

# DOUBLE DICK AND JOE;

## The Poorhouse Waifs.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Mr. Caper sent for an old woman who professed to know Joe's likes and dislikes, then left them. This old woman did know much more than Mr. Caper was aware of. When they were alone the first thing she said started Job.

"Come, how much am I to get?"

"You—got! What you talkin' about?"

"If you make any money, why must I have nothing?"

"Make money! Why, bless my soul—bless your old soul, I'm out now mor'n forty dollars!"

"Humph. You can't fool me. I don't want to fool you. You must be crazy."

The old woman looked at him fixedly.

"You're not foolin' me?"

"What in the name of the Seven Sleepers would I want to fool you for?"

"You are fooling me. You've found out who she is. You've found her people. They're rich, and they've lots of money to pay for finding her. Now, you can't fool me, Mr. Wonder."

"Gosh hang it all, be you smack clean, clear gone crazy? Find nothing. Know nothing. I just would like to find out something, but you ain't helpin' a mite."

"You do look as if you were telling the truth."

"See hyar now. I don't want you to tell me Job Wonder lies."

"And you don't know who her people are?"

"Whish I did."

"And they ain't rich?"

"Oh! Go to grass."

"You would make a pile of money."

"Good-day to you."

"Good-day to you."

"Blamed old fool!"

"Come back. I'll tell you what I suspect."

Job returned to the wooden seat, and sat down beside her.

"I suspect she's come of rich people."

"Eh! Why?"

"I saw her mother's linen—it was fine—fine—fine. And so was the child's."

"That all?"

"No. Her mother put on airs."

"Humph."

"I know when people put on airs. She did. And when she was dying, I heard her talking. She thought she was at home again—with her mother."

"Well—go on now."

"She used fine words—and what she said satisfied me, her mother was rich—rich."

"Well, and suppose she was—maybe she hasn't a copper now. Like as not all gone."

"No, it isn't. She was at home—in England."

"How do you know?"

"Don't I know the English ways, and English words. There's no hedges and public bake-ovens in this country like there are in England. I tell you whoever Joe's grandmother is, she's rich—rich. Joe's mother said it in her fever."

"Well, I'd be glad of it."

"Yes, but if you find her for her grandmother, you must give me something. You'll come to me?"

"I'll give you something right now. There's five dollars."

The old woman looked all around her suspiciously as she clutched the note he gave her, and concealed it quickly.

"I knew you were a gentlem'an—come to me again if you want to know anything about Joe."

"Yes," said Job. But he went away so disgusted with the old woman that he resolved never to see her again.

He did not know whether to believe her or not.

But he could not understand Caper's manner or advice. Caper didn't want Joe, evidently. He appeared to think she was a good riddance. Why? Job asked himself again and again. Why? And if the old woman told the truth, who was Joe? If her grandmother was living, it was his duty to help to restore her to her people.

Now, Job began to think of it, Joe had to have some relations. She ought to have some name. "What was her name?" Who was Joe, anyhow? "That's what I'll try to find out," said Job Wonder to himself as he set out for New York.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE SIMPLE FARMER.

When Job found number —, — street, he was ushered into the presence of a gentleman of uncertain age.

His manner was that of a young man, but his complexion, the wrinkles, and gray hair were such as a man of sixty might have. Mr. Jenks was an old young man. Old in cunning, in living fast, in the knowledge of men.

He was only young from the knees down. His springy step was like that of a panther. Just now he was done with the vanities of the world. He had arrived at the mature age of forty, and had concluded to give the husks to the Lord.

He had long, bony fingers, a nose like a hawk, and long, scraggy neck. He had thin, bloodless lips, fishy eyes, and a narrow, retreating chin. He had a habit—a very disgusting habit, of which he was wholly unconscious—the dirty habit of biting his finger-nails.

The moment he announced himself, Job observed that Mr. Jenks began to chew his finger-nails, and the lawyer's eyes instantly excited the farmer's suspicions.

To explain: Mrs. Wonder, many years before, had endeavored to persuade her husband to have no dealings with a neighbor who desired to purchase a peculiar wedged-field. The neighbor professed he wanted it to assist him in a sheep pasture.

