

PROBING HIS VILLAINY

Sifting New Evidence Against Insurance Swindler Holmes.

MAY HAVE A FIGHT FOR LIFE

Philadelphia Authorities Will Try to Prove That He Murdered Not Only Pictel and His Children, but Also the Misses Hale of Fort Worth.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2.—Sentence has not yet been imposed by Judge Haro on Harmon Webster Midgotts, alias H. H. Holmes, who on Tuesday last pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with conspiracy with Jephtha D. Howa, a St. Louis attorney, to defraud the Fidelity Mutual Life association out of \$10,000 by pretending that Pictel died as the result of an accident. The trial had only been fairly started when Midgotts changed his plea from not guilty to guilty.

Midgotts will not be sentenced for conspiracy unless District Attorney Graham finds it impossible to substantiate his theory, which he claims is well borne out by circumstantial evidence, that the prisoner is guilty of one and possibly half a dozen crimes of a more serious nature. The commonwealth's officers will try to prove that Midgotts killed Pictel, his three grandchildren and the Misses Hale of Fort Worth, Tex., whom he met in Chicago.

Mrs. Pictel is in prison in this city, as it was supposed she was in some way mixed up in the insurance fraud. It is not likely, however, that the case against her will be pressed. Last October she placed her three children in the custody of Midgotts in St. Louis and has not since heard of them. It is feared that the three children are dead, although Midgotts protests that they are alive.

The Children.

It now becomes a matter of great interest to the prisoners to produce these children, whose names were Alice or Etta, aged 14 years; Nellie, 11 years; and Howard, 9 years. Detectives, under the direction of the district attorney, are bending their efforts to locate them if they are alive. It is known that in October they traveled with Midgotts from Indianapolis to Detroit, and thence to Toronto. Here all clues to them are lost, except that based on a statement made by Midgotts within the last few days. He says he took them to Niagara Falls, then turned them over to Miss Minnie Williams, who took them to London, and that they are now with her in that city.

Minnie Williams lived with Midgotts in Chicago in 1893, and at her request her sister went to Chicago from Fort Worth. Both women have since dropped completely out of sight, and it is hinted by the prosecution that Midgotts is responsible for their disappearance.

Minnie Williams, the prisoner, told the authorities, had been a variety actress and was also known by the stage names of Adele Corville and Geraldine Wanda. When Midgotts told the authorities the London story, he said she lived on Vida street. They ascertained there was no such street in the city. Then he persisted that while he might be mistaken as to the street, he was positive that she was in London. To bear out his story he prepared a cipher advertisement, requesting her to produce the children and requested that the district attorney have it published. When the prisoner was asked by one of the attorneys in the case to name a single person that knew the children had gone to London with Miss Williams, he was unable to do so.

Four Times Married.

There is no longer any doubt that the corpse found in the Hollowhill street house last September was that of B. F. Pictel, who there carried on an agency for inventors. Midgotts, the authorities claim they can prove, was the last person seen with Pictel while he was alive. Midgotts first claimed that the body was that of a corpse substituted for Pictel. He said Pictel had committed suicide. When the remains were found, the body had been burned with carbolic acid, and it was at first supposed that an explosion of the acid had caused death. The authorities believe it was a case of murder.

Midgotts has been married four times, and wife No. 4, a young woman who is highly spoken of, has been in Philadelphia since Midgotts was brought here and imprisoned last November.

Of the \$10,000 insurance policy on Pictel's life Attorney Howe of St. Louis received \$2,500 and Midgotts \$6,700, representing to the widow that he would hand it over to Pictel, whom she supposed was in hiding to carry out the conspiracy. Mrs. Pictel's share was only \$500.

Another Diabolical Crime.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2.—Another diabolical crime was unearthed yesterday afternoon by the discovery that Miss Nellie Harrington, aged 35, who occupied an upper flat at 1017 Ellis street, had been outraged and murdered in her bedroom, the door locked and her clothing and furniture of the apartment set on fire. The room had been ransacked and her jewelry and purse stolen.

