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## Basil's First Wife.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

WHEN Basil wrote to me from Virginia that he was married, and asked if he might bring his wife to my house, his home from infancy, or if he had better provide another one for her, I answered at once:

"Come here and try it. If you are happy, stay; if not, it will be time enough to seek a new home after testing the old one."

But the letter gave me sore pain. Basil was my charge from the time his parents died and left him, a baby, inheriting a large fortune, to my care. His mother was my twin sister, and I was a childless widow when she died, so it will be readily understood I gave the boy a true mother's love. We live at Stony Hill, my husband's legacy to me, a spot abounding in nature's beauties, in spite of its harsh name, and we did not want for society, being only two miles from a flourishing city.

It was natural Basil should marry; he was 22, had studied a profession, though he devoted his time to painting in an amateur fashion that promised no great results; was wealthy, handsome and a thorough gentleman by birth and education.

But I had hoped he would marry one of the ladies I knew; some one, perhaps, I loved already. His letter was full of praise of his wife—but who was she? He had found her when on a sketching trip through Virginia, in a wild part of the country. Her mother was lying dead, and two negroes were filling the air with howls and wails.

I did not care that the girl was poor. Basil was rich, and would have, in addition to his father's fortune, all I had to leave. He had no need to seek a wealthy bride. But I was afraid he had married for beauty only. Not one word could I find, in most careful perusal, in praise of the bride's intellect, accomplishments or worth. Only her beauty was the theme of her husband's praise.

When I saw her I scarcely wondered that the face of Basil's wife had excited such enthusiasm. They came home in June, at early morning, and drove from the station to the house, where, just after sunrise, I went out upon the porch to meet them.

From the carriage there sprang a little figure dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, bedecked with jewels utterly out of place upon a traveler, as were the gay silk dress and feather-trimmed hat.

But the face under the hat! How can I describe it? A perfect oval, with features of classic regularity, but without any of the coldness that usually accompanies classic beauty. For the dark complexion, pure, clear olive, was crimson-tinted on lips and cheeks, and eyes, large, brilliant, were yet soft and velvet, and the black hair was glossy and luxuriant.

Every moment the expression was changing in those glorious eyes, the sensitive mouth. Child-like pleasure in the new home, a gentle deference to my years and position, were succeeded by petulance and restless vivacity.

She was a will-o'-the-wisp, a butterfly, a wasp. I loved her in two minutes, and my love never lessened. But even then I knew Basil had made a fatal mistake.

"Do, Aunt Martha, take some superfluous of her wardrobe," he said to me. "She was married in a calico dress, and a sun-bonnet, and her feet were bare. Of course I gave her money, and she understood women's dress, but her set my teeth on edge."

And just as he spoke she flashed in. She never seemed to me to walk, moving with a peculiar, darting movement that threatened total annihilation to my nerves until I became accustomed to it.

"You are ashamed of me!" she cried. "You are! You are!"

"Ellen!" he said, gently, his face flushing; "I can never be ashamed of my wife!"

He kissed her gravely and went out, but she tore up and down the room like a caged bird.

"He is ashamed of me—he is!" she repeated, angry tears raining over her hot cheeks. "I saw it on the cars. I saw it at the hotels. I see it here. How did I know he would be? He said he loved me, and I—I would have died for him! He praised me—he put me in his pictures! I was all alone, and I loved him! I was all alone, and I loved him! I married him, but he never asked me what I knew—what I could do. He saw the log cabin where my mother lay dead! He knew the soldiers burned down our house, killed my father! I was too young to know the horror of it! I am only 16 now. Then when we were married and went to the city, he was ashamed because he asked me to read the newspaper one morning and I never learned to read. Why didn't he ask me before we were married? He told me I must not eat with my knife, or wipe my fingers on my dress. Why didn't he tell me before we were married? Why didn't he go away and leave me? I would have killed myself! I had rather kill myself than know he is ashamed of me!"

All this was poured out with such rapid utterance I could not interrupt her by one word, and I might as well have tried to catch a butterfly as to touch her as she paced up and down.

"And now I see his teeth on edge! I was not listening. I heard him as I came in. I never bought things before. They told me at the stores what to buy, and all they showed me were pretty! Why did he not come, too, and tell me?"