As he told his story, Mrs. Wonder sat knitting. When the neighbor departed she said: "Job, don't you sell it, or you'll rue it."

"Why, Maria?"

"I can't tell why. Only I know Mr. Breen was biting his finger-nails all the time he was here. I can tell a man's honest by his hands. Mr. Breen is not an honest man—and the habit is so disgusting that it ought to teach people. They ought to look at his hands."

"Pooh! Maria. Tell a man by his hands?"

"Yes, Job. I can tell a man or woman's honesty by their hands. And I'm not the only one."

Job laughed. It was ridiculous.

"I never knew a straight-out man or woman bite their finger-nails, Job."

"Don't ever let anybody hear you say that, Maria."

Job sold the field to Mr. Breen—not because he wanted to; he did it solely to accommodate a neighbor.

In a little less than a month a great company sent a lawyer to him to ask his price for a portion of his land. The farmer had just discovered it contained very valuable mineral and a peculiar clay rarely found in the State. The knowledge was evidently shared by people he did not know. He was given to understand the company was willing to give him four times the value of his farm—in the past—for fifty acres.

He slept over it. He called to his friends, consulted the county surveyor, and concluded he would let the company have fifty acres for double the amount the lawyer offered him.

The lawyer telegraphed his principals; the company immediately ordered the papers to be made out.

"Of course you understand this fifty acres includes the field on the north side of the road, Mr. Wonder—that five acres, or less."

"No. I sold that wedge to Breen."

The lawyer stared at him.

"To your neighbor Breen?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"A month ago, I guess."

The lawyer whistled. Then he swore. Then he turned pale with anger.

"Mr. Wonder, this is a rascally business of Breen's. I thought you knew that man. I could tell you some things concerning him that would surprise you. However, he sha'n't make much out of me."

"Why, what are you talking about. What's he do with this deal?"

"Everything, my boy. How are we to get in to the land? We can't get over to it by balloon, and that wedge runs right along the front at the only part of the lane road can be made."

"I beg to see."

"You do? Well, unless you are prepared to give us your house, your very best fields—your entire farm of two hundred and eighty acres, in short—the deal's off."

Job Wonder looked at the lawyer stupidly.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing."

"But I'd like to sell. It's a good price."

"I'll buy, but as things stand I'll advise—more, I'll see the company does not pay a farthing more."

"That ends it, then."

"Oh, no."

"What can I do?"

"You can buy back from Breen. He thinks he'll buy. I wouldn't permit the company to buy an inch from him; if he offered it at the same rate you do I'd take it. Not till the crack of doom could that man compel us to give him a farthing more."

Mrs. Wonder rejoiced. She didn't care whether the land was sold or not; and Breen's dirty practices had been fully exposed now before the whole county, for the story was in everybody's mouth.

"I'll buy back that wedge," said Job.

"Why I'd sold my whole farm for \$20,000 two months ago, and hyar's these people offering me \$25,000 for fifty acres."

He went to Breen, and came back ragging to his wife.

"What do you think? That fellow wants me to give him half what the company gives me?"

"I knew that before you went over. Well?"

"He'd overheard it somehow—knew the company was going to deal with me."

"Mr. Breen is wide awake—for himself. Well—why don't you finish it? Give him half. After selling to him to accommodate a neighbor, why don't you help him give him \$12,500 for land I sold him for \$250! No! But I'll wind him up now."

And Job proceeded to wind his neighbor up.

He proceeded to cut a roadway that was the wonder of Acorn County. He had his land resurveyed, then cut a huge slice out of the hillside next the wedge-shaped field that left a gully, or ditch, bordering the hill side of the wedge that was impassible, Breen's wedge was entirely cut off by the new road.

In the cutting process, an unexpected deposit of mineral was fully exposed—more than compensating for the outlay, which was vast. Job expended six thousand dollars—but he was in the heart then of his mineral deposit—a great deposit more than that the great company first expected to reach.

The butt end of the wedge-shaped field next his land. The lane was on his own land.

He offered the county land for a new road—a shorter road; the county accepted his offer, and Breen had to come to him inside of five months to consult him about a way to get into his wedge-field.

