

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Flemish philologists have introduced a new term into their language. In Flemish an automobile is a *snelpaardelooszoondeerspoorwegpetroleumrijtuig*.

Several months ago a man attempted to put a mustard plaster on a horse. The man is nearly well now, but he wants \$25,000 from the horse's owner. There is a veterinary moral in this item.

Chicago juries are continuing to give verdicts for large amounts to persons injured by street cars. One has just awarded \$12,500 to a woman hurt by the car starting while she was attempting to alight. She sued for \$40,000.

The connection between bees and silk may not be obvious to ordinary mortals, but Germany has an association called the *Bienenund Seidenzucht Verein*, which has existed fifty years and now has 6,135 members.

The Criminal Evidence Act, which allows defendants in criminal cases to give evidence on oath if they wish to do so, has now been in force for a year in England. Those who opposed this measure did so on the ground that the innocent prisoner in the witness box would "hang himself." The prediction does not seem to have been fulfilled.

Many weekly publications which have heretofore been designated as religious papers have shown a decided tendency to abandon religion as their distinctive feature and give place to a greater number and variety of secular topics for discussion and comment.

The white population of the Transvaal is about 250,000, or half that of Boston, with two important towns, one of more than 50,000, the other of less than 10,000 inhabitants. The annual revenue is \$20,000,000 in round numbers, of which there is paid in salaries a little over \$6,000,000. In 1886, the year of the "discovery of the Rand goldfields, the salaries amounted to \$250,000.

The latest estimate of the year's American corn crop is 2,000,000,000 bushels. This alone would give nearly 4½ pounds of food per day for a year to every one of our 70,000,000 people, men, women and children, while the utmost need of an adult is for three pounds a day.

According to the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, Professor Carl Braun, of Bangor, is about to try the experiment of starting a silk worm farm. He is expecting a shipment of 150,000 eggs from Japan, the worms to be hatched from which will be fed on oak leaves. The attempt to raise silk in Maine has been tried before and with ill success, but it may be that this new venture will prove more successful.

It is a strange stroke of fate that has given two of the most distinguished regiments in the British army into the hands of an army of untrained yemen. The Royal Irish Fusiliers, formerly known as the Eighty-seventh Royal Irish Fusiliers, was one of the two British regiments that captured the eagles of two French regiments. The Eighty-seventh performed that feat at Barrosa in Spain. The Gloucestershire, formerly the Twenty-eighth Foot, earned the privilege in the Peninsula war under Wellington in one of the battles when, with the rear rank faced about, it received a French charge from front and rear, of wearing a special badge on the back of their shakos, in addition to the usual ornament, with the number in front.

According to a dispatch from Baltimore a new method of making the dry goods store furnish free service to the public has been discovered, says the *Dry Goods Economist*. It appears that in the Monumental City young ladies visit the stores, accompanied by a friend with a kodak, try on rich and elaborate costumes, and after being "snapped" in this expensive attire leave with the time-honored remark, "Only looking to-day." The merchants are said to be contemplating a fixed rate of charges for the use of costumes for this purpose. Maybe we shall see ads. reading: "Lowest prices in the city for use of our imported gowns for photograph purposes." Or possibly the cloak and suit department may be required to loan some of its goods as a stimulus for the department store's photographic gallery.

Louis Windmuller in the November issue of the *North American Review* discusses the question of food products and food adulteration in an instructive manner. In the course of his remarks he says: We find that verdigris colors our pickles; that oil of vitriol is often substituted for acetic acid to acidify vinegar; in short that frauds by which unscrupulous persons try to enrich themselves at the expense of the ignorant poor are too numerous to mention here. Experts recently have testified before the Pure Food Investigating Committee of the United States Senate that a large portion of all articles of food and drink used in our country is adulterated. "They include butter and cheese, coffee and spices, molasses and honey. Fish and fowl, meat and vegetables are more wholesome fresh than preserved. Boracic acid generally used for preservation retards digestion, and prevents it when too much comes into a weak stomach. One of the worst impositions is the admixture of alum in the manufacture of yeast cakes and baking powders."

