THE STORY TELLER

GIVE FATHER A BOUQUET.

I've searched the magazines and papers,
for lo, these many days,
But I haven't found a poem that gives
any praise.
I've looked them over carefully, I've read
and studied all,
But the sturdy representative of Adam's
early fall
Seems to have escaped the notice of the
poets' lucid powers,
And the one who bit the apple first has
gathered all their flowers.

Why no bloom from all the vistas of the
poet's floral land
Was ever given father, I could never understand.
While mother sat beside the fire and
darned the children's socks,
Wasn't father out a-hustlin' to gather in
the "rocks?"
And when Benny had the fever, and
Bessy was so sick,
Who tumbled out for doctor, and brought
him double quick?

I would not rob dear mother of one
single bit of praise,
For faithfully she did her duty in childhood's anxious days,
And all through youth she was a mother
ever kind and true,
But I've got quite a chunk of praise to
hand to father, too.
How he worked and sweat and grumbled,
whistled, sung and smiled,
Toiled until his back was bent for
mother, home and child.

I am not feeling grouty because mother's
praise is sung,
For I remember her sweet kiss on my
lips when I was young.
But I also recollect a great big, burly,
manly form,
Whose heart was where it ought to be,
whose smile was broad and warm.
And I think it would be just, e'en in this
later day,
When we're picking flowers for mother,
to give father a bouquet.
—Bush Phillips, in Cleveland Leader.

MEDIATOR'S SALVATION.

By Charles Ellis Newell.

MORRIGAN and I had been the closest kind of friends for many years, and when I received his telegram, saying that he would arrive in San Francisco on Tuesday night, I immediately made preparations to receive him, and to that end I ordered a supper such as I knew him to be fond of; at a quiet little place where we frequently dined together when he was on the coast.

Morrigan was the best kind of a fellow; full of reminiscence and story, and our little suppers were generally concluded by him with the material for a new story for me.

Much to my satisfaction the train proved to be on time, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing Morrigan's genial countenance and feeling the warm clasp of his hand. He was accompanied by a well dressed negro boy, who carried some small luggage and whom I took to be Morrigan's valet. I was surprised, too, for I had often heard him express himself vigorously in disapprobation of such nonsense. I was further surprised also at the almost paternal solicitude with which he placed the boy and traps into a hack and sent him off to the Occidental, saying: "I don't know what time I'll be up to the hotel, Dick, so you need not stay up for me, but go to bed."

The boy returned a polite answer in the most perfect English; his voice had the undefinable quality in it which is invariably the product of educational influence. However much I marveled, I was wise enough to do it mentally; but I felt impressed; that somehow or other that boy was going to be concerned in one of Morrigan's stories; nor was I mistaken, for after the exchange of platitudes of personal event, and we had arrived at that period when a fellow who has dined feels mellow, and the ascending curls of smoke represent pretty much of present trouble, Morrigan introspectively began:

"Hanged if he ain't worth it, even if he was twice as black. What do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him?" I answered. "Why, he's a daisy. Who do you mean?"

"That's so," he replied good naturedly; "I'd forgot that you did not know. I mean my son."

"Your son," I stammered; "why, you are not even married, and if you——"

"Of course," he interrupted, laughing heartily, "I don't mean to shock your morals. I mean my adopted son; the colored boy you saw with me tonight." He saw that I was perplexed. "Yes," he continued, "adopted him up and down, dyed in the wool; as fast as the law can do it. Why, I'd rather be the actual father of the white soul under his black skin than to acknowledge paternity of some white trash I've run across."

"You must have had strong reasons for doing this," I answered; "still, your business is your own, and it's not for me to adversely criticise your actions."

"Don't you think for a moment," he returned, "that I am callous to the opinions of my friends, and it is for this reason precisely that I am going to tell you the story, and I don't think that you, or anyone else, could see wherein I could have done otherwise in all justice. What I tell you may sound Quixotic, but when you know that this boy was the means of saving me over $40,000, and a horse worth half as much more, with no other incentive than gratitude, and small occasion for it at that, you will perhaps understand it all.

