The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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'AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"No," Eleanor Landsberg said, as she crushed the cluster of fresh American Beauty roses she held in her clasped hands with painful intensity, as if they were somehow to blame, "I cannot marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."

"Heroes do not exist out of novels," answered Morris Holmes, with that perfect inflection that good breeding gives to its possessor; "I cannot fight for my ladylove as the medieval knights did, nor fly to the wars in these degenerate days."

"Then be a soldier of peace; there are daily wars to be waged that need disciplined soldiers. Be anything but a dawdler on the silken skirts of society. You believe that because you have inherited a fortune that other men earned for you by the sweat of their brows, you are to lie idle in the lap of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes! When I marry I will choose my husband from among the ranks of the people; my hero must do great deeds, not dream them all day long."

"My dear socialist," said Morris, with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "if you will listen to reason a moment you will see that with money you can remedy a great many evils; without it you are practically helpless."

"How many evils have you remedied, Morris? Answer me that."

"Few as yet, I admit. But, Eleanor, is it my fault that my father left me a fortune? Listen, dearest. I will call you so this once. Why not help me become his almoner? At least I am not a profligate."

"Pardon me," returned the young woman, tearing the heart from a rose—a performance which made the sensitive Morris wince—"I think you are a profligate with time and influence, and all the other good things which you waste by lavishing them on yourself. How will you account for wasted opportunities and talents folded in a napkin when the day of reckoning comes?"

She was very handsome, very attractive in her strong young womanhood, and as a reformer the fad of the hour. She belonged to clubs and societies for the advancement of women, and was not offensively progressive in her views and the expression of them, but she had been brought into contact with strong natures full of the sap and wine of life and had learned to disdain the wearer of the purple and fine linen. The society weakling had lost place in her world, just as social functions had become inane and intolerably stupid, after the seamy side of life had shown her its rugged attractions.

"What would you have me do to prove myself a hero?" asked Morris Holmes, with a gently patronizing air, as if he had been speaking to a child, and which infuriated Eleanor.

"Do?" she repeated, with withering scorn; "do anything to show the world that you are a man, and at least capable of managing your own affairs! Life is full of instruction, but you have never learned one of its lessons. You have not even been a profitable dreamer."

She was intense and angry, and at last he was aroused. He rose without his usual dawdling elegance of manner and said:

"You have taught me one lesson, Eleanor, that I shall not forget. I hope when you find your hero he will love you as truly as I have done—as I will continue to do, if you do not forbid me. And now, good-by. We part friends, do we not?"

Before she answered him Eleanor rose and in so doing dropped the flowers she had been holding. Morris sprang to pick them up, when instantly she placed her small, imperative foot upon them, crushing them to the floor. He looked at her, shocked and wounded.

"You see how hopeless it is that you should ever understand me," she said, bitterly. "You have more consideration for these hothouse weeds than for the souls of those around you. You hurt and wound me by your indifference to vital questions, but you are sorry for the roses! Good-by, Morris!"

"No berths left in the sleeper, sir."

"But, I tell you, I must have a berth—I can't sit up all night," and Morris Holmes shivered at the thought of such a hardship.

"A great many good people do, sir," said the conductor. "There's old Judge Skinner and his wife, they are both going to sit up to-night."

"But my man telegraphed for a section."

"They were all taken then, sir."

It was strange that at the first moment Morris Holmes started out to become a hero and learn the seamy side of life he should be reduced to actual suffering like this. If he had been dressed in his usual fashionable and elegant traveling attire the conductor would have suspected that he had unlimited wealth and would have bought out some less important traveler or sold him a berth already negotiated for, as the all-powerful car magnate has the privilege of doing.

But Morris Holmes had donned the plain dress of the ordinary business man, and wore a hideous gray ulster that concealed his elegant personality, and was on his way to the mining district, where a mine was located of which he was part owner; not a gold mine, but one that brought in gold—a bituminous coal mine, known as the Little Summit.

Morris had taken little or no notice of this branch of his wealth, the management and details being left to his agent, but when he left Eleanor Landsberg on the occasion of her second and final refusal of his offer of marriage, he suddenly determined to take a trip to the mining country and try his hand at heroism, in the way of improving the condition of the men who worked in the underground chambers, a work to him the embodiment of hardship and privation. He was going incognito, with the feeling of one who was about to perform a long neglected duty.

