

The Norwegians have recently done away with the study of Greek and Latin in their higher schools.

No street cars run in Glasgow on Sundays, and now the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland is trying to prevent bathing on Sunday in that city.

According to the Economist European, the combined debt of Europe in 1895 was 121,966,000,000 francs \$24,393,200,000, an increase in ten years of \$4,101,200,000.

Francis Joseph, of Austria, is one of two independent European sovereigns whose presumptive heirs are their nephews. The Emperor of Russia and the King of the Belgians have presumptive heirs in their brothers.

Californians seem to be the least appreciative of the marvelous treasures of gold that lie ready to their hands. The fact that great English, Scotch, French and German companies are steadily coming into California to develop the stores of gold so abundant in the state should be sufficient notice to all Californians, rich or poor, that no reason exists for their going outside the state in search of wealth.

There are two things which England can't get on without—our millionaire daughters and our hotels, boasts the New York Herald. No man on the globe knows how to keep a hotel as the American does. He is a perfect Mahatma at the business. So they say that they are to have in London a five million dollar hotel, and it is to have all possible modern improvements, and a chef imported from this country.

Jules Verne thought he was writing of an altogether new and unique thing when he told his famous story of "The Underground City," but again truth proves to be stranger than fiction, as the Russians have discovered a big underground city in Turkestan, near the Bokharan town of Karkli. Exploration of some big caves revealed the fact that they led to a city in the dark, built thousands of years ago.

The bread known as "pain de guerre," which for some time past has replaced the once notorious biscuits of the French army, has been successful enough to warrant its trial in the navy, says a Paris correspondent. The bread in question is practically what is known as whole-meal bread, but rendered rather lighter and more palatable when stale by finer grinding. The machinery which was used to make biscuits has been utilized for the making of the new bread, and the big state bakeries will still supply both army and navy.

An energetic California orchardist has invented a machine to keep fruit trees from freezing. This, he says, will insure the fruit-grower against the losses from frost, which are perpetually sweeping down on him and destroying his profits and his crops. The invention combines tar, straw, and water states Harper's Weekly. It is carried about on a wagon, in which the straw, kept wet from a tank on the vehicle, lies on the burning tar, the fire of which is sustained at an intense pitch by means of a fan operated by machinery attached to the wheel of the wagon. The blast of hot air is blown through the wet substance in a horizontal direction, by its force ejecting a column of condensed vapor underneath the trees. The inventor says that with this machine the heaviest frosts can be defied.

"Senator Tillman," says a correspondent of the Springfield Republican, "was at one time taught by Miss Annie Arthur, a sister of President Arthur, who was governess in the Tillman family when the Senator was a boy. During President Arthur's Administration this lady revisited the scenes of her early days in South Carolina, and spent several weeks with the family of then 'Farmer' Tillman at the old estate. This lies at about thirteen miles distance from Augusta, Ga. Here Senator Tillman was born fifty years ago, and has lived ever since, excepting two years spent in Florida. His father was a slave and land owner, and the family lived in the lap of luxury before the war. After the war, however, the family like the majority of others in the South, became 'land poor.' The great-grandfather of the Senator came from near Strasburg, Germany, and so was German. The name was then spelled 'Tlghman.' There is furniture still in the family that came from Strasburg. The Senator's great-grandmother was Irish. He has also Huguenot blood in his veins."

Discontent.
Yes, 'tis that which alters
The strain of him who sings;
When the music falters
The fault is in the strings.
Life's supreme losses
Never match its gains,
Crowns are more than crosses,
Pleasures more than pains.
Often we, forgetting
All the good we see,
Spend our lives regretting
Things that ought to be.
Oh, instead of doing
Little tasks today,
Waste our strength pursuing
Great ones far away.
In the quest of pleasure
Every soul that lives
Grasps the fullest measure
With the hand that gives;
And no balm of healing
Comes to heart or brain,
Save from fellow feeling
For another's pain.
Not where glories linger
Dearest joys belong,
Not the loftiest singer
Sings the sweetest song;
For one eagle soaring
O'er the mountain chain,
A thousand larks are pouring
Their music o'er the plain.
—J. H. Parks, in Detroit Free Press.