Aldermen Cannot Investigate.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Mayor Strong has disappointed the bill passed by the legislature giving the board of aldermen authority to investigate the city departments. It is said that the reasons why the mayor disapproved of it are that he wants to have all the investigating done by the commissioners of accounts.

Four Buildings Burned.

SARATOGA, June 2.—At Victory Mills, this county, fire yesterday destroyed the saloons of D. D. Connelly and E. Callahan, J. McLendon's grocery store and the postoffice; loss, \$20,000.

Killed Her Faithless Lover.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—Fred Jones, colored, was shot and killed yesterday by Carris Harding, a 20-year-old negro whom he had refused to marry. She gave herself up to the police.

Against a Silver Convention.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—The Democratic executive central committee, by a vote of 10 to 5, decided against calling a state convention to consider the silver question.

Daniel F. Rose Appointed.

ROCKLAND, Me., June 2.—Daniel P. Rose, a prominent Knox county Democrat, has been appointed deputy collector of customs for the port of Thomaston.

Blown to Atoms.

VIENNA, June 2.—Six persons were blown to atoms yesterday by an explosion which occurred at Mayer & Roth's gunpowder factory at Felixdorf.

DREAMLAND.

It is a land not far from us where souls May sometimes walk in sleep—a dim, vast land. Older than Egypt, full of rivers spanned With mist. Broad meads it hath and moonlit knolls. Whereon the purple asphodel unrolls And many a pale death flower. Wide open stands Its gates all night, whence dreams in riotous land Press, thronging, to the couch of sleep till tolls The matin bell. Then, nimble as a thought, All vanish, save some luckless elf in nets More fine than Queen Mab's eyelash, tripped and caught. O strange, mad sprites, whom fantasy begets, Ye bring the dead back, ye do strong hearts break For some lost treasure, some sweet memory's sake. —William Prescott Foster in Century.

FUN FOR THE PLAIN GIRLS.

But Honors Were Easy Between the Two Pretty Ones, the Rivals.

They had certainly been rivals, and when she came to call the two plain girls who had dropped in to offer their congratulations decided not to go yet. The hostess greeted her warmly and gave her a chair facing the light, and then the two plain girls rejoiced that they had not departed the first time they rose to go. It was sure to be interesting.

"How well you are looking, dear!" said the hostess. "Your hair is really much more becoming than when it was its natural color."

"How kind of you to say it, dear, especially when your own blonding turned out so badly! By the way, you were not at Genevieve's luncheon. What a pity that she forgot you! I'm sure she didn't leave you out intentionally."

"Oh, I couldn't have gone anyway. I had another engagement." The two plain girls giggled audibly.

"Oh, well, then, it wasn't so bad, after all! Still I told all the girls who were there how mean I thought it was of Genevieve to leave you out when you have so little pleasure."

"Thanks, but my pleasure is never dependent on dissipation. How pretty those magenta flowers on your hat are! What a pity the color is so trying!"

"Yes, of course you won't dare to wear it. Were you at Ida's tea yesterday?"

"No; I haven't been anywhere of late."

"Really it is too bad to be left out in that way. I shall ask Jessie to be sure to send you a card for her reception. It will be quite a crush. She is simply asking everybody."

"Don't trouble yourself, dear. You know I don't care to visit Jessie. Besides my time is really not my own now. I—"

"Oh, well, then—"

"Yes, Horace is so foolishly devoted to me. You know that we are to be married in January."

"She didn't know it, and she couldn't help changing color, but she rallied nobly."

"Why, no, indeed!" she cried. "I'm so glad to hear it! The poor fellow was so distressed when I told him in August that he really must give up hope. I've felt quite guilty ever since, and now I'm so glad that you have consented to console him."