A more desolate place than that in which the Little Summit mine was located would be hard to describe. The mine that poured wealth into the coffers of its owner was conducted by ill-paid, sodden men, scrubby boys, and half-blind mules. The foreman was brutalized by a long course of low wages, heavy expenses and sordid surrounding. It was a word and a blow with him, or an oath more demoralizing than blows. When a stranger appeared he was received with sullen and suspicious silence, being more than half suspected of wanting the bread out of some other mouth. Morris was shocked almost out of recognition of himself by this unexpected state of things, for he felt himself passively to blame. He could not lay the odium on the shoulders of his agent, for he had never asked him a single question concerning the mine or the moral or physical welfare of the men. He had taken the revenue from it as part of his patrimony, indifferent as to methods. He had been helping to grind women and children into the dust that he might loll in luxury. His conscience stung him with reproaches which were inadequate to make him suffer as he deserved.

"Your hand, friend," he had said to the foreman, and noted the ugly scowl and determined air of refusal with which the man drew back.

"'T ain't as white as yours, and how do I know that you are my friend?" was the reply.

"I am here to see what you need, and will help you if you will let me," answered Morris, gently.

"A spy or an overseer, like enough. The sooner you get out of these quarters the better for your health. If one of the bloomin' mine owners sent you here, go back an' tell him 't ain't safe to come spyin' roun'. Tell him, too, that we'll give him a warmer welcome—hounds that they all are!"

The miners, dirty, black and complaining, had gathered around the foreman, and, although they hated him, they were bound to him by a common grudge.

"Tell them to come and get filled with warm lead—we'll heat it fur the 'casion," said a burly miner known as "Old Geordie."

"They dasan't come nigh their own property," said another; "they're white livered cowards and not worth the powder to blow 'em to thunder."

"Go back to your master and tell him what his lovin' workmen says," said the foreman, contemptuously, "an' get a photygraff of some of the hungry children and dyin' mothers for the family album. My missus will give you hers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbuttoning his heavy ulster and throwing it open, "have you ever heard of Morris Holmes?"

A groan and a series of yells saluted him.

"Aye, and his father afore him. It's that he might lie soft and eat fine food that we gets lost in the choke an' damp. If he sent you, go back and tell him to come out here himself. We hev a long account to settle, and the figgers is waitin'."

It was "Old Geordie" who spoke.

"I am Morris Holmes."

Now, if there is any quality that the rough and lawless of creation recognize and admire, it is courage, and after the first start of surprise, which in that sodden crowd was genuine and dramatic, the men felt an instant respect for this weakling of wealth, who was not afraid of them, and something like a cheer broke from their hoarse throats.

"I am here to right your wrongs," continued Morris, in a voice that sounded like a commander on the battlefield, "but I demand protection at your hands. I demand your confidence and that of your wives and children. I have the right to ask this. For the present that is all I have to say."

A few cheered him, others remained sullen and discontented, good news being received with caution and suspicion.

Eleanor Landsberg had no word from Morris for six months. Then she received a paper marked in red ink, which had a paragraph that interested her. It gave a plain statement of the great improvement that had taken place in the Little Summit mine, and went on to describe the comfortable homes of the miners, the new machinery which had been put into the mines to take the place of child labor, the comfortable stables above the ground that had been built for the mules, the improved social conditions of the men's families, and ended with a glowing tribute to the "noble energy of the young and athletic mine owner, Morris Holmes."

Athletic? Eleanor repeated the word with much satisfaction. It was of moral athletes she was thinking, and it pleased her mightily that this word could thus be applied to Morris.

In a few moments she received a second newspaper, published like the first, in a town adjoining the mines, and giving the news of that section of the country. It also contained a marked paragraph, but the marking was irregular black lines of jagged pencil, and on the border was drawn a rude hand, pointing to the notice and the badly written but legible "Old Geordie."

Eleanor read in a few intense words the news that had been sent to her. There had been an accident in the mine. The roof of the entire chamber had fallen and buried 20 miners beneath it. The men were rescued with great difficulty, and some of them were badly injured. When all were supposed to have been saved, there was a wailing cry, and the wife of "Old Geordie" struggled from the hands of friends and tried to throw herself into the mine. Morris Holmes, pale and out of breath, called for men to go down with him and rescue "Old Geordie." No one responded. The men owed their lives to their families, and they knew the danger of a falling roof. So Morris, with one look at the blue sky above, swung into the cage and was lowered alone amid an awe-stricken silence into the bosom of death. There was not much to tell. When the signal was given there were willing hands to help deliver the two men from the wreckage, but only one came up alive. The other had succumbed to the fatal damp. A long panegyric followed, but it meant little to Eleanor. Her eyes rested on four oft-quoted hackneyed lines that closed the story—they would never leave her:

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again to lose him. He had returned on his shield.—Detroit Free Press.

—Monetary.—He was pale as death. "No," the beautiful American was faltering, "I will not marry you." The scion of a noble race staggered from the room. "Capital!" he hissed, as with the instinct of a gentleman he clutched the best umbrella in the hat rack, "is still timid, I see."—Detroit Tribune.

—Extreme views are never just; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations found on their data.—Tancred.