I hate him! Oh—I love him! I love him, and he is ashamed of me!"

She was gleeful as a child when Basil praised her dress at tea time, having, at my suggestion, worn a soft, white mull, with scarlet flashing in her jetty braids at her throat and belt. She pouted a little, because I would not allow but one bright color, but was obedient.

But after that, watching them both, I knew there could be no happiness in the hasty marriage. The glamour was gone from Basil's eyes, and he was ashamed of his wife. His love cooled, and his perfect gentleness and tender care never deceived her for one moment.

I think if he had beaten her and then caressed her she would have borne it better than she bore his unvarying kindness, after his love was gone.

"He does not love me! He has wearied of my beauty, and I had nothing else to love!"

That was ever the refrain of her piteous plaints, and Basil vainly tried to revive the dead love in his heart.

"She has but me!" he said to me once. "If I made a mistake it was no fault of hers, poor darling. She shall never know I have one regret!"

And he might as well have tried to hide a bonfire under a napkin. By the intuition of love, Nell knew the change. She had been a year married, wearing herself out with her own vehemence, when her baby came to her. I hoped motherhood would soften her, but time, her, for she was wild and beautiful as a leopard.

With the same fierce, unreasoning passion that gave her life every impulse, she loved her boy, a sickly, feeble child, that she would almost smother with kisses and caress so violently that he would whimper, as if being hurt.

Every day she talked about the boy's future, the grand things to be done for him, the education he was to have, that Basil might "never be ashamed of him as he is of me." Her whole hope lay in the child's life, and we knew the feeble spark would never live to be a bright light.

As the child drooped the mother faded. She would be well soon, soon, she told me every day, and every day the little fellow lay more lightly upon my arms; the little face grew more pinched and wan.

One morning she drew me down upon the pillow her head had never left since her boy was born, and whispered: "Basil kissed me with his heart this morning. He loved me in that kiss. Ah, if I could die now before he ceases to love me!"

She sobbed, not with the old passion, she was too weak for that, but feebly, as if from a breaking heart.

"You do not wish to die and leave your boy?" I said.

"I would not leave him! He would go with me!" she said, with quiet conviction.

And we knew it would be so. There was nothing to build health upon, the doctor told us, and Ellen faded away, not quickly, but surely.

But, lying upon her deathbed, day after day, she was intensely happy, not with the fitful flame of old, but with a calm, deep joy infinitely pathetic to witness.

"Basil loves me!"

That was the keynote to her happiness. He had never failed in gentleness, but, realizing that he must soon lose her, his love came back to comfort her. He could not have deceived her, weak as she was. Only the true love she had lost, the love that was her life, could have answered the hunger of her heart.

And Basil gave it, kissing her with his heart, as she told me, gently smoothing the dark road she was treading by every loving device, seldom leaving her, and never for any length of time.

He was holding the puny babe in his arms, close to the mother's white, wasted face, when the boy shivered, gasped and died. I looked in terror at Ellen, but she smiled into my eyes: "He will wait for me!" she said, softly, and nestled against Basil, as I took the little one away.

I did not return for a long time. When I did Ellen's eyes were closed, and her face had changed, with a change that chilled my heart.

"She is asleep," I whispered.

"But will never wake!" Basil said, solemnly, and even before he spoke I knew the truth.

Basil mourned truly, blaming himself bitterly, when I held him blameless. But he married again in two years, and as lives in his own home in the city. I could not tell his wife come to Stony Hill in Ellen's place, though she is kindly welcome when she visits me.

She is a lady, refined, educated and very handsome. She makes Basil entirely happy, having won his respect as well as his love, a love more lasting because built upon foundations of esteem. I have no complaint to make and I am glad, very glad, that Basil's home is a happy one, but I know that never, never can my old heart take Geneva Hill into that deepest, warmest niche that is filled by the memory of the impulsive child, Basil's first wife.—N. Y. Ledger.

## CHINESE INSECT WHITE WAX.

One of the Remarkable Industries of the Big Mongolian Empire.