And the two plain girls got up and said they really must go now, they had such a lot of calls to make.—Chicago Tribune.

A Story of John Bright.

John Bright went into an agricultural district one day and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving in a dogcart overtook him, and learning his destination offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers today?" the parson asked when Mr. Bright had accepted a seat. "Yes, what is in them?" "Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech." "And what was it about?" "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions. Perhaps even he may be right." "Oh, no," said the clergyman. "If I had him here, I would feel like shooting him."

Before they separated Mr. Bright had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church next morning. The theme of the sermon was Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his able sermon. As the rector was going home to dinner a friend met him and said, "You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning."

"No," said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend. "You had John Bright among the congregation. Didn't you notice him in front, in the middle pew?" "Why," said the rector, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dogcart and called him a rascal and excommunicated him in all the moods and tenors, and he never said a word. I must go and apologize at once."—W. S. Walsh in Lippincott's.

Happy Retrospect.

Ministers have quite as many touching incidents as funny ones in their duty of performing the marriage ceremony for "all sorts and conditions of men." One such is told by a clergyman who lived at some distance from the populous part of the town, and who was therefore accustomed to suggest some conveyance to those couples who did not come in a carriage. A middle aged man and woman who looked as if life might have been rather hard for them came one night to be married. The ceremony over, the minister said to them: "Now, I'll tell you where to take a car. You know we are a long distance from everywhere."

The man turned to his bride with a look of sudden sweetness.

"Oh, no," said he gently. "I guess we won't ride. We'll just walk along a spell and talk it over."—Youth's Companion.

A Luminous Creed.

I am a believer in the idea of thought tingness. In the negative suggestiveness of idea impressionism lies the receptivity of disease, the destructive influences of deterioration and decay undermining house of character and tenement of clay. Though both dynamic force and static energy are necessary to the completion of things in the worship of home brutals of dynamic force alone, we see brutality triumphant in our religious, social, political and industrial affairs; hence sensation mongery as seen in high kicking females or stage boards, Jehovah Zebaoth in religious circles, Colonel Mazunia in the political arena and Queen Fashion in all her eccentricities and freaksomeness in the social whirl.—Freedom.

The name of Peter's Point, Va., given a place because a trader named Peter Jones had a store there, was afterward changed to Petersburg.

The Conemaugh river, Pennsylvania, was named by the Indians. The word means "rotter creek."

A CATAMOUNT FIGHT.

THE MOUNTAIN LION IS A VERY VICIOUS ANTAGONIST.

Close Call For a Hunter Who Tried to Carry Off a Cub—The Man, With His Back Against a Rock, Did Battle With at Least a Dozen of the Brutes.

"There are no more vicious fighters in the whole animal kingdom than the mountain lions of the northwest," said Major Jackson of Spokane. "They combine the cunning and agility of the cat tribe with the strength of the lion and the ferocity of the tiger.

"I have never seen a hunter, but a few years ago I had an adventure with mountain lions out in Washington that gave me enough of hunting big game for all time. I had captured some young deer, elk and foxes and started a small menagerie on my ranch.

"One day I was out in the hills looking at some timber, and near a mouth of a small ravine in the rocks I found a young lion crawling about on the ground and whining like a kitten. It was only a few weeks old, and I decided to take it home and add it to my menagerie. I judged that there was a nest of the young and adult males somewhere among the rocks and that one had ventured out and got lost while the old ones were away.

"I had no trouble in catching it, and he was too young to show fight. But as soon as I took it up in my arms it set up a dreadful screeching cry, a sort of cross between the wail of a frightened baby and the bark of a small dog. Fearing that the cries would bring the old lions home in a hurry I lost no time in getting away from the spot where I found my captive. I took off my coat and wrapping up the cub tried to stop its cries, but it was no use. It only made more noise.

"Before I had gone 100 yards I heard the bloodcurdling shriek of a full grown lion close behind me, and I knew that the mother of the cub was on my trail. Her cry must have been a call for help. In 10 seconds it was answered as many times, and the cries came from all directions.

