

In Germany suicides have increased twenty per cent. in thirteen years. Four-fifths of the self-killers are men.

A religious publication says: "The man who whistles hardly ever swears." He doesn't need to, exclaims the New York Advertiser. His neighbors do that part of it.

According to a cynic, there are three things yet to be discovered, perpetual motion, a flying machine which will fly and a woman who does not face to the rear when getting off a street car.

The Burns anniversary was more or less celebrated in Germany, where there are many translations of the poet's works, and where some of his poems are favorite drawing room songs.

A thoroughly Dutch scheme for the defense of Acheen in Sumatra is proposed by an honest citizen of Delft. It is to surround the district, which comprises 15,000 square acres, with dikes that can be opened in case of attack, flooding the country around.

The Attenpesten at Christiania, Norway, in an article on the return of Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, declares that Dr. Nansen says he will not attempt again to reach the North Pole in a ship, but will perhaps lead a sledge expedition from Franz Josef Land, from which place he regards the journey to the Pole as not difficult.

The chemists have been holding an international congress of applied chemistry, at which M. Berthelot has declared that chemistry was creating "a new man and a new earth." What he means, explain the New York Post, is that we may look forward to a time when by chemical processes we shall not only greatly reduce the cost of production, but actually produce wheat, meat, etc., at such a very moderate expense that the cost of living will be reduced to almost nothing. Chemistry will render wholly unnecessary nine-tenths of the toil which is now wasted in enabling the earth to produce.

The peoples of the earth generally have good reason for mourning the death of Herr Lilienthal, who for many years has been experimenting to the end that aerial navigation by man may be speedily made possible, remarks the Washington Star. Death came as a result of an unfortunate experiment in a series which up to the time of the fatal occurrence had been undoubtedly successful. Herr Lilienthal made many valuable discoveries along the line of his special research and fully established his fame as a scientist of note. His contributions to the theory and practice of man-flight are of great value, and will doubtless be put to good use by those who are seeking to accomplish that for which Herr Lilienthal laid down his life.

The great State of Arkansas is long on men who know how to bring a dispute in the National Game to a close by the shortest and most direct route. Arkansas has developed a baseball empire who, according to the New York Mail and Express, stands ready to furnish the National League with points which are calculated not only to bring the game within reasonable time limits, but to head off indiscriminate outside criticism and maintain the dignity of the position of umpire, while obviating the nuisance of public wrangling that now disgraces the diamond. This Arkansas empire began by centralizing responsibility. He held the stakes of \$5, and had his son appointed as scorer. Thus entrenched, he was prepared for the worst—and it came. A close decision against the nine-favored by the spectators brought the latter down upon the umpire with a rush. Ordinarily this would have been most embarrassing, but the umpire calmly opened his valise, distributed several loaded revolvers to his adherents, and in a jiffy six men lay stretched upon the greensward in response to six distinct pistol shots. It is true that the Sheriff subsequently took a hand in the proceedings; but the fact remains that the umpire's decision was not overruled, that a war of words was avoided, and that the \$5 stake went to the umpire's side, because he disappeared with it. The National League needs men of this sort to grapple with emergencies.

To Freshen Boiled Water.

Gold holiday water tastes that because it has been deprived of air. To restore air pour water quickly from one jug to another.



MISS NANCY.

NOVEMBER was growing old, and Miss Nancy Camp, who sat at the window watching the gray clouds shift across the sky in heavy masses, wished in her secret heart that it was gone.

"Who'd 'a' thought it would hev come off so cold after such a warm spell, Nancy?" said a voice from the little bedroom that led out of the kitchen.

"It's moderating. I reckon it's going to snow," responded Miss Nancy. "It's jest like that November when Jim Wilmot went out West," continued her sister, reminiscently.

"Yes," was the low response. "Twas a real warm Thanksgiving, and then a day or two after it begun ter snow, and the twenty-eighth—you remember, Nancy—'twas the time they had that celebration in the school-house, and you and Jim went—my, how it did blow and sleat! And on Sunday it was so drifted that Cousin Anne Camp—she that was a Stevens, you know—couldn't git ter meeting. It was the first time in seven years that she'd missed hearing Elder Dickens. She felt real bad about it," added Miss Abby.