THE FASHIONS.

Instructive Notes on the Subject of Woman's Dress.

Unquestionably this is a period of extremes. While we may not be willing at once to accept all of the eccentricities sent to us from London and Paris, it is a fact that we cannot but admit that after a time we quietly wheel into line, and the first thing anybody knows, are gently sailing along in the wake of these cities, copying their models, perhaps with a little grain of reserve, but eventually coming up in tolerably fine style to the designs that they have furnished us.

It seems a little strange, and to conservative minds a little shocking, that English crape, the heavy and somber attire of first mourning, should have become almost a fad with Parisian designers. But such is the case, and crape will be worn, whether we like it or not, to an extent never before known in this or any other country. Entire dresses are to be made of it; long wraps are all of crape; the veil that barely escapes the floor is to be the popular style, and plaitings, ruchings, ruffles and trimmings of crape are to be worn in the greatest profusion, even on some of the first mourning dresses for others than widows. The regulation widows' costume is composed almost entirely of this material. A Paris outfit that was pronounced absolutely faultless was made for a widow, an extravagantly beautiful woman, by the way, and one who finds almost any material she wears extremely becoming. The dress, with a very wide skirt, is of lusterless silk entirely crape covered. It is without trimming of any sort. The waist is made in the prevailing short basque fashion, and has wide revers turning back from a vest of plaited crape. The sleeves are large leg-o'-mutton and plain. The neck is finished by a tiny ruche. The bonnet is merely a foundation for the vail and the white ruche that is again in the height of fashion. The veil, which is fastened with crape-covered pins, is long, indeed could not be longer without sweeping the floor. The long wrap is one of the notable features in modern mourning. It is in a modified ulster shape of silk with the crape over. With the exception of the cloak lining, no other material than the crape is visible in the entire costume. The cloak is double-breasted and has very wide revers, large sleeves and the conventionalized shoulder and collar ruffles of crape with a silk lining and some sort of stiffening that makes it stand up, almost concealing the throat. All in all, this is one of the most remarkable of the season's mourning orders, remarkable in that it is said to be a type of what we may expect in the near future.

Indeed, the crape-surfaced fad has almost run its course in everything colored. Why not transfer it to one of the most elegant of fabrics, the crape used for mourning attire?

Among the caprices of the moment is the use of white crape, the identical fabric with the black save the color. At a private wedding in a noble family, where bereavement was recent, the sisters of the bride wore white crape costumes and violets. The fabric made up in the most exquisite fashion, and the dresses were beautiful almost beyond imagination. The decorations on that occasion were almost entirely of English violets, the bride's bouquet and trimmings being of white, while all of the others were of the ordinary purple.

And so it appears that the anti-mourning societies have utterly failed of their purpose, and that fashion is even more powerful than theories, precepts, economy, and the hard and painstaking work of philanthropists, for we are entering upon a crepe season that will be elaborate almost beyond reason, and, like it or not, we must accept it.

But the question arises, Why should we object to it? There are those who think they cannot wear crape. These may leave it alone if they choose. Others do not approve of it, and no one compels them to follow the fashion. Indeed, in this country we all do pretty much as we please. But whatever we do, we are quite sure to amble contentedly along on the fashionable highway, and accept as gracefully as our circumstances will permit the dictum of the goddess that rules the world.—N. Y. Ledger.

DRAWN BY FIRE.

Rats Are Thus Attracted and Frequently Rush Madly to Death.

"It is an indisputable fact that fire will draw rats," said Louis Simonds of St. Louis. "During a recent big fire near the river bank in St. Louis a fire brigade acted the part of Pied Piper of Hamelin, and, with the assistance of the flames, drove out of their hiding places into the Mississippi as many rats as did the mythological musician. While the water was lighted by the reflection of the conflagration, a black mass was seen floating toward the east shore of the river. This proved to be some thousands of rats. They were headed by their chieftain, an extraordinarily black fellow, and, finding their quarters attacked by the flames, had taken to the river for self-preservation. The current carried them a considerable distance out of their course, and during their passage some hundreds of them were drowned. Spectators on the bridge made bets on the race, but they were all declared off, because, on the Illinois side, there was no landing place handy for the fatigued rats, and as far as could be seen, with the exception of the stronger fellows, the whole bunch perished in the river."—Kansas City Times.

New Uses of Aluminum.

