

Celutoid has many imitations. A German one is made by dissolving 1.8 parts of nitro-cellulose in sixteen parts by weight of glacial acetic acid, and adding five parts of gelatine, thorough solution being effected with gentle heating and stirring.

In a late interesting account of spider life, Dr. Dallinger describes the ruthless destruction by the Ichneumon fly and by certain wasps. The young of some wasps can live only on live spiders, and the mother wasp, therefore, renders the spiders powerless by her sting—after which they can live a month—and then deposits them in the cocoon where she has placed her egg.

Treatment by Roentgen rays is proving of importance in cancer of the skin. Reporting four recent cures, Dr. Gilchrist mentioned having seen in Manchester thirty-four cases that had been completely cured, while Finlen has reported forty-five cured cases. The application usually lasts fifteen minutes, though it may extend to thirty minutes. The malignant cells seem to be specially sought out by the rays, but burns may occur, and for preventing them a special glass tube—opaque except at the ends—has been devised. The effects vary greatly with the idiosyncrasies of the patients.

In an address before the Sanitary Congress at Manchester, England, Dr. W. N. Shaw made the highly interesting suggestion that it may be practicable to remove the smoke of great cities in a manner somewhat resembling that in which their sewage is disposed of. He calculated that about 7,000,000 tons of smoky air would have to be removed from London every day in order to keep its atmosphere clean. It takes 1,000,000 tons of water a day to carry off the sewage of London. Five hundred electrically driven fans, each delivering 200,000 cubic feet of air per minute, would carry off all the household smoke of London. What the exact cost would be Dr. Shaw did not know, but he thought the results might be worth the cost.

The republication in English of the famous essay of the great French mathematician, Laplace, on the theory of probabilities serves to recall the harm that has resulted from a lack of general information on this subject. The confirmed gambler and the reckless speculator do not know how continually they fly in the face of the teachings of science. A recent reviewer remarks: "If in a game of even chances red turns up twenty times in succession, it is still an even chance whether red or black turns up on the twenty-first time; but no amount of mathematical reasoning will enable the gambler to realize that a previous run of bad luck gives no grounds for the expectation of recovering his losses by a run of good luck in the future." It was partly to combat the superstitions of gamblers and others that Laplace wrote his essay.

HOODOOS OF NOTABLE MEN.

Belief in Tokens of Evil Omen is Prevalent All Over the World.

Few people who have not a little grain of superstition in their make-up and the average man will try to get rid of any article, however valuable it may be, which he becomes convinced is a hoodoo to him. Such an article is the "violin of death," which now lies buried on Diamond Hill, near Honolulu. This violin, which had been an ordinary musical instrument before, suddenly developed fatal attributes, and within a space of six months two persons who owned it successively committed suicide, and a third person mysteriously disappeared and was never found. The violin then came into the possession of George H. Scott, a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth Battery Coast Artillery. The violin had by this time become well known as a hoodoo and Scott after a while became afraid of the malign influence and buried it at Diamond Hill. But the hoodoo still worked, for not long after Scott killed himself.

The story of the Indian idol with a bad reputation for causing disaster, which was presented to President Carnot of France shortly before he was assassinated, is well known, but the story of that idol is no more wonderful than that of one owned by a resident of Hokiangi, New Zealand. It was presented to him by a Maori chief and he has vainly tried to get rid of it, believing that it brings disaster upon him. Once he threw it under the wheels of a railroad train, and in running to get out of the way fell and broke two fingers. He was also arrested for trying to wreck the train, while the image came off unharmed. Once he threw it into the sea and it was fished out by a sailor, who returned it to him, and in his rage in not getting a reward beat him until he was nearly dead. The idol is about two feet high and is composed of rosewood and ebony. The owner proposes to burn it as the only way of making an end. If all that the New Zealander tells about his hoodoo idol is true, the image is a near relative of

the one written about by Ansty in his "Fallen Idol."