"It has been five years since the thing happened, and I have refrained from saying anything about the boy, because I wasn't sure how he was going to turn out, but I can show as neat a bit of gentleman in him as one would want to know. What! make a jockey out of him? Well, I don't think, not with the mind he's got. Why in the last five years I've had him at school in Chicago; he has passed through every grade of the public and high schools, graduating only last week with the highest percentage ever turned out. That boy is going to put "M. D." after his name if it takes my last horse.

"You must excuse this long preamble, old fellow; but I must admit that I am apt to grow a bit garrulous whenever I get talking about him. However, here's the yarn:

"You remember the story I told you about Mediator's last race and the stable boy Jake, don't you? Yes! Well, it was five years ago this fall at Garfield Park, when this same Mediator was a three-year-old, and running the legs off from everything that came up against him, regardless of weights or any other handicap the judges saw fit to impose, but it wasn't the least bit of use; you could not stop him with anything short of a bullet or a dose of poison, when he got going, and I reckon the owners of other horses came to the same conclusion—at least two of them did, as I subsequently ascertained; but I'm getting ahead of my story, so we'll call it a false start, and go back.

"The next race in which Mediator was entered promised to be a most exciting one; not because of the size of the purse (which was a big one), but on account of the entry of two new horses, Corrinthus and Invercand, of whom much had been heard and much was expected.

"In view of these new entries and the natural uncertainty as to the outcome, I was in hopes that Mediator would be held at a little longer odds than usual, and as I had the utmost confidence in his ability to win out, I was prepared to make a good clean up.

"The afternoon before the race I was on the track, when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to give some important instructions to my stable man, which required immediate attention, so I took out my note book, scribbled a few lines to him, and then looked about for a bearer. I noticed a ragged looking black boy peering through the pickets of the fence. I asked him if he knew where the Morrigan paddock was. He said he did, and I noticed that as he did so he raised his hand up to his brimless old straw hat.

"Take this note up to Mike, the stableman, then, and here! here's a dollar for you.

"I have never been able to figure out to this day what possessed me to give that boy a dollar, and I shall never give away another dollar or any amount of dollars with half the satisfaction I felt on hearing the little fellow's profuse thanks.

"That evening I took a stroll among the down-town poolrooms to see how things were going and incidentally to drop into Boyd's for a steak and a chat. Well, while I was prepared to find Meditator at somewhat longer odds, I hardly understood why the two new horses should be hot favorites, while my horse seemed to be considered a stake at three to one. This afforded me plenty of food for reflection; and the subsequent scraps of conversation which I overheard while eating my steak, which, by the way, seemed far below its usual standard of excellence, sent me home to a restless bed.

"The next morning I again visited the poolrooms, and by George! the bottom seemed to have dropped plumb out of Meditator odds. However, I'd be hanged if I was going to crawfish, with what I considered the best end of it all through; so I took $5,000 worth of him at five to one.

"I was making my way out of the crowd when I felt something pulling at my sleeve; I looked down, and recognized immediately the boy who had been my messenger the day before. He was all out of breath, and his eyes were as big as salt cellars as he half whispered:

"'Ah's bin lookin' fer yer all mawning, sah! Ah's got suthin' mighty 'ticular ter tell yer, sah.'

"'Well, what is it,' I answered.

"He looked cautiously around and answered in a low tone: 'Ah kain't tell yer here, sah; don't yer know some place whare Ah kin tell yer on de quiet, sah?'

"I took him around to a private room near by. I wish I could tell you the story he told me, in the exact darkey dialect he used; with the gestures and grimaces and intonation of voice, but I can't—no white man could—so I'll tell it briefly in my own way.

"It seems that the boy was a waif, and had drifted up to Chicago from Memphis, and had been hanging about Garfield park in the hope of getting employment, living in the meanwhile by picking up a penny here and there running errands. He had discovered a hole in the ground under the wall of my paddock, which some dog had scraped, probably, in pursuit of a rat, and by enlarging it a little he had been able to crawl through and sleep in the hay, concealing the hole with a piece of board when he came out in the morning.

"It is perfectly marvelous how 'wise' these boys, that hang about a race track, get to be, and there is little in the way of a trick or a job that they are not on to.

"So, when he was awakened during the night by some one fumbling at the padlock of the stable door, he knew instantly that something wrong was going on, and ran softly to the door and listened. He heard a low voice curse Mike for an Irish fool, for bringing the wrong key, then, while Mike was evidently gone after the right key, he heard enough conversation between the two who remained to make him understand that they were going to give Mediator a shot.