Although the province of Szechuen has always been recognized as the chief breeding country of the white wax insect and manufacture of the white wax of commerce, the wax is found and manufactured in several other provinces of China. One of the tributaries of the Upper Yangtze, or Golden river, as it is called in China, is the Yanglung. Just before this uniting with the Yangtze it is joined by the Auning, flowing down a mountain valley known as the Chien-Chang. Here the valley and the hills are covered by a prominent tree, probably the large-leaved privet, an evergreen which is covered in March and April with large excrescences or scales, which upon being broken open are found filled with minute brown insects. Curiously, although this is the home of the wax-producing insect the wax is not produced here. Insects may be propagated elsewhere, but they are of an inferior quality.

Two hundred miles to the northeast of Chien-Chang, and separated from it by a series of mammoth ranges, is the prefecture of Chia-ting, within which insect white wax as an article of commerce is produced. At the end of April the scales are gathered from the trees in the Chien-Chang valley, and collected for the most part at the town of Te Chang, on the right bank of the Auning river.

To this town porters from Chia-ting annually resort in great numbers—in former years they are said to have numbered as many as 10,000—to carry the scales across the mountains to Chia-ting. The scales are made up into paper packets, each weighing about 16 ounces, and a load usually consists of about 60 packets. Great care has to be taken in the transit of the scales. The porters between the Chien-Chang valley and Chia-ting travel only during the night, for at the season of high spring the temperature is always high during the day, and would tend to the rapid development of the insects and their escape from the scales. At their resting places the porters open and spread out the packets in cool places. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, each packet, on arrival at Chia-ting, is found to be more than an ounce lighter than when it started from Chien-Chang. In years of plenty a pound of scales laid down in Chia-ting costs about half a crown; but in a year of scarcity, such as last year, when over 1,000 loads are said to have reached Chia-ting from Chien-Chang, the price is doubled. In favorable years a pound of Chien-Chang scales is calculated to produce from four to five pounds of wax; in bad years a little more than a pound may be expected, so that, taken as a whole, white wax culture has in it a considerable element of risk.

On a plain which stretches westward from the city of Chia-ting is a thick growth of a species of dwarf shrub known as the "white wax tree." When the insect scales are received they are made up in packets, wrapped in leaves, and in this form suspended close under the branches of the wax tree. On emerging from the scales they crawl upon the leaves, where they remain for 13 days, after which they descend to the branches and twigs to secrete wax. The insects make no mark on the leaves during the 13 days, which leads the Chinese to declare that they feed on dew for this period. The wax first appears as a white coating on the underside of the twigs and branches, and resembles very much sulphate of quinine or a covering of snow. It gradually spreads over the whole branch, and attains after three months a thickness of about one-fourth of an inch.

When the white deposit becomes visible on the branches the farmer may be seen going the round of his trees, carefully belaboring each stump with a heavy wooden club, in order, as he says, to bring to the ground the lakou, or "wax dog," a declared enemy of the wax insect; this probably refers to the beetle mother. This clubbing of the stumps is done during the heat of the day, when the wax insects are said to have a firm hold of the bark. After the lapse of 100 days from the planting of the insects on the wax tree the deposit is complete. The branches are lopped off and as much of the wax as possible removed by hand. This is placed in an iron pot of boiling water, and the wax, melting, rises to the surface, is skimmed off and placed in a round mold, whence it emerges the white wax of commerce. Where it is found impossible to remove the wax by hand, twigs and branches are thrown into the pot, so that the wax is darker and inferior. As the branches of the wax tree are boiled with the scales are destroyed, and hence it is necessary to have recourse annually to the Chien-Chang valley for fresh scales with eggs or insects.

Since the introduction of kerosene oil into China, and its almost universal use in the remotest provinces of the empire, the demand for white wax has declined considerably, and the supply has decreased in a corresponding ratio. According to Consul Smithers, of Chung King, however, the quantity of insect white wax imported into Shanghai in foreign vessels from Yangtze ports in 1884 was 454 tons, valued at only \$1,000 a ton. In western China it is used for coating tallow candles to give them consistency, as it melts only at 160 degrees F., whereas animal tallow melts at 95 degrees F. It is also used as a sizing for cotton goods, paper, carved ornaments and the coating of pills.—Boston Transcript.

A seedling plant of the Victoria regia water lily has leaves no larger than a penny. In the space of four or five months it bears 14 of 15 leaves of over six feet in diameter.

Firefighters are made in Germany by twisting wood into a rope, cutting it into short lengths, and dipping the ends of the pieces into melted resin.

