

The new sewage disposal scheme of a German chemist, Erich Springborn, is the conversion of the solid matter into blocks for fuel. This fuel is reported to be smokeless and to burn without disagreeable odor, and the cost of the process would be covered by the sale of the blocks at a moderate price for burning under steam botters. The sewage is so thoroughly sterilized that the liquid portion can be safely discharged into any river.

Some interesting additions to our knowledge, not only of geography but of anthropology, may be expected from the expedition of W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, an American, and Lord Hindlip, an Englishman, Into Abyssinia and the regions of the Upper Nile. Among the curious places to be explored is the district of Walamo, reputed to be infested with devils. Mr. Whitehouse intends to spend a month in Walamo with the Intention of discovering the reason why the natives of the country believe that it is possessed by demons.

servatory, at Kalocsa, Hungary, has ably the largest retail provision busiinvented an electric apparatus for recording distant thunder storms. An electric wave, set in motion by a flash an eye on their employes. of lightning, is registered by a detector resembling in its action that used in the Marconi telegraph system. The other of his large establishments, and impulse is communicated to a pen counected with a disk moved by clockwork, and when the pen makes its record a bell is rung whose vibration resets the coheher. Storms raging invisibly twenty miles away are thus rebright day, the apparatus made known of his personal appearance. the prevalence of a violent storm in Budapest, sixty-eight miles distant.

An example of the dramatic effects in which nature seems sometimes to Indulge is furnished by Professor Hugo De Vries' description, in a recent lecture on the mutation of species, of the appearance sometimes presented by the large-flowered evening primrose in hundred years ago, and has now escaped from cultivation. The plant attains a height of five feet or more, and is thickly covered with flowers, whose size and brilliant color attract immediate attention, even from a distance. The flowers open shortly before sunset, "and this so suddenly," says Professor De Vries, "that it seems as if a magic wand had touched the land and covered it with a golden sheet!"

The biological stations of the New England coast has solved the problem of lobster culture. Several thousand of the young fry are put into a cylindrical serim bag about three feet in water in the submerged bag is constantly agitated by a dasher driven by another, at the same time keeping their food of soft clam fragments within reach. In nine to sixteen days from the eggs the creatures are able to take ing Post. care of themselves, this stage being reached by sixteen to more than forty per cent of the fry, nithough no previous experiment had one per cent of survivors. The fish hatcheries can now save the lobster industry.

STARTING A NEW FAD.

Girl Just Feturned from Europe Carried a Nutmeg.

She had just returned from Europe, bedecked with any number of little trinkets she wouldn't have dreamed of wearing before taking a trip abroad. to all this wealth of strange adornment there was one ornament that anpealed with especial force to the curiosity of the visitor. This unique decoration was a little ball, oblong in shape and grayish-brown in color. It was partially incased in gold filigree work and was worn suspended from the belt by a tiny gold chain, There was a gold pin at one end ot this chain, and every little while the girl from Europe would unharness the trinket and apply it to her nostrils with deep whiffs of satisfaction. The visitor watched this pantomime for several minutes with growing interest, and finally, after an unusually prolonged inhalation, she said:

"I do wish you'd tell me what that

thing is." The girl from Europe laughed. "I was looking for you to ask that," she said "I was trying to arouse your people." curiosity. Here, take a whiff yourself and see if you recognize the perfume."

The visitor raised the little ball to the tip of her own nose and drew several long breaths. "Why," she said. "it smells for all the world like a nut-

"And that's just what it is," said the

girl from Europe.

The visitor sat down in a state of collapse. "You don't mean to say," she interrogated, "that they are wearing nutmegs over in Europe?"

'Well, no," returned the girl from Europe. "They're not exactly wearing them in loads, but they do have them. They are rather exclusive as yet. The fact is I am reviving an old custom. I always did have a knack you know, of doing odd things. When I go into strange places I don't go mooning around in a sleepy kind of way, but I keep my eyes and cars open, and the consequence is I see and ear a good many things in the course of a week that other people wouldn't find out in a lifetime. One of the things I discovered in England was the old nutmeg custom. There are a number of them in museums that were

in gold, just like this, but the casings were set with jewels and were naturally very expensive.

