

Iowa State Bystander

BYSTANDER PUB. CO., Publishers.
DES MOINES, IOWA

FASHIONS IN LOVE LETTERS

Modern Swain is Not as Effusive as Was His Predecessor of a Generation or So Ago.

Fashions in love letters change as amusingly as the elegance of dress does; with the result that, turning over the tender effusions of a past time, one finds oneself scolding their severity; just as one wonders how people could ever have "proposed" in white chokers, or made love in crinolines. A residue of feeling there must be in these dimmed love letters we disinter out of curiosity; but it is hard to disengage it from the epistolary trifles and flourishes of the period.

For surely love, true love, ought to have the same voice always. Young faces are young, even in poke bonnets. Ought not the youth of true feeling to animate the expression of it, and make it the same, in its ardor, always?

We can only point to the fact that love letters age terribly, as we read such outpourings of the tender sentiment as are published in the new volume as the Darsell "Life."

Was ever woman in this manner wooed?—with these elaborate sighs, this pressing of hand to the seat of the tender feelings, this bent knee and these cheeks bedewed with tears?

"I am mad with love. My passion is frenzy. The prospect of our immediate meeting overwhelms and entrances me. I pass my days and nights in scenes of strange and fascinating rapture."

Did she believe him? Perhaps. But whether this lover was or was not sincere, matters little. That was the manner of the time, and you, young fellow, would have written just so in the days of ringlets and canes.—London Mirror.

It Was Napoleon.

One afternoon the boy of Tunis (now visiting in Paris) was conducted to the gallery of battle pictures. He found all the paintings admirable. They first showed to him Philip Augustus at Bouvines.

"That's Napoleon I, isn't it?" said the boy.

"No," said M. de Nolhae, "that is not Napoleon I, but quite the same—a great warrior."

They passed to St. Louis, who, on the bridge of Taillebourg was battling like the archangel Michael himself.

"That's Napoleon I?" queried the boy, with a wink of the eye.

"No," said M. de Nolhae.

They arrived at Henry IV, who was carrying bread to the besieged Parisian.

"Napoleon I?"

"No, that's Henry IV."

The boy was visibly disappointed. They skipped Louis XIV and XV and passed quickly to the wars of the empire. They stopped before the battle of Austerlitz.

"Napoleon I?" said the boy.

"Yes," said M. de Nolhae. "How! Your highness has recognized it! How admirable that is. Ah, truly, your highness knows the history of France marvelously well!"—Le Cri de Paris.

Touch of Genius.

At an advertising men's dinner in New York the subject of genius came up and many definitions of genius were given.

Genius was hard work. Genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. Genius was the divine gift of heaven, etc.

But at this point F. I. Fletcher said: "Gentlemen, there seem to be many different ideas as to what constitutes a genius, but I think we are all agreed that when it comes to lending money a genius is a highly speculative risk."

Young Man of 100 Years.

Charles Ashford Shafer, a farm hand in the employ of Abraham S. Silker, six miles from Newton, N. J., recently became 100 years old.

His first trousers were dyed with the juice of walnut hulls.

His first presidential vote was for Andrew Jackson in 1834.

His teeth "broke down" early in life, but he never has worn glasses.

He never was ill until 1902, when he had the grip.

He has chewed tobacco since he was twenty-two.

He still shaves himself and says his prayers.

Last fall he won the corn husking championship of Sussex county.

DIVINING ROD IS NIL

U. S. Geological Survey Pro-nounces It Deceptive.

Unconscious Work of Will Say Experts; Also That Rod May Be Worked by Operators Who Know Ground Signs.

Washington.—Local experts who use the divining rod for the purpose of locating fissure veins, water courses, etc., will doubtless take issue with the report of the United States Geological Survey on the subject. The geologists claim that there is nothing in the contention that underground water can be located with the divining rod, except where it is obvious to any one conversant with the subject that they could as readily locate the presence of water without the use of the divining rod as with it.

The question is one that has been studied and commented on for many years. The divining rod men contend that they can do what they claim and that the rod moves downward over a water course despite any effort on their part to restrain it. On the other hand the geological experts maintain that such is not the case, but that the rod is consciously or unconsciously manipulated by the holder of the rod. The report of the government experts is as follows:

The United States Geological Survey states in water supply paper 255, entitled "Underground Waters for Farm Use," just reissued, that no appliance, either mechanical or electric, has yet been devised that will detect water in places where plain common sense and close observation will not show its presence just as well.