## KINGS-AMONG ELEPHANTS.

Two Fine Beasts That Had Slave Elephants to Wait on Them.

It was our good fortune to be present at an important meeting of the "Khed-Jah," at Chila, on the banks of the Ganges, where the Nepalese government had sent down their magnificent troop of tame elephants for the chase of the wild ones. They were about 150 in number—magnificent, noble creatures.

The two finest among them were the "kings" of the troop, and were called "Bijli Prasad" and "Narain Gaj Prasad." Bijli Prasad, which means "lord of lightning," was such a grand fellow. The width of his brows was so great that he could not put his head through our hall door; and he knows to the smallest point what a mighty creature he is.

He and his companion, Narain Gaj Prasad, which means "the peerless lord," are provided with two slave elephants, and the only duty of the latter is to fetch and provide fodder for their masters. They collect the sweet sugar canes, tearing them up by their roots, the young succulent grasses and tender leaves, and heap them up in masses which weigh about 300 pounds each. These loads are put on their backs, and thrice a day they gladly carry in their burdens and lay them at the feet of their lords.

We went out by moonlight to see the latter feed, and any child would enjoy the strange sight. First of all the mahout makes a great big camp fire of twigs and brushwood, and on it he places a large flat iron dish, supported on two bricks. Then he takes wheat flour and kneads it with water into great round flat cakes about an inch thick and twice the circumference of a soup plate. These cakes he bakes on the iron dish.

We were anxious to taste them, and we found them very good. We punched out with our fingers all the nice brown spots, and ate them, piping hot. And to make up to Bijli and Narain for taking part of their supper, we had prepared a treat, of which they are particularly fond. From the bazar we had brought great balls of sugar cane juice boiled down and made solid, called "goor" in that country. Each ball was twice the size of a tennis ball, and in each wheat cake or "chapati" we rolled a lump of this molasses. You should have seen how the big beasts enjoyed their feed—how their great trunks rested down on our shoulders, always captured for the forthcoming delicacy.

—Marie A. Millie, in St. Nicholas.

## REDEEMING MUTILATED MONEY.

Full Value of a Note is Paid for Fragments Representing Three-Fifths.

According to the present rule of the redemption division of the United States treasury nothing less than fragments representing two-fifths of a bank note or greenback will be redeemed by Uncle Sam. If that much of a note is presented the United States will allow the holder one-half the face value of it, while three-fifths of a note will be redeemed for full value. Of course, there are occasional exceptions to this rule.

Some time since a man from New England forwarded a bunch of discolored paper money that he had buried in a field. It had laid in the ground so long a time, and had been so generously feasted upon by worms, that it felt it pieces as soon as it was touched. I would have been utterly impossible for anyone unacquainted with the secret marks that the government places on its bills to gather these decayed pieces of money together in their proper order; but some of the clerks in the redemption division of the treasury are particularly expert in sorting and deciphering bits of mutilated money, and through long years of experience are able to tell in an instant to what particular note or kind of note a certain scrap belongs. When the pieces contained in this bunch of old money were finally sorted and mounted, it was found that while there was not one complete note remaining (not more than two or three scraps in some instances) the rightful owner was entitled to a redemption of \$400. Unfortunately for the man who found the money, he could not prove his ownership, nor could he make affidavit as to what had become of the missing portions of the notes. Consequently, the United States was the gainer in this case. Accidents of this nature are by no means rare, as is attested by the numbers of boxes of charred remnants of money which are kept among the curious records of the redemption division.—Clifford Howard, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## The Sale of a Famous Mine.

One of the most famous mines in Leadville was the Robert E. Lee. Its promise was discovered when the vein or deposit was first struck, but for some reason or other people did not take kindly to it, and the owners tried in vain to sell an interest. A gentleman who happened to have a few hundred dollars was besought to take a third of it for \$300. He studied the matter, and, deeming the venture too risky, declined. The Lee was a pocket mine, and some of the pockets contained rich ore. To effect a sale the owners agreed that they would take \$1,000,000 worth of ore out of the mine in 24 hours. By great good luck they discovered a few rich pockets and won the bet. After this there was no difficulty in selling the mine for \$1,500,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Only Reasonable.