Miss Nancy drew her chair nearer to the window and brushed her hand across her eyes. There was no sound from the little bedroom for awhile. The big, old-fashioned clock on the high shelf ticked away the minutes, and Miss Nancy rocked by the window, with her hands folded in her lap. "There's some one a-coming across the old bridge," said Miss Nancy, eagerly. "See who it is, Nancy. Likely as not it's that school-teacher that boards down ter Foster's, though it don't sound like their team. She must be a powerful sight of trouble to 'em."

Miss Nancy pressed her face against the pane obediently, although there was a mist before her eyes that blinded her a little. The wagon came nearer and nearer, until she could see that it had but one occupant—a man of about forty, apparently, with a beard that perhaps added a little to his age.

"Who is it, Nancy?" questioned Miss Abby, fretfully. "It ain't her, is it? My! it sounds as if it was coming in—in—here."

"I don't know," answered Miss Nancy. Like enough he wants some directions.

"He? Land! It's a man, then! Be sure to tell him us—"

But there came a heavy knock on the door and Miss Abby subsided. Slowly Miss Nancy crossed the room and turned the knob. There was nothing said for a moment. The man looked steadfastly at the figure before him; at the simply made woollen dress with its pure white collar and cuffs; the slender, blue-veined hands; the face with its firm mouth and faded blue eyes; the hair parted smoothly and with the same little wave in front that he remembered so well, and the high, shell comb that was new to him. He saw the wrinkles, too, but he saw more—the years of toil and trouble that must have wrought them. All this he noted and then held out his hand.

"Nancy! Have you forgotten Jim?" She gave a startled glance into his eyes, and a little crimson flush crept into her cheeks. It reminded him of that time he had kissed her in the garden at the back of the house.

"Who is it, Nancy?" whispered Miss Abby from the bedroom. "Do tell him ter come in and shet the door, and—I want some more fennel."

"Yes, Abby," answered Miss Nancy, opening her lips with an effort. Jim Wilmot came in and closed the door softly behind him.

"Is Abby very sick?" he asked. "She hasn't walked for six years," answered Miss Nancy, mechanically taking some fennel out of a dish on the table and going into the bedroom with it.

"Who is it?" whispered Miss Abby again. "Jim Wilmot," responded her sister. "Jim! Land! o' Goshen! Well, well, Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' turned up after all these years? Do tell him to come in here 'fore he goes. Jim Wilmot! Well, I never!"

Miss Nancy gave a little pat to the pillows, and then entered the sitting room again.

"If you'll stay to supper, you'd better put your horse and team under the shed. We haven't a hired man now."

"Thank you," he said, gladly. She sent him a little sly glance as he went out of the door. In a few minutes he was back again, but the talk was a little forced. He told her how rough the life was out West when he first went; how, after many discouragements, a little prosperity came to him, and then he came on a visit to his folks, who told him that they lived together at the little house, and that Abby was "sickly," though they didn't know she was a regular invalid.

Miss Nancy wondered, looking at the firm chin, and the hair that had been so brown now streaked with gray, if it was not very lonesome out there, and if he had quite forgotten the old days.

The clock at last warned her that she must be about her preparations for supper, and after excusing herself she brought in a dish of oranges to peel. She worked swiftly, though her hands trembled and felt "all thumbs." She had almost finished her task, when an orange slipped out of the dish and rolled on the floor. Both stooped to pick it up, and their hands met.

"Dear!" he said, holding out his arms. Miss Nancy gave one glance into the face so near her own, and in a moment was crying softly on his shoulder.

What mattered the years of waiting, the years of toil and trouble? Nothing mattered any more.

The clock ticked on, and Miss Abby awoke from the little "cat nap" she had been enjoying.

"Nancy!" she called, sharply. Miss Nancy started, and raised her crimson face with its new expression from its resting place.

