

# SAVANNAH COURIER.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE IN SAVANNAH, TENN., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 49.

SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

My age is fourteen months or so; I've taught myself to walk, but I am now concerned to know how I shall learn to talk; in fact, how any babe who lives both day and night among his idiotic relatives can learn the English tongue. And therefore I would make it clear (Nor deem the act amiss)—What chance have we when all we hear is language such as this: "Ze precious sing!" "Oy wootsy wootsy!" "His muzzer's tummy pet!" "Ze lity, lity, wootsy!" "Now what does damma det?" They tell me that a drink's a "dink;" My fingers "fingies" are; That think is "slink," or also "fink;" And that a car's a "tar." With "tummy tump" and "bow wow wow," And "diddy, diddy, dee," And other phrases that I vow, Are useless, quite, to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all I've gained a moment's grace, With none to clutch me lest I fall, Or stare me into the face, I've printed out this statement rude (The letters learned with pain From cans of patent baby food), And hope 'tis not in vain.—Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

## Couldn't Lose Him

THE BOY came at 7:30 p. m., and stayed. I did not want him. I knew that the moment might come when his presence would be positively obnoxious, yet I could not get rid of him. He was well-meaning (in so far as he could be said to have a meaning), light-haired, long-legged. He sat on the sofa, and put himself into 32 distinct attitudes, not one of which was graceful. I could not exactly tell him to go, and anything short of that he disregarded. He wore a pink striped waistcoat and a blue tie. He did not admire me; his idol was in short frocks and fuzzy hair. Other boys worship the seasoned belle, but his taste in enslavers was the only one peculiar thing about him. I never cared for the very young attached to me; and the very young despairing for another is even wiser. He did not even talk of Her. I wished he had. I would have sympathized to the best of my power. Presumably, I was too antique in his estimation (I was 27) to take an interest in such things. He talked of love, to make up for his silence on the nearer subject. I listened and waited and took out the fancy work I kept for the Boy, and never finished. He spoke with the superior air of one instructing the ignorant. I was, I am afraid, absent-minded, and he languished after awhile. I offered him sweets, and insulted him into a ruby blush. After that he stared sadly at me, as if he had come for no other purpose than to feast his eyes for one last time on my adored features. He was very like the Immortal Toots. At last the conversation got upon its legs and in a rickety fashion managed to keep moving. The marriage question (not the improper marriage question) seemed to interest him greatly. He did not ask for my advice, but merely soliloquized at some length. He mentioned the desirability of early marriages; the impossibility of asking a girl to share ten shillings a week; the expense of bringing up a young family; there was the education of the sons and the portion of the daughters. "You would not educate them?" I inquired, smothering an incipient laugh. He thought he would let them choose between an education and an income. "Besides, they might marry." "To be sure," I assented. "And there might be grandchildren." A puzzled look crossed the Boy's face; he had not thought of the grandchildren. "O, that would be all right," he said, after a short silence. "A man is only responsible for his own family. Directly responsible, of course." Here I threaded a needle. "But there is no harm in looking at things from all sides." However, he had plunged far into futurity, even for the Boy; he took another bypath from the same thoroughfare. "I think it very wrong for people to throw obstacles in the way of marriage," he remarked, solemnly. "But, on the other side," then said I, "it would never do to encourage the thing too much; if the couple quarreled they would lay the blame of the position on you." This was evidently a new idea; he pondered on it some time. The Man came in, sat down, and waited. "People might sometimes interfere unintentionally," the Boy said, reflectively. "They might," I agreed—I hope not grimly. The Man looked at the clock and sighed. "Is that the right time?" he asked. "Two minutes slow," said the Boy. "Thanks," said the Man. "I have to catch the 8:35 train." My needle would not thread. Then I said: "So soon!" and "When do you return?" "I don't know," he answered. "It depends." "Don't get fever at the Rock," said the Boy, paternally. "I have known such lots of fellows go off like you and they never come back." "I hope this will be an exception," I said. (O, would no one take the Boy away and bury him?) "Thank you," said the Man. The Boy got up—was he going? He merely looked at a photograph over the mantelpiece and sat down again. "That is a nice-looking girl," he re-