Job retained a royalty on his mineral land, sold to the great company the fifty acres—less the wedge-field—for fifty thousand dollars.

He was thousands ahead and Breen was punished.

"But it was half luck," Mrs. Wonder said.

Job remembered all this as he observed the thin lawyer biting his nails. He became suspicious at once. He was not a stickler for forms, on the contrary, he was independent, democratic, but a stickler for cleanliness.

"Ahem! Mr. Wonder, you seem very anxious to find this girl. By the way, how old is the girl you are in search of?"

"Well, along from fourteen to sixteen."

"Ah! You didn't describe her in your advertisement?"

"Well, no. I left that for them as knows where she is to do."

There was a lengthy silence. The lawyer was the first to speak.

"Is there anything of moment depending on the girl you want?"

"Well, yes. Job was going to add it would ease his conscience, but he concluded this lawyer wouldn't appreciate his motives."

"In what way would it benefit you—or her—or any others, if there are others?"

"Don't put so many questions at once. I came here to compare notes. If you know of such a girl, or can help find her, I'll tell you just what I came for. I'll go that far."

"I think I can be sure of where such a girl was six months ago."

"Six months ago! Why, she was in Barnesville Poorhouse, the girl I'm after, six months ago."

"Precisely. I know that."

"You know it?"

"O, yes. I'm aware of the manner in which you took a girl from the poorhouse, and it is greatly to your credit."

"I don't think so at all. Anybody

could have done the same—in my place—very good. But everybody has not filled your place. Well, the girl you took may, or may not be the girl I have in view. It is just to determine that that I wrote to you. I would have gone to you—but as the girl is in the city—"

"What! Is Joe here?"

"The girl I mean is in this city."

Jenks was biting his nails again. He made Wonder very nervous. Wonder digested, and the lawyer misapprehended him entirely.

"Well, cut this right short then. I'll go and see her that'll settle it."

"But you can't just at once. We must go slow, Mr. Wonder."

"When can I see her, then? I haven't much time to lose."

"We will try to arrange it so you can see her to-morrow. It must be managed very carefully."

"Where is she? She isn't locked up, is she?"

The lawyer smiled.

"O, no! She is in excellent hands—the girl I have in view."

"How long has she been in town?"

"I cannot say—some time."

"Three months?"

"Perhaps. I think so."

"It's Joe, I'll bet a dollar."

"I hope so. I will have to see a third party; and afterward I will communicate with you, so that you can be on hand and see the young lady."

"Oh, Joe ain't a young lady, she's just a bit of a girl."

Mr. Jenks was biting his nails again. He smiled curiously. "Can you be on hand to-morrow morning, say at ten?"

"I can be here at six."

"No, no! Nobody is ever up at that hour here, Mr. Wonder; say at ten."

"Ten be it, then. I'll be on hand."

"Ten," repeated the lawyer, as he bowed the farmer out.

The moment the farmer departed from Mr. Jenks's office, that gentleman called to a person in an inner room:

"Ike—here—I want you, and be lively."

A dresy young man with a very knowing look appeared.

"Jump down after the man who left me—a farmer with a white hat—follow him and report to me."

The young man, who had his hat on, tipped it a little to one side and hastened away.

He returned at the end of an hour.

"Stops at the A. House; registered Job Wonder, to-day."

"That's right. Now then, Ike, I've fifty dollars—mind, fifty dollars for you if you'll do what I want you to. Put yourself in the way of finding out which of the girls living at Monsieur Dufaur's academy came there about three months ago from the country. You must do this evening, or before nine to-morrow. If you can make an excuse to see her. And if it is possible, find out what hour she can be seen on the street or about the house."

"I can do that, I guess. What's wrong in calling to see my friend from the country, and discovering I've made a mistake?"

"That will do."

"Where is my friend from?"

"Near Barnesville."

"Stable—barn—stable—I'll remember. Well?"

"That's all for the present. Except that if you manage neatly there may be more in it for you."

"You couldn't give me a fiver on account, Nunckit?"

"There! Lord! the money you spend, Ike. I'm called down town, now—you can close the office as soon as you like."

