persons with whom he is acquainted.

He shows great fondness for historical accounts of the heroic exploits of the makers of the nation arouse him to such an extent that he has several times expressed regret that he cannot be a soldier. He also enjoys geography with the help of raised maps. After getting a clear idea of numbers, he began the study of arithmetic, but as yet he is not far advanced in this branch.

At home he sometimes assists his father, who is a carpenter. Last summer he helped a friend during the haying season. In the trade school of the New York institute, he learned to cane chairs, and in this and various other ways he manages to earn his spending money during the long summer vacation. When alone he thinks and plans and tries to invent something useful. His chief aim in life is to fit himself to earn a comfortable living when his school days are over.

The principal explained that Orris has become an adept in the use of the typewriter, rarely making a mistake in the work he does. It is possible for the teachers to dictate letters to him, by means of the sign language used in the way explained above.

He is especially fond of wood carving, and he has made several exquisite pieces entirely without help. He also models in clay, and has made an accurate copy of General Grant's tomb on Riverside drive. The form of the building was explained to him and he modeled it with surprising faithfulness. At chair-caning Orris is particularly skillful, and works quickly and carefully. When not working at something he sits patiently for hours going over and over in his mind the lessons he has learned.

Nothing pleases him better than to be questioned on some matter of interest that he has studied during the school session. He has thoughts of his own concerning current questions and the teachers are glad to talk with him and watch the steady growth of his intellect. Orris is undoubtedly the most interesting as well as the most talented deaf and dumb and blind boy in the country, and, according to the testimony of his teachers, he is the happiest boy in the institution.

Boston Transcript: The eclipse afforded an opportunity for Brother Jasper to convert a few hundred negroes in Richmond and incidentally to reiterate that "the world do move."

ILLINOIS' BURGLAR TOOLMAKER.

"The Toolmaker of Illinois" is the sobriquet of a mysterious character who seems to be doing a profitable business in supplying expert burglars with implements of their criminal vocation.

Evidence of his skill in the manufacture of such tools are shown in specimens on exhibition at the office of the St. Louis detectives.

Who he is and where he lives is known in St. Louis only to Chief Desmond, and he refuses to discuss his identity. The chief said:

I have known of this man's whereabouts and business for a long period, but as he has never apparently committed a violation of the Missouri law I have had no occasion to run him down. His tools that I have seen are of the very best quality—in fact, the finest that can be produced. He seems to employ some process, known alone to himself, for the hardening of steel. His drill and punches are harder than any that have ever come under my observation, and certainly different from those produced by other makers.

I first got onto the "Toolmaker of Illinois" through an arrest made by one of my men. The burglar, upon whom a complete kit of tools was found, said that he got them from this particular maker. He gave his name and address. I jotted it down simply as a matter of future reference. In a few months another burglar was taken into custody, and he had a similar equipment. According to his statement he bought it from the same man. And so it has been from time to time.

On at least a dozen different occasions the name of this toolmaker has been given by men we have arrested. Ordinarily I should not accept as a fact the statement of any burglar, but since so many have told me the same story without the bare possibility of collusion, I cannot reasonably doubt their word.

The character known as the "Toolmaker of Illinois," exists and is not a myth. He is an expert machinist who conducts a blacksmith shop in a small town in the interior of Illinois. He shoes horses, hammers out plowshares and does other smithy work for the farmers simply as a blind. In reality he is the tool-feeder for the most noted safe-crackers in the country if the separate statements of the criminals may be considered authoritative.

Men have told me that they paid him \$10 for a single drill when ordinarily it may be had for \$1.50 or \$2. They, at least, believe that the Illinois machinist has a superior process for the hardening of steel and the manufacture of tools.

Joseph Boyer, of the Boyer Machine

company, a recognized authority on steel and the various means by which it is tempered, said:

This alleged tool maker of Illinois has no process for the hardening of steel that is not known to all manufacturers of tools. The best method for method for tempering is in the use of pure rain water. Nothing to surpass it has ever been discovered. Various other processes have been tested, but found inadequate to the desired result. This tool maker is probably an expert, and this, together with the fact that he is in collusion with his customers, is the cause of the cracksmen patronizing him.

They are safe in buying from him, whereas a legitimate, law-abiding machinist would apprise the police of any attempt made by a buyer to get tools from him. It is not always in the quality of the steel employed in construction, but the skillful manner in which the tool is wrought, that brings the best result.

In our shop I believe we could harden tools to such an extent that they would cut or drill through any material—and yet our process is the same as all other advanced machinists.