Napoleon the Great had two rings which he believed brought him good luck and which he constantly wore. These rings were inherited by Napoleon III. and were as constantly worn by him. When Napoleon III. died and was buried it was proposed to take the rings from his fingers and give them to the prince imperial. But the prince would not have them, although the old retainers of the family professed all sorts of dire things from his refusal. When the unfortunate young man was killed in Zuland those who believed in the prophecy of the rings said: "I told you so."

The list of celebrated maseots is a long one. Hoodoos of distinction are, fortunately, less frequently heard about, though nearly everybody has at some time in his life possessed some article which he believed brought him ill-luck.—New York Press.

A LEAD PENCIL TEST.

It Indicates Certain Characteristics of the Owner.

"Judge a man's character by lead pencils?" repeated a drummer in an uptown hotel this morning, "that's a new standard; go on."

"By lead pencils," continued an elderly gentleman, with a benevolent countenance and evidently a plathoric bank account.

"I am the head of one of the largest retail houses in Chicago," he resumed. "I was formerly manager of the concern, and I hired all of its employees. I soon became used to sizing up men, young and old, for what I say does not apply to women, because they don't carry pencils."

"Human nature, I soon found, runs in regular channels, and the man who catches on to the courses of these channels is not going to be so very much fooled by his fellow men, even though the latter may conceal their characteristics artfully or innocently."

"One day while an applicant for a place stood before me I asked him to lend me his pencil. He produced one so neatly sharpened at both ends that I gave him a second glance and saw that his appearance, though his clothing was not new, accorded with the exactness shown in the neat, sharp pencil points. I engaged him, and today he is the assistant manager of our store."

"That gave me a new idea. I would ask applicants to lend me a pencil. Men who carried scrappy bits of pencil, dull and unsharpened or bitten off at the ends, as a rule I found to show other external evidences of possessing characteristics which negated their engagement. I found that men who kept about them well sharpened pencils were, as a rule, good mathematicians, were handy with their pen, wrote a good hand, were neat in their habits and were otherwise superior to the other fellows."

"I won't say that the lead pencil test of a man's nature proves anything definite as regards his honesty, but it will show a good line on his characteristics, and this class of men are usually more honest and certainly more scrupulous and exact than the chaps who carry pencils that can't be used until you go through the tiresome process of getting out your own knife and putting a point yourself upon the lead."

AT A MILITARY POST.

Trooper May Be Discontented, But He Knows His Duty.

As dusk comes on happy children romp on the lawns "down the line," along the drives floats silvery and deep-toned laughter accompanied by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ring of spurred heels on stone walks, says a writer in the World's Work.

But Trooper Smith tries not to hear such sounds. It is a world not open to him. The Chinese wall of rank is an impassable barrier between him and the "West Point aristocracy." He is treated by his officers as though contact were contamination, and his American soul fills with bitterness at the tyranny of army "discipline." He therefore bets with his "bunkies" on the outcome of the Sunday baseball match between rival troop teams, or gossips about a recent row in "Mike's place"—one of the typical, parasitic dens in the nearby town that reaps a monthly harvest of soldiers' squanderings of their \$13 pay. He listens to the click of billiard balls in the barracks poolroom; he tells the corporal he wishes he were tramping around down town—"Attention!"

Trooper Smith springs to his feet and stands rigid at attention with the other enlisted men on the guard-house porch. An officer is passing. Sentry Number One presents his piece and, as the salute is acknowledged by the officer, resumes his march.

At half-past 9 as "Tattoo" (lights out) is blown, Trooper Smith is marching from the guard-house with a "relief party;" and he is sauntering to and fro along a solitary beat himself when "Call to Quarters," and a few minutes later "Taps" are sounded—11 o'clock, and all men not then to be found in quarters or on pass or duty are absent without leave and subject to military punishment.

"Five months and thirteen days more," muttered Trooper Smith as he changes his carbine to the other shoulder and looks toward the arc of light where the belated moon is rising. "—and a breakfast!"

His Newest Neighbor.