marked. "Some people think appearance everything. Now, I notice carefully how a girl acts to everybody, and learn her all round, then make up my mind." "Does it take long?" I inquired (with polite interest, I hope; how I longed to stick my crevel needle into him). "Is—" (the Boy's mind had wandered). "To learn her all round?" "Not very long. Of course, it depends." The man who had been staring at the ceiling began to hunt savagely through a six months old magazine. (Ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting.) I wish he would go—the Boy I mean. O! I wished. Could one be diplomatic? "I wonder," I said, "I wonder could you post a letter for me?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the Boy. "For the country?" "Yes, for the country." (O! my evil star!) "O! that's all right," he said. "I need not run with it." Then, in an explanatory tone: "You see the next post out is to-morrow morning. Any time till ten will do." My heart sank. The Man who had looked up hopefully turned to the frontpiece once more. If he would—would absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained he might stay forever. But the Man was by this time in such a state of nervous irritability as to be incapable of conversation. His very boots expressed his desire to summarily eject the Boy. How I wished he would! "Our friend is suffering already from home sickness," said that wretched superfluity. I laughed the tears into mine eyes, and pricked myself badly. "Have you seen that sketch?" said the Man at length, handing me the paper. Something on the page, written in pencil, interested me considerably. "What is that?" asked the Boy, condescendingly. "Harper's," said the Man. "Have they changed the cover, then?" he inquired; "it will get mixed with Pearson's." "It is Pearson's," said the Man; "I made a mistake. What do you think of it?" he turned to me. "It seems a bit startling," said the Boy. I looked up, and my eyes met the Man's. "Have you a pencil?" I asked, courageously. "I should like to mark this." I wrote a tiny note in the margin; "I always annotate books," approved the Boy. The Man took the magazine and looked at the page; he looked happier than he had done since his entrance. "Thank you," he said, so fervently that he aroused the Boy's curiosity. "May I look?" he asked. "Unless it is poetry." "It is poetry," said the Man. "The nicest verse I have ever seen." He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must—" "Must you?" said the Boy, cheerfully; "that's the best of living on the spot; we need never hurry away." "Have you oiled your door lock?" asked the Man. "It was very stiff when I last tried it." I put down my work. "I must see what I can do," I said; I felt happy enough to laugh. If the Boy would only stay on the sofa he might come again and stay ten hours. He jumped up. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger hands than yours; I can post that letter besides." "It is on the hall table," I told him. "O, that's all right. I can get it when I go out," he said. "Good-by." He politely waited till his senior had had his inning. "Till I return then," said the Man. "I thought you did not know if you were returning," said the Boy. "I have made up my mind," he replied. "Good-by." They were in the hall. The door opened again and there was the Man. "I had to," he said, breathlessly, after the first two seconds. "Confound the fellow. Don't mind, dear; they are to last me a long time." "Mind?" "Look here, you'll lose that train," said the Boy, opening the door. The Man had managed to get a good deal out of four seconds, but all the same he swore, and it is odd how it relieved my feelings. When their steps sounded down the path I went to the window and raised it; as they passed the Man tried to look round the Boy, who was between us, but dodged him unsuccessfully. I watched them growing smaller and smaller with the lamps until they were out of sight then I tore out the page of a magazine, and, carrying it upstairs, looked it in the trinket box, where it is still. The Boy was a nice boy, and I could not find it possible to hate him, even though he spoiled the Evening of my life. I think of it now that he is stout and fatherly, and in my heart is amusement, exasperation, and something far more bitter. Because the Man never came back. Rock fever killed him.—Black and White.

No Time for Day-Dreams.

The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

## KING AND ARTIST.

Later's Frankness in Expressing Himself Before His Royal Customer.