"Wait a minute, dear heart," whispered Jim. "I want to know when you'll go back with me. I went away to make a fortune and a home for you. They're waiting. When will you go?"

"When will I go?" echoed Miss Nancy, bewilderedly.

"Nancy!" called Miss Abby again. "I'm 'fraid I don't know what you mean, Jim," faltered Miss Nancy.

"Why, back out West. I've got a pretty little place there, with thirty acres or so, and nary a mortgage. You'll have neighbors, for there's three other farms near, and you shan't work, Nancy, I'll get a girl."

"And Abby?" asked Nancy. Jim Wilmot started.

"I had forgotten her," he said, helplessly. "But where's the rest of the relations? Or why couldn't she go to a 'home' or—something?"

The flush in Miss Nancy's face faded, and a little line of pain formed around her mouth.

"She'd never stand it to leave this place. She's lived here all her life, Jim," she said, slowly.

There was silence for a moment, then she continued, steadily: "I shan't never leave her; so good—goodby, Jim."

"And you'll sacrifice yourself and me for a notion?" he replied, hotly. "All right, then, I shan't leave my farm and settle down in this humdrum place jest for the sake of your sister. Goodby, Nancy." And five minutes after the horse drove out of the yard and down the hill, while one lonely woman strained her eyes for a last glimpse of it, and the gathering flakes of snow were already filling up its tracks.

She stood there a long while watching the sullen clouds and the snow that was coming thicker and faster. Little puffs of wind blew the flakes of snow against the pane, and Miss Nancy wondered vaguely if they felt unhappy because they melted so soon.

At last she roused herself and went into the bedroom. Miss Abby, tired of calling, had fallen asleep. She was thankful for the respite, and going out softly, prepared her own supper and the invalid's, while the wind blew furiously around the little old house and fairly shook its foundation.

She sat by the fire with her head on her hands long after her sister had eaten her supper, and being satisfied with the evasive answers to her many questions, had gone to sleep again. But the fire died down and it grew chilly in the little kitchen, so finally she, too, went to her night's rest. It was very late when she dropped into a light sleep, and the morning soon came.

The day passed drearily. Miss Abby talked incessantly of Jim—Jim, until her sister felt she should scream or go mad; but she did neither, and was only a little more tender, a little more patient.

The night set in with a regular snow-storm. Miss Abby declared they would be snowed in by morning. The wind blew down the chimney with moans like an uneasy spirit.

In the morning Miss Nancy was startled by the darkness in the little rooms. The wind had blown the snow in big drifts against the windows and door. What Miss Abby had feared had come to pass, and they were snowed in. But there was no cause for worry as yet. There was plenty of food in the pantry and wood in the wood-box. There was no stock to suffer, and some one would surely go by before the day was over and discover their plight.

She lighted a lamp and did her work, though in rather a half-hearted way; and the day passed, and no one went by, and the snow piled up higher and higher around the house.

Miss Abby was very little frightened at their situation. Indeed, her sister hardly knew what to make of her; she

seemed a little wandering, and confused things strangely.

The next day, late in the afternoon, it stopped snowing, but no one went by, and the darkness came on again. Another long night. Miss Nancy left a lamp burning in the kitchen, and then went to bed.

Very early in the morning she was suddenly awakened by a shout and the sound of some one kicking on the side of the house. She hastily dressed, and then entered the sitting room.

"Hi!" some called. "Who is it?" she asked. "It's me—Atwood—down to the foot of the hill, yer know. Wife was sick and I had ter go fer the doctor. Be ye snowed in?"

"Yes. Will you git some one to dig us out some time to-day?" "All right. I'll git Sam, if he'll come. Be back in an hour or two."

Miss Nancy sat down and waited. The wood was almost gone, and she was glad Mr. Atwood had discovered their predicament.

The clock had just struck six which she heard a shovel strike the house. "We're here, Nancy—be out in a shake," said Mr. Atwood.