And the lawyer placed his hat on his head and left the office.

Ike waited until he was down-stairs. He leaned out of the window, and watched Mr. Jenks step into a street-car, that whirled him down town. Then Ike whistled softly.

"Fifty! Fifty! Lord! He'll bust some day. Wonder what's up! He's awful close—awful suspicious of me. Never lets me see the lady that calls once a week in a stylish turnout. All I've seen is the top of her head. White-haired! Rich! Footman! And he works among his private papers so much. Well, here goes to learn something."

He locked the door, took from his pocket a bunch of keys, opened a drawer, lifted a bundle of letters, and glanced at them.

"These are all from England. There's a crest on 'em, too."

Ike's face was a study as he held his head on one side and looked at the monogram, which he termed a "crest."

"A crest. Now, that means blood—blue blood. And blue blood in England means money. Money, and lots of it. What's in 'em?"

He opened a letter—the first that came to his hand, and smiling he read it.

"Whew! She's giving him Hall Columbia, and, oh, my uncle! What a sweet-scented one he is! How he must have led! Lord, how he lies! Why, if I live to be a hundred, I never can hope to teach one as lying. I do believe he tells lies in his sleep."

He took up another letter.

"Humph! This isn't so—so gingerish. But my sweet uncle's lies stick out so straight, it's a wonder any one could fold the paper over them. Why, what a liar he is!"

A third letter was glanced at.

"Hello! He'll-i-o-o! What's this? Eh? Struck gold mine!"

Then Ike suddenly sat down, ceased to talk to himself, and proceeded to master the contents of a dozen or more letters.

At the end of half an hour he rose, drew a long breath, replaced the letters carefully in the order in which he found them, and pondered.

"I knew he was deep—very deep, but I never thought he was so infernal sly—so cunning as he is. He's playing a deep game!"

Ike's brow corrugated; his mouth was closed with a curl that expressed a sneer and suspicion.

"What's the little game? I'm a peanut shell if I don't find out! I must find it out. But what's the difference what his game is? I've a plan, too, and I'll play it for all it's worth. And I'll begin now—instanter—forthwith, as we lawyers say—if not sooner."

And then Ike, with a knowing look, carefully locked the door behind him, and set out on the errand his uncle set him to do.

"Rich is she! Well, we see if I can't come in for my share. If I don't get ahead of the old man now, I hope my head may be sold for an old oyster can, that's all!"

And Ike set out on his errand to the Dufaur mansion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COUNTY JAIL at Somerville, N. J., was entered by burglars the other night and a pocket-book stolen.

GUTTA PERCHA IN DEMAND.

The Progress of Electricity Driving it from the Market.

The projectors of the Gautemalan and Pacific cables are said to be confronted with a serious problem as to insulation. What they are to use to cover their long submarine wires is almost as important a question as were the original preliminary grants. They want gutta percha, because that is the material always used in long-distance submarine insulation, and because there is no other substance that has yet been found to take its place. But the supply is so limited that an attempt to buy such a quantity as they will need would send the price from \$1.75 a pound, as it is now quoted, up to \$4 or \$5 a pound.

Gutta percha, like platinum, is a stuff that has increased in price and use of electricity has become more and more general. Just as platinum has almost become the king of metals, so gutta percha has become the king of insulators. It was very cheap a few years ago, but the increased demand has sent it up to \$1.75 a pound now, with a constant tendency to increase. The Gautemalan people, it is said, have proposed the use of caoutchouc to insulate their wires, and the rubber market in consequence has been expecting a boom. But experts say that while Para rubber is a good insulating material under ordinary circumstances, it cannot withstand the forces that attack it at the bed of the ocean, and it is extremely improbable that the projectors of a great cable will try any such elaborate experiments with it as would be involved in a trans-ocean line.

Balsa, which is neither gutta percha nor rubber, but possessing many of the properties of the former, would be a good substitute for gutta percha, it is said, if it could be found in sufficient quantities. There is also said to be a gum on the banks of the Orinoco which makes an insulating material almost as good as gutta percha, but it is not found in commerce.