The most conspicuous object in the Swedish pavilion at the Paris exposition is a splendid full-length portrait of King Oscar II., painted in oil by Anders Zorn, the artist whose work was so popular in this country during and after the world's fair. It has been widely reproduced as the latest portrait of the popular monarch. There is a later one by the same artist, however, and an amusing story is told concerning it, says a London paper.

When the portrait which now adorns the Swedish pavilion in Paris was finished King Oscar was so pleased with it that he sent one of his chamberlains to Zorn with the message that he wanted the artist to go to work at once on a bust portrait of smaller size.

"Yes," answered Zorn, in his usual shrill nasal tone, looking anything but pleasant. "Yes, yes—all right! But tell his majesty that I don't want to paint him in uniform. I don't want, and I am not going to do it. Will you be sure to tell his majesty that?"

"Yes," replied the chamberlain, with a smile, and then he returned to the castle and told the king that Zorn was overjoyed by the honor shown him and would be happy to begin work on the new portrait at a stated date and hour.

The king, who possesses in fullest measure the politeness expected of princes, was more punctual at the first sitting than the artist. When Zorn, a little late, was ushered into the royal presence, he discovered at once that the king was in uniform.

"Why," he exclaimed, unhesitatingly, in pretty much the same tone he had used to the chamberlain, "I said I didn't want to paint your majesty in uniform!"

"I heard nothing about it," declared the king, with a glance of surprise at the indiscreet artist.

"Well, well, well!" muttered Zorn, while he put his easel in order. "But then I'll tell your majesty something. If I have to paint your majesty in uniform I shall have to charge my large price."

"How much is that?" inquired the royal customer.

"It is 25,000 francs, your majesty," explained Zorn. "But if your majesty will change clothes I'll only charge my small price, which is 10,000 francs."

"Well," mused the king, trying to look very serious, "that's a very big sum—25,000 francs. Why, my dear Zorn, I'll tell you what I'll do—I think I shall have to change clothes."

The king retired to his private apartments for a short time, and when he appeared again to resume the sitting he was dressed as a private citizen. The portrait was finished in 11 or 12 sittings, for Zorn works very quickly. To keep the king entertained during those trying hours a member of his suite, the Court Counselor Boettger, read aloud to him out of the two volumes of poetry which King Oscar has published. Every now and then the old counselor paused as if overawed by the beauty of the poetry—and the king's poetry is far from bad, to say the least.

"But that line is wonderful," he would exclaim. "It is, indeed, a line worthy of a monarch and a poet!"

"Don't you exaggerate a little now, my dear Boettger?" the king would suggest, looking pleased in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent. On one of these occasions the incorrigible painter suddenly looked up from his work.

"What's that?" he broke in. "Who wrote that?"

"Mr. Zorn," the counselor expostulated, in horror-stricken voice, "this is his majesty's own poetry I am reading."

"Well, well, well! Did your majesty really write that?" the painter remarked, unabashed. "That is rather nice, I must say."

Whether the old king took the remark as a compliment in a rough form or regarded it as the utterance of a spoiled child, he only smiled and did not reply.

Vienna Women in a Post Race.

A singular race for which only women were allowed to compete, was—writes our Vienna correspondent—arranged a few days ago in the suburbs of this city. The distance to be run was about five English miles, and the prizes offered were a gold watch and chain, a silver watch and chain, gold bracelets and sums of money. Twenty-seven women were entered for the race and one was started every five minutes. Thousands of persons lined the streets and roads, greeting the competitors with friendly cheers. The police had much trouble in keeping the course clear and to preserve order. Agents at different points controlled the race, and cyclists accompanied the runners. Of the starters, 25 reached the goal, a village outside the capital. The winner of the gold watch accomplished the distance in one hour and ten minutes. The winner of the fourth prize was a woman of 58. The first five prizes were won by married women, and the two last by young girls.—London Telegraph.

Dyed for Love.

"Congratulations, old man!"