"I haven't the jewels, but I've got the nutmeg and the gold filigree for a starter, and when I go around taking refreshing whiffs at this fragrant little knob I feel as if I had been just resurrected from a seventeenth-century mausoleum and was tickling my senses with the odor of a nutmeg of long ago. I always did like the smell of nutmeg, anyway, even in custards and apple ple. I knew a number of people in England this summer who followed my lead by coming home with gold nutmegs."

The visitor returned the gold case with its 5-cent ball of perfume. 'Well," she said, "of all the fads I ever heard of that is the most ridiculous. Do you suppose it will take?"

"Quite likely," said the girl from Europe, according to the New York Times. "History has already repeated herself in all other customs, and I'm doing all I can to push the nutmeg craze along."

LIPTON'S FAITHFUL SALESMAN.

His Persistency in Making a Sale Was Suitably Rewarded.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous Father Schreiber, of the Haynald Ob | yachtsman, and head of what is probness in Great Britasin, is one of those men who believe in personally keeping

To this end, when in London, he often pays a surprise visit to one or andepartments, noticing everything but saying very little.

As might be expected, among the many thousands of men and women whom he employs there are some who, never having seen the head of the corded, and on one occasion, on a firm, possess but a very hazy notion

> Sir Thomas chanced upon one of these a week or two ago, and for a few minutes the bystanders enjoyed

a little quiet fun. This particular clerk was in charge of one of the cheese-counters at one of Lipton's huge establishments in the city. Seeing a gentleman about to leave the shop without having made a Holland. This plant was introduced purchase, he immediately seized upon into Holland from America about a the supposed customer and began to extol the virtues of "Lipton's cheese." Sir Thomas, for it was no other than he, listened with well-concealed amusement for a few moments and even went the length of tasting severai samples. Then he tried to shake off the assistant by saying that he was not requiring any cheese "just at present.

But the clerk was not to be got rid of so easily; and, before his employer quite realized what had happened, he had paid for a pound of his own cheese, and the assistant was inquiring to what address it should be sent. The young man's amazement, when he diameter and four feet deep, and the realized the identity of his customer, made his fellow assistants roar with laughter. But a few days later the a gasoline engine. This prevents the laugh was on the other side, for Sir fry from smothering or devouring one Thomas, ever quick to recognize and to give the persistent clerk a substantial increase in salary.-Saturday even-

"A Poor Relation."

John Kellerd, well known to dra matic fame, was once playing an engagement with the late Sol Smith Rus sell in "The Tale of a Cont." In the play Kellerd had occasion to wear a handsome frock cont which for its cloth and cut was the admiration of the company, including the star-manager.

Soon afterward Russell made a revival of "A Poor Relation," and about that time occurred the death of Boucicault, the writer. Russell was invited to be one of the pallbearers at the funeral, and as he happened not to have a sultable coat for the occasion with him, and there was not sufficient time to have one made, he sent a note to Kellerd explaining his need and asking for the use of his frock coat. A postscript to the request read: "By the way, you needn't mention the fact that I'm wearing your coat."

Kellerd's coat served its purpose, and was returned to the owner the following day with a quaint note of thanks, which ended: "And please don't tell the Tale of your Coat. (Signed) Sol Smith Russell-A Poor Relation."-New York Clipper.

"It's another scheme of monopofloor.

"What are you talking about?" asked his wife.

"This beef monopoly. I have detect- quiet. ed the dastardly plot. It's part of a gigantic conspiracy. They are going to can buy it."

"Well, dear, we won't starve. We can eat vegetables."

"There you are. They'll make us all herbivorous. They'll deny us the animal food which makes people energetic helmer, of Baltimore, is the patentee. and resentful. They'll keep us on a vegetable diet until we're so patient and good-natured that we won't kick at anything they want to do."-Washington Star.

Plenty of Work for the Club.