"You don't know what that means? Well I'll tell you. A strong solution of hydrastated colinthimus (by the way, don't you ever monkey with it) is injected with a hypodermic syringe just under the fetlock of the hind leg. The result of this is to produce a constriction of the muscles of the ankle, which, while not enough to produce any visible lameness at once, still, is enough to ultimately knock any horse's chance of being of further use, except in an ice wagon.

"What do you suppose this blessed boy did? What you nor I, nor 50,000 other men would have done. He rapidly and as quietly as possible unhitched Mediator's halter strap; backed him out, and then did the same for the horse in the next stall, which he led into and tied in Mediator's place, then he tied Mediator in the other horse's place.

"He had barely completed this exchange and was still in the stall by Mediator's head, when the door opened and the men came in, closing the door after them.

"I wish you could have heard the boy tell this part, he said.

"'Sho, nuff, Mar's, Ah done turn white, an' mah teef rattle so Ah hatter hol' mah ha'ld.'

"Presently the boy heard the horse in the next stall make a half dozen vicious kicks, and he knew the men had administered the dose, then they sneaked out, locking the door behind them, satisfied that they had done their work well.

"After everything had grown quiet the boy returned the horses to their proper places and went to sleep again in the hay.

"You may be sure that after hearing this I lost no time in getting some more money into action, and also, that when that boy showed up on the grounds in the afternoon he didn't wear that old straw hat, either.

"I never found out for sure who it was that put up the job, for no threats would ever scare 'Mike' into giving them away, and as I did not care to have the truth known, I had to let the rascal get off scott free.

"But I knew all that I wanted to that afternoon, when I saw my gallant brown crack-a-jack show his heels to the pack of selling platers, who barely escaped being distanced, as my youngster came walking under the wire.

"Well, that's all, except that I sold the horse that did get the dose for $25 to a bottle and rag man, got as stiff as though he'd been hamstrung, always acts that way.

"Heigh! ho! pretty near two o'clock, is it? I tell you, although we racing men's time is pretty much filled up with excitement, there is yet room for a little romance now and again."

Well, good-night, I'll introduce you some time to Dr. Morrigan.—Overland Monthly.

TRUE NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT.

Exchange of Favors Between Lawyer and Doctor were of the Grudging Kind.

The new bishop coadjutor of Albany, Rev. R. H. Nelson, wished to indicate in a recent address the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness that should exist between neighbors, relates the New York Tribune.

"Too many neighbors," Mr. Nelson said, "resemble a physician and a lawyer who used to live next door to one another in historic Germantown.

"The physician one day asked if he might borrow from the lawyer his edition of Florio's 'Montaigne.'

"'You are welcome to read the work in my library,' the lawyer answered, 'but you can't take it away with you, I am sorry to say, for I have lost so many books through lending them that I have sworn never to let another volume leave my house.'

"The physician thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not attempt to get through so ponderous a work as 'Montaigne' in the other's library.

"A week passed, and the lawyer came and asked the physician for the loan of his lawn mower.

"'I am only too glad to lend you my lawn mower,' said the physician, 'though it is my rule never to let it leave my lawn. There, however, you may use it all you please.'"

THE ELEPHANT AS NURSE.

Patient Attendance of One of the Huge Animals on a Tiny Baby in India.

A woman in India tells this story of an elephant's skill as a nurse, says the Hour Glass: "Thou art hungry doubtless, big mother," said Remmi, emerging presently from the hut with the baby in her arms. "Ishta, beautiful elephant, take care of baby; I am going to see to your dinner." She put the little restless brown bundle down on the ground between Ishta's two feet. Then she fetched the earthenware jar of unglazed red clay and filled it with live charcoal, setting it down to get heated through while she mixed flour and water into dough. With the skill of frequent practice she spread the rough mixture three or four inches thick all over the outside of the jar. While the dough was slowly baked by the heat from the embers inside, Ishta patient and docile, as was her wont, cared for the baby, gently restraining the little truant, who would have crawled away.

Now and again, when the baby limbs moved quicker, and achieved a few paces of freedom, Ishta's trunk would carefully wind round the little body and lift it back to safety between the huge barriers of her feet, and the tip would gently pet and fondle away baby's fretfulness and impatience at control.