"What for?"

"Oh, don't be hypocritical. Joakley tells me your rich uncle died last week."

"Joakley thinks he's funny. A pretty young widow moved in next door to my uncle, and he dyed his hair and mustache," he-phlegmatically Press.

Concerning Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red?

He—I did not.

She—He says you did.

"I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color of a popular novel."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE TAMEST FISH.

And the Curious Sight the Tame Angel Fishes Present at Their Feeding Time.

The tamest fish that the aquarium has ever had was a young spotted hind, eight or nine inches in length, from Bermuda, which would readily permit itself to be lifted out of the water in the hand, and held thus for eight or ten seconds, lying perfectly quiet meanwhile, without any flopping or fluttering. Permitted then to slide gently back into the water again, it would swim around in a little circle in the tank back to the hand, from which it had just been released, and take food from it, says the New York Sun.

While this spotted hind was exceptional, there are fishes in the aquarium that will permit themselves to be touched, and almost no end of fishes there, including such odd creatures as eels, that will take food freely from the hand, taking food held down in the fingers, or, in the case of fishes that like such things, eating clams out of shells held down to them. It is a common thing for fishes to come swimming up to the top of the water in their tanks when the food is brought along the corridor back of the tanks, and some of the exhibitions of this kind on the part of the fishes are remarkable, the most so being that of the angel fish.

Quarrelsome and disposed to nag one another among themselves, yet the angels are among the very tamest of the captive fishes, and to see them come for their food at feeding time is a curious and wonderful sight. The food is always put into the tank in one corner, and there the fishes flock for it. There are 26 angel fishes in this tank. They are scattered commonly all about through the body of water, from end to end, from front to rear and from top to bottom of the tank; swimming this way and that and turning and twisting and crisscrossing and weaving in and out. Fishes beautiful in coloring, and their bodies edged and otherwise marked with a deep but brilliantly clear and bright shade of blue, making of the tank a marvelous picture.

Then the food is dropped in the upper rear corner of the tank; and from all parts the angel fishes go rushing for it. They flock like chickens in a poultry yard when somebody comes in with a pan of feed; they suggest chickens to the mind at once. They are very different from chickens in form and in color, but their flashing fins suggest the chickens' flapping wings and flying feet; and the impression is heightened by their movement as they come rushing from far and near and from all directions, straight as they can come, along lines all converging at the feeding point.

WORLD'S GREAT PAWNBROKER

Such is Li Hung Chang, the Many-Sided Manipulator of China.

Among the great leaders that may be classed as of the liberal (though not properly the reform party), is the only Chinaman whose reputation is world-wide—Li Hung Chang. He is a man of the measure of Bismarck as a statesman. With but one exception, he stands the head and shoulders above any of his countrymen. He is thoroughly Chinese in his general conservatism, and in the way silver sticks to his palm, says I. T. Headland, in Asiatic.

He knows China's weakness. He knows the strength of foreign governments. His shrewdness is more than a match for that of all with whom he comes in contact. After his return from his trip around the world, in an audience with the empress dowager, she asked:

"Tell me truly, now, what you think of these foreign barbarian countries through which you have passed, as compared with China."

"You want to know truly their condition?"

"Yes; I want to know truly."

"Well, they are in a much better condition than China. They are more powerful, cleaner, and more enlightened."

"It is said that the empress dowager was not well pleased to hear the truth, but her lips remained sealed."

A few months ago Sir Claude MacDonald, the British minister, suspected that Li Hung Chang was favoring Russia against Great Britain, and he managed to have Li Hung Chang removed from the Tsung-li-yamen. This was the worst move he could have made. In a few weeks the old statesman managed to ingratiate himself into favor with the empress dowager in such a way as to secure his own appointment as viceroy of the two Kwangs.

He is one of the kind of whom it may be said: "You may put me out, but you cannot put me down."