Numerous mechanical devices have been proposed for detecting the presence of underground water, ranging in complexity from the simple forked branch of which hazel or other tree to more or less elaborate mechanical or electric contrivances. Many of the operators of these devices, especially those who use the home-cut forked branch, are entirely honest in the belief that the working of the rod is influenced by agencies—usually regarded as electric currents following underground streams of water—that are entirely independent of their own bodies and many people have implicit faith in their own and others' ability to locate underground water in this way.

In experiments with a rod made from a forked branch it seemed to turn downward at certain points independent of the operator's will, but more complete tests showed that this down turning resulted from slight and untended force, unconscious muscular action, the effects of which were communicated through the arms and wrists to the rod. No movement of the rod from causes outside of the body could be detected, and it soon became obvious that the view held by other men of science is correct—that the operation of the "divining rod" is generally due to unconscious movements of the body or of the muscles of the hand. The experiments made show that these movements occur most frequently at places where the operator's experience has led him to believe that water may be found.

In Vindication of the Weather Bureau.

Concentrating at the weather bureau offices, the spot in Washington where the "signs of the skies" of continents are read, one finds the old horoscope instinct very much alive.

The weather department is becoming more important, not so much because of infallible weather predictions, as for its records of general averages on which probabilities may be based. Willis P. Moore of the weather bureau has "weathered" many a storm of disapproval, when predictions went awry, but he remains a weather scientist in every sense of the word. The Supreme court of New York has lately rendered a decision, which determined the responsibility of the individual under certain adverse weather conditions, which is looked upon as a triumph for weather bureau records. An Italian banker was sued for five hundred dollars damages, owing to icy approaches to his premises. The records of the weather bureau showed that rain and sleet had fallen for two days before the accident and that the temperature was low enough to cause the mixture to congeal; consequently, on the day of the accident it was proven by the records of the weather bureau that icy sidewalks would have been unavoidable. The weather affects nearly every phase of human effort, and the evidence of interested witnesses falls before the immutable records of the weather bureau. The gigantic activities of a great nation are often dependent in the last analysis on phenomena, measured by simple mathematical calculations and matters of routine record of the weather, so that the time-honored tradition placing conversation about the weather only subordinate to courteous salutation is fully vindicated by modern science.

468,000 Apply for \$1-a-Day Pensions.

In answer to the complaints of delay that have been pouring in from applicants for pensions under the so-called "dollar-a-day" act of May 11 last, James L. Davenport, Commissioner of Pensions, the other day explained that the pension office has been swamped with nearly 500,000 ap-

IN DEFENSE OF MISS ANNIE SMOOT

Some sort of a society Jenkins announced that Miss Annie Smoot, who will make her debut in Washington this winter, "has forced Washington society to face a problem."

Some sort of a society Jenkins announced that Miss Annie Smoot, who will make her debut in Washington this winter, "has forced Washington society to face a problem."

subject of social ostracism is not understandable. Senator and Mrs. Smoot move in the very best society in Washington. He has but one wife, and never had but one, and she says so. It is true that back of Miss Smoot she has had some grandfathers who were polygamous Mormons. Her father's father, Abraham Smoot, had several wives. One of them was a Norwegian girl, and she gave birth to the present apostle, Miss Annie's father. The debutante has two sisters and three brothers. When Senator Smoot was made an apostle of the Mormon church, and elected to the United States senate in 1904, an attempt was made by certain women's organizations to have him expelled from the senate on the ground that he was a member of a corporation that believed in polygamy. It was even charged that the senator himself had three wives, but the charge was not proven.

Senator Smoot's wife was formerly Miss Alpha Eldridge. She was "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," so the husband told his accusers. Some time previously the Mormons elected Brigham H. Roberts to congress. He had several wives. The house of representatives rejected him, on the ground that he practiced polygamy, and none of his daughters were received in Washington society. But with Miss Annie Smoot the proposition is entirely different. Her father is not a polygamous Mormon. She is well qualified for social duties.

young woman who is avowedly a Mormon, and who has forbears elders of the church in Utah long before there was a pretense of giving up bigamy. As a matter of fact Miss Smoot, who is a very pretty and very bright girl, has been living in Washington for a number of years, attended school, and has grown into young womanhood right in the circle of the young ladies who will make their bow to the public this winter. She never has been snubbed, and I do not suppose anybody has stopped to think whether she was a Mormon, Pagan, Catholic, or Campbellite. Polygamous Mormonism is long since a dead letter, and pretty Miss Smoot has not a thing on earth to do with it, and just why, as she is blooming into young womanhood, she should be the

Carnival Called Off for Wilson Inaugural.