"KIDS."

BY CHARLES D. DEVON.

"What's this bit of lead, captain?" asked the colonel's nephew, who had dropped in on the surgeon at his plain quarters facing the parade.

"Apache bullet!" replied the doctor sententiously, with a carelessness that evidently was assumed. "Dug it out of Bristow."

"Would you mind yarning me the tale?" continued the visitor, with a pardonable inquisitiveness.

"Certainly, I'll tell you what I know about the lead," said the surgeon, laying down the instrument he had been cleaning, and offering his civilian guest an arm-chair upon the veranda. "But 'tis only a short story." And then, wizen-faced, but kind-hearted, old Sawbones continued:

"Bristow was a little dude—one among many dandies at the Point back in the '70s. I took note of him when I was on duty there as assistant-surgeon. He came to the academy as a dapper young city chap, inclined to air his pedigree and social advantages, until the yearlings knocked all that sort of thing out of him in plebe camp. But one thing those gray-coated tyrants never knocked out of Bristow, and that was the style. He was a dandier fellow in cadet-gray than ever he had been in dress-suit and kids, and the first man in his class to take colors. But he was always thought to be a bit too foppish and airy in his manners, and his slight build and rather effeminate look exposed him to frequent ridicule at the hands of some of the strapping upper classmen. And, indeed, I did not very much take to him myself, though he was a distant relative. You see," and here the doctor dropped his voice, impressively, "there are some poor sticks at the academy, as elsewhere, and it has been well said by Jones of the staff that 'the only point about some men in the army is West Point.' Accordingly I did not give Bristow credit for the possession of much grit and backbone, until one day, in his second-class year, when he was brought over to the hospital, having had a fall in the riding-hall, and there and then bore himself with such undentable pluck while some of us worked over him that I, at least, began to think that 'Kids,' as his classmates called him, was worth his salt after all, and might make a soldier some day."

"But all that doesn't explain the bullet!" interrupted the colonel's nephew.

"No, that's a fact," replied the surgeon. "We doctors are too garrulous. Well, the explanation of the bullet was a girl of course—Gertrude Creighton, the blithest belle of that season at the Point. Bristow was infatuated with her, little fool! It was the old story of the moth singeing its wings at the candle. He thought the Point a paradise so long as Gertrude trod its walks. He was devoted to himself, and she, who had been without a heart, let him think she favored him.

"But the fond dream of bliss was dissipated when graduation day arrived and the girl threw him over, never having had the least idea—as any of us older ones could have told him—of roughing it upon the frontier as a soldier's bride.

"Bristow followed Gertrude to Newport on his graduating leave; but his entreaties were all in vain, and sick at heart he joined shortly after the 3rd Cavalry, then in Arizona; for he could always ride and chose that arm of the service. Out on the frontier he could

not be quite the dude he had been at the Point, but still he was always the best dressed subaltern in the regiment. He had money enough, for one thing. "But to come now to the bullet. Gertrude Creighton married a Curton, the son of a rich mine-owner. Paterfamilias Curton wanted this youthful scion to make a short trip with a view to looking after some of his interests in the West. And so it came to pass that one day out in Arizona this same young Curton, in company with a few prospectors, ran right into a small band of Apaches. For a time they stood the Indians off, while one of Curton's crowd got away and brought the news into Fort Blister. It didn't take long for a detail, under command of the dude sub, to mount and bear away for the scene of the excitement.

"But the messenger had underrated the number of the Apaches, and for once our colonel had erred in judgment with regard to the size of the detachment he sent out. The Apaches were too proud to be driven off by Bristow's little squad. When the troops arrived they found a serious piece of business on their hands. The prospecting party had been nearly cut to pieces. Only one or two survived. One of these was Curton, and he was badly wounded. Bristow, the first sergeant said afterward, started violently when he saw him, and for a moment was quite unnerved. Bristow had met Curton in past years and knew of course that he was Gertrude Creighton's husband.

"But a shout restored Bristow to his senses. The Apaches, yelling and flourishing their rifles, were rushing down upon the doomed group of prospectors, thinking by a sudden rush to snatch their prey before it was secured by the troops. 'Kids' gave a quick order for a counter charge, and then riding for all he was worth—riding as he once rode at the academy—dashed across the intervening gully and was at Curton's side in a twinkling. Lifting his now wounded rival on his own horse, with a kick he sent the animal at a mad gallop off to refuge behind our little line. Curton, half dazed, only heard him say, as he lifted him on the horse: 'Tell your wife—that it was joy to die—to save her husband!'

"Yes, that is the ball I cut out of Bristow," sighed the doctor. "An Apache swept it into him just after Curton went away to safety. Of course our men got the body. And I kept the ball.

"But there goes 'sick call!'" exclaimed Sawbones, jumping up. "Well, Bristow may have been a kid-gloved hero, but he was a hero all the same. For 'Kids' wasn't just a carpet-knight at Cozzan's, but we of the 3rd after that wrote him down in memory's roster as one of the fighters of the plains."—Frank Leslie's Magazine.

The Color of the Eyes.

The latest subjects of statistical inquiry are light and dark eyes, and as the result of sundry responses to questions propounded in various countries and duly authenticated, it has been discovered (and not merely discovered but also proved) that, taking the average of Europe and America, 44.6 is the percentage of men having light eyes, including blue and gray. The proportion of girls and women having blue or gray eyes is by the same computation 34.2 percent. In other words, blue eyes are decidedly rarer among women than among men, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that blue eyes, especially in combination with blond hair, are esteemed so highly as a feature of feminine beauty.

Men have light eyes oftener than women; but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly if not quite the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black. The percentage of these among men is 43.1, and among women 45.1. The percentage of dark or, more properly, black, eyes is larger among women, being 20.7 percent of the whole number, while among men it is 12.3. Perhaps it is the relative rarity of dark eyes among men which establishes the rule that dark-eyed men are esteemed more by women to be more fortunate in the color of their eyes than blue-eyed men.

The figures upon which these percentages are based are the result of inquiries not prosecuted in one or more of the countries of Europe or one or more states of the United States, for, as is well known, in southern European countries dark eyes both among men and women predominate, while light eyes are to be found to just as high a proportion in northern countries.

The Scallop Industry.

The delicate shell has commended itself to makers of toilet and other articles for ladies' use, such as pin-cushions, made either in one valve or between both shells; needlebooks and many other things are made from them, but they are too frail for some uses that shells have been put to, such as scrapers, scoops, and dishes, yet from their employment by cooks to serve a peculiar patty of oysters in, they have given the name of "scalloped oysters" to the dish, whether served in the shells or otherwise.

The only portion of this handsome bivalve that is edible is the adductor muscle, which closes the shells and corresponds to the "hard part" in the oyster, often misnamed the "eye"; the rest of the animal, being very soft, is called the rim by the fishermen. The little village of New Suffolk, on Great Peconic Bay, which divides the eastern end of Long Island into two long peninsulas, lives mainly from the scallop fisheries, which begin in September and end about the first of May, and are only interfered with by the freezing of the bay or by floating ice, for the hardy fishermen seldom mind the weather unless a gale should interfere with the management of the boats, which are small sloops of five to fifteen tons burden and are managed by two men—one at the tiller and the other at the dredges. They use from one to six dredges, according to the size of the boat. The scallop fleet of New Suffolk comprises twenty-six boats, and some few others of a smaller class occasionally join in the work. About seventy men do the catching and carting while twenty men, thirty women, and eighty children open and prepare the catch for market; and as the population of the place is only two hundred and seventy-five, it may be truly said that all—grocer, postmaster, and stage driver—live from the catching of scallops. Children stop on the way home from school and open a few quarts, and mothers often rock the cradle with one foot while standing on the other at work in the shops.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Virtues of Hot Water.

Hot water has far more medical virtues than many believe or know. Because it is so easily procured, thousands think it valueless. The uses of hot water are, however, many. For example, there is nothing that so promptly eases short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the painful part in otitis or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. A strip of flannel or muslin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics. Very hot water will stop dangerous bleeding.—New York Ledger.

Misfit Shoe Shops.

New York City has developed numerous unusual industries. On the East side, in the neighborhood of Grand and Norfolk streets, are several small stores which are known to the irreverent youth of that neighborhood as "boot and shoe misfiteries." The stock in trade is unannounced, and is supposed to consist of boots and shoes made to order which have been returned by some customer whom they did not exactly suit. The misfitters are marvelously skillful in their work, and will deceive anybody but an expert. A favorite trick is to restore a shoe and then put two or three blots of ink on the lining. The suave dealer offers you the lining and says: "Just as good as new, only some careless clerk dropped the ink on it, and it was ruined for that first-class store." Shoes made for Patti, Langtry, Princess Endicott and other feminine celebrities are always kept in stock. The customers of these places are of a very good class, and consist usually of young women who desire to get fashionable boots worth \$10 to \$15 for \$4 or \$5, and who do not mind the fact that these are shop-worn, misfit or some second-hand so long as they can make their associates believe what the misfit dealer told them about the ink blots.

MILKING MACHINE.

A Wonderful Apparatus in Operation in Norway.

Cows Milked by Mechanism. Enjoy the Performance.

One of the most interesting reports issued from the State department at Washington for some time has just made its appearance. It is from Thomas B. O'Neill, United States consul at Stockholm, Sweden, and is a description of a milking machine in use in that country. The report will be read with delight by the farmers and their wives and daughters. It is as follows:

By friendly permission of Dr. de Laval, I had the pleasure of seeing this wonderful machine in operation on his estate, Lilla Ursvik, Spanga county, Sweden, where experiments have been going on since October last under the management of Mr. Abr. Forsell.

It has been thoroughly tested and found perfectly satisfactory to introduce to farm owners. The milking itself—that is, the evacuation of the udder—is effected by mere mechanical working of the teat, and not, as lately appeared in the press, by combined squeezing and sucking. Artificial suction has proved to be rather impractical and injurious when repeated too often, and this is the reason why such a method has been omitted in constructing the lactator.

The milking is done by two special "organs," or a pair of cylindrical rubber rollers that catch the teat at the root, thus shutting off the milk therein. The rollers then move downward to the lower part of the teat, from whence the milk is squeezed out by two plates moving parallel with each other. The function of the rollers is rendered possible by a hold above—the so-called roof that is regularly moved against the udder, whereby a slight thrust is given the udder, something like the knock that the calf gives when sucking, which facilitates the descending of the milk in the teats, as well as the secretion of the milk in the vesicles of the udder.

Every milking machine has four different arms, one for each teat, which, although with a joint axle, work independently of each other, and even alternate in their movements. Their adaptation to the udder is done instantly. The arms move very easily on point and spring attachments in every direction without losing the necessary steadiness. The pressure against the udder is affected through the apparatus being fastened on to a horizontal rod, and so balanced that the front part which contains the driving mechanism, and is consequently heavier, presses the lighter back part against the udder. This pressure can be increased, if necessary, by loading the front part still more.

The axle that is common to the four arms acts on a very ingenious, but, at the same time, very simple system of eccentric pulleys and levers. The rotation of the axle is effected through a cord that is led over the heads of the cows, and is common to all machines. Through a simple coupling, this cord gives speedy rotation to the flexible axle, through which the rotation is communicated to the axle of the four arms by means of a coupling, which is done in an instant.

The placing of the apparatus on the cow is a very easy performance. A belt that carries the rod is strapped on the cow with a single buckle. The apparatus is first started and then put on the rod, and the different arms are adjusted under their respective teats, which the rollers then immediately seize, and the milking begins.