Citizen—How is it that you are charging such tremendous prices for ice? Dealer—Yes; but see how we had to worry about it all last winter, when we thought there would be none. You don't suppose we can worry like that and not charge for it, do you?—Up To Date.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"If eggs are \$17 a dozen in the Klondike, what on earth do you suppose they would ask for a bicycle?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Wasted Effort.—Ten Eyck.—'A man can be a good Christian, even if he doesn't belong to the church.' Maud—'Yes, but what credit do you get for it?—Truth.

"Say, Weary, dat bloke wot shot de big Spanish guy is goin' to be garroted. Wot does that mean?" "It means he's goin' to get it in the neck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A Hilarious Combination.—Mrs. Dunnigan.—'Phat ye laughin' at, Pat?' Mr. O'Flaherty.—'Oh, wor just thinkin' phat a devil av a foine there'd be av the silverent' av March came on the fourt av July.'—Truth.

"The sloth," said the witty dean of St. Paul's, "moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and, in fact, passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman eternally related to a bishop."—Household Words.

"Mrs. De Montmorency Jinks.—'I am so much troubled about Dorothea, doctor. She is just getting to that age when she thinks her mother has no judgment whatever.' Dr. Fifthly.—'Ahem! Reaching the age of reason, I suppose.'—Brooklyn Life.

"Instances in Plenty.—'What a silly expression! 'No more sense than the law allows.' Did you ever know a man who had more sense than the law allowed?' 'Certainly. The jails are full of fellows who got there by being too smart.'—Indianapolis Journal.

"Hilgard.—'Jason has got a model wife. He was going to buy a bicycle, and she persuaded him that a lawn mower would give him just as good exercise, and that it would be more economical.' Nixon.—'I'm awfully glad Jason has got such an excellent wife. It is such a comfort to know that nobody else is in danger of getting her.'—Boston Transcript.

## WHOLE STATE MAY GO TO JAIL.

Pool Legislation in North Carolina Will Result in This if Enforced.

North Carolina is not the only state that has trouble in the collection of its taxes from people against whom they are assessed, but the commonwealth has a legislature that undertook to furnish a remedy, and has done it in a way that may involve both the state and its delinquent taxpayers in some trouble. The new law directs the sheriffs of the counties, by whom the taxes are collected, to report to the criminal court the names of all persons who have failed to pay their taxes within a specified time, when they are to be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of \$300 or to imprisonment in the county jail for a term not exceeding six months.

The new law was to go into effect on September 1, a date before the farmers had marketed their cotton, and therefore a vast majority of them would be unable to meet the demands of the sheriff. There is quite a commotion in the state and the attorney-general has been called upon for an opinion as to the constitutionality of the law, in response to which he has given two legal opinions, one of which declares the law to be valid as to all taxes and the other that it can apply only to license.

The result is that this licit attempt to straddle the question has involved it in still greater uncertainty.

From present appearances it is evident that the law will fall because there is not jail room enough in the jails to hold one-tenth of those who may be delinquents on the first of the month, while neither the judges of the criminal courts will dare to impose the pecuniary punishment provided by law nor would the sheriffs be able to collect the fines if the courts decreed them. The experience North Carolina is having with hasty and ill-considered legislation is not peculiar to that state, and many of the laws on the statute books of many of the states, known as "dead letter laws," are of this variety of legislation. The laws are too dead and too generally unobserved to be worth the trouble of repealing them.—Chicago News.

## England as "Decey."

By an unfortunate juxtaposition of words and emblems, England is unintentionally depicted in the new congressional library as a decrepit old woman, gathering dry sticks, who is being winked at by a knowing-looking owl, perched on a neighboring bough. The pendentives of the beautiful south-west pavilion of the library are filled by four plaques in relief, representing spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Under each is a single word illustrative of the season—seed, bloom, fruit, decay. The mural paintings of the room are designed to illustrate the progress of discovery through conquest to civilization, and honor is shown the four nations most conspicuous in the colonization of the new world—Spain, Portugal, France, and England—by inscribing their names conspicuously in the four corners of the pavilion, and therefore under the motives describing the medals. One or other name had to be painted under the ominous word decay, and beneath the decrepit old woman, as chance would have it, the lot fell to England.—N. Y. Post.