A Massachusetts law relative to non-support cases provides for the payment of the amount of the fine imposed on the husband to the wife, when the court so directs. Theoretically the law is a good one in its

recognition of justice both to the recreant husband and to the neglected family. But it fails often in practice. In many cases the complaining wife repents when she sees her husband in danger of jail detention for lack of ability to pay the fine imposed. Then she borrows the amount of the fine from some accommodating person and pays it to the court. Under the law the husband is then discharged and the wife receives back the money, with which she repays the loan. She is no poorer by the transaction, but gains nothing for support, and the farcical operation of the law leads to the early return to the court of the unwhipped and unreformed husband.

A very interesting instance of the working of conscience in the vegetable world is brought to the notice of *Harper's Weekly* by a correspondent in Eastport, Maine, who reports that a neighboring farmer of his acquaintance—Mr. Rice—in digging potatoes the other day, found one of an unusual shape. Examining it more closely, he discovered around its most contracted part a little gold ring ornamented by a pair of hearts. This ring, it seems, had been lost fifteen years before by the farmer's wife, whose supposition at the time had been that she lost it in a straw bed. The straw presumably found its way to the stable, thence to the manure pile, and finally to the potato field. There it remained for years, until finally it attracted the attention of this intelligent and conscientious young potato, who devoted his life to its restitution to its lawful owner.

Keen and general interest will be felt in the party of Chicago University students who are soon to seek sociological information in the mountain regions of Kentucky. Beyond question the field is a rich one, and if the boys learn all there is to be learned there their wisdom will be most impressive, but we gravely suspect that their investigations will be brief and more exciting than productive. The Kentucky mountaineer knows and observes the laws of hospitality; coming for any other purpose—for any other, that is, except the collection of internal revenue—the students would be cordially received and generously entertained; but we are much mistaken if the hillmen do not resort to harsh measures the moment they discover that their visitors are noting down the sociological peculiarities of the native population. observes the *New York Times*. For that is something to try the patience of a saint, and the mountaineers are—not saints. The would-be student of Kentucky feuds should have a company of militiamen at his back, or, preferably, formed in a hollow square around him. Even then he would be none too safe.

Venango County is making a success in the application of a new Pennsylvania law permitting the public employment of short-term prisoners. It has experimented with the law for a month, and the net results are an eighth of a mile of rebuilt road, a new water-drain, and a wide-reaching moral effect, which lessens petty crime in the county and keeps the vagrants at a distance. Although the public working of the prisoners is distasteful to them, it is no hardship. In Venango County the men work from eight o'clock until four, with thirty minutes for dinner. They wear ordinary working clothes, furnished by the county, and retained by them after expiration of sentence. They eat as good food as the officers over them—being given meat three times a day, eggs, milk, butter, and other articles not usually found in a prison diet. They are in charge of a deputy who works as hard as they do, and who exercises no more authority than the average road-boss—very much less than some pipe-line contractors. This deputy is armed only with a revolver. His prisoners are not shackled in any way. While en route from jail to place of duty they straggle along in a crowd like other laborers, without semblance of marching order or lookstep. They pass through the town twice a day, yet hardly a dozen people know that they are prisoners.

The Death's Head Moth.
Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones, of bright coloring, are fortunate, especially if fluttering near the wayfarer. But the bronze butterfly, or moth, is not lucky. Of all the race, however, the most dreaded, as an augury is what is commonly known as the "death's head moth." This moth is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms, and making for the candle, often extinguishes it, which doubles the terror of omen. It is worth recalling to mind, in view of the gloomy auguries which in many places accompany this moth's appearance, the feat it excites in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields—these and jasmine plants being its favorite haunts—and at dusk into open cottage windows.

The noise peculiar to the moth became to the terrified peasantry a voice of anguish, and when it flew into the light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, hunger and death to man and beast; in fact, the wildest horror, as described in contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even now, however, so many decades later, and in much less impressive rural England, the aspect of the moth and its sound are seen and heard with dread. From the yellow and brown-tailed moths, too, similar, though less terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly the markings on the back of the death's head moth, which are sufficiently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill omen which its appearance is deemed to be.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A FAMOUS JOCKEY.

George Odom, of Georgia, Earns More Than \$50,000 a Year.