Krank—I admit I was beside myself this morning. My newest neighbor simply disgusts me.

Sharpe—Ah! I don't blame you. You refer, of course, to your newest neighbor when you were beside yourself.—Philadelphia Press.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokesters that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Look here," said the reforming husband. "We must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept."

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

The Rev. Pippis to the Rescue.



The Rev. Pippis—Ah, there's a poor woman needs protection! She is in distress and crying for succor!



"My poor, forlorn creature, you were crying for succor."



Poor Creature—Call my Jerry a snicker! Take that!

Much Worse.

"They say young Swift spends all he makes."

"It's even worse than that. I am told he spends a good part of what his father makes."

Would Need Them.

"No, I don't want anything fancy," said the customer, who was looking for something suitable for a present for her husband. "What I want is some article that will be of practical use to him."

"How would a smoking jacket do, ma'am?" asked the salesman.

"He has two already."

"What does he smoke—cigars or a pipe?"

"He smokes a pipe."

"Then let me suggest, ma'am, that you buy a case containing 144 boxes of matches."

Friendly Consolation.



Helen—That spiteful Eleanor Browning has been saying all manner of mean things about me, the hateful thing!

Ethel—Oh, I wouldn't mind what she says, dear. She merely repeats what others say.

Winter Favorite.

May—Is that young soda water clerk still the most popular fellow with the girls?

Ernie—No. Now that the sleighing season is here, the young man whose father owns a livery stable is the lion.

Rubbing It In.

Wife—Did you ever notice that a loud talker is usually an ignorant person? Husband—Well, you needn't talk so loud; I'm not deaf.

Caught on the Rebound.

Cholly (to the girl's small brother)—I say, Earlie, what are you—going to be when you grow up to be a man? Earlie—Oh, I don't know. What are you going to be?

Properly Qualified.

"Have you a job here for a chauffeur?" "That depends. Have you ever done any chauffering?" "No, sir."

"Do you know anything about machinery?" "Well, no, sir, I can't say that I—"

"And I suppose you never even drove over anybody in the street?" "No, sir, but I once dropped with an elevator from the twelfth story, and liked the sensation."

"Come around in the morning and be ready to go to work."

Astonishing.

"See here," said the ward worker, "you ain't doin' what you promised before you got elected."

"Great heavens, haven't you been in the business long enough not to be surprised at that?"

His Mild Request.

Wandering Wilbert—Lady, could I crawl in de oven of yer furnace? Lady—No, I don't want any tramps in my oven.

Wandering Wilbert—I ain't a tramp, lady. I'm a poet, an' I want to get some inspiration for a Fourth of July poem.

What We May Expect.

Stub—This coal famine is bound to be exaggerated in after years. Penn—Yes, I can see some hoary great-grandfather getting up fifty years from now and relating how he had to burn his wooden leg to keep the family from freezing.

Superfluous.

"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected, Senator?" asked his confidential friend.

"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotsum, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."

What She Said.

Young Man (to messenger boy)—What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers?

Messenger Boy—She asked the young fellow who was sitting on the porch with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole.—Washington Times.

A Strong Hint.

"Dearest!" passionately exclaimed the visiting youth. "You have led me to adore—"

"Good!" interrupted a voice from the stairs, in relieved tones. "Now, I hope you'll open it and go out."

Way Down.

"He seems down on everybody these days. What's the matter, do you think?"

"Oh, he's down on his luck."

Her Maiden Aim.

"What was your maiden name?" I asked a matron fair one day.

"What was your maiden name?" She blushed; "I hardly like to say."

Again I asked her maiden name.

She hid behind her fan and said: "Of course, my maiden aim was to secure a man."

Generous.

"Is that all you kin give me, mum—a dipperful of cold water?"

"Certainly not; you may have as many dipperfuls as you want."

Asked and Answered.

He—When poverty comes in at the door, what is it love does?

She—Why, it flies out of the dining room window, of course.

Exchange of Courtesies.