Washington will have no inauguration week carnival. This was decided at a conference between Chairman W. C. Eustis of the inaugural committee and Chairman Isaac Gans of the Chamber of Commerce carnival committee.

Mr. Eustis said that plans for an elaborate carnival made by the Chamber of Commerce would be impracticable, because of the lateness of the season, and also because it might mar the glory of the inauguration ceremony itself.

W. H. Santelmann, leader of the Marine band, said he will play anything the dancers want at the inaugural ball. So far as he is concerned, the statesmen and other guests at the party can dance the turkey trot, the bunny bug, the Texas Tommy, the angworm wiggle, the grubworm shuffle, the horse trot, the alligator amble, the merry widow waltz, the Parisian glide, the camel slide, the wallaby hop, the hartbeest's cavort or the blind staggerers. On his list of raggy songs to be played at the ball are "Steamboat Bill," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "On the Mississippi" and "Everybody's Doing It," and he is trying to think of others.

Dread Toll of Pellagra in United States.

Pellagra is spreading in the United States and in the six years it has been known to medical authorities, has claimed not less than 30,000 victims with a fatality rate in excess of 40 per cent, according to a report of the public health service.

"It has reached," the report contends, "the dignity of a public health question of national importance."

The report gives these figures by states for the period 1907-1911: Virginia, total cases, 628, deaths 349, death rate per hundred cases, 55 per cent; North Carolina, cases 2,412, deaths 1,667, rate 44 per cent; South Carolina, cases 1,890, deaths 582, rate 31 per cent; Georgia, cases 4,558, deaths 1,582, rate 34 per cent; Kentucky, cases 513, deaths 220, rate 43 per cent; Alabama, cases 2,314, deaths 859, rate 37 per cent; Mississippi, cases 2,855, deaths 1,250, rate 43 per cent; Louisiana, cases 670, deaths 296, rate 44 per cent.

The figures show pellagra either prevalent or sporadic in the greater part of the United States, but particularly serious in the south.

Three Million Stamps Are Used Each Day.

Startling figures are shown indicating the amount and value of United States stamps used during the year. More than nine million stamps have been sold, and the stamp collectors are still busy. As an evidence of prosperity it is interesting to note that there is a five dollar postage stamp more than 11,500 of which were sold last year, and besides these more than eighty thousand of the one-dollar denomination.

It has been estimated that more than three million stamps per day were used by the people of the United States last year. As one French humorist remarked in England, "That shows that the American people are certainly used to licking." He thought he had sprung a real joke, but was surprised to hear the American's apt reply, "Yes, we lick the stamps to keep in trim for licking the other fellows." The American eagle screamed, the flag unfurled and the American complimented himself upon having patriotically vindicated the dignity of Uncle Sam by a pertinent allusion to an humble postage stamp.—National Magazine.

Historic.

A newly rich woman, who was anxious to make a favorable impression in her neighborhood, decided to show her collection of antiques to the bishop when he called. The time came, and one by one she displayed the whole collection, giving him the history of each piece. "There," she said, pointing impressively to an old yellow teapot, "that teapot was used in the Boston Tea Party."—Everybody's.

But Wait Till Pay Day.

"Didn't that man bow to you?" "He may have done so."

"But you did not bow to him?" "I can't be bowing to everybody. That was my husband."

Whitman's "Autograph Mail."

Walt Whitman told Mr. Traubel in Camden that he received an "autograph mail" every day. "They all write me, hundreds write, strangers, they all beg autographs, tell funny tales about it, give funny reasons (some of them are piteous)—I practically never answer them any more. It takes about all the strength I have nowadays to keep the files off. I make what use I can of the return stamps and let the rest of the matter go."

Best Way.

"Do you think it is morally wrong to freeze out competitors?" "Not if you freeze 'em out with hot competition."

Neighboring Neighbors.

Dobbins—So you're living in the country, eh? What kind of neighbors have you? Are they desirable?" Hobbs—Desirable! Great Scott, we haven't a thing they don't desire, especially in the way of gardening implements.

Mother Was Mixed.

"I had a letter from mother today," said the prominent actor. "And what did she say?" "Said she had forgotten whether I was about to be divorced again or remarried, but anyhow she sent me her blessing."

Mistake.