Although aluminum has disappointed some of the brilliant expectations aroused by the discovery of cheaper methods of producing the metal, yet many new and important uses are being found for it. One of the most recent is the employment of this exceedingly light metal for the powder chamber of cartridges, thus enabling a soldier to carry 25 per cent. more ammunition without increase of weight. Another comparatively new use for aluminum is in the making of oil cups for the crank-pins of high-speed locomotives. Formerly these oil cups, made of copper, were frequently broken by the tremendous centrifugal force developed as they were whirling around. The aluminum cups weigh two-thirds less than those of copper, and consequently, having less momentum, can stand the strain. Baggage checks, shoe pags, cooking utensils and other articles in which lightness is desirable, are now made in large numbers of aluminum. Since aluminum gives off no sparks when struck, its employment for the metal works in powder mills has proven a source of greater safety.—Youth's Companion.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Rev. A. Sims, M. D., Baptist missionary at Leopoldville, on the Congo, has received decorations from both the French and Belgium governments, recognizing his medical services to their officials.

—William Waldorf Astor employed a scholar from the British museum to trace his genealogy and get him a legitimate crest. After two years of study in European archives he traced the descent, beyond a doubt, to an ancient family of Spanish grandees, where the desired crest was obtained.

—London's new mayor, Sir Walter Wilkin, made his fortune by the sale of a German yeast. In view of Sir Walter's probable elevation to a baronetcy at the expiration of his term of office, a political antagonist remarked: "'We Have Risen' would make a fine motto for the Wilkin family."

—Mrs. Catherine C. McDonald, of Maspeth, L. I., who was educated in the Perkins institute for the blind, South Boston, originated the thought of a home for blind women, gathered funds, interested other women, and has at last realized the fruition of her hopes and plans. A home has been opened at Maspeth under favorable auspices.

—Isabella and Sallie Broadbent, two Florida girls who gave valuable assistance in rescuing the crew of the wrecked Norwegian ship Catherine, in August, 1894, have received silver lockets and chains from King Oscar, of Norway and Sweden. The lockets are inscribed with the crown and monogram of the king, and the words, "For a Noble Deed."

—King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, recently appeared in a new role at the performance given by Stuart Cumberland in Stockholm. Mr. Cumberland does not know Swedish, and his interpreter failed to appear; so the king, who is an excellent linguist, offered his services, and explained things to the crowded audience with surprising ease and fluency.

—Miss Frances Abdulla, the daughter of an Arab chief, established, January 1, 1895, the Northern Dairy Farm Co., at Allahabad, India, which has achieved remarkable success. She also instituted the Ali Abdulla stables, an equine home, and the Zoe memorial institute, a temporary home for gentlewomen seeking employment. She is a woman of strong individuality, and very persevering.

—Count Okuma, who is the most willing talker and promoter in Japan, is still advocating his scheme for a great world's fair in Japan in 1896, or the year following. He thinks it would be a great advertisement of Japan's resources and progress, and would vastly stimulate commerce with the outer world. His plan is to have a portion of the Chinese indemnity fund—say 10,000,000 yen—set aside for this exposition.

—Miss Helen A. Whittier has for some years been the proprietor and active manager of a large cotton mill at Lowell, Mass. She is building a new mill at the south, and intends that the product of her southern mill shall be of the coarser and cheaper fabrics, which can be made there to good advantage, with inferior help, while the head looms in Massachusetts are exclusively occupied with the finer grades of manufacture.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The Parson—"I want to sell my horse. He's sound as a dollar, gentle as a lamb, and a good goer." "How old is he?" "Oh, about the usual age of horses."—La Cross Chronicle.

—His Habit of Smashing.—"No, no; I wouldn't dare have my husband help when we move." "Why not?" "He's a depot baggage man, you know, and he'd be sure to forget himself."—Chicago Record.

—"So you lynched the wrong man? Weren't you horrified when you found out the mistake?" "I should shout, stranger. While we was lynching the wrong one the right one got away. It was too bad."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The Minister—"My dear madam, let this thought console you for your husband's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way." Bereaved Widow—"They haven't all gone, have they?"—Puck.

—Didn't Want Him.—"I'm going a nutting," she gayly said. "May I go with you?" inquired young Woodby Witte. "What for?" "Why, to talk to you." "Oh," she rejoined naively; "I'm not going chestnutting."—Washington Star.

—"She—"I was afraid you were going to kiss me then, you pursed up your lips so." He—"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that, I merely had some sand in my mouth." She (disgustingly)—"Don't take it out. It might get into your system."—High School World.

—"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner. "Often ma'am," answered the dignified captain. "How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them." "We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

—Mother (sternly)—"Why did you tell that lie to the teacher?" Johnny—"To save somebody from punishment." Mother (mollified)—"I knew there must be some extenuating circumstances. Who was it you wished to save from punishment?" Johnny—"Myself."—Tit-Bits.

—"What kind of a man is Skinner? Does he do much in the way of entertaining?" "Entertaining! Why, Skinner is a good enough fellow in his way, but he thinks too much of his money to spend it in feeding people. Really, I don't believe Skinner is hospitable enough to entertain a grudge."—Boston Transcript.