"What does the society which you have just joined find to do?" asked Mrs. Bizzle's husband.

"A great deal," was the answer. "After we get an organization established the question of other people's eligibility to membership gives us all the work we can possibly attend to."-Washington Star.

A man told three lies this morning to save a dollar, and then put up the used by fine ladies of past genera. | money.

DESCENDANT OF GEORGE IV.

The reported marriage of Mrs. Lucy Ord Mason of Washington, D. C., to Walter A. Donaldson fulfills the romantic necessities which seems to follow the matrimonial contracts of the Ord family. Mrs. Mason is the daughter of Gen. Ord of the United States army, whose retirement made way for Gen. Miles to become the commander origin.

On December 21, 1785, George IV. then Prince of Wales, married Mrs. Maria Fitz Herbert, by whom he had three children, the oldest a boy.

The then Prince of Wales was so form of the morganatic marriage. The British Parliament by solemn act declared it invalid and declared that the offspring should in no wise inherit the royal dignities of their father even under the bar sinister.

The oldest boy was brought to this country and entered at Georgetown college as a student. An old Jesuit received costly presents from "an illustrious Englishman" on his birthday, at Christmas and on other occasions. He was entered on the rolls of the college as James C. Ord and afterward entered the navy and was then transferred to the army of the United States. He settled in Maryland, married, and was the father of eleven sons. One of them, Gen. E. O. C. Ord, was famous as an officer during the civil war,

Miss Lucy Ord was a brilliant belle. She followed the romantic instincts of her family and her tirst marriage to Lieut. Sanford B. Mason was a runaway match, although the parents on either side were opposed to it.

All the Ords have contracted their marital engagements in some odd manner. The last scion of the house was that Lieut. Ord who fell on the crest of San Juan hill just as the American colors were victoriously planted there. Mrs. Mason's marriage to Walter A.

Donaldson is delayed because she receives a small pension from the government and it will cease immediately upon her marriage. Her salary as a clerk in the War Department will also terminate.

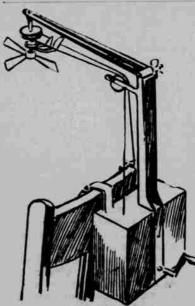
Mrs. Mason has three daughters by her first husband, says the New York World, and notwithstanding the brilliant record in the army of her father and grandfathers and brother and the fact that her first husband lost his life in the Sloux campaign she received only the pittance of \$50 per month on which to educate and rear these girls. She received a promotion to \$60 per month the day her engagement to Mr. Donaldson was announced.

AN INGENIOUS FAN.

Man wastes lots of time and energy fortifying himself against the powers ly aged man. of heat. Here is an apparatus, the cretoward that end.

It is a spring motor attached to a chair, and when in operation it prolittle exertion is necessary in producing | sewing.

This fan has no connection with any in itself, having a spring motor located



"It's a plot," said Mr. Blykins, as he inside the casing, which runs the fan crumpled the paper and threw it on the by means of the endless cable leading over the pulleys at the joint of the verly to fasten the yoke of power on the tical and horizontal supports. The fan itself is not very large, but the slight movement of air will serve the purpose if the person in the chair is keeping

The fan is shown attached to a dining chair, the horizontal arm being adjustmake meat so expensive that nobody ed to throw the breeze in a nearly vertical direction, to strike the head and shoulders of a person sitting in the chair. When the fan is not in use this arm folds over the back and down against the motor casing. Moses Otten-

She Had Seen "Him."

"By dear, how well and happy you look; your very walk is an exaltation of youth and health and happiness." "Is it?" smiled the girl. "Well, it ought to be; I have just seen him." "But I thought Arthur was now in

Portland," said the first speaker, re-

ferring to the girl's affianced. "Arthur is in Portland," returned the girl. "My wild spirits and exuberant youth are due to another man's influence on me-no, don't look shocked. If you ever wore tight patent leather ties, you'd know that there's a certain brand of joy that only a chiropodist can measure out."-New York Evening Sun.