The Ardent One—Autocracy will soon be abolished in the world. The Experienced One—Not while the institution of marriage lasts.

MAD PRINCE'S LIFE TURNING TO STONE

Delights in Smashing All the Crockery Each Day.

Francis-Charles of Bourbon, insane for 40 Years, is Deaf and Dumb and Presents Horrible Sight—Not Washed for Years.

Extraordinary revelations are made of the mode of life of Francis-Charles of Bourbon at Rome. Prince of Capua, who is sixty-five and has lived a madman's life for 40 years in the Villa Marlia Capannori. For several years now he has not spoken, apparently having been stricken deaf and dumb in an apoplectic seizure.

Every morning at 8 a servant knocks at the door of the prince's bed chamber and hurriedly places the breakfast tray—a sumptuous repast—through a sliding window inside the room.

The prince jumps out of bed, throws a toga around his shoulders and hides till the domestic has disappeared. He cannot bear any one to see him. He has neither shaved, had his hair cut, washed nor cut his nails within the memory of his oldest retainers.

Formerly, if he saw any one approaching him he would make the most terrible noise, but nowadays, unable to give vent to his feelings thus, he claws at the air in front of him and lashes out with his fists, although the intruders may be 100 yards or more away.

But the most remarkable performance takes effect after breakfast. Day after day, year in and year out, no matter what the weather is, the unfortunate old man rushes without clothing out of the room, down the corridor, across the terrace of the villa to a chair.

It is always the same one. Once it was removed, and the prince fell down in one of his off-recurring fits. Seated on this chair, he dresses himself slowly, being generally presentable by midday. The rest of the day is spent within a circle of four or five square yards. The prince never moves farther away than that from the chair. Round about it he walks, sharing his meals with the birds.

He takes great delight in smashing all the crockery each day. At 8 p. m. it is time to go to bed. A servant appears, and that is enough. Fighting the imaginary foe, the old man rushes off to his room and locks the door.

BIRD HAS BEARDED FACE

Is Said to Be Strong as an Ox and Cries Like an Infant—Devours Chickens.

It had the face of a monkey, the beak of a guinea fowl, the strength of an ox, the bill of an eagle, and the cry of an infant, did a strange-looking bird that Charles H. Werner of Westport, Md., reports having captured after it had given him an hour's battle for his life late the other day.

The half animal, half bird, or whatever it is, measured ten inches in height and four feet from tip to tip of its wings. Around its neck is a band. Mr. Werner says that after attacking him it devoured a live chicken which happened to stray too close to a cage in which it is a prisoner.

Mr. Werner says he has traveled all over the world and never before saw anything like the creature he captured. He believes that it came here in a ship from a foreign port and escaped from its captors. Two small, coal-black eyes are firmly set in its head, surrounded by a bearded face. Its claws are reported as being "something fierce."

THIEVES RIFLE ROYAL TOMB

Precious Stones Buried With the Body of the Duchess of Genoa Are Stolen.

A robbery of the tomb of the duchess of Genoa, mother of Queen Margherita, queen-mother of Italy, in the Church of Superga, near Turin, was discovered the other day. Robbers broke the triple shell of lead containing the body, seized all the jewels and precious stones which had been buried with it, and even tore the ears to obtain the earrings.

The Church of Superga contains many tombs of the royal house of Savoy and the duchess of Genoa was the last to be buried there.

The robbery was discovered by the guardian noticing that the gates leading to the royal crypt had been forced. The telephone wires communicating with Turin had been first cut, then one of the windows had been broken and ladders used to reach the interior of the church.

For Subway Guards.

Any trainman who can properly repeat the following should not experience any lingual difficulty to lucidly announce any station on the Interborough system: "Theophills Thistle, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. See if thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter."—Interborough Bulletin.

An Encouraging Sign.

"I think mother favors you," said she, timidly. "That so?" asked he. "Has she said so?" "No, but I'm almost sure of it. The other night when you stayed so late she never said a word about it."

Voice of Experience.

The pretty damsel was making a confidante of the charming young man. "Some day, Mrs. Filmmms, I know Dick will want me to kiss him—and he wears a full beard!" "That needn't stop you, Kit; you soon learn to burrow through that."

Deubly So.

"That magistrate is turning a lot of money from offenders into the state treasury." "Ah! A fine record."

Paired Patriots.

"Our new citizens quickly pick up new ideas." "How now?" "I asked the Greek bootblack on our block if he wasn't going home to fight and he tells me that he is paired with the Turk who runs the fruit stand."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Like the Rest.