Then He Said Good Night.

The subdued light in the room made even his polka-dot necktie a thing of beauty.

For fully three minutes they had sat amid a silence which it seemed cruel to break.

Then he stirred uneasily.

"Don't you think——"

Again he stirred uneasily.

"—Don't you think, Miss Lulu, that it is a great mistake for a man like me to travel through this life alone?"

She regarded him kindly for a moment.

"Won't your——"

The words came slowly and with firm enunciation.

"——Won't your mother chaperon you?"

To this day she is uncertain whether it was 16 or 17 seconds that elapsed before he took his hat and his departure simultaneously.—N. Y. World.

QUEER SPECIES OF FRIGHT.

Why Some People Feel an Impulse to Leap from High Elevations.

At a great height many persons would no more think of looking down upon the surface of the earth than they would of thrusting a hand into a blazing fire. An irresistible impulse comes over them to jump, and this impulse is stronger when the feet are close to the edge of the roof of a high building.

Dr. Edward Lanning, the American physician who practiced his profession in Paris for ten years, says he has seen more cases of "elevation fright" in the French capital than in any other city he has ever been in.

"I do not know," said he, "that it is any peculiarity of the French character, but I have frequently been called in cases where death has resulted in a leap from a tall building or tower—not that I could do any good, but simply to see whether I could determine from previous family history whether the victim was insane or not. About two years ago I was visited by a sailor, an Alsatian, who told me that he experienced the peculiar sensation of terror when at an elevation, and that he was unable to take a berth on any vessels where his duties would require him to go aloft further than 12 or 15 feet from the deck. He consented to go with me to a tall building and go on the roof so I could observe his condition when he looked over the edge into space. I took two assistants with me as a precaution. One of them brought a rope at the sailor's request. He said he would not dare venture to the edge of the roof unless he had one end of the rope around his waist and felt that the other end was securely held. I acceded to that and told him to go as close to the edge as he pleased.

"We were very high—up 125 feet, I should say. The sailor walked cautiously toward the eaves, and I walked alongside of him. He looked over and jumped back, and then walked forward again. I observed that the pupil of his eye had become dilated, and in a few minutes the perspiration ran down his face in streams. His pulse bounded, and his muscles twitched. He stood quietly without tugging at the rope, but told me if he did not know that he was being held he certainly could not resist the desire to leap into space. He got down on his hands and knees and tried to become accustomed to looking over the roof's edge, but said he could not. He wanted to draw himself forward and plunge over head first. I finally took him downstairs, when he recovered his equanimity. He came to see me a year afterward, and said he had tried his best to cure himself of what he considered a weakness, but was unable to do so. The man was perfectly sane, and apparently cool and collected when on terra firma, but at 75 or 100 feet he became an abject coward. About three months ago I was not surprised when I received a letter from one of my colleagues telling me that the sailor had cast himself from a balloon in which he ascended with an aeronaut near Dieppe, and had been dashed to pieces."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

FOR MEASURING COLORS.

Ingenious Contrivance Invented by an English Mechanic.

The tintometer, as its name implies, is a tint or color measure. It is the invention of L. W. Lovibond, who has devoted some twenty years of work and thought to the perfection of the contrivance, which, having been in use more or less privately for seven or eight years past in many technical industries, and for various special purposes, has now been taken over by a company and placed on the market. To the man in the street probably the uses of a contrivance of this nature seem scarcely very obvious at first sight. This only shows how little the man in the street knows about the matter. For the uses of the tintometer are believed to be nearly endless. This will be realized when it is borne in mind that in the case of practically every substance, natural or manufactured, known to man color is an absolute index to its quality. Consequently you have only to ascertain its color exactly in order to know at once the quality of the substance you are dealing with. And this is what the tintometer enables you to do. Take flour. The quality of flour can be told to a nicety by its color. Hence, you have only to ascertain the position of any given specimen of flour in the color scale to know its value. "But how about adulteration?" some one will ask at once; "cannot an inferior flour be colored by the addition of some foreign substance to match the shade desired?" Certainly it can be. But the tintometer would detect the fraud at once.

What, then, is the tintometer? Briefly it consists of a carefully graded series of colored glasses—about the size and shape of small microscope slides—by means of which, used singly or superimposed one on top of the other, any desired shade of color can be matched with absolute exactitude. And when it is realized that there are just 60,000,000 shades which can be obtained in this fashion, it will be understood that the color which cannot be matched by the tintometer must be very hard to find, indeed. In point of fact, there is no color or tint perceptible to the ordinary human eye which cannot be obtained. These slips of glass are placed on a slide at the end of a double parallel-sided wooden tube, something like an elongated stereoscope to look at, with two small apertures at the lower end and eye pieces to look through at the upper. The substance to be matched is placed under the one aperture, and then, by changing the slips of glass to the required extent beneath the other, the desired tint is readily obtained.—Washington Budget.