"I was surrounded by mountain lions, and I knew that the cry of the cub would rouse them to fury. I hated to lose the expected addition to my menagerie, but I dropped that lion cub as if it had been a hot brick. Instead of running away, as I thought it would, the cub lay down right under my feet and made more noise than ever.

"Then I started to run to get away from it, but a swaying of the branches of two trees in front of me and a chorus of fierce shrieks close behind warned me that I was too late. At least a dozen full grown mountain lions, I judged, were closing in around me, and they were there for business.

"Some 100 yards ahead of where I stood I saw a big rock that rose out of the ground 15 feet or more. I made a dash for that rock and reached it just in time. Backing up against it I faced half a score of full grown lions, and they were as vicious a looking lot as I ever saw. I had hoped that they would stop when they found that the cub was safe, but they didn't. I had my Winchester with me, and the chamber was full of cartridges.

"When I faced my pursuers, some of them were on the ground, leaping along like cats at play, while others were in the trees springing from branch to branch with prodigious jumps. They were still giving vent to their cries, which were enough to raise a man's hair when heard at a distance. All the time they were coming closer, and two of those on the ground were creeping along ready to spring at my throat as soon as they were near enough.

"The apparent hopelessness of my situation seemed to steady my nerves, and, taking careful aim at the nearest lion, I fired. With a hoarse kind of screech the brute jumped five feet into the air and fell back dead. But there was another one on the ground almost as near as the first and still advancing.

"A second shot finished that one, and then I glanced at those in the trees. I saw two glaring down at me, with their eyes gleaming like balls of fire. Both were crouching for a spring. I shot the nearest one, and again my bullet reached a vital spot.

"Before I could throw out the empty shell I heard a terrific shriek, dying away to a hoarse growl, right over my head, and then I knew that one of the animals was on the rock above me.

"For an instant I forgot the one in the tree and jumped away from the rock. At the same instant both lions jumped for me, one from the tree and one from the rock above me. I saw them coming and tried to dodge to one side. I wheeled about and escaped the full force of their spring. Both of them struck me on the shoulders with their fore feet as they came down, and their long sharp claws tore great furrows in my flesh and left my coat and shirt hanging in shreds.

"The blood spurted from my wounds, and I was knocked down by the force of the blows. I closed my eyes as I fell, face downward, and expected to be torn to shreds in an instant, but to my surprise the animal did not follow up the attack, and as I struggled to my feet their hoarse growling and the sounds of a terrific struggle told me that they were fighting each other.

"They had got the smell of blood, and, missing their victim at the first spring, the fierce brutes flew at each other's throats. I turned in time to see the most ferocious combat I had ever witnessed, and in the excitement of the moment I forgot my wounds.

"The other lions I had seen in the trees were probably frightened away by the shots I had fired. Anyway they were gone, and the two that had tried to make a meal of me were left to fight their battle to the death without interruption.

"I picked up my rifle and again took a position against the rock, but the fighting lions were no longer aware of my presence. They rolled over and over so fast that they looked like two great yellow balls, changing to red as the blood began to flow in streams from the gaping wounds they were tearing in each other's bodies with teeth and claws.

"The fight must have lasted all of three minutes, and then the larger of the two animals got his teeth securely fastened in the throat of the other. In a few moments he was drinking the lifeblood of his vanquished antagonist, and then as he crouched by the body with eyes closed I raised my rifle and shot the victor dead.

"I found myself as weak as well as I could and managed to reach home, but I was very weak from loss of blood, and it was more than a month before I recovered from the scratching I got."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Every singer in a quartet can give three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.—Elmira Gazette.

INFINITY OF SPACE.

MATTERS BEYOND THE POWERS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Still There Has Been Much Light Thrown Upon the Subject Since the Astronomers of the Seventeenth Century Declared That There Were Only One Thousand Stars.