Gutta percha, which thus bids fair to be a more important article in the market than ever before, comes to us through England from the Malay Peninsula, India and China. Gutta, or, as it is variously written, gutah, gatta, gittah, gotta, is the Malayan term for gum, and percha is the name of the tree. The trees attain the height of from sixty to eighty feet, with a diameter of from two to four feet. The wood is soft, fibrous, spongy and of a pale color, marked with black lines, these being the reservoirs of gutta percha. The gutta, as it flows from the tree, is of a grayish hue, although the market product becomes almost black in its preparatory processes.

The collection of gutta percha generally takes place after the rainy season, as in the dry season the gutta does not flow so readily. The yield of a well-grown tree of the best variety is from two to three pounds. The natives extract the gum by cutting down the tree at a height of fourteen or sixteen feet above the ground. Narrow strips of bark are then removed, and are beaten by the natives to accelerate the flow of milk or gutta, which is received into hollow bamboos or in holes scraped in the ground. The next step in the process is boiling. This is conducted in a "kwalli," or pan of iron, in which lime juice or coccoanut oil is mixed with the gum. When sufficiently boiled, the gutta is pressed into molds.

On arriving at the port of shipment the gutta, before exportation, undergoes examination and classification into parcels according to its quality. Nearly the whole product is then shipped to England, whence it reaches the United States in small quantities and generally of the poorest variety. Four-fifths of the entire product is used in making cables, and nine-tenths of it is handled in England. That which is exported to this country is oftentimes only the refuse from the British shops, boiled over and remolded.

The constant diminution in the supply of gutta percha was explained by an importer yesterday in this way: If a Malay or Chinese wishes to plant pepper or anything else, he burns down a portion of the forest, and when he has raised two or three crops, he clears a new portion. Thus finely-wooded spots become denuded of trees and covered with rank grass, rendering them unfit for further cultivation. Again, to obtain the gum, the trees are cut down, none are planted to take their places, and the result is that in districts where percha trees once abounded only one or two can now be found. A writer in an Eastern paper says that in twenty years over 30,000 piculs (of 133½ pounds each) of gutta percha were exported from Sarawak alone, and that this meant the death of at least 3,000,000 trees.

It Nearly Broke Off the Match.

Just before the charity ball last winter a certain young South-Sider was paying such assiduous attention to a certain young North Side woman that Mrs. Grundy had it they were engaged. The young woman, of course, knew better, but she did think matters had progressed to the point where he was sure to ask her to go to the ball. So she declined two invitations from other admirers. The invitation she wanted never came. Her parents were not so sociable people and she had to stay at home. He didn't go, either. The threatened storm blow over, however, though nothing was said on either side about the ball, and the other day they were married. They did not take a wedding trip, but went at once to their modest little home.

The next day the young husband greatly surprised his bride by taking a sealed envelope from his pocket-book and throwing it in her lap. It was addressed to her.

"Open it, honey," he said, "it belongs to you."

"Honey" opened it and found the following memorandum:

Ticket.....\$10  
Dress.....5  
Carriage.....5

Total.....\$20

"Why, Tom," said she, "what on earth does this mean?"

"Perhaps you will remember that you didn't go to the charity ball last winter?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, just as I was getting ready to write you my mother came to me and:

"Tom, are you going to the charity ball?" "Sure," said I. "I s'pose you're going to take that Jones girl?" said she. "Sure," said I. "My son," said she, "don't you do it. It'll cost you \$25—\$10 for a ticket, \$10 for flowers, and \$5 for a carriage." "What of it?" said I. "Are you going to marry her?" said she. "Guess not," said I, lying, of course. "Then I wouldn't spend \$25 on her," said she. "Well," said I, "s'pose I am thinking of asking her to have me?" "Then I certainly shouldn't waste \$25," said she. I kind of thought things over and—your Mrs. Smith and there's the \$25. Get yourself something pretty with it, Honey."

Of course she protested she didn't need any money yet, but it ended in her taking the \$25 all right.

But some way or other "Honey" doesn't seem so sweet on her mother-in-law as she was.

Her Old Charge in Danger.