HE had nerved herself to meet | Annie. She rose and came and kneeled her father. She glanced in the beside her father's chair. mirror, and saw how pale she but how different his pallor from her not mean to be hard, but I can't go

world. A shiver passed over her. Did she to him, not her love. Her love was for | not miss anything in me." Jack, and he could never be anything was the daughter of a thief!

What uselessness it had been for her mother to move hundreds of miles from the old home. It had been done for the husband, not for the daughter. For the daughter there had been a half year's residence in the new place, and a learning to leve a man whom she had last night declined to marry. Her father anymore. Her father had explated his father was his guardian and the bey had wrought this unhappiness as he had wrought so much more.

What grief had her father not for the defalcation in the bank where he had been cashier and her mother's father fallen dead? The world had said the old banker could not stand the disgrace. And what more? Had not her mother's mother, always an invalid, been stricken by her husband's death, and never been told of her son-in-law's crime? There had been a mass of deception, the poor, feeble woman being led to believe that her daughter's husband, whom she loved as a son, had gone away on business, and letters written in his prison cell had been read to her, and they told her of a great prosperity in the West, with a cheerfulness that was appalling. Yes, the girl almost hated her father as she thought over the events of the past four years. And yet would she have hated him save and her father at a greater distance for Jack?

She pressed her hands fiercely to her

Suddenly she started. There was a step on the stairs. Her mother was bringing her father up to her. How should she meet him? Had it not been | claimed woman's perfect happiness on for Jack she knew how she should have met him. But her father had forced Jack from her.

The steps ascending the stairs stopped. There was a cough outside the library door. She knew the sharp little cough. She used to fly to meet her father four years back when she heard that little cough in the hall in the dear old home. Now she did not move from the chair she sat in.

She heard a voice outside the doorher mother urging her father to enter the room. Then the handle of the door turned and her mother led in a strange- thief?

The girl arose. Her father stood besome man's ingenuity, bearing fore her, expectancy written on his her forehead up to his lips. Her mother looked angrily at her, but she went duces a delightful cooling breeze; but back to her seat and caught up some

"Annie," said the mother sharply, "is this the way to meet your father? Do external motive force, but is complete you know that all that has occurred has been more to me than to any one else in the world? And yet I forgive because I love. And you who have a

> "I have no lover," coldly interrupted the girl. "I couldn't deceive him any longer. I wrote him last night. I told him the truth and that I would not marry him."

> "Ah," said the mother, "now I understand." She turned to her husband. "Mark, do not mind, dear. You have me, and I shall never fail you. Have I ever falled you? What is done is done. It is all wiped away. It is only remembered by your daughter, not by me, and you are as much to me after all the mistakes and sufferings as the day when I stood by your side and vowed to be a loving and true wife till God should part us in death. We always spoke of you, mother and I."

"Your mother," his dry lips said, where is she?"

His wife caught his hand.

"Dear," she said, "can you bear a

little more?" He looked at her.

"Annie," she said, sternly, "get me those letters." The girl went and took from the book

case a packet, which she brought to her mother. "My letters to your mother," the man's lips seemed to say, "and unop-

ened.' His wife fondled his hand.

"It was only a few months ago," she said. "I could not tell you the truth any more than I could tell her. The truth would have made you unhappier. and I wished to tell you myself. She loved you as she loved me. One morning one of your letters came, and until I could read it to her she asked me to let her hold it. An hour later we found her with the letter held up to her heart and she was very white and quiet. There had been no struggle whatever, no pain. We laid her beside father, from she never ceased grieving for and who had given her every comfort in life, even when I am sure he could hardly afford the extravagances ordered by her physicians. It is all over, and happily over for both of them, dear, and you were always kind and good to

them. A low, long sigh broke from the man Then silence fell, the sound of tram sells in the street came distinctly to ...em, and the ticking of the clock on se mantle was strangely loud.