"All right," she answered, and went into the bedroom to tell Abby. But her sisters were sleeping quietly, so she tiptoed back again.

After an hour's hard shoveling the door opened, and in the gray light of the morning she saw Jim Wilmot standing before her. Mr. Atwood, after assuring himself that everything was safe, went around to the drifts before the windows, and commenced work again; but Jim did not go.

"Nancy," he said, "I was a fool the other day. I'm going ter sell my farm and come back here. I can't live without you. Nancy, will you marry me?"

"And Abby?" she questioned. "Abby shall live with us. You shan't be separated."

"But it's so 'humdrum' here, Jim, and you'll be homesick after the West again," protested Miss Nancy.

"F'raps so, a little," he admitted. "But I must have you, Nancy. Will you forgive what I said the other day, an' marry me?"

"You know I will, Jim," she said, in a whisper, and he kissed her fondly. And in the bedroom Miss Abby lay asleep, a sweet peace upon her wrinkled face. She had gone beyond all shadows into the reality.—Waverly Magazine.

The Bicycle in the Army.

Some time ago the manufacturer of a well known bicycle wrote to Lieutenant James A. Moss, U. S. A., in relation to putting a company of soldiers on bicycles. As a result ten men were equipped at Fort Missoula and some severe experiments are to be made. In speaking of the subject to a Hartford reporter, Lieutenant Moss said:

During the last four or five years the bicycle as a practical machine for military purposes has been attracting the attention of military men both in this country and abroad. In foreign armies, however, the matter has been brought to a more practical stage than in this country. As early as 1870 the bicycle was used in the Italian army. In France, Austria, Switzerland and other European countries there are now in the armies regularly organized bicycle corps. Recently there have been numerous experiments made in this country, both by officers of the regular army and by the National Guard. The interest in the subject has so increased that there is no doubt that in the course of the next few years every regiment in the regular army will have its bicycle corps. General Miles is an enthusiast on the subject, and in his last report recommended the organization of a regiment of bicycle infantry. I have just completed the organization of a bicycle corps of ten men at the post, which will make extensive experiments during the summer. The work that has been laid out includes the rapid conveying of messages from Fort Missoula to other posts several hundred miles distant, the rapid establishment of signal stations, route sketching, scouting, road patrolling and reconnaissance, and practice rides over long distances with blankets, rifles, rations and shelter tents.

Fox Tail in the Baby's Throat.

Monday Mrs. Jack Welsh left her seven-months-old baby in charge of the older children while she was busy. The children were out doors and while they were showing a lady something they placed the baby on the grass. A moment or two later they saw the little one had a mouthful of leaves and took them away. Toward evening Mrs. Welsh observed that the child had something in its throat. She examined it carefully but could not find anything.

About midnight they became alarmed and Mr. and Mrs. Welsh came to town and took the little one to a drug store. Dr. Wilson was quickly called and he examined the throat of the baby and tried with his fingers to remove the obstruction. Finding that he could not do this he used an instrument and brought forth a foxtail that had become stuck in the throat. As soon as the baby was relieved it at once dropped asleep.—Oroville (Cal.) Mercury.

A Rope Seven Miles Long.

The biggest rope ever used for haulage purposes has just been made for a district subway in Glasgow, Scotland. It is seven miles long, four and five-eighths inches in circumference and weighs nearly sixty tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of patent crucible steel. When in place it will form a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and will run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

PHONENDOSCOPE.

A WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT AND THE WORK IT DOES.

It Transmits Sounds Which Tell Whether the Internal Organs Are Healthy and Traces Their Outlines on the Skin.

IN one of the clinics of Paris, to which I had the privilege of admission a few days ago, writes Garrett F. Serviss in the New York World, I witnessed a very interesting revelation of the power of modern science to penetrate the secrets of the human body, although they are invisible to the eye, and even when they escape the piercing glance of the wonderful X-rays of Dr. Roentgen.

