

THINGS NEW, QUAIN, ODD AND INTERESTING, GATHERED HERE FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE HABITABLE GLOBE



LOOPING THE DRIVER.

A somewhat freakish production which we illustrate is not a pocket edition of "looping-the-loop." In the Negro motor bicycle, which was perhaps the most novel feature of the Milan Automobile Show, the driver does not loop, but is himself looped. That is to say, the single hubless and spokeless wheel is made to revolve around him. A circular frame is fitted concentrically to the illuminated steel rim, the motor and driver's seat being fitted within the circle in such a manner that when the outer pneumatic tire begins to revolve the person carried is borne along in the ordinary parallel fashion. When the direction wheel rim is moved the rider's seat is moved slightly to one side or the other, thus altering the least leading on the part of the driver in the direction he desires to take causes the machine to curve in that direction. The power is transmitted from the motor to the inner periphery of the rim by means of a toothed wheel engaged in a cylindrical ratchet. The hand brake is furnished with a device whereby it is impossible to lock the frame in the rim, and thus cause the auto-cyclist to start looping the loop on his seat whenever he would bring his machine to a stop. From the point of view of the passenger, the peculiar position of the driver, and the fact that the driver will probably be found in the constant presence of, what must appear to the driver, a bar descending from above his head, and obscuring part of his line of vision ahead, whatever direction he chooses to go in.—Black and White.

COTTON BOLL WEEVIL.

The Ravages It Has Caused—How Insect Does Its Work.

The United States Census report recently issued gives some startling figures as to the great damage done to the cotton industry in the last year through the ravages of the boll weevil. Herbert H. Henshaw, who has been made an act of losses, which were thought to be not so disastrous and serious as reported. Government statisticians, however, have authentically summed up the season's losses. The Census Bureau's report gives the total crop as 20,045,614 bales of a 500 pound standard. This is about 800,000 bales less than that produced last year. The total loss to the State of Texas up to date is about \$125,000,000.

This enemy holds sway over one-third of the cotton acreage of the United States, which produces under normal conditions 45 per cent of the total cotton crop. The average productive crop of the United States represents a value of \$500,000,000; the possible ultimate damage if the pest should spread over the whole belt might be in the neighborhood of \$250,000,000 annually, provided no means of checking the ravages are found. The American Museum of Natural History has just arranged a special exhibition, with actual specimens from the infested localities in Texas, showing in vivid contrast the healthy and full grown boll in full bloom and uninfested, and the same with grub arrested through the work of the pest.

The insect is said to have come originally from the wild cotton. It first invaded Mexico in 1888, and gradually spread northward year by year until the Rio Grande was reached. In Mexico no organized efforts were made to fight the weevil. The cultivation of cotton in infested regions was practically abandoned. During the summer of 1884 planters along the Rio Grande and Southwestern Texas discovered in their cotton fields the presence of a small, grayish, long-nosed, armor-clad beetle, about the size of a common house fly. The States and the planters were at a loss to devise effective means to drive away the invader. The Department of Agriculture came to the assistance of the planters, and sent special field agents from the division of entomology to make investigations of this enemy and invader and to devise plans for its extermination. Since then these scientists have waged relentless warfare upon the weevil, and made most exhaustive practical experiments to wipe out the insect, and have been partly successful. Recognizing the seriousness of this pest, Congress has just appropriated \$250,000 to further aid in exterminating the weevil.

The adult weevil averages about one-fourth of an inch in length, and has a beak about half the length of the body. It is of a grayish or reddish brown color. The insect exists in four stages—egg, larva, pupa and adult. All the stages except the last occur inside of the cotton square or boll. The egg is deposited by the female weevil in a cavity formed by eating into the fruit of the plant. It hatches, under normal conditions, in two or three days, and the grub immediately begins to feed. In from seven to twelve days the larva or grub passes into the pupa, or quiet, stage, corresponding to the cocoon of the silkworm. This stage lasts from three to five days. Then the adult weevil issues, and in about seven days begins the production of another generation. Climatic conditions cause considerable variation, but on an average it requires from two to three weeks for a weevil to develop from the egg to the adult.