"I hear the panic-makers are threatened with hanging." "That's so? They might as well go up with the rest of the living cost."

CAPITAL SOCIAL SET'S GREATEST BEAUTY

No result of a recent election is so gratifying to a larger number of Washington people as the election of young Peter Gerry of Rhode Island to a seat in the lower house. Apart from the charming personality of this young couple their names recall many important chapters of history. Mr. Gerry represents the sixth generation of his name to figure in the national annals and his friends predict that as a lawmaker he will add new laurels to the name. He comes in direct line with the signer, Eldridge Gerry of Marblehead, Mass., a member of the Continental Congress from 1776 to 1780, a commissioner sent by the infant republic to France in 1789, governor of Massachusetts and vice-president of the United States from 1813 to 1814. Mr. Gerry is one of the long line of vice-presidents who died in office. Eldridge Thomas Gerry, the distinguished lawyer and philanthropist, is his grandfather. In Mrs. Gerry, formerly Miss Mathilde Townsend, centers much interesting political history con-

necting with the dawn of the railroad importance of the lake country of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. Through her grandfather's connection with the Pennsylvania system and later as a member of congress.

Beauty as a divine attribute and the most desirable possession which a daughter of Eve can hope, is however more associated with any consideration of history past and present. She is by universal consent one of the rarely beautiful women of her era and at the time of her presentation to society, she created a furore here and abroad. She is of that blonde spirituelle type, slender graceful with pure gold hair and the deepest azure eyes. Her expression is rather pensive, something which adds to the charm of her calm Madonna-like demeanor. An only child of parents who idolized her and eventual coheir with her cousin, Mrs. Ronalds of New York, of the vast estate left by William L. Scott of Erie, she was most carefully educated at home under specially selected teachers. Her childhood and girlhood were passed here, and Washingtonians feel an especial pride in all that relates to her future.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerry were married in the spring of 1906, and among the 200 official guests included the president and his wife, as well as 200 out-of-town guests.

MANY JEWELS AT MRS. DRAPER'S BALL

Mrs. William F. Draper of Washington, who is noted for the lavishness of her Christmas costume balls, entertained at an eighteenth century ball the other night which surpassed all which she has previously given. It has been named the "Pearl" ball on account of the display of priceless jewels worn with the Louis XV costume of the hostess and her guests.

Mrs. Draper wore \$500,000 worth of pearls, which included a five-pointed targa of pear-shaped pearls, some of them as large as a small pear, earrings and collar of pearls, a four-strand necklace, besides a long strand of pearls, which hung from her shoulders nearly to the bottom of her gown, a corsage ornament of pearls and a stomacher which covered her waist and hips and was described by one of her guests as a coat without sleeves. Mrs. Draper was gowned in the costume of a court lady of the Louis XV period, and wore beneath the pearls a costume of white satin with broad stripes of black velvet.

Although many of the jewels worn were priceless, it is estimated that more than \$1,500,000 in pearls were worn by Mrs. Draper and her guests.

Among other women who opened their jewelry caskets to wear their pearls were Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, wife of the secretary of the treasury, whose pearls, like her emeralds, have been carefully selected by a lapidist who travels all over the world for the purpose.

Mrs. Joseph Letter wore the gift of Mrs. Levi Z. Letter, a companion strand to those of the Duchess of Suffolk, the late Lady Curzon and Mrs. Colin Campbell of England, daughters of Mrs. Leiter. Mrs. Peter Golet Gerry, who made a personal canvass of Europe in search of the pearls for her strand; Mme. Hauge, Mrs. Richardson Clover and Miss Eudore Clover, all added to the beauty of the "pearl" ball.

DR. CARL ALSBERG SUCCEEDS DR. WILEY

Following instructions from President Taft, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson the other day appointed Dr. Carl Alsberg chief of the bureau of chemistry, the position vacated last spring by Dr. H. W. Wiley.

The vacancy in the bureau of chemistry made by the resignation of Dr. Wiley has been filled since March 15 last by Dr. R. E. Doolittle, formerly in charge of the New York food laboratory of the department. It has been thought in many quarters that the appointment of Dr. Doolittle as permanent chief of the bureau would be made. It was also reported and cur-

reently accepted as true that there would be no appointment of a permanent chief during the present administration.

It is understood that Dr. Doolittle, on finishing his term as acting chief, will return to the charge of the New York laboratory.