Steel costs from 40 to 50 cents a pound, and there is a special quality devoid entirely of iron. It is known as the Tungsten.

Tool workers do not use the best nor the worst—but a grade that sells at about 20 cents a pound.

The best tools are always made by hand—I mean the ones that are employed by burglars—such as drills, punches, tumblers, etc. This man, if he is skilled in their making, doubtless derives an enormous revenue from the sale of his tools.

WILLIAM PENN. PHILOSOPHER.
William Penn was an Englishman before he came to America and founded Pennsylvania. An English publication has just reprinted some of his pretty sayings. These are samples:

They have a right to censure, that have a heart to help. The rest is cruelty, not justice.

A reasonable opinion must ever be in danger, where reason is not judge.

(A Miser) In some sense may be compared to Pharoah's lean Kine, for all that he has does him no good.

When the poor Indians hear us call one of our family by the name of servants they may cry out, what, call brethren servants? We call our dogs servants, but never Man.

Not until Franklin's day did the new colony have again so shrewd a philosopher as its founder.

LIVED ALONE IN THE ATTIC.

A woman of Orange, N. J., is the heroine of a story that any melodramatist in the world would discard as improbable, even impossible.

She has played the role of a supplanted wife, meekly and in silence for fifteen years.

She has lived in the attic of her own house while her rival occupied the parlor and the front.

She has come into the house by the back door because it displeased the other woman to see her come in by the front.

She has eaten the left-over bits of meat and the vegetables that were not good enough for her husband and his new mate.

She was not allowed to carry a key and she must rap before she could enter her own home.

Her little attic rooms were despoiled to make her rival's rooms still more attractive.

She lived on \$2 a week, grudgingly given by her husband, and sometimes on the charity of friends.

Virtually a prisoner in her own home, Mrs. Holmes, wife of Dr. William J. Holmes, never spoke a word of complaint against her husband.

Why? It is interesting to note the intricate workings of this one woman's heart.

First, because she knew exposure would ruin him.

Second, because she hoped he would "get over his infatuation."

Third, because she did not know how to support herself if she left them.

For these three reasons she submitted in silence to humiliation and degradation that have come to few women.

Mrs. Holmes is a slight, sweet-faced, silver-haired woman of sixty-eight.

Dr. William J. Holmes is a big, handsome man, who looks a score less than his seventy years.

Mrs. Frederick William Hahn is a dark, robust woman of less than forty.

These three are the dramatic personae of this stranger than melodrama.

Fifteen years ago Dr. Holmes was one of the leading physicians of his state. He was rich and, which doesn't necessarily follow, respected. He had a large practice among the wealthy people of Essex county. He was for half his lifetime one of the medical staff of the Orange Memorial hospital. He was a member of the exclusive Orange Mountain society. He was companionable to all the better sorts and conditions of men and women. He had a stableful of fine horses and had a kennel of famous sporting dogs.

The home which Dr. Holmes bought, and built forty years ago was a luxurious one. Peace reigned within and the sun of prosperity shone upon its roof.

One day a change came. It was contemporaneous with Dr. Holmes' professional call on Mrs. Hahn. She was the wife of the buyer for a big department store in New York, and, with him and their young son, was living at the Central hotel, in Orange. She was a beautiful woman, with that indefinable charm of manner that for lack of a better word is called magnetism.

At the time of that visit Mrs. Holmes was in New York trying to ease the pain of her dying mother. When that was over Mrs. Holmes came back to a pain that was greater than that which killed her mother.

Satan came into Eden in the guise of a serpent. Mrs. Hahn came into the Holmes house in the guise of a housekeeper. Her son and husband had disappeared. Mrs. Hahn alone knew of their whereabouts and the cause of their disappearance, and upon these subjects she was mute.

Mrs. Holmes was surprised to find Mrs. Hahn thus installed. But she was a meek little woman, grieved to

submission by the loss of her mother. Her protest was a faint one.

"I don't think we need a housekeeper, William," she said.

"You will find Mrs. Hahn charming and her services valuable," replied the doctor, closing the discussion.

Far from being charming, Mrs. Holmes found Mrs. Hahn a woman of violent temper. In a little difference of opinion at the table one day Mrs. Hahn hurled a dish at Mrs. Holmes.

Mrs. Holmes appealed to her husband, "Will you allow her to treat me so?" she asked. "Is she not a servant?"