George Odom is only 16 years old, but his earnings amount to many thousand dollars a year. He is the light-weight jockey who has been engaged by William C. Whitney to ride for him during the next three years. Mr. Whitney agrees to pay him \$10,000 annually, in addition to which there is the regular \$25 fee for every winner landed and \$10 for every loser. Odom, at the same time, can ride for other owners, and such is his skill that a present of several hundreds of dollars will frequently be made him for winning a race, and the lad's brother, who trains him, expects that George will make more than \$50,000 a year.

Many a boy will envy the lot of George Odom, and, perchance, strive to emulate him, but before doing so let such boys stop and think of the life this jockey leads. When, mounted on a powerful race horse like *Mesmerist*, young Odom canters out on the track invariably a gasp of amazement and pity is heard from the grand stand. The eyes of every woman are turned on this little fellow with a baby face, and the wonder is that he can even maintain his seat. There are, perhaps, fifteen horses in the race with combinations of jockeys, skilled and unprincipled, whose object is to get Odom in a pocket or crush him against the rail; anything to prevent him from winning. But this lad is not to be intimidated and will take any chance. Thousands of persons all over the country are betting on his horse, often times only because Odom is the rider. The instructions are to take the rail at all hazards, and this is one of the most dangerous feats in turf riding. The jockey must guide his horse to the rail and if necessary force him on between the rail and another mount, whereupon he is hurled against the wooden fence. After taking the rail a boy will often be practically paralyzed for days and the whole side of his body discolored.

George Odom is one of the few jockeys who will take the rail, and the betting world knows this. Moreover, he weighs but eighty-seven pounds and keeps in splendid training. Like the other boys he must go to bed at 8 o'clock every evening, attend church on Sundays, use no tobacco or alcoholic stimulants and continually take long walks in heavy clothes in order to keep down his flesh. He spends his evenings quietly reading some good novel or a history and is a modest, unassuming little fellow whom association with the racing track has not contaminated. He is a Georgia boy by birth.—*New York Sun*.

His Wealthy Wife.
I was the only passenger in the Fifth avenue stage the other morning when, at Fifth street, the door opened and a man and a woman entered.

There was no doubt of it, they were newly married; the actions of the woman showed that plainly. The man was small, weakened and with a harassed look upon his face; furthermore, he had the air of not being used to his clothes, which were of the most expensive kind. The woman, on the contrary, was stout, florid, perfectly groomed, and at least ten years older than her companion.

After a cursory glance, they decided that I was paying no attention, and so they continued their talk—that is, she talked. Her tongue rattled incessantly, she called his attention to a spot of mud on her new boot and reached out one ankle coquettishly. She wanted to know if he liked her new hat, if he thought that her gloves were not a little too large—she had such a small hand it was so hard for her to be fitted.

Suddenly there was an imperious ring; they had forgotten to pay the fare. He hurriedly produced his pocketbook and began to search for a coin, but found none. With a swift movement she placed a ten cent piece in his hand.

"It is a pity if my wife has to pay my fare!" he exclaimed, pettishly, as he dropped it into the box.

She gave a coquettish giggle. "That's what you get by marrying a rich woman, my dear fellow," she said.

He flushed a deep red as if some one had struck him and glanced up at me sharply to see if I had heard, but I was looking out of the window. Not for words would I have increased his punishment. As for the woman she was again chattering volubly, and with her coarse nature she was probably not even aware of the stab she had inflicted.—*New York Herald*.

Making an Impression.
"I was much amused one day about a year ago, when I was on my way to Washington," remarked a Detroitier not long since. "I had finished a good meal in the dining car and was enjoying myself in the smoker. Pretty soon two young fellows came in who appeared to me to be college undergraduates returning to their alma mater. They began to talk of a visit they had paid to Washington during the Christmas holidays a year before, and were recalling incidents and episodes of the trip. They mentioned the name of a Congressman from a Western State and told of the good time they had had at his house. One of them was in especially good spirits when speaking of the Congressman's daughter.