There can be no subject more calculated to impress a man's mind with his own insignificance, compared with the overwhelming power and glory of his Creator, than the study and contemplation of the firmament in all its boundless infinity. It is not to be wondered at that from the earliest ages the subject has never failed to excite a fascination over men, and that those who, by their genius and learning, have most nearly succeeded in solving its mysteries have always been revered and esteemed to be among the wisest men of their day. More has been done within the last 30 years than in all the rest of the world's history toward the piercing of the veil which shuts off from our eyes the beauties and mysteries of far-off realms, and doubtless, by means of the spectroscopic and increased size in the lenses of our telescopes, we shall be enabled before long to unravel still more secrets of the universe, and further add to our stock of information regarding the construction and conditions of other worlds besides our own.

The question as to whether space is finite or infinite can never be satisfactorily argued out or indeed even thought of, for the human mind is incapable of grasping the existence of a limit to space, even in its most abstract form, but the question of the infinity of worlds and their distribution in the infinity of space lies more closely within the scope of human intellect, for we have many material facts and calculations to go upon in discovering the probable answer to this most fascinating question.

Only as far back as the seventeenth century astronomers placed the number of stars in the universe as a little over 1,000, but this was absurd, as the real number visible to the naked eye is about 7,000, and perhaps twice that number can be seen by persons with exceptionally good eyesight. When the heavens, however, are examined through a telescope, the number of visible stars are enormously increased. In fact, it has been calculated that the great Lick telescope, the most powerful yet made, reveals as many as 100,000,000! Yet what is that vast number compared with infinity? It cannot even be likened to a grain of sand on the seashore, and yet if we think the matter out carefully we shall see that the number of visible stars cannot really be infinite, for if they were the heavens would be a complete haze of light. This, of course, we know, is far from being the case, and indeed there cannot be any doubt that, in certain parts of the heavens at least, the number of visible stars is already known, for there are blank spaces which are absolutely devoid of stars below a certain magnitude or even the veriest trace of nebulous light.

These spaces are known to astronomers by the name of "cool spots." They contain no stars fainter than the twelfth magnitude, and, in fact, appear to mark those parts of the universe which are comparatively thin. On the other hand, in other parts of the heavens we have not by any means reached the limit of telescopic resolvability. It is curious, though, that these intensely dark "holes" in the bright empyrean are mostly to be found in those parts of the heavens where most stars abound, notably in the Milky Way. These remarkable blank spots have been a favorite theme of discussion and argument among all astronomers, for whatever the real shape or distribution of that universe may be, they point to the almost certain inference that in a particular direction at least there is an actual limit to the number of stars, and if there is a limit in one direction we have every right to suppose that such is the case in others, and that we have only to wait for telescopes strong enough to resolve those parts which are still unresolved to discover that a point can be reached when all the stars of the universe are unfolded to our gaze, and that, no matter how keen the power of our mechanical vision, we can find no more.

If, now, we admit that the number of visible stars is limited, the next question to be asked is, What is the order or shape of their distribution? Various astronomers have had various theories about this matter. Herschel was inclined to think that the visible universe was in the shape of a disk, though his views in this direction were considerably modified during the latter part of his life. Struve considered that the universe was in the shape of a disk of limited thickness, but infinite length—a theory which is hard to support, as, unless the ultimate extinction of light in space is believed in, that part of the heavens which lay toward the plane of the disk would necessarily shine with the brightness of the sun. The late Mr. Prentiss, though finding it impossible to define any particular shape for the visible universe, as a whole, was of the opinion that the brightest part of it—namely, the Milky Way—was in the form of a spiral. This latter theory, however, has many objections to contend with. Other astronomers have had different theories on this question, but all, or nearly all, appear to admit an ultimate limit to the size of the visible universe, or, in other words, believe that the galaxy of worlds which surround us form, in fact, but an islet in the vast infinity of space.