Marvelously Condensed.

A lawyer of the good old southern type had argued for three court days without pause. His brief was a masterpiece of classical learning and legal erudition, but it was tiresome.

"Major Sigsbee," said the wearied judge, at last, "without wishing to intimate in any way that the court would not be delighted to listen to your whole argument, I must suggest that the docket is somewhat crowded, and if you could condense a little it might help your client's cause."

The attorney smiled his acknowledgment. "Yo' honoh," he exclaimed, "the thought was in my mind when I prepared my argument! Suh, foh the next fo' days my brief is a pehfect mahvel of condensation!"—N. Y. Tribune.

Rash Girl.

Mabel—Really, I don't care what sort of a husband I get.

Her Mother—Why, Mabel! I'm surprised at you.

"So long as he's rich and handsome and kind to me I don't care, so there, now!"—Philadelphia Press.

No Trouble to Keep It.

"Contentment has one advantage over wealth," said the philosopher.

"What's the explanation?"

"People don't try to borrow it."—Stray Stories.

Fashions for Mademoiselle

JULY is, without doubt, one of the prettiest months of the year as far as the fashions for mademoiselle are concerned, since young people never look daintier or more charming than they do in the cool white cotton frocks and the quaint, old-world floral muslins. So many delightful linen fabrics are to be obtained this year, too, in pale delicate colorings, that there is an endless choice of pretty materials suitable for young girls' summer dresses.

The dainty summer coat which is worn by the first figure of the two small girls who are sketched together is made in Irish linen in a very pale shade of lily-leaf green. This color is chosen rather than white, since it does not soil so quickly, while it also washes exceedingly well, and does not fade as soon as the similarly pale shades of blue, pink and heliotrope, so often used for children's coats and frocks, although it must be confessed

SUMMER MODES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

that they are all of them equally pretty and becoming. The neat little coat which we illustrate is quite simply trimmed with a number of rows of fine white stitching down the front and round the hem, as well as on the cuffs. The coat fastens over on one side, with large buttons of pale green bone, while for smart occasions it is provided with a collar of white Valenciennes lace and insertion, finished in front with a bow of sift white washing silk. The shady summer hat is made of the same green linen as the coat, and finely stitched. It is trimmed with a wide scarf of white soft silk ribbon, spotted with green, and tied in a very large double bow in front.

The other little girl wears rather a smarter kind of costume, suitable for Sunday best, or even as a dress for a very youthful bridesmaid or trainbearer at a summer wedding. The frock is carried out entirely in white embroidered muslin, and made up over a slip of pale blue pongee silk. Two flounces of open-work embroidery form the skirt, while the embroidered sleeves are very prettily plaited on the shoulders, and again at the wrists. There is a deep cape collar of the same embroidery, with a wide band of embroidered muslin down the center of the bodice in front. The little chemisette is of white muslin, crossed by bands of insertion. The sash, which is tied very low in the waist, is of forget-me-not blue soft silk, while the quaint Dutch bonnet is also of white embroidered muslin, lined with pale blue silk. It is turned off the face in front, and finished on either side with clusters of forget-me-nots. The bonnet strings are of pale blue ribbon.

Something very smart indeed for mademoiselle in the way of a picture frock is shown in our other illustration. Although the effect is so delightfully original, the style of the dress is really perfectly simple. The material should be either a soft floral muslin, or a delaine, patterned with tiny pink rosebuds. The skirt is made very full and plaited into the waist, where it is finished with a deep belt of soft leaf-green Louisine silk ribbon. Near the hem there is a very pretty trellis-work of the same kind of leaf-green ribbon, but in a narrower width, fastened just where the lines of trellis-work cross each other, with small pink roses, made in chiffon.

Similar litle roses are also used upon the fully-draped sleeves to catch up the fulness along the inner side of the arm, while they appear again upon the front of the bodice, where the trellis-work idea is repeated in a slightly different way. In this case, the leaf-green ribbon is folded and drawn round the shoulders fichu fashion, before being arranged in trellis form in front. Between the folds of ribbon on the bodice, the muslin is finely tucked, while the bodice is prettily finished with a high neck-band and a little chemisette of transparent ecru lace. In white or ecru spotted muslin, this would be a pretty frock made up over a color, while the same idea might be suitably carried out in figured net or embroidered muslin made up over a colored silk foundation. The hat which is sketched with this dainty muslin frock is of pale tan-colored Leghorn, with a wide band of black velvet ribbon, folded round the high crown, and clusters of full white ostrich plumes, arranged to droop over on to the brim in front.