If I may be allowed to use such an expression, I saw with my ears. A man stripped to the waist stood in the centre of a circle of doctors, each of whom held in his ears a pair of flexible tubes connected with a small round box of black rubber, which was pressed against the patient's breast. A pair of tubes was also handed to me, and I was asked to listen.

While we all listened intently Professor Bianchi, a distinguished visitor from Parma, whose achievements in medical pathology have won for him the order of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, gently rubbed his finger upon the man's skin over the spot where the heart is usually located. Immediately we heard a murmuring sound, and the circle of doctors expressed satisfaction with grunted exclamations and nods. Suddenly, while the Professor continued drawing his finger in larger and larger circles across the man's breast, the sound ceased.

"Ah! There is no longer the heart there," said the Professor. "We have touched the end of it." Whereupon he dabbed a blue pencil mark upon the skin, to indicate the point where his finger had arrived when the sound stopped. The patient twisted his eyes downward and stared wonderingly at the mark. There was a touch of fear in his look, which increased as the proceedings were continued.

Professor Bianchi resumed his rubbing, while the doctors and I stuffed the tubes once more into our ears. As long as the Professor's finger was over the heart we heard the murmuring sound, but the instant the finger passed beyond the boundaries of the hidden organ there was dead silence in the tube. And at every cessation of the sound the pencil, followed by the strained eyes of the patient, made its mark on the skin. This operation was continued for several minutes, at the expiration of which there appeared, clearly drawn in blue upon the man's breast, the outline of a huge, misshapen heart, strangely shifted to a position almost directly under the chin. But I was glad, for the patient's sake, to hear the doctors say that it was not a very bad heart, after all.

Next the same method was employed to outline the position and shape of the lungs, the liver, the stomach and other organs, and, at the end of half an hour the man's body, front and back alike, was covered with an intricate series of outline pictures showing his internal structure and condition. Any defect in the form or position of an organ and the existence of diseased places in the lungs was indicated at once by the sound or absence of sound in the tubes. The practiced ear, I was told, could detect a difference in the quality of the sound given by different organs of the body, but to me they all sounded nearly alike, except that when the patient was caused to swallow a little water a change in the sound given forth from the stomach was clearly perceptible.

At a hasty glance the thing may appear somewhat mysterious. But, there is really no mystery about it whatever. The instrument with which the operation is conducted is called the "phonendoscope," and is the invention of Professor Bianchi. It may be called an outgrowth of the "stethoscope," which physicians have used in various forms for many years, but it differs entirely from that instrument in its structure and the delicacy of its action. It depends upon the well known fact that all the organs of the body are subject to vibratory motion, and that these vibrations may be conveyed to the ear of the physician in the form of sound. A very simple case is that where a physician listens to the sound given forth by the lungs. Another instance frequently witnessed, is the examination of some organ supposed to be diseased by tapping with the finger, or a small hammer, upon the surface of the body. The trained ear of the physician detects the condition of the organ under examination through the character of the sound which it gives forth as it vibrates under his strokes.

The phonendoscope accomplishes all this more perfectly and easily by transmitting to the ears of the examiner sounds that could not be perceived at all by the older methods. It is, in fact, a kind of telephone connecting the internal organs with the outer world. It consists of a hollow box, about as big as a large-sized watch, furnished with two vibrating membranes. On one side a short staff, terminated with a button, serves to put the telephonic box in contact with the body of the patient, the button being pressed firmly on the surface just over the organ to be examined. On the opposite side flexible tubes are attached, which convey the sounds from the box to the ears of the operator, or operators, for, as I have related in the beginning, several persons may listen to the sounds at the same time.

I saw several patients examined with the phonendoscope while I was at the clinic. In each case the physicians present declared that the revelations made by the instrument were almost as complete as if the body had been dissected before their eyes. Every

time, when the process was over, the patient bore on his skin an exact picture of his interior in blue strokes. Professor Bianchi is a member and a number of members of the Clinical Society of Practitioners of France, and of the Syndicate of Clinicians of Paris and the Department of the Seine, who assisted at the experiments, corroborated his statements that it would be easy by this not only to discover general disease, but to locate any foreign body in any of the organs or tissues, as to determine the existence and extent of a cancerous or other internal growth. Even the most give their characteristic sound, their vibrations are conveyed ear through the phonendoscope.