Dr. Alsberg is the son of a chemist and grew up in an atmosphere of chemistry. His early education was obtained in private schools in New York city, and in 1892 he entered Columbia university, receiving the A. B. degree in 1896. He then entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia university, receiving his M. D. degree in 1900 and the degree of A. M. from the university during the same year. He then went to Germany, and during the period from 1900 to 1903 he took graduate work in the University of Strassburg along the lines of pharmacology, physiological chemistry and internal medicine.

Star Wish.

"I wish I were a comet." "Why? To have a dashing time of it?" "No. When I went on star routes to be provided with a special train."

Stealing.

"Did you read where that suffragette says that men do not understand women?" "She'd better watch out, she's stealing husband stuff. The flirtatious husband always tells the world that his wife doesn't understand him."

Just the Same.

"I'm sorry," she complained, "that I ever married a genius." "So am I, dear," he replied, "but I thank you for the compliment, just the same."

FARMER'S TROUBLE STARTED WITH STIFF NECK 16 YEARS AGO.

With Exception of His Eyes, His Tongue and Arms From Elbow Down, He is One Huge Piece of Bone.

Frank Worden of Colfax, Ia., will give \$1,000 to any surgeon in the United States who will break his back with anything short of a sledge hammer. Worden was in Omaha a short time ago and was seen by a number of physicians, but when he left the city he carried his thousand dollars with him.

Worden is an ossified man—the only real one in the country. He is also a farmer and lives near Colfax, Ia. With the exception of his eyes, his tongue and his arms from the elbow down, he is one huge piece of bone, without a joint or a hinge of any kind. His body is as hard as steel, and as rigid as a piece of steel. Except as noted, he cannot move a single muscle of his entire body. All day and all night he lies straight and stiff, motionless. He can not laugh; he can not even smile.

Eighteen years ago Worden was a farmer living near Colfax. One morning he awoke with a stiff neck. There was no pain, but he could not move his head as freely as had been his custom. He paid no attention to it at first. But the affliction grew worse, and he finally consulted the family physician.

"Just a little stiffness," said the doctor. "That'll soon wear off."

But the stiffness did not pass away. And Worden went back to the doctor. And this time the doctor found something that puzzled him. While making his examination, he discovered that Worden had lost practically all feeling in the neck. And then he called in another doctor.

The second physician was also puzzled. "Looks like this fellow is turning into a big bone," said the new doctor. And then they discovered that, in fact, Worden was actually turning to bone. His flesh tissues were hardening.

Other physicians and surgeons were called in, but they were never able to stop the ravages of the peculiar malady.

When Worden felt his jaws becoming set, he placed small wedges of wood between his teeth, and in that position the lower portion of his face became rigid. In time the wedges were removed and the teeth were left about half an inch apart. Through this aperture he is fed liquid foods. He cannot now masticate, but he can swallow liquids of any kind that are put into his mouth.

Gradually the hardening went onward, affecting his body, his limbs and then his feet. Eight years after the morning when he discovered his stiff neck Worden's feet and ankles were as rigid as those of a stone image. Years before that time his legs had succumbed to the strange disease, and it was as impossible to use his hip joints, as it would be for a wooden Indian to walk.

By this time, also, the arms were perfectly rigid, except at the elbow. The wrists, fingers and forearm are all pliable, although Worden says he can feel that his hands are getting a little bit heavier than they were formerly. This indicates, he says, that these members have at last become affected.

Surgeons say there is no regular circulation of the blood through Worden's body, but that this flow has degenerated into simply a seepage. In time it will cease altogether. All the time, and he does not get weary. His body is not sore from its contact with the bed. There are no "bed sores," as is often the case with chronic bed-ridden invalids.

Doctor's Prescription.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a story in which is related an account of a prescription given to a doctor. The farmer took the prescription to the druggist. The druggist told the farmer that he could not fill the prescription, and said to the farmer: "If you will read it yourself you will see why." Whereupon the farmer adjusted his glasses and read, to his astonishment: "One hired girl, to be taken as soon as you can get her, and kept constantly on hand thereafter. A few new dresses that the wives of your hired men wouldn't be ashamed to wear, and a new hat and wrap to replace those you bought her last—thirteen years ago. All to be tintured with at least as much daily consideration as you bestow upon your cattle."

Rothschilds Help a Composer.

A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuff box. And this was the way of it. The snuff box was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edimbourg" about 30 years ago as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it 24 hours later for 75 napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician in the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.—From the Argonaut.