The plainest indication of the presence of the weevil in a cotton field is in the falling and falling of the squares, or forms, which take place, in general, within a day or two after the egg is deposited. If the planter should observe an unusual shedding of the fruit, he may easily determine the cause by gathering a few of the fallen squares. If upon cutting open these squares he finds a small, whitish, curved grub, there is little doubt that the cause of the trouble is the boll weevil. The destructive methods of attack used by the weevils is as follows: Having invaded a growing field, they begin their fatal work by continually driving their daggerlike beaks into the soft, juicy, half grown bolls and squares of the unopened bloom of the growing cotton. After this they deposit an egg in



A COTTON BOLL IN FULL BLOOM UNAFFECTED BY THE WEEVIL.

each opening thus made. The bolls that have been pierced soon wither and fall to the ground. If these discarded squares happen to drop upon moistened or well shaded ground, where the sun cannot dry them thoroughly, larvae soon hatch from the deposited eggs. These grow rapidly, and in a few days become pupae, and thence, by another transformation, emerge as a full grown beetle. The transition from an egg into a weevil takes about four weeks. The half grown bolls seem the safest breeding place. These remain upon the stalk, and the soft, milky interior, protected by the leathery burr, affords an ideal feeding place. These are frequently found to be literally swarming with hungry larvae.

To obtain the most effective and practical method of destroying the boll weevil, the government has set up a number of experimental farms in localities adjacent to infested areas, as well as ground already invaded. Here systematic experiments are now going on, embodying the most up to date and exhaustive remedies known to science. These are being applied with encouraging results. In the hope of discovering points hitherto unnoticed that might be of use in fighting the pest, a special laboratory has been established to study the life history of the weevil. By improved methods the division of entomology has succeeded in proving by several striking illustrations that the weevil still is produced in Texas profitably. In spite of the boll weevil. In one of the experimental fields, aggregating 528 acres, the crop only fell a little below the average before the weevil came into Texas—about half a bale to the acre. In one twenty-five acre experimental field, the crop was picked. This was performed upon land that had been in cotton continuously for five years, and the weevil had been present in the neighborhood for eight years.

PLASTER CHURCH MODEL.

The First Baptist Congregation of Worcester, Mass., which is about to erect a new church building, has taken the unusual course of having a model of it prepared in plaster. This course is



THE GRATEFUL HORSECAR.

It gives a free ride down hill to any beast that will pull it up hill.

taken occasionally in connection with great public buildings and private houses, for the construction of which the funds are ample. Models prepared to a scale are relatively expensive, and church building committees are usually willing to omit this item from the cost, and decide from the plans. The model was made by Joseph C. Loester, a sculptor of this city.

The edifice itself is to follow the style of the Mahometan mosque of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, and the Romanesque churches of Salonica, Southern France, Spain and Italy. The building is to be a structure for the application of the principles of Christianity along modern lines as well as for preaching them. Some of its features will be a Christian Endeavor assembly room, capable of seating 200 persons, equipped with wall maps, charts, etc.; a primary class room with a capacity for 300 children; a Sunday school room with a gallery and twenty reading classrooms, with a total capacity of nearly 900, and equipped for graded Sunday school work; a kindergarten nursery, where children can be cared for while their mothers are attending the church service; a parlor with space to seat 250, for the use of the women's organizations of the church; a room for the meeting of committees and the reception of



A COTTON BOLL WHICH HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY THE WEEVIL AND KILLED.

visiting clergymen and strangers, in which there will be a fireproof vault; a pastor's study, an assembly room capable of seating 500 persons, equipped with a curtain, etc., for the illustration of lectures with the stereopticon; a dining room, gymnasium and drill room, capable of seating 400 persons; a large kitchen, a library and social room, to be opened daily, and quarters for the janitor. By means of sliding doors some of these rooms can be thrown into the auditorium and thus make it possible for 2,000 persons to both see and hear the preacher. The architects are Brown & Davis, of Cincinnati, and Gillespie & Carrel, of this city.

PERIL ON A RAFT.

Voyagers on the Tigris Beset by Bandits.