The craze for picture frocks and picture hats, so characteristic at the moment of the fashions for madame, will naturally find an echo in the modes for mademoiselle, and in the case of young girls this vogue is one which opens up various interesting possibilities. Numbers of old prints and engravings, as well as family portraits and the works by old masters can all be pressed into service, and will be found to offer innumerable suggestions for picture frocks for young people.

In the matter of evening dresses for mademoiselle, the wide embroidered muslins are being very much worn during the summer, and will look most effective made up over a foundation of silk, or French batiste in some pale color. Beyond their own embroideries these muslins will need nothing at all in the way of trimming, and will look best made in a very simple fashion with loose bodices left slightly full in front, and finished at the waist with a folded belt of soft taffetas or Louisine silk ribbon, made very wide, and coming up like a corselet under the arms. At the throat a square-cut opening looks prettiest of all, either filled in with a transparent chemisette of net and lace insertion, or bordered with a deep tucker of lace, run through with narrow black velvet baby ribbon. For evening frocks of a smarter or more durable description, white crepe de chine is an ideal, even if an expensive fabric. Nor is it really expensive in the end, since if the crepe de chine be of a good quality it can be cleaned quite satisfactorily not once only but many times. Fine white voiles and canvases also make nice evening frocks for girls, and need little in the way of trimming beyond a prettily draped and folded belt of soft white Louisine silk ribbon, and possibly a little transparent square of lace insertion at the throat.

Sweet simplicity is the keynote of the summer hats for mademoiselle,

A PICTURE FROCK IN FLORAL MUSLIN.

and seldom have the fashions been prettier in this respect than they are this year. For quite little girls, nothing is nicer than the demure and sensibly shady mushroom shapes, made in a good strong straw of sunburnt coloring, and sufficiently substantial to afford a real protection to the head.

Two different kinds of trimming are dividing the honors as far as the mushroom hats are concerned. The one consists of a very full ruche of soft silk ribbon frayed out at the edges and arranged quite formally, in double box-plaits all the way round the crown. The other is undoubtedly prettier, but rather more difficult to arrange, as it is composed of three or four choux of ribbon, silk or muslin, made in graduated sizes, and grouped round the front of the hat, while soft folds of the same material are draped round the back of the crown.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Fashion Notes from Paris

OF BLUE AND WHITE LACE.
Trimmed with Blue Velvet and Lace.

PARIS.—There is rather a fancy for the softer fabrics again, and satin messaline and crepe de chine are running taffetas very close in popularity. One of the prettiest mixtures of the moment is white embroidered linon de soie, finest white cambric and Valenciennes lace.

White muslin and lace are de rigueur here at the moment, and white taffeta mousseline can be admirably mixed with cambric and lace.

The Henri II. sleeves are a feature of the best picturesque frocks of the moment. Diaphonous fabrics of all kinds must, of course, be used. But though we are in the midst of voluminous masses of drapery, beautiful lace and embroidered muslins, we daily hear rumors from Vienna that the plainest of tailor-made costumes will shortly be in vogue. The leading Americans have already appeared in coats made with small close-fitting sleeves, over the most severe-looking blouses, almost like bodices. The old habit-coat, with a small basque is, I hear, to be revived. It is, of course, only the first-class tailor and the woman possessed of a really good figure who should attempt these plain toilettes.

But for the moment the muslins, taffetas, linons de soie, and such like ethereal fabrics hold their own, and the picturesque modes will remain with us until we adopt the cloths and serges of the autumn.

Everything is bouillonnee, gauged and applique. Quaint cross-over pelerine effects are arrived at by the soft fichu or by piped plaitings. These are in keeping with the lines of the skirt, and the Henri II. sleeve. Curiously stiff are the old-fashioned kiltings, though the fabrics mostly used are soft, and there is generally a little chemisette of lace or embroidered muslin. The same applies to ruches, which are made in every variety. Muslin and Valenciennes can stand any amount of plaiting and ruching.

SPEED OF A LANDSLIDE.