There is a well-to-do young Southern man in this city who lives in a handsome residence not far from Central Park, and he has among other valued possessions a family of seven children.

He had been "brought up" by an old negro "mammy" somewhere near Alexandria, Va., and when his wife recently suggested that another nurse be secured for the children his thoughts reverted to Aunt Maria. He decided to bring the old negress here, and in a few weeks she was comfortably installed in the nursery, much to the awe of the Northern born young Southrons, who were not familiar with the institutions of a bygone age and who did not quite understand Aunt Maria's authority.

The young man has a telephone in his house, and as the old negress had never heard of that invention she looked upon it at first with wonder and then with suspicion. The jingling bell, receiver and other necessary adjuncts were more than Aunt Maria's mind could master. She would never go near "dat debil's ting nohow."

Finally one day last week S. rang up from his office, and after a brief conversation requested his wife to send the old woman to the telephone. A great deal of persuasion was required to make her consent, but she was finally induced to place the receiver at her ear and listen.

"Is that you, Aunt Maria?" inquired S. over the wire.

An expression of astonishment spread over the old woman's countenance, quickly followed by one of awe and another of fear. For several minutes she stood bewildered, and then she shouted:

"L-L-Lawd a massa, Mars' Randolph! How you done git down in dar?"

Then she decided that he could not but be in danger. "Come out'ea it!" she cried. "Youse up to some more dem pranks like when yo' was a child. Come out'ea it! You'll git hurt. I'se comin' den arter you," and with that she started for the street door.

Mrs. S. had hard work to keep Aunt Maria at home until "Mars' Randolph" arrived. She refused to have matters explained, and abjured him by everything not "to go down in dar again."

She has never gone near the telephone since.—New York Herald.

Poisoning by Narcotics.

The principal narcotic poisons are laudanum, morphine, and opium. Of laudanum the fatal dose is at least two drams, two grains and a half of the extract are said by Tanner to be equal to four grains of the crude opium, while De Quincy could take sixteen ounces of the tincture of opium daily; infants have been killed by a single drop of laudanum, which is equal to about the twelfth of a grain of opium. No one should use laudanum, opium, or morphine without the express orders and daily watchful care of a physician, for all these drugs have an entirely different action in health and sickness, as will be shown in an article devoted to the so-called opium habit.

When an excessive dose of any of these narcotics is suspected, a physician should be immediately called, and pending his arrival every effort should be made to keep the patient awake. The symptoms of poisoning are gradually increasing giddiness, drowsiness, stupor, slow, heavy breathing, weak pulse, pallor, and final coma. There may be nausea, and even convulsions. The first remedial action is to free the stomach by means of emetics or the stomach pump; then rouse the patient by slapping the chest and neck with a wet towel, dashing cold water about the head and face, walking up and down—out of doors if that is necessary—giving electric shocks, and even artificial respiration when other means fail to rouse from the stupor which precedes death. Strong coffee may be useful as an adjunct. The case should be in the hands of a competent physician, in a word, keep the patient awake until the doctor arrives, loosen the clothing, and keep the head cool.

The treatment for suffocation by illuminating gas is the same, applied with utmost vigor.—Harper's Bazar.

Average Life of a Crow.

"Do you know that the average life of a crow is 100 years?" said an Atlantic who poses as a naturalist. "It is so. One was killed down in Dougherty County a few weeks ago with '37' branded on his back. He was well feathered everywhere except just between the wings on his back, where the figures '37' could be distinctly seen branded in the flesh. I can see but one meaning to that, and that is that someone caught him in 1837, branded the figures on his back and released him. But it is the first case of branding a bird I have ever known."

"Terrapins live even longer than crows. One is said to have been caught down in the Savannah River recently with the figures '1776' cut in its shell. And fish. There are fish alive to-day that are known to have been in existence more than 100 years ago. In the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg are fish put in there 150 years ago."—Atlantic Constitution.

Old-Fashioned Clocks.