Dr. Holmes walked to the window and answered not a word. Mrs. Hahn laughed. That afternoon Mrs. Holmes' personal effects were moved to the attic, and there she has lived for fifteen years.

"My husband allowed me \$2 a week for my support. Often he failed to give that, and the neighbors, who guessed that there was trouble, used to bring me food. Such giving is not systematic. I have known hunger and cold up there in the attic, but I never told my husband nor the woman in the luxurious quarters below. Perhaps the woman kept the money from me. I don't know. I always blamed her more than him. He was always kind to me until he met her."

"I was seldom allowed to leave the house. It all depended upon her whim. Sometimes she was afraid that I would talk to the neighbors about the way I was treated. She need not have feared. I would rather have torn out my tongue. I would not be telling it now but I could no longer keep the secret."

Mrs. Holmes had been allowed to go to New York one day to spend the night with her niece. When she returned the next day the house was empty. All the furniture of any value was gone. Three or four pieces, besides the wretched furniture of the attic were left.

Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Hahn had bought tickets for Philadelphia. They were lost in the crowd at the Broad Street station.

A warrant has been issued for Dr. Holmes' arrest on the charge of abandonment. If he should wander back to the place that has been his home for fifty years this erstwhile society leader will be lodged in jail to answer for wife desertion.

It was not the gentle, silver-haired wife who was his Nemesis. It was a woman of sterner frame and face, one who resembled him, Annie Woodruff, his sister.

"It took me a good many years to find out how matters stood. My sister-in-law tried to hide their disgrace, and, of course, the guilty ones did. She was always allowed to receive me in the parlor, and it was only one day when I insisted upon going to her room and I followed her to the attic that I guessed the truth. She stubbornly refused to tell me why she had moved up there and why she no longer ate at the table with my brother and the housekeeper."

"But I put the facts together piece by piece. Then I talked with my brother. He would not be persuaded to say a word. I demanded that he send away the housekeeper. He refused."

"I told the story to the governor of the Memorial hospital. They dropped him from the staff. The story got out and he lost his practice."

"We will probably never see him again. I hope not. I could never forget his treatment of his wife, or that he broke my father's and mother's hearts."

Many a woman is compelled to be a bread winner because her husband is a whisky winner.

THE CARDS INVISIBLY MARKED.

That is, They Were Invisibly Marked to the Other Fellow Who Was in the Game With Him.

A prominent turfman here, attending the winter race meet, told a good story the other evening of an adventure on a Cunarder. "You never heard of invisible ink?" he said. "Well, neither had I up to a dozen years ago, and my introduction to it was rather peculiar. At that time I was considerable greener in the ways of the wicked world than I am at present, and coming across on the Etruria, after a season in London, I was fool enough to sit in a four-handed poker game with three fellows I met in the smoking room of the ship. The vulgar point about a greenhorn who plays poker is his proud conviction that he can protect himself against any kind of 'work.' That was my own opinion, and consequently I didn't care a copper who my three acquaintances might be, as long as I found their society entertaining. Two of them, I may as well say right here, were plain, every-day business men from Boston. The other was a small, dark, smooth-shaven chap who introduced himself by the name of Cummings and said he was a lace buyer for a firm of importers in New York.

"We began playing on the second day out of Liverpool, and inside of twenty-four hours were giving the same pretty nearly our exclusive attention. The table we used was in the far corner of the smoking room and had four stationary chairs. As is customary to many aboard ship, we selected our seats at the beginning and kept them throughout the play. Cummings sat with his back to the partition wall, I sat opposite and one of the Boston fellows was on either side. I mention this arrangement, because it has a bearing on what followed.

"We started out at a very easy gait," continued the turfman, "but soon raised the ante high enough to make it pretty warm. As far as I could see, none of my three friends played more than an ordinary club room game, and at the outset the bulk of the luck drifted to the lace buyer and myself. At the end of the first day we were each about \$150 ahead. Next day I made most of the winning myself and was astonished at the successions of good hands I held. As nearly as I can remember I cleared up something like \$400, mainly from the two Boston men, and Cummings quit about even. Several times during the day I imagined the Bostonians looked at me with some slight suspicion, all of which afforded me considerable amusement and satisfied me incidentally that the game was absolutely on the square. On the third day luck veered around to the lace buyer, and he not only gathered in my entire winnings, but nearly \$200 besides. Meanwhile he tapped one of the Bostonians for \$300 and the other for \$150. Altogether he stood about \$1,200 ahead at the close of the afternoon. By that time we were all pretty well fagged out, and we agreed to quit for a couple of hours and resume the play after dinner. Cummings left the table first, and I tarried for a few moments to smoke a cigar and chat with the Boston men.