Features of Remarkable Interest Are Shown in Downpour in Canadian Rockies.

Photographs accompanying a recent report of the Canadian geological survey on the great landslide of last year at Turtle mountain in the Canadian Rockies show some features of remarkable interest. Says the New York Sun, in a note on the report:

"One photograph shows the whole width of the valley, across which the rock debris was heaped up as a cartman dumps a load of coal. The boundary wall on the left is Turtle mountain, rising black above the plain; but the entire center of this eastern face from top to bottom is gouged out to a width of perhaps an eighth of a mile, and the broad scar shows perfectly white, for the rock is limestone. But what seems most astonishing of all is the stream of white rock fragments and dust piled up on the comparatively level floor of the valley and stretching for two miles eastward from the foot of Turtle mountain. Like a wave, it may be said to have broken against the sides of the opopsite mountain wall, dashing up against the obstacle and throwing thousands of tons of debris 400 feet up the slope of the eastward mountain. This broad band of white, stretching across the valley plain, otherwise somber in tone, gives a most impressive idea of the mighty force of the propulsive power which in the twinkling of an eye piled up this wall across the valley. It is not difficult to understand it, however, when we consider the fact. The area of the rock on the mountainside which broke away measures 1.03 square miles, of an average thickness of 45 feet. The weight of the mass which was precipitated down the mountain is estimated at 90,796 tons. Rock slides of this magnitude have not been recorded in the Alps, and none so large is known to have occurred in the Canadian Rockies. When we remember that a large part of this rock fell from a height of 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the valley, it is not astonishing that the debris was shot across the lowland almost as a projectile leaves a cannon. The estimates as to the time occupied by the movement range from 20 seconds to two minutes. From all the evidence it is probable that the time which elapsed between the first crash and complete rest did not exceed 100 seconds, and may have been somewhat less. The distance from the summit of Turtle mountain to the end of the slide is about two and a half miles; and those awakened by the roar had scarcely time to do more than to rise from their beds before all was over. The European geologist, Heim, estimates that the blocks in the great slide at Elm traveled a mile and a half in from ten to thirty seconds. The material leaped from a projecting shelf, right across the valley; and on this account the movement was probably more rapid than in the case of the Turtle mountain slide."

"SOCIETY" IN THE EAST.

Elders Still Turn Out at Large Functions, But the Young People Usurp in General.

The young people are still the real rulers of eastern society. In Boston, where high thinking and intellectual supremacy once rode over the waters as if in an ark, we are told, says Everybody's Magazine, that society is given over into the hands of the very youthful set, whose dinners and balls and house parties are the chief social events and topics. In New York the elders of a certain set still meet at large functions with the juveniles, but the debutante and her playfellows usurp a large share of room and public attention. In Philadelphia there still are dinners and suppers where the heads of the community assemble and maintain their old character for agreeability, but the young generation requires—and secures—its full share of entertaining. In Baltimore, where beauty and youth have ever shared renown with terrapin and canvas-back ducks, the mothers and fathers frankly stay at home and let their children have the fun abroad. * * *

One is sometimes led to speculate upon the very apparent subsidence of the sentimental relationship of the sexes in our age. Certain it is that the young man who dares not and the girl who cares not to achieve matrimony are a frequent spectacle. In the man's case, who can blame him, acquainted as he generally is with the stress of money getting and informed on every side of the expectations and the necessities of a wife "in society?" As for the girl, it is the habit of well-to-do American parents so to equip and prepare their daughters for life among the highest; they so commonly provide her with luxuries unknown to their own youth, with suites of rooms, maids, horses, vehicles of her own; they carry her so much abroad, that she cannot find herself tempted to give up this ease and variety for the humdrum estate of marriage and a husband who must daily work down town. * * * I think in this matter of wanting to remain single because she is better off than if married there is a menace of grave import to the nation.

The United States—The Orient.

Japan contains 162,655 square miles, hence it is a little larger than California, and more than three times as large as New York. If the southwestern part of Japan were placed on the Mexican border, near San Antonio, Tex., the country of the mikado would stretch northeastward till Yezo would almost touch the Strait of Mackinac, and the Kurile islands would project into Hudson bay, the latitudes corresponding very nearly. Formosa would then lie off the southern part of Lower California.—Success.

Hail in Germany.

