

A KIND OF STEALING.

HOW FAR THE PLEA OF KLEPTOMANIA IS ADMITTED.

Familiar Cases in Medical Records—Man Who Would Not Eat Unless His Food Was Stolen—Mania of a Physician—Are Delicate Patients.



ONVEY, the wise it call," says Shakespeare when he wants to find a pretty name for stealing. To-day, however, the wise have outgrown that term, says the New York Herald. They have submitted kleptomania in its stead. Mrs. Castle of San Francisco is not a conveyer but a kleptomaniac. For kleptomania, we are told, is a form of insanity which renders its victim irresponsible. Nice distinctions of this sort were not known to our ancestors. In their simpler view a lunatic was a raving maniac—a person who did not know the nature and consequence of his acts. On this point law and medicine were fully agreed. But medicine has advanced far more rapidly than law and is gradually teaching its later science that a lunatic need not rave and rage in order to be morally irresponsible; that from that extreme point there are numerous gradations toward the normal state till we reach a class on the borderland between sanity and insanity of whom it is difficult to decide the exact degree of their responsibility. In one light they may be insane and irresponsible, although in all other relations of life they may be absolutely sane and responsible. A kleptomaniac for example, is a person who may be perfectly rational under ordinary circumstances yet when placed under the stress of temptation is irresistibly impelled to steal. Medical records are full of illustrative cases. There was the man who would not eat unless his food was stolen. His attendant humored him by hiding his food in a corner, so that he could imagine he was pilfering it. There was the fashionable lady who at her trial for theft confessed to so wild a longing to possess everything she saw that at church she could hardly refrain from rifling the altar. There was the woman mentioned by Dr. Rush, exemplary in the obedience to all the commandments save only the eighth, who, when there was nothing else to lay her hands upon, would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Even before Dr. Rush's time the German Lavater had chronicled similar instances. He mentions a doctor of medicine who could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved. His wife would make it a practice to search his pockets whenever he returned home and would find and restore to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors and other knick-knacks with which they were stuffed. He makes a record of a still more curious case, the almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, who frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers. But what are all these cases to that of the penitent whose kleptomaniac passion asserted itself on his death bed so that he quietly abstracted the snuff box of the long father listening to his confession? So long ago as 1856 the Quarterly Review of London, in an article on the metropolitan police, noted the fact that "the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great. There are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shopkeeping community that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them and afterward send a bill with the prices of the goods pilfered to their houses." Twenty years later the London Times repeated the charge. Every one who is acquainted with London society, it said, could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their modus operandi was so well known that on their return from their drives their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their paltry peculations; inquired from the coachman the houses at which he had been ordered to stop and, as a matter of course, reimbursed the tradesmen to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases a hint was given to the various shopkeepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases, and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away and to furnish the bill, which was paid as soon as furnished, and, as a matter of course, by the pilferer himself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind. It is only recently that kleptomania has become recognized by the courts.

During the Engagement. Aunt Susan—What, sitting up writing at this hour? "Yes, auntie, it's only a little note to Harry." Aunt Susan—Why, Harry only left you five minutes ago. Carrie—Yes; but there is something I forgot to ask him, and it's very important. Aunt Susan—Yes? Carrie—I asked him if he loved me and he said yes, but I forgot to ask him if he would love me always.—Boston Transcript.

Outdone. Jaybank—My son has become quite a bicycle expert; rides two wheels at once. Claypool—That's nothing. My baby rides four at once.—Washington Times.

OLD-TIME COOKING

Like the Men of Those Days It Was Coarse but Strong.

It was very different three hundred years ago. There was no science and very little fashion. The culture of the age was well expressed by sirloin, which aristocratic word was coined by an inebriated monarch, who insisted upon knighting a loin of beef on account of its excellence and juiciness, says the New York Mail and Express. There were no forks. Instead of plates wooden trenchers, and spoons were of wood and were what we would call ladies; and napkins and table cloths were practically unknown. The cookery books, what there were of them, were on a par with the rest of kitchen-dom. Honey was largely used and recommended when mixed with spices, with fish and crabs. Potatoes were not in vogue and tomatoes if known were considered poisonous. Almost all cooking consisted of soups, stews, pies, fish and pastry. The theory of a soup was rich liquid or semi-liquid food. The old English beef soup had carrots, turnips, cabbage, and even apples thrown into the pot, and when cold could be cut with a knife. The rhyme of "pease porridge nine days old" gives a good notion of one style of cooking which consisted of boiling animal or vegetable substances until they became a mere paste. There were fish soups and fish pasties, but these on account of the prejudice against Roman Catholics were never very popular. There were huge pies and puddings, of which the interior was made of chopped-up beef-steak or mutton, kidneys, birds, squirrels, hares, rabbits, venison and, among the wealthy, oysters. These pasties were valued according to their size. Those served to the rich merchants and goldsmiths were two feet in diameter and a foot thick; those served at the tables of the great lords were three and four feet in diameter and a foot and a half thick, while those served to royalty were sometimes six feet in diameter and two feet thick. The cooking was like the men of the period, coarse, brutal but strong, wholesome and refreshing.

MANUAL FOR ARMY COOKS.

Camp Cooking Not So Bad as Might Be Supposed.

In camp life the joys of dining are more precarious than in the barracks because of the inconveniences to proper cooking of the food, says Chautauquan. However, as an offset to this drawback to camp life, the appetite is better in outdoor life. For field use the cooking utensils are necessarily simple. The dishes are few and instead of the reliable barrack range in the shelter of a tidy kitchen some rude cooking place must be improvised. Of these cooking places the simplest and most economical as to fuel is in the form of a trench dug in the ground. With moderate weather, favorable soil and sufficient skill such a stove can be made to answer every purpose. Field ovens, too, of primitive fashion are constructed for baking "soft bread," beans, meats, etc. This is done even when the army is on the march, provided the weather is not too stormy for the bread to rise. For individual cooking and eating on the field, necessitated by emergencies, the government furnishes each soldier with one meat can and plate combined, one three-pint canteen, one tin cup, one knife, fork and spoon. With all its hardships, camp cooking with the most primitive implements is not so fatal to good food as might be supposed. Perhaps the chief reason of this is that there are many recipes for cooking meats, breads, vegetables, soups, etc., adapted to just such conditions of fire and dishes.

Greatest Crime. Dismal Dawson—This here paper says that the greatest crime is committed in the localities that goes prohibition. Hungry Higgins—Of course. Wot greater crime could be than goin' prohibition?—Indianapolis Journal.

MISSING LINKS.

A kerosene lamp with an electrical attachment is something new. You press a button, and an electric flame lights the lamp.

Complaint is made against the water of the Schuylkill by Philadelphians, on the ground that there is too much coal in it to drink and not enough to burn.

A farmer of Durham, Mo., while on a jolly spree in Kansas City, bought a block of city lots. A few days later, when sober, he sold them at an advance of \$6,000.

Charles T. Farrier of Polk county, Minn., has artificial legs. He rides a bicycle, can jump fifteen feet in three jumps, and can kick a hat held eight feet above the floor.

Some of the large life insurance companies are considering the advisability of establishing a colossal sanitarium for the care of consumptives who develop the disease after insuring.

A four-master iron ship, with provisions for two years and 2,500 tons of coal on board, was lately sold at Yarmouth, England, for \$55. The vessel had run ashore three miles from the town.

Three bandits drove up to the grocery of Harry Cliff in Taylor street, Chicago, in a barouche, entered the store and deliberately robbed the proprietor of \$25, all the money he had. They then re-entered the barouche and drove off in style.

A heartless rogue in Louisville dashed excitedly into a doctor's office, proclaiming in alarmed tones that he had just accidentally swallowed a pint of elder in which he afterward learned his wife had unintentionally dropped a small quantity of arsenic. The doctor produced a stomach pump and rushed downstairs for warm water. While he was gone the rogue stole the stomach pump.

LATE GEN. WALKER.

HIS CAREER WAS TOO SUDDENLY CUT OFF.

One of the Foremost Economists and Statisticians of America Stricken with Apoplexy—Honorable Service in the Army.



GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who died at Boston the other day, was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and for a time it was thought he would recover, but he did not rally and died in a few hours. His passing away caused a profound sensation, not only in educational circles in Boston, but throughout the community at large, for he was one of the foremost economists and statisticians in America and had been honored by universities at home and abroad. General Walker was not yet 57 years old. He was a native of Boston, where he was born in July, 1840. His early life was spent in an environment calculated to produce just such a man as he. His father was a scholar, a congressman, a writer on political economy, and occupied the chair of that science in a university. Young Walker breathed an atmosphere of philosophy, and it was not to be wondered at that he turned his attention to serious subjects. He entered Amherst, from which college he was graduated in 1860. He began the study of law, but just as he was becoming interested in his books the war came, and the patriotic young man entered the army. His first service was as a sergeant major, from which position he was promoted to adjutant-general of Conch's division, and later was made lieutenant-colonel on the staff of the second corps. In the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863 Walker was wounded and taken prisoner. He lived through the horrors



GEN. WALKER.

of Libby prison, although he was broken down in health when released. In 1865 he left the army with the brevet of brigadier.

General Walker seems to have abandoned the hope of becoming a lawyer after leaving the army and on his return to the north he became a teacher of the classics in Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Mass. From 1865 to 1867 he was associated with the Springfield Republican. Two years later he entered upon the career in which he was to so proudly distinguish himself in late life. In 1869 he was chief of the bureau of statistics in the treasury department. He was superintendent of the ninth census in 1870, and a year later was appointed commissioner of Indian affairs. He returned to his books in 1873, ripe from experience, and took the chair of political economy and history in the Springfield scientific school at Yale. While serving in that capacity General Walker was adviser of the New Haven and Connecticut boards of education, and was chief of the bureau of awards at the centennial exposition of 1876.

When the international monetary conference was held in Paris in 1878 General Walker was sent to represent the United States as commissioner. His excellent service as superintendent of the census of '70 recommended him to a like position for the census of 1880, over which he presided. In 1881 General Walker was made president of the big Massachusetts school with which he was connected until his death. He was also a member of the city and state boards of education, and at times lectured on land tenure at Harvard. He was vice-president of the National Academy of Science, a member of the American Economic Association and a member of many important statistical societies at home and abroad.

General Walker was the author of many books on economic science. Among his publications the more prominent are "The Indian Question," (1873), "The Wages Question," "Two Books on Money," "Political Economy," "Land and Its Rent," "History of the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac," and "International Bimetallism."

He was given the degree of Ph. D., by Amherst in 1875, and that of LL. D., by Yale, Amherst, Harvard, Columbia and

St. Andrews. Dublin conferred LL. D. upon him in 1892, and Edinburgh gave him the same degree early in the present year. These honors were won by General Walker by his writings on political and economic subjects, of which he was a master.

MINING LAWS OF EARLY DAYS.

Formerly the Gold Mines Were All Public Property.

"The earliest mining laws were enacted, not by congress, but by the miners themselves in the mining districts," writes ex-President Harrison in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is a curious fact that from 1849 to 1866, the period of the greatest development in the mining of gold, there was no law of the United States regulating the subject. The prospectors roamed over the public lands, located placer or quartz mines and took out a fabulous store of gold without any title whatever to the lands from which they dug this great store of wealth. They were in a strict sense trespassers. A policy to reserve mineral lands from sale under the general land laws had prevailed for many years and had been expressed in suitable laws, but no provision had been made for the sale of such lands. In the land grants to the Pacific Railroad companies it was provided that mineral lands should not pass under the grants. The river beds, gulches and mountain sides were prospected by men who carried picks and basins in their hands and a brace of pistols in their belts. They were aflame with the lust of gold, and among them were many desperate men, but they had the Anglo-Saxon instinct for organizing civil institutions and his love of fair play. There were no mining laws, and in many places none of any sort. They met the emergency by a public meeting, which resolved itself into a legislative body with full powers and made a code that did not cover a wide field but covered their case. The limits of a claim and the distribution of the water supply were prescribed and established, and every man became a warrantor of every other man's title. These camp legislators had this advantage

LUXURIES FOR DOGS.

WHERE THEY ARE PETTED, NURSED AND CARED FOR.

Hospital and Sanitarium Combined—A Washington Doctor Who Gives the Best Turkish Baths and Performs Operations on Them.



SITUATED between Pierce's Mill road and Zoological park, upon the high bank which overlooks Rock creek, is the new canine infirmary recently opened by Dr. Cecil French, a professor of canine medicine in the veterinary department of Columbia university, says the Washington Post. This institution is a novel one and is an experiment in this section of the country. It is a combined boarding-house and hospital for all dogs fortunate enough to have friends who can afford to indulge them in this luxury. The building is one story high, forty feet long and twenty feet wide. Through the center of it is a corridor extending the length of the building and opening on this corridor are twelve cozy rooms, five on each side and two at the north end. Each of these small rooms is fitted up with hardwood and is heated by hot-water pipes so adjusted that the heat may be shut off from one and maintained in others as desired. The rooms have a large window and a door opening to the "run" or playground, and a ventilator over the door opening on the corridor.

These rooms are divided into wards for the occupancy of dogs having contagious diseases, such as mange and distemper; for invalid dogs having ailments that are not contagious, including accidents, and for boarders, which are generally pets left there while the owner is out of the city. The arrangement of the wards is such that the animals suffering from contagious diseases are completely isolated from their canine brethren.

At the south end of the corridor the operating room is on one side and the dispensary on the other. This operating room is supplied with hot and cold water, a zinc-covered operating table so arranged that all blood and water is conveyed from it to the sewer by pipes. In this room Dr. French performs all of his surgical treatment, from the amputation of a leg to enterotomy. He recently had a notable case of the latter class.

A pet dachshund owned by Miss Dorothy Rockhill, daughter of the assistant secretary of state, recently while playing swallowed a peach stone that he had picked up along the street. His suffering became intense and it was feared that the animal would have to be shot. Miss Rockhill was greatly attached to the little pet, which, because of his mischievous nature, was called "Sin," and before consenting to his being killed she consulted Dr. French. The animal was taken to the infirmary and the difficult operation of enterotomy was successfully performed and now "Sin" is as lively in the house of the assistant secretary of state as ever.

Pet dogs suffer much from toothache and the extraction of the offending teeth is a daily occurrence at the infirmary. A few days ago a well-known society lady took her little pet King Charles spaniel to the infirmary for treatment. The dog was blanketed and carried in her arms as she left her carriage and walked to the building. The owner appeared to be greatly distressed over the suffering of the dog and she begged Dr. French to cure it. An examination showed that the animal had toothache and when informed that the offending tooth could easily be extracted the society lady cried:

"Oh, no, doctor, not for the world. He would be a sight with a front tooth gone. Can't you fill it?"

Dr. French had never filled a tooth and is not a dentist, but he knew how the work should be done and he replied:

"Certainly, madam; leave the spaniel with me for three days and I will have him all right."

The society lady departed in her carriage and Dr. French an hour later was in the office of a dentist. After a consultation the doctor returned to the infirmary and the dentist accompanied him. The animal was placed on the operating table, put under the influence of an anesthetic, and while Dr. French watched the pulse the dentist burred out the cavity, and in an hour had placed a gold filling in the tooth, a filling which glistened in the sunlight as perfectly as if it had been in the incisor of a human being. When the owner of the dog called for him she was delighted with the work and the fee she left was proportionate with her delight.