"We had been floating down the Tigris for many days; Bagdad was our destination, Diarbekr had been our starting point," says Louisa Jebb, in "Longman's Magazine." "We were still in the land of the Sultan's irregular troops—the Hamidiyah. Our friends had been decidedly encouraging as we hadle them goodby: 'You will probably meet with Kurds,' they said, 'but if they do shoot at you, it will only be for the fun of sinking the raft; they may rob you and strip you, but if you don't resist they won't kill you.' We drifted on, the whirrs of a slight rapid caught us—the top end of the raft where we lay drifted suddenly into the water and then rose again; the bottom end followed suit; we became bowed for a second; then we were flat once more, and loose things which had started jumping about lay still. I shook the water off my sleeve; X stretched out a hand, without turning his head, to feel whether the Oxford book of English verse had been washed away. 'Mashallah! The pacha like water, volunteered our boatman, a little round faced Kurd in flowing garments. 'The pacha are English,' answered Hassan, the Turkish dragoman, in a tone of dignified rebuke; 'the English fear nothing; why should they fear water?' 'Silence reigned again—only the splash of the oars was heard and the beating of the water against the skins. There were 200 sheepskins in the raft, blown out and tied with bits of string onto two layers of poplar poles fastened together crossways. At one end of the raft were the two huts which served as shelter, made of felt stitched across upright poles; at the other end were bags of merchandise which served as ballast, and on these we stretched our rugs and lay all day. Nothing broke the monotony, the river wound its way slowly in and out round mudbanks; the country as far as one could see was unbroken, endless mud; the water one drank and washed in and floated on was diluted mud; the occasional village



PLASTER MODEL OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF WORCESTER, MASS.

on the banks was built of mud, the inhabitants were mud color; the very sky gave one a feeling of mud; it was time for a diversion.

"We turned a sharp bend in the river, and I vaguely noticed a native woman carrying a child in her arms. All of a sudden the atmosphere seemed disquieted. The two soldiers who formed our military escort had seized their rifles and dropped on one knee as if marking prey; even the imperious Hassan was handling a dangerous and antiquated looking weapon. There were men

picked up half dead by a passing caravan next day. Aman, in the will of Allah," and he took long, serene puffs at his cigarette."

CAR CARRIES THE HORSE.

He Drags the Vehicle Up Grade and Rides Down.

Denver, April 15 (Special).—There is a horsecar line in Denver operated differently from most others. The horse pulls the car part of the way and rides the remainder. Jim Blaine is the name of the favored animal that for twelve years has dragged the four wheeled car up a steep incline near West Denver to green lawns and fashionable country residences two miles away. Jim Blaine has a good job and he knows it.

By a quick side movement Jim unhitches himself at the out-of-town terminus of the road and, without coaxing or invitation, mounts the rear platform, gives a signal by a series of whistles, and away goes the car down hill. The car runs on the Cherrilyn Railway, which has the grades carefully arranged so that the car will, by its own weight, run to its city destination without gaining at any time a dangerous momentum. The car is the original No. 3 of the Denver Tramway Company, and was sold to the Cherrilyn Railway Corporation many years ago. Whatever intentions the company may have had at the outset to keep its rolling stock in good repair and its roadbed in passable condition, it may be well to mention for the benefit of Eastern capitalists who contemplate purchasing stock in the line that Cherrilyn No. 3, which, by the way, is the only car possessed by the company, has been in the show since its initial trip over the road, and the rails over which the car is run are of the toy variety, now used by millionaires in constructing railroads in the gardens of their homes, and never a spike has been removed since they were laid in position on the miniature ties twenty years ago.

The seating arrangement on the part of the management in allowing the car to go to back seats probably be attributed to the souvenir trade from the East. The cushions have been completely cut away, pieces of wood have been cut from the body of the car, nails and tacks have been pulled from their places and, in fact, all parts of the ancient vehicle have suffered loss of timber or metal through the voraciousness of the souvenir hunters of something out of the ordinary.

As a directory the old Cherrilyn car has in the minds of many served a noble purpose. There are certain dates, and certain names, that are shared and Congressmen from many States are closely associated with those of gamblers and street urchins. The names of five former Governors of Colorado adorn the ceiling of the car, while tramps, all the way from Boston to San Francisco, have done their share in furnishing evidence that they were present on the day of a certain season which was organized by a number of representative citizens who have been aboard the car.

The windows of the car, which, except two, are of the same which were originally fitted into the coaches, are covered thickly with signatures. Diamond-shaped signs, with names of prominent people, actors and actresses, ward heelers, have also scribbled their names or initials into the glass, and now there is no available space to contain a pin's head without its touching some portion of another signature. It is impossible to identify a person through them, even at a distance of four feet.