How great is the damage done by hail in Germany is shown by the fact that in Bavaria alone, last year, it amounted to more than $5,000,000. The number of fields damaged was 70,439. In southern Bavaria 42 per cent. of the agriculturists suffered more or less.

Briton and Boer.

In the Transvaal and the Orange River colony, if the present rate of intermarriage between Briton and Boer is kept up, within 20 years the two races will be so welded together as to be indistinguishable.

Popular Science

HUMAN AND ANIMAL ODORS

Europeans and Americans Have One Unenviable Trait Not Possessed by Orientals.

It is well known that various animals—notably the horse, dog and cat—have each a characteristic odor by which they can be recognized. Hunting dogs follow rabbits, hares, deer and other game by the sense of smell, which would be impossible but for this fact. The dog doubtless has a keener perception of odors than most other animals, because it will follow the trail of a particular person, though that of a dozen or a hundred other people cross it. There is reason to think that a dog identifies his owner or a friend more quickly with his nose than with his eyes.

A Japanese physician, Dr. Burtaro Adacki, declares that some human beings also have so keen a sense of smell that they can occasionally tell the nationality of a stranger thereby. He goes so far as to assert that Europeans as a class emit a faint but perceptible odor—an odor which he says is not altogether agreeable—and that his fellow countrymen quickly recognize it. The Chinese, too, are credited with possessing this perception. When a Chinaman or a Japanese first comes to live in Europe (and perhaps in America) he finds the odor almost intolerable, but in time he becomes accustomed to it. The yellow races do not appear to have any such unenviable physical trait themselves.

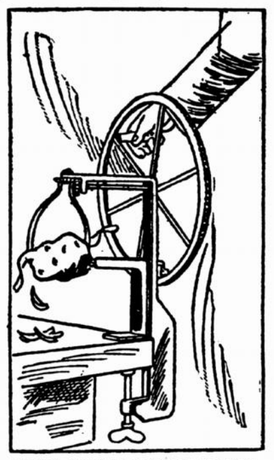
The opinion prevails that the odor by means of which dogs identify their masters proceeds from the man's perspiration, and that people of the most fastidious cleanliness can thus be recognized. It is likely that the smell to which Dr. Adacki refers has the same source and is affected by diet. It has been asserted that even among the white races observers who possess an acute sense of smell distinguish solely by this means those persons who follow a vegetarian regimen and those who eat meat, at times the difference between these two classes of persons being very marked. The individuals who nourish themselves on meat exhale, under the influence of the fermentation of cutaneous secretions, a much stronger odor than vegetarians. Experimenters in ethnography know that there exist provincial odors, the odor of Brunswick being different from that of Bavaria, that of Savoy different from that of Normandy.

The Japanese are chiefly vegetarians, and for this reason their skin exhales odors which are scarcely perceptible; but here clothing plays its role, for if we superimpose many layers of tissue closely around the body, perspiration is produced. The race and individual color may also have a certain influence, since brunettes, blondes and red-haired people are said to exhale very different odors of the body.

FRUIT PARING MADE EASY.

Little Machine, Invented by New York Man, Peels All Sorts of Things at the Table.

A New York man has just secured patent rights on a machine for paring and peeling fruits and vegetables, which should find its way to the hearts of those who ever have this task to perform. A pair of revolving arms, whose ends are



FRUIT AND VEGETABLE PARER.

fitted with sharp knives, are operated by means of a crank. The article to be pared is held firmly by a pointed shank, and as the knives pass over its surface a clean, even peel is removed. It will thus be seen that, besides doing its work in the most expert manner, and the shortest possible time, there is a great saving in having the peel of regular thickness and without unnecessary waste.

The Coming Heroine.

Mr. Jinks—I wish you wouldn't allow our daughter to read those sentimental novels.

Mrs. Jinks—She isn't reading a sentimental novel. The heroine doesn't marry for love.

"Well, the modern society novel, in which the heroine marries for money, is just as bad."

"She isn't reading a society novel."

"Then what is it?"

"It's an advanced novel."

"What's that?"

"The heroine marries for a political pull."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Elements of Happiness.

She—I've just seen Mrs. Lovebird—she who was married last month, you know?

He—Is she happy?

She—Happy? I should say she was, and so she ought to be. She's got the loveliest diamond ring, a new set of furs and a silver-mounted bike.—Ally Sloper.