It would appear at first sight that any attempt to solve the question of the existence of external galaxies and their distance was absolutely futile, yet such is not the case. The result of calculation is that the nearest external universe is so far distant that light from it traveling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second would take nearly 90,000,000 years to reach us.—Chambers' Journal.

Horns.

Professor Cyrus Adler, assistant curator of oriental antiquities in the United States National museum, describes an endless variety of horns made of diverse material used for religious purposes. The Berbers have an instrument made of two rams' horns, joined at the ends with a metal mouthpiece. An ox's horn or a cow's horn was sounded in India in honor of the Hindoo god Siva. In Africa the tusk of the elephant is used. The Etruscans had a bronze horn, a specimen of which is in the British museum. The kurna sounded by the Hebrews was a ram's horn. The Jewish chofar, made of an ant's horn, is the survival of the most ancient worship. Professor Adler writes: "It is not only the solitary musical instrument actually preserved in the Moslem ritual, but the oldest form of wind instrument known to be retained in use in the world."—New York

THE MONGOLIAN BUILD.

As a Rule, Chinamen Are Muscular and Athletic Specimens of Humanity.

One of the surprises encountered by the traveler when he is first among Mongolians is their physical development. Americans are wont to judge their bodily structure by the specimens in the laundry shops of San Lee or Chi Ping, and the loose clothing of the Chinaman conceals his brawny arms and legs when he has them. Seeing Tibetans in the Himalayas—stocky chunks of men, with an abnormal muscular development—had not brushed away my idea that the Chinaman was rather a slim, unimpressive oriental, something like the willowy Hindoo, but when I landed in Singapore and first saw numbers of coolies stripped to their work I was thunderstruck at their massive proportions.

The Chinese are commonly said to be a diseased race, a people permeated with blood poisons, but one does not see it in the average specimen, and one does see it in every street corner, men with limbs and torsos like Sardanapalus, and men who would be marked down for football players in any American college. Not but what disease is always an accompaniment of so crowded a population, not that its manifestations fail to impress you, but the Chinaman, far from being a taper fingered mortal, is a tough, sturdy, the fellow, with thick sinews like an athlete, and plenty of ambition and courage—within his racial lines. Nor have I found any exception to the rule.

The Mongol from the borders of India, where, going east, you first strike his homely coarseness, to the confines of Japan, where you say goodbye to his lovely cherry blossoms and his smiling bows, is everywhere, in physique, the same strong, enduring man. The Chinaman is filthy in mind, body and estate, the Japanese is equally clean, but in mere physical quality they are very much alike. That the Mongol's nervous structure is less fine than the Asian's is evidenced by the fact that the average Chinaman will endure unflinched the pain of a surgical operation which would seriously compromise the reactionary power of most white men, and this, if anything, adds to his value as a mere human animal.—T. A. Dodge in Forum.

BEEF POWDER.

Nourishing and Appetizing and Can Be Easily Made at Home.

Some of the beef powders in the market smell and taste of the chemist's shop and are not readily taken by an invalid whose palate requires to be coaxed. A happy idea struck the writer several months ago that beef powder might without difficulty be prepared fresh and on a small scale by any ordinary cook. The experiment was made, and the result was satisfactory beyond expectation. Beef powder made at home is appetizing, has a delicate aroma and flavor and can be taken with pleasure by invalids who turn with aversion from ordinary food. If a little pepsin be taken at the same time, it is digested even when the ordinary peptonized foods are not retained. The mode of preparation is simple. Lean beef is cut into small pieces. These are put into boiling fat drippings or butter for a couple of minutes until the surface is browned. They are then removed from the fat and placed on a strainer for a few moments. Afterward they are placed in a mincing machine. The resulting mince is placed in a slow oven and dried. The drying process may take from 5 to 24 hours, or even longer, according to the heat employed. When thoroughly dried, the meat is quite crisp and can be ground in a coffee mill that has not been used for any other purpose.