During the summer months the road does a thriving business, not because it will take one to any point of interest, but every one must see Jim Blaine do the act. The old horse seems to know his own business, and is not displeased with the fact. Neighboring fruit stands and candy dumps of the line sell bushels of apples and candy and nuts to the car. The car is a favorite with the hordes of children, who look upon him as being exactly what a grocer and a circus, in a person, a poor, dear, old beggar. Jim has now been with the company about ten years. He is a coal black and well formed animal, and is a work faithfully, and is rewarded with an abundance of good food. The faithful old fellow got his name from a certain pasture, into which he will be turned in another year.

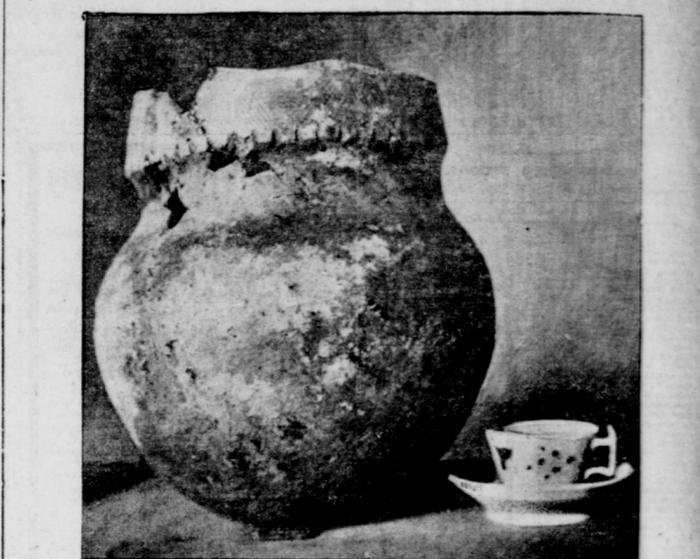
laughed, we all laughed—except Arten; he did not laugh—yet.

"Meanwhile the soldiers and the boatman had been yelling and shouting at the brigands as they kept pace with us on the shore. As they spoke Kurdish we could only wait developments, and were unable to know what negotiations were going on. They were a fine set of men—dark, handsome, well set up, their long, black curly hair worn down to the collar; they were dressed in bright colors and armed to the teeth with long knives and pistols, and a few revolvers.

"We had got into a faster bit of current, and the men had to run to keep up with us; they seemed to be in a hurry. The boatman seemed to be in a hurry; one by one they dropped behind, and finally, with a few parting yells, stood and gazed at us as we floated down the river. The boatman, however, I said, in a voice struggling with emotion, 'they are letting us go.' X's face reflected my disappointment and disgust. 'And they had not even fired one little shot,' she said bitterly. 'Or try to hurt our skin,' I gulped. X tried to take a cheerful view of the situation. 'Never mind,' she said, 'cheer up, we may have another chance; we are not out of their country yet.'

"X turned to the soldiers and demanded a full account of their conversation. 'Effendi,' said the boatman, 'it is much better that they should not touch the personal effects of the English; they have had some good lessons.' 'But,' I interrupted, 'we are loaded with merchandise.' 'Effendi,' said the officer, 'we swore by Allah that it was all your baggage, and that if they took it, the English Pasha would send his soldiers and kill them all.' 'Yes,' broke in the other soldier, 'and we would come out with his great weapon and blow them all into the next world.' 'The little boatman's face beamed with radiant smiles. 'Ah! the English are a great people,' he said; 'with you English we are safe. I have been down the river scores of times and always at this place I have been robbed. You saw the solitary woman as we turned the corner she was put there to signal when the rafts were coming; if you see a woman alone on a bank you know what you are in for. The river here is narrow and the current slow—you have no chance, on one side the banks are low, and they can draw the rafts on shore and unload the merchandise while the men on the other side high up on the cliffs cover you with their guns.'