## A Capital Offense.

"What's the crowd gathering for?" "Dah's some talk o' lynchin' a cullud nigger, sah." "What a murder?" "Worse'n dat, sah. Jim Thompson sah, was delegated by de members of de White Rose Social club, to gwine across de way an' buy de forty-poun' prize watahmelon, sah. Dey gwine Jim de money an' he got along all right, sah, but jes' as he was gwine up de stairs, sah, Pete Mullin's white bull terrier run between his laigs, sah, an' Jim stumbled an' dropped de melon plum on de sidewalk, sah! Guess dey'll lynch him, shuah."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

CHLORATE OF POTASH.

How It is Refined by Means of Electrical Appliances.

The city of Niagara Falls has more factories making chemicals by electricity to-day than any other city in the world. The plant for manufacturing chlorate of potash is the first to introduce this industry into the United States. The uses for this product are continually increasing. From 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 pounds are annually imported, a large portion of which is used in calico dyeing as an oxidizer. It is also employed in the manufacture of parlor matches, blasting powder and some of the smokeless powders. It is taken medicinally for various ailments.

The salt commonly called muriate of potash is found in large quantities in Stassfurt, in Germany, and is shipped to this country in bags containing 240 pounds each. It is dissolved in wooden tanks, pumped up to storage tanks, and is led from them through pipes to cast iron, porcelain-lined, electrolyzing tanks, divided by porous partitions into positive and negative compartments. The chlorate solution is kept circulating from the positive to the negative compartments, being electrolyzed in its passage, and evolving chlorine gas at the positive pole, and forming caustic potash at the negative pole. The gas is led into the negative compartment, where it combines with the caustic potash, forming hypochlorite and chloride of potash. It is then led down to tanks containing lead steam coils and evaporated to the concentration point of chloride of potash when cold. From here it is run boiling hot to tanks, where it is allowed to cool. Little of the chloride crystallizes with the chlorate, as the two salts form at different densities. The chlorate crystals are raked out and dried and packed in kegs holding 100 pounds. The mother liquor is pumped back to the storage tanks to be used over again in the cells.

Automatic Telephone. New Apparatus is Quite Popular in Norway and Sweden.

Norway was the first country to establish public telephone stations which need no attendants, but the system is spreading all over the world. A very simple nickel-in-the-slot arrangement, connected with a crank which is used to call up the central station, made it possible to place a large number of apparatus at convenient points, thus greatly increasing the efficiency of the service. The telephone does not differ much from the ordinary apparatus, except that the mouthpiece and the receiver, which is held to the ear, are made in one piece and hung at the side of the apparatus, as shown in the cut. The necessary coin is thrown into the slot, visible in the upper part of the box, and falling upon a spring makes an electric contact, which releases the catch holding the crank firmly in place. The crank can then be turned and the conversation can proceed for three minutes. After this period has elapsed the telephone is disconnected at the central and automatically locked, so that a continuance of the conversation can be had only by depositing another coin. The apparatus is rapidly becoming popular, and there are upward of 22,000 of them placed in various cities of Norway and Sweden.

## HARD ON THE BLOOD.

Acid Food Frequently Causes Derangement of the Heart.

Dr. W. T. English, of Pittsburgh, believes that we eat too much acid food. Nature evidently intended that we should confine our use of acid fruits and vegetables to the summer months, but we now eat them during the whole year. The flavor of tomatoes depends upon the acidum lycopodium. It is estimated that since 1890 the production of this vegetable has multiplied ten times. In 1885 New York city consumed weekly 25 car loads of lemons. The daily demand now exceeds that amount. Oranges are used in about the same increased quality. Five years ago, limes, the most acid of all fruits, were in small demand. To-day they are imported fresh and pickled in large numbers. Rhubarb plant, gooseberries, currants, cherries, plums, apples and pears are canned in vast amounts for winter use. Sweet apples are hardly salable in the markets. Acid flavored drinks are in demand at the soda fountains. Acid conditions favor the development of micro organisms, promote fermentation and cause reduction of red blood corpuscles. A derangement of the heart and other organs often results.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## The Height of Cruelty.

"Cruel, heartless woman!" cried Lord Cashbrooke. "You told me you loved me, and yet I discover that your father is a bankrupt!"—Tit-Bits.