Flippant Guest—Walter, this cheese is powerful enough to use as a storage battery.

Affable Walter—It seems to have started the wheels in yer head to goin', anyhow, sorr.

Force of Habit.

"There is something funny about this old plug. He stops at every pump, and yet he doesn't want to drink."

"Oh, that's easily explained. He used to belong to a milkman."

Hurried Departure.

Fred—How did you come out in your interview with Miss Grotux's father?

Joe—I'm not quite sure whether it was the door or the window.

Nero's Lost Chance.

Nero had just been reproached for playing the fiddle while Rome burned.

"True," he replied, "I might have played football."

Seeing he had missed an opportunity for extra brutality, he sulked the rest of the day.

Long Engagements.

"I see 'Jack and the Beanstalk' is going to be produced in Sing Sing prison."

"That's funny?"

"What's funny?"

"Why, after the players get through they can't say they are 'at liberty.'"

Human Nature.

Miles—What would you do if you had a million dollars?

Liles—Same as others who have a million—kick because I didn't have two millions.

A New Departure for 1903.

Joe—I've resolved not to get out of temper this year.

Jerry—Well, I've resolved, if I can not to make anybody else mad.

Advertisement for Castoria. Includes text: 'Castoria For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hathorn. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA'. Also features a list of ailments treated and a signature of Dr. J. C. Hathorn.

Advertisement for Liquid Koal. Includes text: 'Medicine Never Healed a Wound. Nature performs the healing process and medicine can only assist her in doing her work in healing wounds and throwing off diseases. Nine-tenths of the diseases of man and beast have their origin in some form of germs and if allowed to run and multiply form complications. The reason that Liquid Koal prevents all germs diseases and cures them, is that it contains every antiseptic and germicide known to science. All germ diseases such as hog cholera, swine plague, corn stalk diseases, tuberculosis, blackleg and numerous others can be prevented by giving Liquid Koal in drinking water, because they are germ diseases and no germ can live where Liquid Koal reaches it. Liquid Koal is unaffected by the gastric juices of the stomach, passes through the intestines and from there into the circulation, permeating the whole system and still retains all its germicidal properties. Diluted with water, in the proportion of one to one hundred, it makes the best lice killer known.' Price of Liquid Koal delivered at your station is as follows: ONE QUART CAN - \$1.00, TEN GAL. KEG, \$2.50 PER GAL, ONE GALLON - 3.00, 25 GAL.—1-2 BBL., \$2.25 GAL, FIVE GALLONS, \$2.75 PER GAL, 50 GAL.—ONE BBL., \$2.00 GAL. Includes 'LIQUID KOAL TRADE MARK' logo and a list of stock raisers and farmers who testify to the merits of the product.

Advertisement for National Medical Company. Includes text: 'NATIONAL MEDICAL COMPANY YORK, NEBRASKA. SHELDON, IOWA'. Also features text: 'WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.' and 'A 32-page book on the Diseases of Animals mailed free upon application to the National Medical Company, York, Neb., and Sheldon, Iowa. National Cattle and Sheep Dip is the best and cheapest Dip for killing off Ticks and Lice and the treatment of Mange, Texas Itch and Scab in Sheep. It forms a perfect emulsion with water and is harmless to the membranes of the eye. If your dealer does not keep it write us direct. Information sent free.'

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm. Includes text: 'AGENTS WANTED Men and Women. ELY'S CREAM BALM. THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR CATARRH. Ely's Cream Balm. Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drugs. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. It Opens and Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents; Small Size, 25 cents. Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.' Also features 'FREE TO WOMEN' section: 'To prove the healing & cleansing power of PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC we will mail large trial treatment with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone that it is the most successful preparation known to medicine as a cleansing vaginal douche and for the local treatment of women's special ills, curing discharges and all inflammation, also to cleanse the teeth, mouth, and cure catarrh. Send to-day; a postal will do. Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 60 cents large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. "ANTON CO., 216 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.' and 'Thompson's Eye Water'.