Li Hung Chang is as great a statesman as Bismarck, as great a warrior as Grant, as great a politician as Platt, and as great a business man as Rockefeller. A large part of his wealth lies in pawnshops. He is probably the greatest pawnshop owner in the world.

Pa's Chips.

"Maw, I guess I don't have to cut any kintin' this winter," ventured little Willie.

"Guess again, son."

"Well anyway, I heard paw tellin' Mr. Blake that he bought 225 worth of chips the other night, no I thought that ought to last quite a spell."—Denver Times.

Try Combining the Two.

Amiability is not everything; some amiable people show a noteworthy lack of common sense.—Athens Globe.

## PITH AND POINT.

Experience is the pay a man gets for making a fool of himself.—Chicago Daily News.

"I'd rather have my way," we heard a man say lately, "than be president."—Athens Globe.

It is the self-made man that often thinks he has a mission to make over everybody else.—Indianapolis News.

First Philadelphian—"Here's an interesting book." Second Philadelphian—"You can recommend it highly, can you?" First Philadelphian—"Why, I sat up nearly all day reading it."—Town Topics.

"I can't imagine why Stutterton married Miss Strongmind." "Nor I. However, she's curing him of the stuttering habit." "You don't say so?" "Yes; she doesn't give him a chance to talk at all now."—Casell's.

"Very well," shouted the frate subscribers, "we'll stop the paper." Accordingly, they did so; and, furthermore, they stopped the circulation of the editor's blood, leaving him in suspense upon a tree. For all this, gentle reader, occurred in the far west.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Reasoning.—He—"I told you I couldn't afford to buy myself a winter suit, and yet you go and buy an expensive bonnet. I should think you might be as unselfish as I." She—"But I think it was unselfish of me to let you have the credit of being the unselfish one."—Philadelphia Press.

Jester—"That man Margin is a shrewd one." Jimson—"Is he?" Jester—"Is he? Margin couldn't afford to keep his stenographer any longer, so he married her." Jimson—"Well?" Jester—"Well, now his wife's father supports them both and he doesn't have to pay his wife any salary."—Ohio State Journal.

IN VENGEFUL MOOD.

An Injured Woman Who Couldn't Find Punishment Severe Enough for Her Husband.

The woman stepped inside the station house door and stood looking around the room. It was a pleasant morning; the windows were open, admitting a refreshing breeze, and the trees in front cast a cooling shade over the front of the building. The place seemed more like the comfortable office of a wayside inn than a city police station. The official behind the desk took off his cap and bowed, for the lady was not such as he was wont to receive there. She came over within conventional conversation distance and bowed slightly to the official, says the Washington Star.

"This is the police station house, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam," replied the officer.

"This is where they bring prisoners when they arrest them, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you keep them here until you are through with them?"

"Oh, no; we lock them up in the cell room."

"Indeed! May I see that?"

"Certainly, madam," and the polite official, bowing, escorted his strange visitor through the heavy door into the cell room.

It was empty and still and clean, and the fresh air of the morning had got in and made it most attractive in its cool cleanliness. She looked around for a minute or more.

"Do you shut the prisoners in those iron cages?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"What do you feed them?"

"We do not feed them. We do not keep them here long enough for that."

"Where do they sleep?"

"On the benches you see in the cells."

"How do you punish them?"

"We don't punish them at all. That is not our part of the business."

She looked surprised.

"Don't you put iron on them, or gag them, or douse them in ice water, or put them in straightjackets, or tie them up by the thumbs, or whip them with a cat-and-nine-tails, or shut them in a dark room, or something like that?"

"Certainly not, madam, and it was the official's turn to be surprised.

"That is all," she said, and started for the other room again. Once there, she stood by the desk again.

"I have a husband," she said, meditatively, rather than didactically, "who comes home about five nights a week drunk and disorderly, and I was thinking of having him arrested, and I have stood it about as long as I can."

"You ought to do it, madam, if he is ugly," suggested the official.

"He is ugly," she said, with emphasis.

"Then have him arrested."