A Remarkable Story.
A story that reads like a tale from the "Arabian Nights," but is so well authenticated as to admit no doubt as to its credibility comes from Springs, Oklahoma. Cleo Springs is one of the most beautiful spots in Oklahoma Country, and the spot from which it takes its name is a place of peculiar medicinal properties. Last Sunday Miss Frances Perkins, formerly of St. Johns, in Ford County, Kansas, with a party of friends, was out walking in one of the picturesque groves near the little village, and the attention of the party was attracted by some egg-shaped rocks which they found along a path. They were about the size and shape of a loaf of rye bread, but low in the center. One of the party broke one of these peculiar rocks, and found that the cavity contained a pint of clear water, while the interior of the rock was lined with beautiful crystals. The water in the rock broken was spilled. The party thought that the water might be endowed with some virtue took possession of it. Perkins and she announced her intention of drinking the liquid. She drank another of the egg-shaped rocks in a bowl and broke it, thus saving the water. This she poured into a glass and laughingly said: "Here to the water that came not from heaven or from earth," and quaffed it. Fifteen minutes later she was dead. It draught she tasted had been a delusion. The sequel is the strange part of the story. The body was taken to her home by her sorrowing friends and in due time the burial arrangements were made ready. Her mother went into the death chamber to dress her and as she did so her finger came in contact with the body, and a sound as if it touched marble. It was even so. The body of Miss Perkins had turned to stone. When this was discovered it was decided to bury the body near the house, as it would be safer from grave robbers. Miss Perkins was one of the brightest young women in the settlement, she was very popular. Her sudden death has caused great sorrow. Judge Edward Merchant, of Stamford, Conn., is authority for the strange story. Atlanta Constitution.

Animals' Illusions.
Birds are perhaps more common the victims of illusion than other animals, their stupidity about their being quite remarkable. Last week, for instance, a hen got into a pen of a ladies' golf club and began to peck at a golf ball in a corner, for which she made a nest with a couple of handfuls of earth. But many questions are not only deceived for the most part by reflections, shadows and other realities, but often seem victims of illusions largely developed by imagination. The horse, for instance, is one of the bravest of animals when he faces with dangers which it can stand, such as the charge of a steed or a wild boar at bay. Yet, steadfast against the dangers he is a prey to a hundred terrors of imagination due to illusion. Those of sight, for shying, and those of sound, for snorting, and those of smell, for sniffing, are common. In which various gains complete possession of his soul, are caused, either by mistakes as to what the horse sees and not by misinterpretation of what he hears. It is noticed, for instance, that many horses which shy and start away from objects on which more frequently than from objects of the other. This is probably due to defects in the vision of one or more eyes.

In nearly all cases of shying the horse takes fright at some natural object, though this is commonly harmless, such as a wheelbarrow, a side down, a freshly felled log, a piece of paper rolling before the wind. This instantly becomes a "phantom" and is interpreted as something else. It is a curious question in equine neuropathology to know what it is that horse figures these harmless objects to be. When Russian ponies first began to be shipped to Harwich they were objected to pass near a donkey. Reluctance was explained on the hypothesis that the ponies seldom see donkeys in Russia and mistook them for bears.—The Spectator.

Pursued by Fire.
Hairbreadth escapes often fall the lot of man, but few of us are a nature are included in women's experience as those of which Mrs. M. Ozan, wife of the physician to the Shah of Persia, can boast. A most remarkable in many ways, Mrs. Tholozan was a great traveler. Matter where she went the "fire" seemed to pursue her. Fifteen years ago she was saved from a burning hotel at Batoum. She was saved from the terrible fire which destroyed the Opera Comique in Paris, and the Municipal Theatre at Lyons, and she arrived in Constantinople the morning of the fatal fire which burned down Messire's famous theatre and only escaped with her life, her property being burned.