Attached to the infirmary is a bathroom, where the dogs receive a shampoo and shower bath as often as required. Dr. French has had plans drawn for a Turkish bath for these pets, which he will build in the spring. He is also having an ambulance built which will be about the size of an ordinary delivery wagon, but will be cushioned and arranged for the purpose it will be put to.

Probably. A professor from Pittsburg is going about the country delivering a lecture, entitled "How Our Rocks Were Made." We don't know how the professor made his, but imagine it must have been teaching school.—New York Advertiser.

The teachers in the public schools of France number 136,800.

HE LOST HIS WIFE.

Adventures of a Man in a Big Dry-Goods Store.

"I'm just going into Blank's for a minute for a veil."

"Hump! well, I'll step across the street into the saloon to get my boots blacked."

"All right, dear; and if you should get your—er—your boots blacked within a minute or two come to the lace department to find me."

The bootblackening operation occupied a couple of minutes, observes the New York World, and the husband plunged through the constantly swinging doors of the store into the arms of a floor-walker.

"What can we do for you this morning, sir?"

"I want to find my wife."

The floor-walker looked puzzled.

"She's in the lace department."

"Oh, yes, sir; elevator to second floor, cross the main hall, through the shoe department, then up one short flight into the annex."

It took him ten minutes to get there and when he did his wife was gone. He was directed to turn to the waiting-room, the lost property room, the information bureau, and, finally, after more than half an hour's search, he found her in the restaurant with a cup of chocolate and an evening newspaper.

"Oh, here you are. What a time it took you to get your shine! Now, before we go to the steamship office, I want to go for a minute to the book department—"

"You'll come with me this very minute," he said, "or Aunt Lou may swim to England for all I care." She went.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

An Explorer's Wife Cheered by the Message That It Brought.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's house at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened and the wife of the famous arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses, says the Philadelphia Times. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen stating that all was going on well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously. She boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told. Mrs. Nansen's pigeon is one of the wonders of the world.

Walt Whitman the Man.

In a recently published book, entitled "Walt Whitman, the Man," Mr. Thomas Donaldson deals almost wholly with the personality of the Good Gray Poet, and completely shatters the belief held by many that he was a moral and literary outlaw, reeking with the atmosphere of the beer cellar, feeding on the adulation of his admirers, and ready to accept their charity on all occasions. Says his biographer: "I knew him when he was capable of evil, had he desired to be or do evil, and in all that period I found him to be a man of honor; just, brave and simple in all worldly thought and action. He loved humanity, while holding himself aloof from close contact with it. Suffering appealed to him. Sickness invoked his aid. He regarded poverty as a dispensation of nature, and never turned the cold shoulder to its appeals. He did not claim that the world owed him a living, but only asked that it permit him to make one for himself. To this end—in health he worked, and when out of health he worked. Distinctly and emphatically he was not a mendicant, a beggar, a loafer or a useless mouth. He was at work always, even when work to him was mental and physical torture."

Both Indignant.

Chumpleigh (to Miss Blewud)—The fellow who sold me the horse said he was a thoroughbred, but come to find out he's no more a thoroughbred than you are. Er—a—oh—I—Brooklyn Life.

FOUND IN NATURE.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over \$1,000,000,000, or more than twice the value of the output of the mines.

The leaf of the cocoon tree is nearly thirty feet long. A single leaf of the parasi magnolia of Ceylon affords shelter for from fifteen to twenty persons.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of those used by ships. By means of it the insect can hold itself in any position it desires.

The lightest known wood is that of the anona palustris of Brazil, which is much lighter than cork. The heaviest is the iron bark of Australia, which weighs nearly 100 pounds to the cubic foot.

The river Tinto, in Spain, possesses extraordinary qualities. It hardens and petrifies the sand of its bed and if a stone falls in the stream upon another in a few months the two will be scalded together.