"You know, I had a great time with her," he said, "and flatter myself that I made quite an impression. I guess she hadn't seen much of society, for I just waded in and took her off her feet. I didn't do a thing but take her to half-a-dozen 'functions' and I guess I made her think she was the only girl there was." He said a good deal

more in the same strain, all of which I couldn't help hearing. The reason it interested me was this. I knew the Congressman and knew his daughter quite well. She was about 30 years old, almost ten years the senior of the young fellow who had 'taken her off her feet.' She had spent four years in New York society, two years in London, where she was a favorite, two years in Chicago, and had been for four years one of the most popular young ladies in Washington social circles. I rather imagine that there were two playing at the game of making the other think of being the 'only one there was.'—*Detroit Free Press*.

A SELF-BAKING SECT.

The Begony Religion Insures a Hot Time in Life to Its votaries.

Baking themselves in huge, roaring ovens is the climax of emotional enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of a strange sect of Russians. They are the Begony, and they live in the village of Tiernowo, near Tiraspol.

They are not religious fanatics, although they have been associated with a religious movement, that of the Poles in Russia. Their origin was a political and economical one, their agitations having always been directed toward greater personal liberty and political power for individual members of society.

They demand the abolition of documents for proving identity and also the abolition of the necessity for the passport, while their desire is toward countries in which people can live unknown in the pursuit of wisdom.

The members of the Begony repudiate compulsory military service, and if forced to bear arms they are liable to emotional enthusiasm, leading to self-sacrifice. The form of death which they adopt is usually burial while alive, but occasionally it is self-destruction by fire.

When the last great sacrifice of the sect was made the people adopted the voluntary crematory method as a means of getting an eternal release from their troubles. On a single day four families went out from a village and did themselves to death. A huge oven was built, and into it those who voluntarily decided to displease themselves.

Then people who lacked the necessary enthusiasm or strength of mind, or who felt that they were not worthy of attempting the great achievement, knelt and prayed while they wept for their relatives and friends, whose charred bones they kissed in an ecstasy of affection and admiration.

Romance of the Peninsular War.

"There has been a great deal of joking," says the *Philadelphia Press*, "about the odd name of the place where Sir William White's English troops have been doing battle. As a matter of fact, *Ladysmith* did get its name from a woman. This was the wife of General Sir Harry Smith, whose marriage, by the way, was one of the romances of the Peninsular War. At that time two young British officers in a Spanish town, which had just been occupied by an English force, were surprised by a visit from two very young and beautiful Spanish girls of the better class. These fair callers begged protection in the alarming circumstances in which they had been placed by the occupation of the rougher soldiery. Their request was, of course, gallantly granted, and in a short time one of the officers, Captain Smith, found himself desperately in love. In due time he married the woman whom he had protected. The marriage proved a happy one."

The Beer and His Rifle.

In the war of 1879-80 the Boers displayed deadly accuracy with the rifle, but their weapon then was very different from the arm used at Dundee. The rifle of twenty years ago was built on the lines of the British Martini. It was a hammerless arm of about nine pounds weight, with a 30-inch half-octagon barrel and a shotgun butt stock. The calibre was .45, with a bullet weighing from 405 to 450 grains. The powder charge was 90 grains in a brass drawer cartridge case. Besides the usual stationary sight it had a reversible front—that is, a sight capable of being used as an ordinary front sight, and by a single motion it was changed into a fine pinhead sight covered with a ring to keep it from being knocked off. On an occasion where particularly fine shooting was demanded this front globe was further covered with a thimble-shaped hood, shading it perfectly. The usual standing rear or fixed sights were on the barrel, while on the gun's grip was a turndown peep that was regulated by a side screw to an elevation of 2,000 yards. The peep and globe were never used under 700 or 800 yards.

Date-Growing in the Southwest.

If present advices are correct another important industry, that of date growing, will shortly be inaugurated in this country. Through the efforts of our Agricultural Department the date tree of Algiers has been successfully transplanted and successfully acclimated in Arizona, and the beginning of another profitable industry has thus been made. It is predicted that in a few years American orchards will supply the entire home demand for dates. It would seem that not only Arizona, but New Mexico, the "staked plain" region of Texas, and considerable patches in California and the Indian Territory afford the peculiar conditions of soil and climate necessary for the date. It does not appear to thrive in regions where the humidity is so great as in our Gulf states. A single tree yields from 100 to 400 pounds of dates per annum.—*Bradstreet's*.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WHERE KITTY CATS HANG IN A ROW.