I had to get up to procure a light, and on returning I dropped into the chair which had been occupied by the lace buyer and began idly shuffling the deck of cards. While so doing I happened to notice a peculiar speck at the upper right-hand corner of the top pastboard, which proved to be the king of clubs. It looked like a minute dot of some kind of aniline ink. The end of the room where we sat was rather dark, and there was a fixed lamp in the moulding behind Cummings' chair that was kept burning day and night. The spot caught the gleam from this light and could only be seen when the card was held at a certain slant. From any of the other chairs it was entirely invisible. I was surprised, of course, and in running over the deck I soon found that all the face cards and aces were similarly spotted, some with one and some with more dots, the arrangement being different in each case.

"The discovery upset me completely, and I could see it was an equal bombshell to my two companions. We lay our heads together and to make a long story short, we sent a steward after our lace making friend and after a very brief but spicy preface gave him two minutes by the watch to disgorge his spoils. I must admit he carried it off pretty well. 'This looks considerably like a Welch,' he said, coolly, 'and if the deck is marked I know no more about it than you do. However, if you want your money back you can have it.' A gentleman, said he, 'always wishes to avoid a scene.' With that he counted out his winnings and bade us good night.

"A year or so afterward I saw him at Saratoga and learned positively that he was a professional short-card player, who made a business of working the Atlantic boats.

"To get back to the original point the stuff he used in marking the deck was what is known as 'invisible ink,' and while it is seldom employed nowadays it can still be bought from any dealer in gambling tools. It has the peculiar property of being visible only by artificial light when viewed from a certain angle. How and when Cummings did his markings and why he left the deck on the table are matters of mere conjecture. Letting me win the other fellow's money at the start off and then winding me up at the finish is easily understood. It's an old gambling trick and diverts suspicion."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Talking of the Baroness Burdett, Courtes, Lord Houghton said: "Miss Courtes likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did; those who did their duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Courtes' companion) used to see me coming, and took herself out of the way for ten minutes, but she only went into the next room and left the room open, and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done. Miss Courtes coughed and Mrs. Browne came in again."

A financier is a person who makes his fortune with other people's money

In the bright lexicon of love there is no such word as peace.

NASEN ON THE GULF STREAM.

Its Effect Upon European Weather Great, But Variable.

Prof. Nasen has made the following statements with regard to the results of the experiments conducted during his last expedition on the Michael Sars, which has lately returned to Norway. The gulf stream, he says, is subject to great changes, and very little is as yet known as to its strength in winter. It was much weaker on the Norwegian coast this year than usually is the case, and the temperature was consequently lower. At the same time a very warm summer has been experienced in the west of Iceland, and the current that passes there was warmer this summer than usual. In general, the warm water coming from the Atlantic into the northern regions this summer appears to have had a different distribution than its usual one. This is most important as regards the climatic conditions on the coasts which the stream passes.

It is generally admitted that the gulf stream considerably affects the climate of the western coast of Britain and Norway, and possibly even of Spitzbergen. The effect is most marked in winter. While the harbors of the Baltic are ice bound, those on the western coast of Norway, even as far north as Hammerfest, are always open to shipping. In Great Britain the lines of equal temperature in January run nearly north and south, instead of almost east and west, as in July, so that anyone in Middlesbrough would find a warmer climate in mid-winter by going to Whitehaven than by traveling due south to an equal distance. This, also, is one of the reasons why Aberdeen at that time is much warmer than Vienna. The late eminent mathematician, Dr. W. Hopkins, estimated that without the gulf stream the mean annual temperature of Carnarvonshire would be 7 1/2 degrees, that of the north of Scotland fully 12 degrees and that of Ireland as much as 20 degrees lower than at present.

From the gulf of Mexico, where its waters are raised to a warmth in winter of 77 degrees F., and in summer up to 83 degrees F., it issues like a huge river of warmer water flowing over the vast mass of the cooler ocean beneath. As it issues from between Florida and Cuba it is equivalent to a stream about fifty miles broad and more than a hundred fathoms deep, which is then flowing at a rate of from three to four miles an hour. Gradually it spreads out like a partly opened fan, the more eastern part losing itself in the Atlantic, the western and stronger flowing steadily in a northerly direction, and fenced off from the American coast by the cold current which is returning southward from arctic regions. Thus it plays on northwestern Europe like a stream flowing from a hose, and the water which has left the gulf of Mexico in the hot summer months probably comes near to the other side of the Atlantic in the winter season. The amount of heat which it transfers was estimated by the late Dr. Croft as being equal to what is received from the sun by rather more than a million and a half square miles at the equator.