"Why do you not carry arms?" we said. The man smiled sadly. 'Pacha, what are we against these men? If we float on they sink the raft by shooting at the skins till they burst, and we lose raft and merchandise and all. If we submit quietly they take what they want and let us go peacefully. Should we fire back at the men on the low bank within our range, we are at the mercy of the men on the cliffs who have good enough. No, Allah wishes it; why should we resist?' There was silence for a few minutes; the Oriental's first refuge from the ill of the world is in his subservience to the will of Allah; his second is in his tobacco; our boatman slowly rolled up a cigarette. 'If I shot you English they will harm,' he said, 'they are afraid of punishment. It is we poor ones, who can get no retribution. They take our little all and know we must submit, and they are safe.' 'Surely you can appeal to the local authorities,' we persisted. The man laughed a low, quiet laugh. 'The Governor,' he said, 'poor man—he is no better off than the rest of us. He has no authority over these Hamidiyah. On last week he was set on and robbed himself by a party of them. They stripped him and threw him over a bridge; he was



ANTIQUE JAR OF INDIAN MAKE. Discovered lately in the foothills of the Adirondacks.

RARE INDIAN POTTERY.

Fine Specimen Recently Found Near Adirondacks.

An antique jar of Indian manufacture was lately discovered in the foothills of the Adirondacks. The material is of blue clay mixed with sand; the jar probably having been baked in the sun after receiving a thin coat of dull pink silt. The implements of manufacture were evidently of the most primitive character, the wheel and the furnace being unknown to the makers. It is a singular fact that fragments of prehistoric pottery found in Europe and used by the Celts and Teutons were of the same general character as similar articles found on prehistoric Indian village sites in the Mohawk Valley, even the rude ornamentation being similar. Max Reid, of Amsterdam, N. Y., owns forty fragments of as many different vessels, all of which bear the same general character of ornamentation, which is alternate diagonal and straight lines and indentations made with the finger nail or some rude implement. Some of the lines are wavering, as though made by an unsteady or inexperienced hand; others show straight lines and regular distances apart, as though executed by a rude though experienced artist.

Although many fields yield up fragments, it is rarely that an entire vessel of large size is found. A few have been discovered in caves or caverns of generous proportions, and others have been found in Indian graves. A number of large vessels have been found in New-York City, in Harlem, one of which is said to have been 2 feet high and 18 inches in diameter and others 15 inches high. A G. Richmond, of New-York City, has a specimen of a jar found in a cavern near Lake Pleasant, an Adirondack guide, which was 14 inches high and 12 inches in its greatest diameter.

The latest jar to be discovered was also found at Lake Pleasant, and although the material, shape and method of manufacture appear to be practically the same as those of the Richmond jar, the fragments which after a week of careful labor succeeded in restoring it to its original size and shape. The size of the jar is 12 1/2 inches in height, and is ornamented with shallow indentations. The mouth is formed by a band 2 1/2 inches wide, whose lower edge is garnished by notches broader and deeper than those at the top edge.

Around this band is a series of straight and diagonal lines in the regularity of the fragments of pottery found on prehistoric sites of Indian castles in the Mohawk Valley, which, from the entire absence of objects of European manufacture, must have been occupied previous to 1600 and subsequent to 1535, when Jacques Cartier met the Mohawks at Hochelaga on the island of Montreal, whence they were driven by the Algonquins and Hurons.

REVENGE OF A WAITER.

He Gave a Tip Because a Tip Had Not Been Given to Him.

Tips regarding prospective smugglers come to the customs officials in strange ways and from peculiar sources. One of the queerest was a cable dispatch from Bermuda, received a few weeks ago. It read: Customs, New-York: Watch Green-bicycle trunk—from Bermuda. There was no signature, and the officials, utterly puzzled as to the source of the message, awaited the arrival of the next Bermuda boat with interest. Sure enough there was a passenger named Green, and among his luggage was a bicycle trunk. He made the usual declaration that he was bringing in nothing dutiable. "What is in this?" asked an inspector, tapping the bicycle trunk. "My bicycle, of course." "Suppose you open it," said the inspector. Mr. Green was sorry, but he had lost the key. Then they broke it open and found it packed with expensive cigars, which were promptly confiscated.

The mystery of the cabled tip was cleared up by a passenger who had stopped in Hamilton at the same hotel with Green. It seemed that Green never tipped hotel servants. One of them discovered that he was packing the bicycle case with cigars and told his fellows. They chipped in enough to pay for the cable dispatch, and in giving the tip had revenge for tips not given.