There are trees where the kitty cats grow,
They hang by their tails in a row,
If they happen to fall
They don't mind it at all
For they land on their feet, as you know.

The fish swim around in the sky
With pollywogs wiggling by,
While frogs hop around
On the clouds to the sound
Of the lobsters devouring mince pie.

The birdies all swim in the sea
And the wasp and the bumblebee,
If you dangle a worm
With a wiggly squirm
You might catch a chickadee-dee.

It's strange, but the apples and pears
Live in houses with carpets and chairs,
They go rolling around
With a rollicking sound
And come bumping and thumping
downstairs.—
—[Albert W. Smith.

AN ELEPHANT ESCORT.

A little girl, living in Paris, once had a strange companion to walk with. Her nurse often took her to walk in the public gardens early in the morning. There was an elephant there that grew very fond of the child as elephants often do, and would walk along with her, being very careful not to step on his tiny companion with one of his immense feet. By and by he grew bolder, and as he had no arm to offer his little favorite, he gently slipped his trunk through her arm and thus this odd-looking pair took their morning walks together.

THE PROUD FROG.

It was a moonlight night, and the water was so bright that a great green frog was using it for a looking-glass. He thought he was a very fine fellow. "Ker-chug! Kerchug!" said he. "What a nice, big frog I am, and not a bit like that little bird that sits over there on the bush." "I wouldn't be so small for anything! Just hear what a weak little 'chirp' it has, while my voice is loud enough to be heard away over at that farm-house. I think I will sing them a song, Ker-chug! Ker-chug!" The little bird, awakened by the noise, hopped about on the branch, and began to sing.

"Why, he can sing, too!" said the frog. "I am not sure but that he sings a little better than I do. But he's a poor thing, afraid of the water. I believe I will take a dive." He plunged into the pond, and came up again; but the splashing he made so frightened the bird that it flew away up into the sky.

The frog now looked after it in wonder. "I can't do that," he said. "I can go into the water, but I can't go into the sky. After all, it isn't good to be proud of one's self; for some can do one thing better, and some another and no one is smart enough to do them all."

HEROISM OF JENNIE CREEK.

Jennie Creek, now sixteen years of age, the youngest member of the National Humane Society of France, and the youngest person ever awarded a medal by the French Legion of Honor, lives in seclusion with her parents in the little village of Millgrove, Ind., near the Blackford-Delaware county line, refusing all overtures to be the guest of France and other countries. She resides within a few yards of the spot where her presence of mind prevented a disastrous wreck in 1893. She was then but ten years of age. She discovered a railroad bridge burning, and hearing the whistle of a passenger engine, whipped off her little red petticoat, and running up the track, began waving it. The engineer stopped the train right on the brink of the chasm awaiting him and his charge. The little girl was overwhelmed with attentions. Several French noblemen touring the country were passengers on the train. They took her name, and through them the five-pointed solid gold star, which she now wears, was conferred upon her by the French Legion of Honor, and she temporarily became the best known little girl in the world. She and her foster parents were entertained at the world's fair by the French people, and they have received invitations to be the guest of France at the Paris show next year, but will not go. They are common village folks, modest and honest, and they do not care to become conspicuous. The little girl is very proud of her distinction and her star. She has received many presents from France, where she is better known than here.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD DOG.

Following the boys on the heights of Ashland you will always see a mongrel dog of a dirty no color, but wearing a beautiful silver collar. The boys cannot remember just when they began to notice the dog ever at their heels. He was neither big nor little, light or dark, smooth nor curly, but just betwixt and between in all things but his disposition which was perfect.

When the stranger first joined them he was driven off with many a kick, cuff and cross word; but soon made himself so useful in finding lost balls and carrying packages that the boys grew fond of him, and were ready to quarrel for the privilege of taking him home for dinner and the night. But "Tramp" was so impartial there could be no quarrel. If the boys forgot whom he stayed with last, he forgot who he stayed with next. He never did, but went frisking home with a different boy each night.

The boys had another follower, little "Curly" Wilson, aged five, who

would have been a nuisance but for Tramp, who kept as good watch over him as the stray balls and missing hats, shoes and coats.