"Father," she said, "you must forwas. Her father would be pale, too, give me. I am not very happy. I do of the army. Her family is of romantic own-his pallor like none other in the back from my reasoning. You have not only mother, but you have me also. I will do what I can. I am sure you love her father? But anger went out know that, and after a while you will

"Go back to your seat," commanded to her. Last night she had written to her mother, "Do you know that you fascinated by the beautiful widow that Jack and told him the truth, and the are in the presence of a broken heart: he did not go through the left-handed truth would separate them forever. She Doesn't your father accuse himself of mere than you accuse him of? who are you, with your paltry love troubles, to come to him in a time like this?"

"Hush, Mary!" said her busband. 'Hush!"

The silence fell again. Annle sat alone. She was apart from everything. There was no love for her sin in the eyes of the world. In her heart the sin that had been his still lived. For there was Jack, and she had wrought? The day he went to prison given him up because of her father's guilt. There was a narrowing of the radius. No matter for Jack if her father's manager, had not her mother's father were only an innocent man. Love surely created a desire for purity. for, since she had learned to love Jack.

> been tempered by her pitying love and her prayers for heaven's forgiveness. The daughter of a thief! Oh, why had she met Jack? Why had she allowed herself to care for him? Why had she let herself feel glad when she knew that he loved her? Why had she greatly desired that he should tell her that he had given his heart to her and demanded her own in return?

> her father's sin had grown and grown

upon her, and before that the sin had

How many sadly confused questions did she put to herself as she sat there in the miserable silence, her mother from her than they had ever been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart, and her daughterly affection of transgressing, even though Jack called through the silence that, but for her father's crime, she might have earth.

Her mother and her father apparently falled to realize how much she was going through. It was only her lack of response to their love that touched them. Her adoration of a man who might have been her husband was the date, merely a foolishness of hers and not to be placed in the same category with her duty as a daughter-the daughter of a thief! That miserable word, that disgraceful word, would come uppermost to her. But for Jack would this have been so? The daughter of a

There came a tap on the door, and it sounded on her ear like thunder.

"Mark," she said to her husband, "it is cook. She wishes to speak to me about dinner. We are going to have all the things you used to-all the things you like. Of course the servants know. nothing dear You have been West you know. The servants have only been with us since we moved here Would you like to come downstairs, or

will you stay here in the library?" "I will stay here," he said, in his hushed way, "Here,"

"Very well," returned his wife. shan't be gone long. See, here is all the old furniture, all your books, just as you used to like them, and the pictures."

She leaned over and kissed him be fore she went out and closed the door behind her.

Annle was alone with her father. She heard him moving carefully around. taking up a book, only to lay it down again. Before the last picture he lingered, making no sound, but looking at the face of the old bank manager who had fallen dead the day his trusted cashier and his only daughter's hus band had gone to serve a sentence in prison. Annie could not see him, but she knew all that her father did. Her back was toward him, as she leaned over her sewing, and her heart beat fast when he turned from the picture at last and swiftly crossed the car-

When his hand was laid upon her arm, she almost shricked aloud.

"Annie!" said her father's voice. It doubt in it, and it forced her like a command she dared not disobey. She rose from her seat and faced

Despite the physical changes in him she saw before her his old self-strong. not unbrave, not disloyal, not a crim-

"You have given up your lover," he went on rapidly. "You have given him up because of me. Pay attention to me. I will tell you what I had hoped never to tell a living soul on earth. And I must speak before your mother comes back, for she must never know. But you must know, and the man who asked you to be his wife, and whom you refused on account of me. I will go to him and I will tell him as I tell you, that I have wrecked no life, that I have not wrecked my daughter's happiness. Do you hear me, I have not Interfered with your right to be happy with the man you love. I have been adjudged a criminal. I have served a criminal's sentence. But I am an innocent man, and"-he turned and pointed to the picture of his wife's father-"that man knew it. I sacrificed not There was a movement on the part of your mother, not you, but my own knocking her hat off, but a man cas't.

standing in society and the minds of men for the sake of my wife's father and his invalid wife."

She gasped. She understood him, ans she trembled from head to foot.