A Novelist's Debt to the Bible.

"I think," Hall Caine says, "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob, though in my version sympathy attaches to Esau. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah. My new book also comes out of the Bible, from a perfectly startling source."—McClure's Magazine.

An Unfortunate French.

Mamma—Oh, Johnny, are you going to break all your toys? There, he's trying to open that bank again!

Papa—First thing we know, he'll grow up to be a burglar.—Truth.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS.

Curious Notions That Are Entertained by People of Intelligence.

The erroneous idea that the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn is so common that it has passed into a proverb. Light comes as gradually in the morning as it does in the evening. It would be as correct to speak of "the brightest hour before sunset."

There is no error which prevails more widely, even among educated people, than the belief that a man has one rib more in his right side than in his left, the deficiency being supposed to have been inherited from Adam. As a fact, men and women each have twenty-four ribs, twelve on each side.

One of the strangest errors is the delusion that the so-called changes of the moon affect the weather. This superstition, handed down from remote times, is held by the majority, both educated and otherwise, throughout the world. It is almost impossible to convince a believer of this error, his answer being invariably to the strongest arguments: "But how about the tides?" Yet scientists declare that the moon has no control or connection with atmospheric changes.

A mistake which is widely believed by all classes is that if a dead body be carried across any land on the way to the grave it established a public right of way over the land forever. There is no ground whatever for the idea, nor (so far as the writer can ascertain) has there ever been any ground at any time. Why such an idea should be prevalent is a mystery, but it is seriously entertained, even by very many educated people.

The notion prevails in England and Scotland that the Irish pronounce the diphthong ee broadly. In songs and stories of English manufacture they are made to say "swate" for "sweet," "strate" for "street," "chaze" for "cheese," "indade" for "indeed," etc. This is altogether wrong. It is the diphthong ai which is pronounced. Thus "speak" is "spake," "neat" is "nate," which pronunciation Irishmen maintain to be correct.

One of the most common mistakes and one prevalent even among the educated classes, is that the heart is on the left side of the body. It will, doubtless, come as a surprise to learn that this is all a mistake; but it is the smaller section of the heart that is to the left side, as a careful study of the human anatomy will verify. The popular error regarding the position of the most important organ of the body doubtless owes its origin to the fact that the auricle through which the blood is forced from the heart into the veins is on the left side, and when any twitch is felt it is, of course, at that part.—Jewish Messenger.

BIG FINDS IN FLORIDA.

Frank H. Cushing, of Zuni Fame, to Try Fresh Fields.

Frank Hamilton Cushing, who, some years ago, distinguished himself by his explorations and discoveries among the Zuni Indians in New Mexico, will soon start on an expedition in fresh fields to explore the remarkable aboriginal remains of western Florida for the University of Pennsylvania. Some months since Col. C. D. Durnford, of the British army, while tarpon fishing in Florida, discovered some entirely new remains of the ancient Floridian people. He communicated the result of his finds to the university museum, and presented to that institution fragments of ancient fish-nets and objects of carved wood, which he discovered in the muck in an ancient lagoon in which the prehistoric people moored their canoes.

Mr. Cushing undertook to complete the observations made by Col. Durnford, and at once proceeded to Florida in the interest of the museum. A few days' excavations yielded valuable treasures of crania, shell and wood, and resulted in discoveries that are likely to prove of enormous value to ethnological science. After the opening of the Hazzard Cliff collection at the university museum on Friday Mr. Cushing will at once go to Florida for the university to prosecute to the end the observations made by himself and Col. Durnford. He has found great artificial canals, lagoons and structures regularly faced and built of shell. The possibility of their being of Carib origin offers an important and interesting problem.

When Mr. Cushing was pushing his discoveries among the Zuni people he secured his adoption into the tribe, in order the better to observe their savage life. His designation of lieutenant was obtained through his having once commanded a troop of soldiers in an expedition in the southwest, and although he never held actual rank in the government service, his bearing would seem to confirm the tradition that gives him a military title. For several years his health has prevented his giving to the world the treasures of aboriginal knowledge which are his peculiar possession. Recently, however, he has been enabled to complete his long promised work on "Zuni Myths," about to be published by the United States bureau of ethnology. his discoveries in Florida will, it is believed, be hardly less interesting than those made by him in Zuniland.—Philadelphia Record.

Feminine Feet.