## TORNADO IN EMBRYO.

Singular Phenomenon Recently Witnessed at New Orleans.

A singular phenomenon met the eyes of those good burghers of New Orleans, says the Times-Democrat of that city, whose gaze happened to be directed skyward at half-past two o'clock the other afternoon. Some excitedly called out that it was a cyclone, others called it a waterspout, and still others dubbed it whirlwind and tornado. Whatever it was, it was, at all events, very active and menacing for a quarter of an hour, and kept a large portion of the community in painful suspense until it disappeared. The whatever-it was appeared dramatically over Lake Pontchartrain, darting down in a lurid, sulphurous haze, and hanging like a great blue-black lelele from a heavy black pall of cloud. Although a great distance from the center of the city, it could be seen that the cloud cylinder was revolving at a terrific clip in space. For awhile it hung gracefully pendant, then by force of the centrifugal action began to lift at the bottom until it had assumed the shape of an enormous sickle, thrust down angrily from heaven, ready to mow away all before it.

The next change was one of gradual dissolution, the tall curling up and then flying off at right angles to the eastward in thin black, vermiculate streamers like snakes. At one time in the process of dissolution it looked as if it were going to reform, but of a sudden gave over the idea and melted away in space, much as a cloudlet does in the blue of a summer day.

The local weather observer, although he had not himself seen the phenomenon, said that from the descriptions he had heard the vermiciform appendix to the big gray cloud was identical with the western tornado. The meteoric conditions, however, were such that the storm could hardly have done much damage. Devastation by tornadoes is always accompanied by very low barometer, 29.80 or 29.70 degrees, while there was a high barometric area over this section. Had the cloud reached down to the earth it might have upset a boat or overturned a house or two, but as there was little or no forward motion the damage would have been confined to the space of a few hundred feet.

As soon as the cloud had dissolved, or drawn back into the big nimbus from which it was born, heavy showers of rain fell from opposite ends of the mother cloud and soon cleared the atmosphere.

## BITES OF MOSQUITOES.

Many Cases of Serious Illness Have Been Traced to Them.

Many cases of serious illness and some deaths have lately been traced to the bites of mosquitoes. The insects are bred and fostered in decayed matter and the transfer of poisonous germs to the blood of the victim causes the complications. A person bitten on one of the veins behind the ear by a mosquito inoculated with the poison of putrid matter would be in great danger, for the germs would reach the heart and brain within a few minutes. The puncture of a large vein is very dangerous. A person with thin or diseased blood is more liable to serious injury than one who is healthy. The humidity of the season is a source of danger. Large quantities of decayed matter are produced from which the insects derive fatal poison. James F. Whitaker, in the American Text Book of Medicine, gives the opinion that Anthrax, believed to be identical with the plague of olden times, can be communicated by mosquitoes. Their bites may be treated by an application of oil of pennyroyal, liquid ammonia, a solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash, or of chloroform. Recently a large salt marsh on Staten Island which had been a prolific breeding ground for mosquitoes was sprayed with crude petroleum, with the result that the plague has nearly disappeared.

## The Course of Bullets.

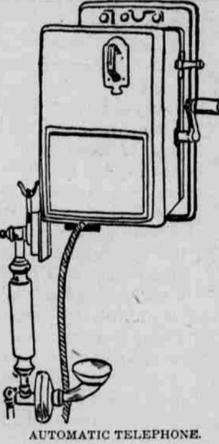
In Switzerland recently conducted experiments show that the course of bullets may be deflected by electric wires. Four wires were strung parallel to and 125 feet away from the line of fire at the range near Thun. At intervals of 30 feet the course of the bullet was marked by paper screens. A current of 8,000 volts caused a deflection of 75 feet from the course, and toward the wire at a distance of 275 yards. A Japanese rifle threw a slender bullet that went straight for the wires and followed their course, in close contact until its energy was spent in friction. Even cannon balls were affected by the current.

## Some Electrical Statistics.

According to statistics, the number of yearly telephonic conversations in the United States is 73,000,000; of telegraphic messages, 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent, 15,000,000, and several hundred thousand electric motors. There are 1,000 electric railroads. It is estimated that 2,500,000 persons in this country electricity contributes means of livelihood.



"SHE IS ASLEEP," I WHISPERED.



AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE.