

ORPHANS IN AUSTRIA

THE STIGMA OF PAUPERISM NEVER CROWNS ITS HELPLESS TOTS.

It is the only country in the world where foundlings are debarr'd from the workhouse—Their care entrusted to the Refined and Wealthy.

There is only one country in the world where orphan children and foundlings are debarr'd from admission to the workhouse. It is in Austria, which maintains that to place the stigma of pauperism upon the poor little things is to handicap them later on in the race for life and bread, and thus to lessen their chance of ever becoming self supporting and self respecting citizens. That their reasoning is just is shown by the results. Whereas in Paris, London and Berlin the majority of children born in workhouses return years afterward to die there. In Vienna it is a most unusual occurrence for a foundling or an orphan dependent upon public charity to become in old age a charge upon the community.

In Austrian cities children of this class are boarded out in the families of workmen living in the suburbs at the expense of the municipality. But their care is entrusted, not to the workhouse authorities, but to gentlemen and ladies of leisure, fortune and respectability, who practically become the guardians of the little ones.

Their charge is a purely honorary one, and they are chosen as a rule by the burgomaster of the city or town from among the nobility, the retired magistrates, the half pay officers, the rich childless widows and wealthy old maids. They bear the title of orphan fathers and orphan mothers, and so honorable is the position regarded by the population that the mayor never experiences any difficulty in securing the services of a sufficient number of such official parents.

During the early youth of their wards the duties of these orphan parents are confined to visiting them at unexpected times and to keeping the people with whom they board up to the mark by showing them that the children have powerful protectors. Upon the official parent devolves the responsibility of deciding the special calling in life for which the youngsters show the most aptitude, the only stipulation made by the municipal authorities being that the boys should be taught some skilled labor or profession calculated to give them later on a chance of being able to support a wife and family and to lay by provision for old age. When these lads go out into the world, it is to their official parents that they turn for a character, and if evil days come to them they appeal to their official protectors for help.

It is an incalculable benefit for a boy who is just starting out in life to have a man of position to stand by him and to speak to the world in his favor, nor is there anything in connection between the two to ruffle the independence of the younger, for when once launched in life the elder stands to him simply in the relation of an old and tried friend, whose advice he may follow or not as he pleases.

With regard to the orphan or foundling girls, they are mostly trained for domestic service, which, however, they are not permitted to enter before the age of 14, and then it becomes the orphan mother's duty to investigate the character of the persons who propose to employ her, to see that she is well treated and eventually, when she marries, to find out about the man's reputation and as to whether he has the means of keeping a wife.

Usually it is from her own house that the marriage takes place, and at every turn the girl is made to feel the advantage of having a lady of rank to whom she can always appeal, who is bound to protect her, to defend her when wrongfully accused and to guard her as far as possible from evil.

Thanks to these orphan parents, hereditary pauperism in Austria has been practically stamped out, and there is much in the system that may commend itself to people on this side of the Atlantic. The condition of the pauper orphans and of the foundlings now dependent upon the public charity of this great metropolis would certainly be vastly improved and the future prospects of the little unfortunates rendered more promising were our leading citizens and their wives to follow the example of the people in similar standing in Austria, and to add a new and useful interest to their lives by assuming the honorary and honorable office of orphan parents.—New York Tribune.

A Still Race in France.

A French scientific journal gives particulars of a still race (course d'echassiers) at Bordeaux, in which Aime Martin, a young man under 30, beat the record by covering 440 kilometers (about 275 miles) in 76 hours and 35 minutes. His stilt was about 6 feet long and weighed over 16 pounds. His bare feet were not injured by the friction, and he suffered no inconvenience. Another race of portanieres—that is, women who carry burdens on their heads—was won by Margaret Pujol, 36 years of age. Her burden consisted of a basket laden with 45 pounds, and the course was 9 kilometers (about 5 1/2 miles), which she covered in 1 hour and 5 minutes.—Exchange.

Vowel Sounds Photographed.

Professor Herrmann has succeeded in photographing the vowel sounds by speaking them into a phonograph, which reproduced them slowly. The vibrations were recorded by a microtelephone, which had a small mirror in the vibrating drum. A ray of light reflected from the mirror recorded its vibrations—that is to say, the vibrations of the vowel sounds—on a traveling band of sensitized paper.—Chicago Herald.

A frog cannot breathe with its mouth open. Its breathing apparatus is so arranged that when its mouth is open its nostrils are closed. To suffocate a frog, it is necessary only to prop its jaws so that they cannot shut.

SHREWD BARNEY BIGLIN.

It Was Politics For Him Not to Know Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer.

Most of the stories worth printing about the famous Chicago convention of 1890 have been published, but here is one that seems to be new: Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer was in Chicago working against Grant and a third term. Bernard Biglin was there in the interest of Grant. Both were old personal friends. The night before the balloting began Biglin and two others were appointed a committee to look after several southern delegations, among them being the Kentucky delegation.

When Biglin and his associates arrived at the Kentucky headquarters, they found that Dittenhoefer had got ahead of them. He had the floor and was delivering a strong speech against Grant, saying, among other things, that Grant could not carry New York. Biglin saw that Dittenhoefer's remarks were having great weight, and he realized that he was no match for him as a talker. What to do to break the force of Dittenhoefer's speech was the problem that confronted Biglin. This was the method he selected. In the midst of Dittenhoefer's peroration Biglin called out in loud voice, "Who is that man?"

"Why, he is ex-Judge Dittenhoefer of New York," said a member of the Kentucky delegation.

"Oh, no; that's not Judge Dittenhoefer," said Biglin. "I know Judge Dittenhoefer well. This man may pretend to be Dittenhoefer to strangers, but he knows better than to try to work any such racket with New Yorkers. I tell you he's a fraud."

Biglin's remarks made a sensation. Suspicious glances were cast at Dittenhoefer by members of the Kentucky delegation. The former got red in the face and walked up to Biglin. "Barney," he said, holding out his hand, "that's a pretty good joke of yours, not to know me."

"Joke," shouted Biglin in contempt. "It's no joke, I can tell you. I will just bet you \$30 that you are not Judge Dittenhoefer of New York." Biglin flourished a \$30 bill in Dittenhoefer's face. Of course he had to accept the challenge. The money was put up in the hands of a member of the delegation. Dittenhoefer hurried away to get some one to identify him. When he returned, Biglin had disappeared, likewise the stakeholder. After the convention Dittenhoefer met Biglin in the hotel corridor. "What did you mean," he said, "by saying you did not know me that night at the Kentucky headquarters?"

"What did you mean," said Biglin, "by saying that Grant could not carry New York?"

"That was politics," answered Dittenhoefer.

"Well," said Biglin, "it was politics my not knowing you."

Dittenhoefer and Biglin are still friends.—New York Press.

Peacocks' Feathers.

Peacocks' feathers have been handed down to us from the ancient days of mythology as emblematical of treachery, evil and misfortune. The origin of this strange superstition is founded upon the following classical story: Osiris, king of Egypt, upon starting on his Indian expedition, left his queen, Isis, regent, with Argus, his minister, as her chief adviser. Argus, with his hundred eyes, or rather his spies, soon made himself so formidable and powerful that he seized the queen regent, shut her up in a strong castle and proclaimed himself king of Egypt. Mercury was sent against him with a strong army, took him captive and cut off his head, whereupon Juno metamorphosed him into a peacock and set his eyes in his tail. From this legend and the various additions made to it from time to time the belief has arisen that it is unlucky to have peacocks' feathers inside a house.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Destroying Crickets in Idaho.

The onward march of the crickets in Idaho is described by the correspondents as something more terrible to the farmers than an army with banners. The little pests made their appearance in northern Idaho in May and have been moving toward the south and east ever since, eating every blade of grain and grass on the way and even destroying the foliage and fruit. The farmers have been crushing them with rollers, burning them with sage brush fires and roasting them as they swim across the rivers and ditches with burning oil, but they still move on by millions, undaunted by the slaughter and undismayed by anything except a lack of verdure. Just how far they are going is a matter of much moment to the farmers of the mountain region.—Nebraska State Journal.

Economizing on Preachers.

In Clark county, where hard times prevail and crops failed this year, the religious people of all denominations are getting together and discharging all but one minister in the interest of economy. At Ashland, the county seat, seven denominations combined and took a vote on the most popular of the seven ministers who should preach the gospel to the people, eschewing all doctrinal topics. The Rev. Milleck of the Methodist church was selected and the other six discharged. The unsuccessful were not soured, and accepted their fate, knowing that there was support but for one minister.—Kansas Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Baby Cheney's Narrow Escape.

Babies will eat whatever they see. That's how Baby Cheney of Randolph, Me., came near dying. The nice dish of green beans which Mrs. Cheney had set out for the kittens and which baby sampled had been nosed over by a dog which had been just previously poisoned. So baby came near dying, and Mrs. Cheney says to her neighbor, "Did you ever?" And no one ever did hear of just such a case.—New York Recorder.

A Long Time Between Scraps.

It is 223 years since a blow was last struck in the house of commons, and the offender was then sent by the speaker to the Tower of London.—Boston Herald.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

Why Do Cats' Eyes Shine in the Dark While Men's Eyes Do Not?

Why do cats' eyes shine in the dark while men's eyes do not? The author of "Idle Days in Patagonia" raises this question without answering it. He shot and wounded an eagle owl, and the sight of the bird, he says, was one of the greatest surprises with which nature ever favored him. The owl's haunt was an island overgrown with grass and tall willows. Thither Mr. Hudson went toward evening and found him upon his perch waiting for sunset. He eyed the intruder so calmly as almost to disarm him, but hunters of specimens have a way of hardening their hearts. Mr. Hudson fired. The owl swerved on his perch, remained suspended for a few moments and then slowly fluttered down. He says:

I found my victim stung to fury by his wounds and ready for the last supreme effort. Even in repose he is a big, eagle-like bird; now in the uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood on end, the tawny barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense tiger colored wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, awayed slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike aways his head, or as an angry, watchful cat moves its tail—flat the tip of one, then of the other wing touched the ground.

The black horns stood erect, while in the center of the wheel shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound like the clicking of a sewing machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent, furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination, not unmixed with fear, when I remembered the agony suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone.

The irides were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering yellow flame, the black pupils being surrounded by a scintillating crimson light which threw out minute yellow sparks into the air. When I retired from the bird, this preternatural fiery aspect would instantly vanish.

The question as to the cause of this fiery appearance is one hard to answer. We know that the source of the luminosity in owls' and cats' eyes is the light reflecting membrane between the retina and the sclerotic coat of the eyeball, but the mystery remains. When with the bird, I particularly noticed that every time I retired the nictitating membrane would immediately cover the eyes and obscure them for some time, as they will when an owl is confronted with strong sunlight, and this gave me the impression that the fiery, flashing appearance was accompanied with or followed by a burning or smarting sensation.

I have lived a great deal among semi-savage men. I have often seen them frenzied with excitement, their faces white as ashes, their hair erect and their eyes dropping great tears of rage, but I have never seen in them anything approaching to that fiery appearance of the owl.—Youth's Companion.

How Sugar Melts.

If we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea, we find it takes a considerable time to melt if allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel, but if we hold it up in the spoon near the surface of the liquid it dissolves much more speedily. This is owing to the sugar, as it melts, rendering the portion of the tea containing it heavier. The sweetened part, therefore, descends, leaving the sugar constantly in contact with unsweetened or only partially sweetened tea, in fact, a continual circulation of fluid is promoted until the whole is dissolved.

When the sugar is placed or permitted to lie at the bottom of the cup, it dissolves until the layer of fluid next to it is thoroughly sweetened or saturated, when it practically ceases to dissolve any further, the sweetened and heavier stratum above it acting for a considerable time, until the law of diffusion comes gradually into play, like an impervious covering in keeping back the lighter unsweetened fluid above.

Hence the reason also why stirring, in breaking up the saturated layer and allowing access to the unsweetened portion, is so effectual in bringing about the uniform sweetening of tea. Life is not infrequently sweetened by the same stirring up process.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Much Government.

Patron—That bread you sold me was stale.

Baker—Yah, I coom to dis country und go to work mit a horse on wagon und bakery und a schmall boy. Virat dot Society For de Prevention off Gruelty to Animals makes me droubles about mine horse, und den dot Society For de Prevention off Gruelty to Shildren makes me droubles about dot schmall boy. Now vot can I do? Maybe, if I fresh bread zell, von society for de prevention off grueltly to dyspeptics vill zend me to dot penitentiary.—New York Weekly.

The Sweetest Place on Earth.

Kezanlik is beyond all dispute the sweetest smelling place on earth. It lies on the upper Tunja, near the foot of the Shipka pass, in a valley full of rosefields. Kezanlik is the chief seat of the industry in attar of roses. It takes 20,000 of the roses that grow in that valley to yield by distillation as much genuine attar or otto of roses as equals in weight a 50 cent piece.—Exchange.

Blind Cyclists.

In England, where good roads are not an iridescent dream, cycling parties of blind persons are sometimes seen. It is not to be inferred that the blind lead the blind, for the steersman of each connected group is fully competent to avoid obstructions.—Boston Transcript.

Thirty new.

Visitor—That painting is by an old master, I see.
Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically)—Y-e-s, but the frame is new.—New York Weekly.

Miscellaneous.

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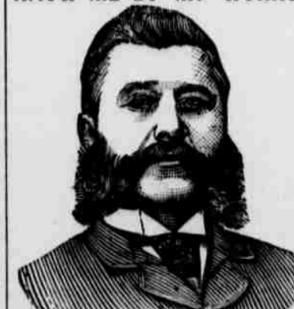
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Town - Talk!

Bargains!

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LISTEN!

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