How It Happened.

"Poor chap! how did he come to be refused by two girls?"

"Why, he didn't let either know he intended to propose to the other."—Judge.

A FIRE CURTAIN SHUTTER.

Chicago Inventor Has Designed Unique Contrivance to Protect People from Flames.

It is the law in nearly every large city that all buildings over two stories in height must be provided with some approved form of fire escape. If it were necessary for occupants of a burning building to await the arrival of the ladders carried by the firemen many of them would perish before they could be reached, or in their torture would be forced to jump to the ground below. Hence, the wisdom of compelling owners of tall buildings to supply permanent ladders as a means of escape from the flames. In many instances, however, the fatal mistake has been made of placing these structures across win-

PROTECTS PEOPLE FROM FLAMES.

dows, and thus compelling those persons attempting to escape from a fire to pass directly through a sheet of flame pouring out of the opening made by the breaking of the glass. To avoid such an emergency as this a Chicago man has designed a steel curtain for use in conjunction with all fire escapes which must of necessity pass in front of windows. The idea is to so place the curtain that it will not obstruct the light which enters the window and will at the same time be ready to close the outlet the instant a fire breaks out and the necessity arises for using the fire escape. This curtain is hung in a folded position directly over the window and is suspended so that a slight touch by any person descending the fire escape will cause it to fall and shield the people from the flames.—Chicago American.

WORKINGS OF HUMAN MIND.

Experiments with the New N-Rays Result in Some Amazing Scientific Demonstrations.

All scientific Paris is discussing the recent remarkable researches made by Prof. Blondlot, and especially the extraordinary results of his experiments with the newly-discovered N-rays.

With the aid of these the professor has demonstrated that it is actually possible to look into and through the skull of a human being and witness the workings of the mind.

It is a matter perfectly simply, the instrument employed being nothing more complicated than a small rectangular piece of pasteboard, the size of a playing card, one end of which is spread with a paste of phosphorescent sulphate of calcium. This substance, it appears, is made luminous by the presence of rays of the "N" description.

When such a card in a darkened room is applied to a man's head it does some very remarkable things. The person under experiment is told to talk, and keeps on talking while the bit of pasteboard is brought into contact with various parts of his cranium. It shows no change until a certain area on the side of the head is reached, when, suddenly, the luminosity of the paste becomes greatly increased, and why? Simply because this is the area of brain service which controls vocal speech. In working it gives off a flood of N-rays which cause the sulphate of calcium to shine.

But this is not all. Prof. Blondlot has found that by passing the card slowly over the head and watching the variation of the luminosity he can outline with perfect accuracy the speech area of the brain surface.

When about a century ago Beichenbach, a scientist of high reputation, claimed that he could sometimes see a sort of aureole or halo about the heads of people in the dark, it was suggested that he was the victim of an hallucination, but it is possible that the phenomenon was due to an emanation of X-rays, which may, under certain circumstances, become visible to the eye.

WHAT SCIENCE TELLS US.

Left-Handed Children Should Not Be Discouraged in Following Dictates of Nature.

I have never seen anything but bad results from the attempt to train children to use the right hand instead of the left, when there is a decided tendency or habit to be left-handed. Moreover, the attempt is never successful. The best consequences are poor, and are only awkward mixtures of the two forms, which yield confusions and indecisions during the entire subsequent life. One is that of a naturally left-handed friend, who, by arduous and continuous training during his childhood was compelled to write with his right hand. For all other acts he is left-handed, but he cannot use his left hand in writing. Although now past 50 years, he has always hated any writing, the mere act of doing so, and he cannot do any original thinking while writing. He is for this purpose compelled to rely on a stenographer, and then his ideas flow freely and rapidly. If he tries to think, plan or devise and to write at the same time, there is a positive inhibition of thought, and he must make sketches, epitomes, several efforts, copyings, etc., in a painful and most unsatisfactory manner. The attempt at ambidexterity has been a lifelong obstacle to him in his professional progress. The chief centers most closely interrelated in writing and thinking are thus demonstrably better harmonized when in one side of the brain. The mechanics of neurology are plainly less difficult than could be achieved by any foolish and unsuccessful ambidexterity.—Dr. Gould, in Science.

DEFECTIVE PAGE