In the drying process the meat loses a trifle more than four-fifths of its weight. This beef powder can be taken in various ways—with hot water or soup, with mashed potatoes, with bread and butter in a sandwich or with a little pepsin in a starch water.

The writer has given this homemade beef powder with such excellent effect in several cases where there was much difficulty with food that he thinks others may find it useful.—Dr. W. R. Huggard in British Medical Journal.

The Runaway Star.

The greatest velocity that has been recognized among the stars is found in the motion of a star known as 1880 Groombridge, or the "runaway star," as it is sometimes called, which is believed to be rushing through space at the rate of 200 miles per second. This star appears to be moving in a perfectly straight line through the sky, and it may be visiting our star system for the first time, but whence it came or whether it is going no one can tell, and it is a great enigma to astronomers.

Its wonderful velocity cannot be explained, as it is far greater than could be produced by the influence of all known orbits in the universe, and, on the other hand, the combined attraction of all the stars cannot stop this wanderer in its solitary flight through space until it has rushed on to the remotest distances, beyond which the largest telescopes have never penetrated.

It has been mathematically demonstrated that a body approaching the center of our system from an infinite distance cannot move with a greater velocity than 25 miles a second if influenced by the attraction of the masses in our universe alone, but here we have been considering a star moving with eight times that velocity, and still, notwithstanding the fact that it has the greatest motion known among the stars, it would require 185,000 years for this remarkable star to complete an entire circuit around the heavens.—All the Year Round.

A Delicate Insinuation.

The dude drummer from the metropolitan city of New York was making his first trip west, and out in Missouri he began to get quite flip. He had a fair chance on a train to take the seat next a bright faced Missouri girl, and of course he took it, and it wasn't long before he was doing his best to be entertaining to the young woman. She couldn't help herself very well and took it good naturedly.

"Did you know," he said after some time, "that this is my first trip, and I am fresh from the east?"

"Well, no," she replied, so the people around could hear. "I didn't know it—that is to say, didn't know you were from the east."—Detroit Free Press.

Turned the Tables.

While a Bowdoin college professor was holding a recitation some mischievous student induced a band organ man to come up to the hall near the professor's door and play "Sweet Marie," the boys all joining in the chorus. The professor came out, hat in hand, and passed it to every one of the students outside, exhorting them to be generous. Taking the money collected, he gave it to the band organ man and told him in German to leave the campus, which he did without delay, while it slowly dawned on a dozen crestfallen students that a practical joke had been perpetrated.—Lewiston Journal.

HEREDITARY.

Your strictures are unwarranted; Our follies are inherited; Directly from our grandpas they all come. Our defects have been transmitted, And we should be acquitted, Of all responsibility and blame.

We are not depraved beginners, But hereditary sinners, For our fathers never acted as they should. 'Tis the folly of our grandpas That continually hampers— What a pity that our grandpas weren't good!

Yes, we'd all be reformed senators, If our depraved progenitors Had all been prudent, studious and wise; But they were quite terrestrial, Or we would be celestial— Yes, we'd all be proper tenants for the skies!

If we're not all blameless sages, And descend to the ages, And fit for principles and powers; If we do not guide and man it, And engineer the planet, 'Tis the folly of our forefathers—not ours —Mildred Lanister in Home and Country.

DE LESSEPS AND HIS INLAND SEA.

The Great Promoter's Scheme to Restore Fertility to Northern Africa.

The late Count de Lesseps was at one time engaged in a daring and attractive engineering scheme with which the public is not generally familiar. Its object was to create a new sea and thereby restore to fertility and civilization a large part of northern Africa.

Mr. Max de Forrest, now of Nutley, N. J., a former officer in the French army, met his famous countryman at this time. "I met Count de Lesseps," he said, "in 1881, at Gabes, in southern Tunis, where I had been ordered with a squadron of cavalry. Shortly after my arrival he came with a surveying party to make soundings for the proposed interior sea. I had orders to place at his disposal both men and horses, and the discharge of this duty brought me into almost daily communication with him until his departure.