A Paris saleswoman says that the Madrid ladies have the smallest feet she knows of, Peruvians and Chilians coming next. American ladies from the United States are also remarkable for their small feet. The Russians have heavy splay feet. It is impossible to classify those of Vienna, there are so many varieties there. The empress of Austria requires a long, narrow shoe. She has no flesh on her feet and her instep is high. The best shaped feet in northern Europe are in Sweden. German ladies coming from Germany are generally neatly shod. English ladies coming from England have awkwardly made boots and shoes. The Belgian ladies are better off in their shoemakers, but they have large feet. Jewish ladies—in Paris, at any rate—have small feet, and are particular about their shoes and stockings. It appears that Lady Ermyntrude Malet has a phenomenally small foot. Doña Bertha (de Rohan), wife of Don Carlos, shows Breton descent in her feet. Her number is 5½ or a "small 4." The Empress Eugenie's white satin shoes used to be sent to the orphanage she patronized to be worn by "first communicants," aged 11 to 13.—Boston Post.

A Gentle Hint.

Tom—I feel just like having a good time; can't we celebrate something?

Kitty—Why, yes; to-day would have been the anniversary of our wedding if we had been married just a year ago. Let's celebrate that.—Lynn Topics.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The thermometer in use 250 years ago partook somewhat of the modern form, but with a flattened bulb. The alcohol was not colored, and the tube was exactly a decimeter in length, being graduated with marks of black enamel. Every tenth mark was larger than the rest and in white instead of black enamel.

—A single specimen of the salmon mykiss, or golden trout, has recently been put in the ponds of the state fish hatchery at Sisson, Cal. This fish came from the waters between the upper and lower Agua Bonita Falls on Mount Whitney, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, and so far as known this is the only place where this species of fish is found.

—A felt hat is now made by a pneumatic process. A conical cup perforated with holes is provided. The air beneath is exhausted, while by a curious device the felt is forced openly to all parts of the outside of the receiver, and, by the strong pressure and rush of the air, is thrown upon the frame and distributed, thus forming the basis for the hat.

—In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric, which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. When dirty, like asbestos, it is thrown into the fire, by which it is made perfectly clean without injury to the material.

—Santa Clara county, Cal., is being stocked with various species of pheasants by the county game commission. Six pairs of English pheasants and fifty pairs of Mongolian pheasants were turned loose in different parts of the country recently, and twenty-five pairs of silver pheasants will be procured and turned loose very soon. The birds will be protected for several years, and are expected to, in time, furnish excellent sport for the hunters.

—The fact that in the old Puritan days in New England it was rare for a man to have more than two names, his surname and a Christian name, has been noted in a recent search of old records in Maine. In York, Me., during the first quarter of the last century, out of more than 1,600 record of births there is only one where the child received two given names. Extra names were useless adornments, and an abomination to the plain people of those times and places.

—The Mithridatic war was caused by the massacre of 80,000 Romans by Mithridates VI., king of Pontus, 88 B. C., and was remarkable for its duration, its many sanguinary battles, and the cruelties of its commencement. Mithridates having taken the Consul Aquilius, made him ride on an ass through a great part of Asia, crying out as he rode, "I am Aquilius, one of the Romans." He killed him by causing melted gold to be poured down his throat in derision of his avarice, 85 B. C. Mithridates was defeated by Pompey, 66 B. C.

FASHIONABLE TRIMMINGS.

Trifles Which Are in Favor for Ladies' Costumes.

Dress trimmings are greatly worn this season, which gives encouragement to those making over gowns. The trimmings are very striking and brilliant and a little of them sometimes is as much as a conservative dresser can wear. The net bands, bearing flowers and scrolls in colored, jet and gold spangles, are the newest. Then there are satin ribbons, plain and printed, covered and bordered with spangles of every shade, and galloons from the width of a single row of overlapping spangles in plain or iridescent colorings. Piece goods in gauzes and chiffons are also spangled in patterns and studded with single spangles. In spite of all the color effects jet holds its own in spangles and beads for galloons and shaped pieces. Of the latter there are many and the prettiest nearly cover the front of the corsage, with long fringe effects. Fancy printed, brocaded and striped ribbons are worn as crush collars and belts. The Persian cashmere ribbons are lovely on dark gowns. They are also used down the front in place of a box plait, and on this will be set three large handsome buttons in diamond, pearl, ruby, etc., effects, which are all of Rhinestones. Cut steel buttons are also showy and pearls surrounded by Rhinestones. Jet is mingled with these brilliants, also Roman pearls and enameled settings in Persian colors. Many small dull gold buttons are used on tailor-made suits. Miniature painted and Dresden buttons are worn on blouses and coat basques for ornament but not for use. Bronze buttons set with cut steel are handsome on the fashionable brown goods now in vogue.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PEDANTRY IN THE ARMY.

Specimens of Absurd Insistence Upon Immaterial Forms.