The milk is conducted through funnel-shaped so-called "teat protectors" and short rubber tubes to a small tin cup that is hanging in these tubes, from whence, through a vacuum arrangement, it is drawn up to a tin bucket that hangs over the head of the cow. From the moment the milk leaves the teat protectors till it gets into the tin bucket, it has not had any connection with the outer air. Even if the apparatus works awhile after the udder gives no more milk, and consequently the cup becomes empty, no air enters on account of an automatic arrangement, and this has the result that the milk is as free as possible from bacteria and keeps longer.

By using the lactator the great trouble to procure and control dairy maids is avoided; besides the milking is done in a sufficiently clean manner to meet all hygienic demands. The dairy products will, of course, become more valuable. The cows seem to enjoy being treated by the machine.

Queer Things About Ears.

The Anthropological Society met recently in the parlors of the Cosmos Club, Madison place and H. street northwest.

Dr. D. S. Lamb opened with a lecture, entitled "A Study in Ears." There was a pronounced difference in ears, he said, even when the ears of animals of the same species were considered. This, together with the different opinions of the several specialists, made positive figures almost impossible. Generally speaking, however, there were relative marks which gave a fair index of the character. For instance, it was nearly positive that in the brute kingdom, at least, small, well-formed ears meant intelligence. The size of ears showed much. Taking a basis of fifty degrees for the medium organ, the difference could be traced minutely. The professor illustrated these remarks with the aid of charts, compiled from Topinard indexes.

Again, he said, there was much in the position of the ear. Some claimed that the organ's wide extension from the head invariably meant criminality, all other things being equal. Of course, other than natural influences might have something to do with that observation, admitting as an example, that a child sleeping on one ear constantly would cause the organ of that side to grow nearer to the head. Head dress in certain countries affected this to some extent. The power of moving the organ of hearing portrayed to a certain extent the influences of life. Animals in constant danger had this power to a remarkable degree, but Darwin claimed man had lost it entirely through the general absence of its need. Still some people could move the ear remarkably well, especially upward and backward. Returning to the flat ear, the doctor said that some claimed animals which used their teeth as weapons always had the flat ear. He would not vouch for this.—Washington Post.

War and the Locust.

On the outspread wings of a seventeen-year or Pharaoh locust, the lines of the letter W can be clearly traced. There is a popular superstition that the letter W means war.

In 1894 these locusts appeared and marched across the country on a sweeping line of devastation. The Japanese-Chinese war, the most momentous affair of its kind in the present decade, followed immediately after. Just seventeen years before the noisy pest was again abroad and that was the year before the great Russo-Turkish war. Seventeen years previous, in 1869, the locust was with us again, and 1869 was the year before the Civil war. In 1843 the locust again cast itself upon the nation, and the Mexican war occurred one year after.

Back of this few remember whether the locust was on hand or not, but if there is any logical pertinency in his name he should have come in 1853, which brings us to a grand epoch in the world's history—the Greek Revolution and the independence of all the South American States and Mexico. The Seminole war, in Florida, followed.—New York Journal.

New Orleans in Peril.

"The people of New Orleans are fearful as to what course the Mississippi river intends to take," said C. T. Loomis of the Crescent City. "Some of the very best engineers claim that the father of waters has grown tired of the route he has traveled for so many years and is very likely to take a short cut to the ocean. Of these there are three, one by the bayou Teche, another by Lakes Allemands and Salvador being very much more direct and with a better fall than the present course of the river. Either route would leave New Orleans from fifty to one hundred miles from the river, and the prospects for the river breaking through all bounds and changing its channel in this way are growing every year. The old-time danger of an inundation of New Orleans owing to the city being on lower ground than the river is not nearly so great as that the river will desert it and make it an inland city."—Washington Star.

No Poundkeeper in London.

London has no poundkeeper, but strays are promptly taken care of, all the same. The Graphic says: London dogs have been "run in" by the police to the number of nearly 21,000 since the muzzling order began in the middle of February. Of these some 5,000 were claimed at the police stations, while most of the remainder ended their days in the lethal chamber. From January to June 106 cases of rabies occurred in London.