"No," she said, as she started to leave; "no, I guess I won't. I am much obliged to you for your politeness, but this is altogether too good for him."

America's First Bee.

There were no hive bees in America when first settled by the whites. The common brown bee was brought from Europe in the seventeenth century, and within the last few years superior varieties, such as the Cyprins and Carniolans, have been introduced here. There are small stingless bees of another genus in Central and South America which make delicious honey, with a peculiar aromatic flavor. It has been proposed to bring them to the United States, though they would not stand the climate. Though they have no stings, they can bite quite painfully.—Indianapolis News.

A Danger to Shun.

"Did that girl give any reason for refusing you?"

"Yes; she said I looked too much like a man who was best on having his own way about everything."—Indianapolis Journal.



## ARTIFICIAL SCENTS.

Dainty Floral Perfumes Are Made Nowadays Without the Use of Buds or Flowers.

The so-called chemical senses—taste and smell—differ from the other senses in that a stronger stimulus does not produce a stronger impression, but rather one different in kind. This is well illustrated by the properties of ionon, the artificial perfume of violets.

A few grains of this substance—the equivalent of hundreds of pounds of violets—may be heated in an open vessel, and even completely vaporized without producing the slightest trace of the odor of violets, except at the beginning of the operation.

As this perfume, disseminated through the air, becomes stronger, the peculiar violet odor becomes weaker and is replaced by the odor of raspberries. But if a bottle of pure ionon is held to the nose the odor perceived is neither that of violets nor that of raspberries, but that of cedar wood.

As a matter of fact, many samples of artificial extract of violets have the odor of raspberries because the manufacturers are too liberal and cannot persuade themselves to give their customers little enough for their money. Now it is very singular that neither the odorous principle of raspberries, which has also been isolated, nor the oil of cedar smells in the least like violets, no matter how much it may be attenuated, so that the rule does not work both ways. Many intolerable stench may be transformed into agreeable perfumes by sufficient dilution.

A striking illustration is afforded by certain odorous nocturnal parasites which shall be nameless. When these ill-omened beasts of prey are rubbed up with sugar, which is then dissolved in a large quantity of water, the result is a delicate hyacinth perfume. The fragrance of the jasmine is exhaled, as chemical investigation has shown, by a mixture of several substances. One of these, indol, is a well-known product of decomposition. Many perfumes when strongly concentrated are nearly or quite odorless.

This is the case with artificial musk; vanillin, the odorous principle of the vanilla bean; piperonal, that of the heliotrope; cumarin, that of the parasitic plant known in Germany as "Waldmeister," and used for flavoring the national spring beverage, "Maidelwein," or "May wine;" and also with the odor of new mown hay.—N. Y. Journal.

SANITARY DRINKING CUP.

The Constant Flow of Water Prevents Contamination of Any Kind Whatever.

Members of both the board of education and the board of health are discussing a new drinking cup for use in the Atlanta public schools. It is represented as being the most sanitary drinking utensil that has yet been invented.

The cup is stationary and rests over a basin which catches the overflow. The water comes direct from the pipes to the cup and is allowed to run as long as desired. The flow is controlled by a faucet just above the basin.

It is proposed to allow the water to run into this cup during school hours, says the Constitution. There is a constant flow over the sides of the cup, preventing contamination of any kind. Sticks, weeds or anything else not too heavy are thrown from the cup by the force of the water. The edges can never be contaminated by diseased mouths because of the constant flow. In drinking, the mouth is placed to the cup, without moving the contrivance.

In addition to its other advantages, the cup is believed to be especially adapted to southern schools, because ice cannot be placed in the water which the children drink. The water is cooled by means of a coil of pipe, around which ice is packed, the action being much like that of a condensing worm in a still.

Best Way to Use Camphor.