WIVES OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

A white Russian priest must be married, but he cannot marry a second time. If his wife dies he must enter a monastery. Hence the Russian priest's wife is in a peculiar position. The priest's wife is in a peculiar position. The priest's wife is in a peculiar position.

THE KIND OF BOAT THEY USE AT BAGDAD.

The boats are perfectly round and are built of stiffer wood covered with matting of asphalt. They are the same type of boat that has been used in that region for 3,000 years. The boatmen scull the boat with a broad, single-bladed paddle.



SOME INDIANS ARE FREE MASONS.

Member of the Society Was About To Be Burned When Chief Saw Distress Signal.

Major E. H. Cooper, attached to military headquarters at Chicago, recently related an experience through which he passed while on the Western frontier that possesses more than a passing interest. "During nearly forty years of travel and exploration in all parts of the continent, from the southern part of South America to Alaska, I have had many thrilling experiences and many narrow escapes from death," said Major Cooper. "The memories of one instance are particularly vivid. It was in the early '70s, and I was carrying on my investigations among the ruins left by the cliff builders. It was just across the Colorado border, in Utah, and I was alone and miles from any white man, when suddenly I was surrounded by a tribe of Five Indians and taken captive. When the Indians had tired of inflicting tortures on me, they decided to burn me. They had made a fire, and I was standing on a pile of logs against a resinous scrub pine tree and then came themselves by shooting arrows at him, coming as close to the victim as possible without hitting him. When the Indians had tired of inflicting tortures on me, they decided to burn me. They had made a fire, and I was standing on a pile of logs against a resinous scrub pine tree and then came themselves by shooting arrows at him, coming as close to the victim as possible without hitting him. When the Indians had tired of inflicting tortures on me, they decided to burn me. They had made a fire, and I was standing on a pile of logs against a resinous scrub pine tree and then came themselves by shooting arrows at him, coming as close to the victim as possible without hitting him.

"I have never been afraid of death, but I did not fancy the methods, so I began to think faster than I had ever done before. I could see no possible way of escape, but I was not intending to give up without an effort. The old question about the power of music to soothe the savage breast came to my mind, and I started to sing as loudly as I could. 'Naraganyung,' the chief, stood by and laughed at me, and I knew that the music-trick was no good. Meanwhile the bloodthirsty savages were using their tomahawks industriously and the pile of firewood was growing. My feet were bound, but when they approached me to pinion my arms to my side I used the last resort. I sang as loudly as I could, and the savages, who were used to the hallowing sign and the sign of distress of the Master Masons, an appeal to which any Mason is bound to respond when there is an even chance that his life will not be sacrificed.

"Hardly had I given the sign when the old chief threw up his arms, gave a command to his men and took me into his own tent. That night he and I went to the camp. I told me that I would escape. I walked some distance up a canyon and then retraced my steps, walking backward. The Masonic sign has been of great service to me, and wherever I have travelled I have always found some one who recognized and responded to the Masonic sign of the country.

"The story goes to show that Masonry is a world-wide institution," said Dr. W. M. Wilson. "Many of the signs and symbols of Masonry are found in New-Orleans and when one of them was put up on the block to be auctioned off he made the Masonic hallowing sign. He was taken down from the block, examined and found to be a Mason. He was not sold into slavery, but a purse was raised by New-Orleans Masons to purchase his freedom and he was sent back to Africa." (Chicago Chronicle.)

SWALLOWS PINS.

The village of Florida has a wonder in the way of a fourteen-months-old boy baby who, during the last six weeks swallowed, so far as known, eighty-one small pieces of bric-a-brac and then ejected them from his stomach by the vomiting process. The baby is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hollman. Last week he ejected four needles and a shingle nail. During the last six weeks he has ejected one small piece of bric-a-brac and then ejected them from his stomach by the vomiting process. The baby is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hollman. Last week he ejected four needles and a shingle nail. During the last six weeks he has ejected one small piece of bric-a-brac and then ejected them from his stomach by the vomiting process.

THE KIND OF BOAT THEY USE AT BAGDAD.

The boats are perfectly round and are built of stiffer wood covered with matting of asphalt. They are the same type of boat that has been used in that region for 3,000 years. The boatmen scull the boat with a broad, single-bladed paddle.