This heat is slowly radiated by the broad layer of flowing water as it journeys from the boiler in the gulf of Mexico to the refrigerator in arctic seas. But Prof. Nasen's observations suggest that the current does not always follow precisely the same path. That, indeed, is only to be expected. While its general direction will be constant—for that depends on great physical causes—minor variations are possible. If, for instance, the southward arctic currents be a little stronger than usual, they will push the gulf stream rather more to the east, and then Iceland will suffer. If the observations were taken over a sufficiently wide area of the north Atlantic, and for a long enough time, it might be possible to prophesy the direction which the gulf stream would follow in its journey across the Atlantic, and the places on which it would have the greatest influence at any particular time—in other words, to foretell what kind of a season the farmer might expect.

HOW TOM THUMB GOT TITLE.

The Name Was Given by Barnum and the "General" by Order of Queen Victoria.

The Countess Magri, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, in a paper in the Woman's Home Companion, entitled "The Recollections of a Midget," gives the following account of how the famous dwarf came by his name:

"In speaking of Mr. Stratton I have used the name General Tom Thumb, for by that name the public bent knew him. Perhaps a statement of how he received his title will be of interest—a story which even Mr. Barnum has neglected to make known, but which Mr. Barnum himself told me. When Mr. Barnum first made his acquaintance and persuaded his parents to allow their child to travel, it was thought a good scheme to introduce him to the public as 'Tom Thumb.' So as Tom Thumb he was heralded by the skill which made Barnum so famous, and by that name, he was introduced to Queen Victoria and many of the royal and titled frequenters of St. James.

"On his first visit he had amused the queen by asking particularly after the prince of Wales, and when he was the second time summoned to appear at the palace he was presented both to the prince of Wales and the princess royal, who afterward became empress of Germany. As he stood beside the children his amaisness was more noticeable. The duke of Wellington was present, and noticed this fact, evidently with much interest, as he said to some one standing near, their royal taller than Tom Thumb. This remark, the general told me, was overheard by the queen, and, turning to the duke, she said: 'General Tom the duke gave me the military salute, from.' Bowing low to her majesty, repeating the title, General Tom Thumb. Everybody bowed, and although I did not fully comprehend then that her majesty's simple say-so could make it unchangeable, I found that ever after that I was always addressed as general."

"Mr. Stratton also said that he knew enough of the war history of the duke of Wellington to be greatly interested in him, and to feel that an introduction to this 'great fighter,' as he called him, was worth more than a chat with this royal boy and girl."

SOME FACTS ABOUT HANDS.

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between man and brute. Its complex apparatus and the relation between its performance and the mind are so remarkable that familiarity alone prevents their being observed with wonder.

In aristocratic portraits the shape of the hand is remarkably elegant, and Byron was undoubtedly correct in regarding the beauty of this feature as an indication of gentle blood. One of the most common signs of want of breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them.

In southern countries, kissing the hand is a loyal salutation. The practice is recognized in several of Shakespeare's dramas—"Why, this is his who kissed away his hand in courtesy," "You kiss your hand," says Colin to Touchstone, "that courtesy would be unclean at court if courtiers were shepherds."

And what picture of a troubled conscience has ever been imagined equal to the nightwalking scene in "Lady Macbeth?" She had used to "lave her dainty hands" from childhood; but, having once stained them with human blood, it seemed to her reproachful heart that the spot would never wash out.

There is something irresistibly pathetic in the moaning whisper, "All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand." It is the glorious boast of the patriot to cast "with unpurchased hand

The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."

The hands are, by the very instinct of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed upon the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme," drawn inward to invite, thrust forth objectively to repel, the fingers point to indicate and are snapped in disdain, the palm is laid on the heart in invocation of subdued feeling, and on the brow is benediction.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness and its non-acceptance the most civil and yet meaning of repulses. Shaking hands is a mode of greeting the origin of which is lost in obscurity, and individuals display character in their manner of doing it.

Who cannot at once feel the antagonism between the touch of a rude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional "passive giving of hands?" How perfectly does the graduated or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope! What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious carelessness, fond or earnest manner of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feeling, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand which have given rise to palmistry.

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In the bright lexicon of love there is no such word as peace.

Not in y
an importa
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