"The interior sea at that time aroused all his enthusiasm. He brought to bear the same persuasive powers that he used when promoting the Suez and the Panama canals and enterprises. To skeptics he always replied, 'It can be done, and it will be done, if the government will give me the money to do it with.'

"His proposed area embraced the entire plain lying to the southward of the boundary line drawn from Gabes via Gafsa to Tamerza. The practicability of the scheme was supported by many facts. It was proved that an inland sea had covered in ancient times the area which it was intended to flood. The level of the land was generally below that of the gulf of Gabes. Innumerable underground streams of fresh and salt water are found in the southern part of Algeria and Tunis.

"The water was to be supplied to the inland sea from the gulf of Gabes. The tides would have a minimum depth sufficient to allow of the passage in all directions of light boats. But the most valuable part of the scheme, it was held, would be to restore the ancient fertility of the country and to oppose a barrier to the sirocco, the deadly burning wind which piles up the desert sand about the oases and finally buries them.

"M. de Lesseps dwelt on these benefits with boundless enthusiasm and imagination. Buried cities would be unearthed and the Coliseum of El Jennn, now a crumbling ruin, but once approaching that of Rome in size, would be accessible to admiring tourists.

"M. de Lesseps left the work in the hands of the general staff of the French army, by whom it is now supposed to be carried on. Whether any progress is being made I do not know."—New York World.

Why a Lobster Turns Red.

Persons living at a remote distance from the natural home of the lobster think that red is the original color of that species of crustacean. The natural hue, however, is green, the beautiful bright brick color being the result of boiling, to which such creatures are subjected. Two explanations for this change in color are given, either of which appears to be tenable. Their shells contain a large percent of iron, and the boiling process oxidizes that mineral, the change being almost exactly the same as that brought about in burning a brick. Such a change in the color of a lobster's shell can be brought about by the sun's action, but never while the lobster is living. As a rule, however, the sun's bleaching influence consumes the oxide almost as fast as it is formed, leaving the shell pure white.

The second explanation is that the original green color is due to the blue and red pigments, the blue being soluble and the red insoluble in boiling water. When the lobster is boiled, the blue pigment is dissolved, leaving the red to color the creature's shell.—St. Louis Republic.

An "Ex."

It is somewhat hard to believe this story of a Boston child of 8 years, but it is related on good authority. The child, who is a little girl named Dorothy, had been behaving very badly, as even Boston children have been known to do, and her mother said to her childingly: "Dorothy, really I cannot be your mamma any more!"

The child made no reply, but gave her mother a quick and very arch look. By and by, after a half hour of silent and well behaved play, she came with her hat in her hand to her mother and said soberly: "My dear ex-mamma, do you think I've been good enough so I could go out now?" —Youth's Companion.

She Was No Politician.

"Did you see all those dreadful charges the papers make against you?" said the politician's wife.

"I did," was the reply. "What am I going to do about it?"

"Why," she answered, almost sobbing, "I—I make that horrid editor prove every word of them, so I would!"

"Prove 'em!" Great guns! That's exactly what I'm anxious to keep him from doing if I can!"—Washington Star.

Trouble About Dead Folks.

Massachusetts is inclined to claim Daniel Webster even if he was born in New Hampshire. Just here arises the trouble that by the same rule Massachusetts will have to give up Benjamin Franklin to Pennsylvania.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

According to the accounts found in the library of Nebuchadnezzar, wheat cost about 10 cents of our money, a bushel and wine 11 cents a "cupful," about two quarts.

An examination of the earthen vases found at Troy and elsewhere shows that they must have been turned on a potter's wheel, just as are those nowadays.

Hell Gate was called by the Indians Monahotunk ("Place of Bad Water").