Rich New Yorkers with country homes cheerfully pay from \$350 to \$1,000 for tall, old-fashioned clocks of rich wood and fine workmanship. Some of the most beautiful of these clocks are fitted with long tubes of bell metal, upon which cathedral chiming are rung at each quarter of the hour. One of these clocks is valued at \$3,000.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

It has been found that a small dose of strong alcohol shortens the time that food remains in the stomach by more than half an hour.

The British Association of Scientists states that except for a few feet on the surface the ground on which Yakutsk, Siberia, stands is perpetually frozen to a depth of over 600 feet.

The cooling of milk immediately after it is drawn from the cow is of the greatest assistance in delaying fermentation, and it is thought to be the most practical method which can now be recommended.

M. MASCARET, one of the most eminent French electricians of the time, says that the use of the magnetic needle in tracing the underground geology, or, in other words, the past geography of a country, is one of those triumphs of science which are almost tantamount to divination.

PROF. TOLOMEI, an Italian chemist, concludes that the ozone produced by electric discharges in a thunderstorm coagulates milk by oxidizing it, and generates lactic acid. Mr. Treadwell of the Wesleyan University, in discussing this, states that the action is not a mere oxidation, but is in part produced by the growth of bacteria, which is very rapid in hot, sultry weather.

SOME eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thomson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick. The majority advance good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that if the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface, at the rate of 1 degree F. for about every fifty-five feet of descent, all igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth. In fact, at this rate of increase, the temperature at 200 miles is 18,000 degrees F., which is Prof. Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for such a great distance, and many physicists believe that in some unknown, but not very great depth, the increase in temperature ceases.

Tea, Milk, and Tannin Falsely.

About once a month during the last ten years I find in the newspapers something like this: "Tea drinking destroys digestion and complexion. The tannin in the tea unites with the casein of the milk and results in an indigestible substance like leather."

Now, I have become tired of this perennial lie. It is one of those baseless assertions that non-scientific correspondents like Shirley Dare and Kate Field think necessary to inflict upon a suffering public. In order to disprove such assertions I instituted a number of experiments: 1. I mixed equal quantities of a strong decoction of tea and milk, allowing it to stand an hour at a temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit. A few drops were placed under a high power microscope. Not a trace of coagulated casein was visible. The oil globules were perfect.

Tannin will not coagulate casein, nor change its character in the least. Casein is only coagulated by peptin and the acids. Not all the acids do this, principally muriatic and lactic. Tea, therefore, be it ever so strong, does not affect digestion. Neither does it affect albumen, at the ordinary heat of the body. The assertion that it makes the complexion dark and muddy is groundless. English women, who are the greatest tea drinkers in the world, except the Chinese, retain their lovely complexion until late in life. Tannin is not taken up into circulation, except as gallic acid, and it can not by any possibility discolor the skin.

2. A strong decoction of tea was mixed with milk. To this was added liquid peptin, which soon coagulated. Strong tea when poured upon the curds of milk, at the temperature of the human body (98 degrees), does not harden the curd in the least. This disproves the "leather" theory. Nineteen-tenths of the alleged ill effects of tea have no foundation in fact. Tea is absolutely necessary in this neurotic age. It prevents the excessive waste of the organism in these days of hurry and excitement.—E. M. Hale, M. D., in Bitter Ocean.

Origin of Salutations.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals shows itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word Barak, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in such case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord," "The Lord be with thee," "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh and went out from before him," are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian: "God grant thee His favors," "May God strengthen thy morning," "May your morning be good;" by the Persian: "I make prayers for thy greatness," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in thy prayers," and we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation be found to exist in some shape or other among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of our religious salutations still survive—as, for example, in the Estonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Senor" of Spain, our "God be with ye," corrupted into "Good-bye."

Why Congressmen Carry Revolvers.

"Why do I carry a gun?" said a member of Congress to a Washington Star reporter's question. "Because I may need a weapon any time. If you were permitted to search the entire national legislature you would find revolvers in two out of three hip pockets. A Senator or Representative, merely by reason of his conspicuousness, is always in greater personal danger than the citizen in private life. For one thing he is an object of pursuit by cranks, a percentage of whom are murderously inclined. If you could get together a list of deadly affrays in which Congressmen have been engaged through no fault of theirs you would perceive that such a precaution is worth taking."