Twice Tramp just escaped the poundman's wagon, and it was then the boys clubbed their pocket-money and bought a leather collar and a license for him, and gave him his name of Tramp. During school hours Tramp played with Curly, or snoozed by the gate of some boy, or chased cats; but noon and four o'clock found him waiting at the steps where the boys left the street-car coming from school.

They took him to the lake for a swim on Saturdays, or when they were too busy Tramp went by himself. Now this little lake, although lovely to look at, had its dangers like all lakes, and one that most lakes have not. It is an artificial lake made by walling in an arm of the bay, and has its tides like the ocean. When the tide is out, about half around the lake lies a smooth, broad, slippery belt of deep mud.

Tramp knew enough to keep off it, but little Curly was not so wise! So one Saturday when the boys were very busy with plans for an afternoon outing, they sent Tramp to bathe alone. Unseen to them, Curly followed him. When they reached the lake the tide was just beginning to creep in, and Tramp waited for deeper water. The two friends raced about the asphalt boulevard for a while, then Curly ventured on the sand; and then, no boys being near and tempted by the shining mud, he took off his shoes and stockings and stepped out on it.

Oh, how good and cool it felt to his little bare toes! Tramp tried to coax him back, but could not, and soon Curly went one step too far, sank to his ankles and stuck fast! Poor Tramp! He couldn't get him out, and he hated to leave him. But help must be had! So seeing Curly's little wet hat, he dashed off up the hill to the boys.

They saw him coming far off, and wondered what treasure he was bringing them. Some guessed rat, some duck, some rabbit; but when he dropped the little hat before them, and flew madly back, the boys all cried, "Poor Curly's drowned!" and rushed after.

Now we know he wasn't drowned, nor in very much danger yet, although the tide was coming fast, and he stood in water above his knees when the boys reached the lake, a very scared, uncomfortable little boy. It was no easy matter to get him out, for the boys sank so deep in the mud. They each tried and they tried together, but all to no purpose, and the water was slowly rising; they had finally to go out in a boat from the other side, and then by hard pulling they got him out.

For days his feet and legs were so bruised and lame he could get into no mischief. Tramp was the hero of the hour, and Curly's mother gave him the fine silver collar.

CANES AGAIN IN FAVOR.

Revival of the Popular Craze of Five Years Ago.

After having been side-tracked for several seasons, the popularity of canes is once more in evidence. During the present autumn, it is expected, the walking stick will receive more attention than has been the case in any season for many years. Formerly the cane served as the badge of the "gentleman," but to-day the wearing of walking sticks is not confined to any particular class of society.

Nowadays the cane is regarded as almost an indispensable feature of genteel dress by both young and old. Some men who would not think of carrying canes on business days would feel ill at ease on Sunday minus the walking-stick. About five years ago there existed a cane craze. Everybody carried one. The craze died away. Of course, there were some who continued the use of the cane, but the comparison in point of numbers was striking.

Large scale international events seem to stimulate the popularity of canes. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 boomed the use of walking-sticks considerably. The Paris Exposition is probably responsible for the revival of the cane fashion. Dealers attribute the increase in business to the fact that a large majority of men attending exhibitions of the character mentioned invariably provide themselves with canes. As a souvenir the walking-stick is generally a large seller.

A cane much favored this season is made of either penang or partridge wood. These slender, rigid sticks promise to supplant the popularity accorded bamboo and whancee canes last spring. Penang and partridge woods are of fine grain, of dark brown color and are highly polished. Silver and gun-metal trimmings are quite effective. Inlaid work is preferred to applied ornamentation. Curved natural handles are the mode for canes made of penang, partridge and congo woods.

The English furze is a heavy cane, and is, as a rule, expensive. Rhinoceros horn and ivory handles show to good advantage when banded with inlaid silver.

A novelty furze cane has a handle resembling the head of a golf stick, but made of ebony and rimmed with gold, reproducing in effect the brass-rimmed golf club.

Black and white thorns share popularity with the wetchel cane. Hickory sticks are also winning some attention.

Light-colored flexible canes are done for, at least for this season. The vogue pronounces it bad form to wear a cane sowing the natural bark. Black thorns are an exception, being in favor only with the bark on.—*Boston Herald*.