"I would never have told you," he went on, "only that you gave up your life's happiness because of my disgrace. Your forfeited love for me would never have brought this confession, for what I did was done to save an old man and an old woman, who had been as a mother to me. If nature could not make your love surmount my shame, that love is of little account. Your mother's father's sin made me a prisoner. It was he who took the money and I the blame. I have proofs of all this, and I am glad I never destroyed them, for I must show these proofs to the daughter whose lack of love makes my word of no account."

"Father!" There was a quality in her cry that told him more than many words. She sprang to his arms, her heart held closely to his. He was innocent; he was innocent; and though her life's greatest love might be over and done, the man who asked her to marry him

had not loved the daughter of a thief. There was some one in the room, though neither of them heeded till the girl's name was spoken by the new-

"Jack!" she cried out, and clung the

closer to her father. "Jack!" "You did not hear me knock," said he, "I came to tell you that I refuse to obey your note. You love me as I love you, and you will be my wife. And, coming in here, I have heard what your father said to you. Your father-will he not let me call him mine?"

Her father's head was raised, and he looked deeply into the young man's

eyes. "Well, well!" said the bustling voice of the wife coming into the library. "And Jack here! Mark, my dear. Annie-Mark, is this the happy end of all

your sadness and pain?" "Yes," said the "guilty man," as he placed the hand of his daughter into that of the lover. "Yes."-Spare Moments.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

Painful Ordeal for French General Reviewing English Troops. At the close of the Crimean war the Duke of Cambridge, who had taken command in the absence of Lord Raglan, went in person to Marshal Canrobert to invite the French officer to review the English troops. It had not occurred to his highness that the date fixed for the review was June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo. Nor, indeed, did Marshal Canrobert pay any beed to

At the time agreed upon Canrobert was on the ground in full parade uniform, accompanied by his staff. The English army was drawn up in long file: to the right, the Guards, with their long, hatry head-gear; then the Highlanders, with their feather-trimmed caps, their strange costumes and their bagpipes, and with sounds stranger still; and last the infantry, with their tufted shakos and their red tunics with white gimp. The sun was beaming brightly, causing the arms to glisten, and the flags waving in the wind were all covered over with names embroidered in gold. It was a superb spec-

tacle. The Duke of Cambridge asked the marshal to take the right of the line of battle,-it was the Guards who occupied it,-and reviewing officers began to move along in front of their ranks. Having got level with the first battalion. Caurobert saluted it. At the same moment the flag was lowered to return his salute, and on the unfolded tissue he read, in large letters:

"Ramillies, Malplaquet, Les Araplles,

Vittoria, Waterloo.' Those were precisely the most disastrousdays of the history of France that Canrobert, a French general, was thus compelled to salute on the anniversary of Waterloo, in the midst of English generals who had fought there. He was unable, do what he could, to repress the emotion that was choking him during that second: Cold shivers ran through his body; the hand with which he held his hat while saluting trembled like a dead leaf.

Still, anxious to let nothing of all that appear, he went on saluting, one after the other, down to the very last of them, the colors on which he could always read:

"Les Arapiles, Vittoria . . . Water-

As may be imagined, Canrobert's emotion was all the more powerful that he was constrained to keep it was a grim voice now, no quaver of down. When it was all over he was obliged to pull himself together in order to shake hands with the Duke of Cambridge, to tender him thanks, to offer him congratulations.

His highness was far too quick-sighted not to have noticed what he had gone through, and far too tactful to make the faintest allusion to it. But from that day onward whenever French officers were invited to review the English army, the colors remained under cover, and neither Saint-Arnaud, Pelissier, nor Canrobert had in the future a similar ordeal to go through .-Youth's Companion.

The Place to Show It. Tess-I suppose she'll go to the mountains this summer, as usual? Jess-Oh, no. She has become quite plump and has developed a good figure.

Tess-Well? Jess-Well, she'll go to the seashore, of course.—Philadelphia Press,

Other persons' love affairs begin to look like warmed over potatoes before the engagement is two weeks old.

A woman can kiss a woman without