The best method of employing camphor when storing away articles for the winter is in pieces the size of a hazelnut, wrapped each in tissue paper; thus covered the camphor will not injure the most delicate color. Sprits of turpentine sprinkled freely in a trunk before lining it with newspapers will destroy any moth's eggs that may have found lodgment therein, but the turpentine must not be allowed to touch anything which it can possibly injure.

## GREGARIOUS SPIDERS.

One Species of the Insect, Discovered in Venezuela, Is Truly Republican in Instinct.

The spider has usually been regarded as a type of the solitary among animals, each individual preferring to live alone. But naturalists have discovered exceptions to this rule, and among the most remarkable are three species of spiders recently studied by Eugene Simon in Venezuela. The most interesting of these, the Uloborus republicanus, seems to be truly republican in its instincts, several hundreds of individuals dwelling together in huge webs, made up of smaller webs linked together by strong threads and fastened among the branches of trees. On these webs the spiders can be seen moving freely about, meeting and exchanging greetings with their antennae, like so many ants. In the center of the main web is a space where the eggs of the entire republic are laid, and where, at the proper season, the female spiders can be seen assembled, each guarding her own silken cocoon filled with eggs.—Youth's Companion.

INTRICATE SPIDER WEB

He Would Keep Ships from Sinking by Equipping Them with Rubber Gas Bags.

A ship that cannot sink is a great desideratum in view of the increased frequency of collisions in recent years. This increase is due not only to the increase in traffic, but also to the construction of sea routes. In the good old days, a captain simply followed, as well as he could, the shortest line between his port of departure and his destination, but nowadays vessels seek to take advantage of favorable currents and this concentrates the traffic in comparatively narrow lanes.

A French engineer, Henri Mariolla, has devised a method of keeping a ship from sinking entirely, no matter how badly it may be injured in a collision. The device is ingenious, to say the least.

It consists, in the first place, of a number of bags of India rubber covered with stout canvas. These are placed separately in pockets or depressions distributed along the ship's side a little above the water line. Each pocket is closed by a sheet-iron cover, and from the bottom of each bag a pipe descends nearly to the water level. The bags which are collapsed and folded contain a little dry calcium carbide.

The theory of the device is that when the ship begins to sink water will rise in the pipes, come into contact with the carbide and cause a brisk evolution of acetylene gas. This will distend the bags to their full capacity, bursting off the sheet-iron covers in the process. The added buoyancy of the inflated bags, if they are sufficient in number and size, will prevent the ship sinking more than a few feet. And all this is to take place in a few seconds.

The inventor has calculated that a large ocean liner may be made unsinkable by 150 bags of carbide, which will produce about half a million gallons of gas.—N. Y. World.

Flour Made from Bananas.

The nutritive value of flour made from dried bananas has attracted popular attention during the last couple of years. The Connecticut state experimental station has recently analyzed banana flour made from three sorts of bananas. The flour is made by cutting the fruit into small pieces, drying and grinding. It appears that the fresh bananas closely resemble fresh apples in their chemical composition, and banana flour similarly resembles dried apples in nutritive material. It contains much less protein than wheat flour, and less than half as much as rice, while its carbohydrate contents approach closely that of these two popular articles of diet. In the countries where banana flour is prepared in considerable quantities, it is used in combination with milk, sugar, etc., in the preparation of custards, cakes and similar articles.—Southern Industrial News.

Headache from Eye Strain.

In an article in the Medical News Dr. Casey Wood defines ocular headache as those aches and pains in and about the head that directly or indirectly result from organic disease in, or from impaired function of any part of the visual apparatus. He says that 40 per cent. of all headaches are caused by eye strain, and that 80 per cent. of all frontal headache after shopping excursion, or a ride in a train or street car with its interchanging views, is an almost sure sign of eye strain. Astigmatism is probably the most frequent cause of headaches from eye strain.

Snails Consumed in Paris.

One hundred thousand pounds of snails are sold daily in the Paris markets to be eaten by dwellers in Paris. They are carefully reared for the purpose in extensive snail farms in the provinces, and fed on aromatic herbs to make their flavor finer.