"What made you leave the army at so early an age and with such a fair record behind you and no promising a career in front of you?" I once asked an officer, whose chief defect was a proneness to act on hot headed impulse. The purport of his reply was: "At my last inspection I was questioned by the general concerning the prices of the soldiers' socks and shirts. I gave him to understand that I neither knew nor cared, and of course, I was pretty sharply reprimanded. I became so disgusted with this and similar absurdities of regimental pedantry that I sent in my papers. Once, as president of a board to report on an accident to a horse, I simply stated that 'the leg was broken,' and received a rather sharp reprimand for embodying an opinion in such trivial language. Thereupon I amended the defect by suggesting that 'the tibia was fractured,' and was complimented for the satisfactory lucidity of my report. Tradition declares that in India a similar board recorded an opinion that 'the elephant is dead and smells bad.' The general, in a towering passion, sent back the proceedings for revision, whereupon the board amended its report, 'The elephant is still dead and smells worse.'"—Blackwood's Magazine.

Defeated But Not Discouraged.

"Is there any hope?"

The sufferer's wife knew what her answer meant to them both, but she could not deceive him.

"None." She took his hand and gently stroked it. "The doctor says you haven't the least sign of appendicitis!"

Flinging aside the hot-house grapes with an anguished moan, the applicant for social recognition rushed downtown and left his measure for a cyclopedia rest.—Puck.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Railroad Pudding.—One cup each of sweet milk, molasses, chopped suet, chopped raisins, one tablespoon of vinegar, one teaspoon each of salt and soda, flour to make quite stiff; steam three hours; serve with cream.—Farmer's Voice.

—For plain paste Mrs. Rorer gave the following recipe: Cut one cup (half a pound) of butter into three cups of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt and sufficient ice water to moisten and roll; fold and roll from you four times and it is ready to use.

—A little starch water added to cows' milk often acts well, it is said, in holding the casein in a finely-divided state, and thus preventing large tough curds. It mechanically honeycombs the curd, as it were, thereby rendering it more accessible to the gastric juice.

—Quince Souffle.—Stew the quinces soft, sweeten and pass through a colander. Pour in a dish and cover with a custard made of one pint of milk, three egg yolks and half a cup of sugar. Whip whites of eggs light with sugar and heap on top.—Farm News.

—The most popular methods of marking napery and bed linen is the use of initials or monograms in cross stitch. Cross and Holbein embroidery are used to decorate articles made of linen. For the reason that embroidery, properly done, is durable, it is wise to select the best material for this work.

—Dried Apple Pie.—Home-dried apples should be stewed very soft and mashed through a colander; when stewing put in two or three small pieces of lemon peel and flavor with a little spice. Before putting into the pie pan sweeten and season with cinnamon and nutmeg and stir in a beaten egg. Bake with two crusts, rolled thin, and warm slightly before serving.—Home.

—Whipped Cream.—Surround a round hollow vessel with broken ice, put a quart of fresh cream into it; then, with a willow or wire egg-beater whip the cream slowly and steadily, until it is firm and has risen to about three times the original quantity. Drain it on a hair sieve, return to the vessel, sweeten with eight ounces of powdered sugar and a little vanilla extract. Mix carefully and keep on ice until wanted.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Coffee Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup butter; mix well; add two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup raisins seeded and chopped, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one teaspoon ground mace and one of ground cloves. Dissolve one teaspoon baking soda in one-half cup cold coffee and add; mix well and lastly sift in lightly two cups finely sifted flour. This will be found excellent and will keep very long if desired.—Chicago Record.

—Bread Pudding.—Lay some [illegible] two eggs, one teaspoonful of [illegible], a pinch of salt and beat smooth with a little milk. Add to this one quart of milk and pour over bread. Flavor as preferred. Then put an enameled dish on the stove, put the pudding on with a cover and let slowly come to a boil. Remove cover and boil about fifteen minutes. Cool and serve plain. Boiled it is creamy all through, not a hard crumb in it.—Boston Budget.

KEEPING IN HEALTH.

A Great Deal Depends on Favorable Surroundings.

We are told the future physician's work will principally consist in telling people how to keep well.

A mother whose several small children have escaped attacks of infectious and contagious diseases, argues: "I need not wait for the future physician's lecture which will prove a help to families scourged by frequent illness."

The most careful mother has a difficult task in the endeavor to make a sunless house a happy or healthy home. In our cities there are rows of houses situated in the residence portion of the city crowded close up together. The only good lighted rooms are in the front and rear of the building.

The woman whose house is dark, damp, surrounded by evils, disease-inviting, may understand the causes producing suffering and disease in her own household. She will in many instances be unable to secure good light, water, drainage, and the various causes which affect health.

The woman who is about to purchase a home, may investigate the building's interior, the surroundings, and not the architecture. Better search long and thoroughly for a well-lighted, clean house than get a bargain with a drawback. Ornamental architecture pleases the e