

LIABLE TO EXPLODE.

HARMLESS HOUSEHOLD GOODS THAT ARE REALLY DANGEROUS.

Sugar and Chlorate of Potash is a Wicked Combination, and Flour Dust and Dry Air is Fraught With Danger—Odds of Gun cotton.

At the premises of an English company there occurred some time ago a disastrous fire which completely gutted an enormous building and caused losses aggregating \$500,000. The fire was attributed to an explosion of malt.

Any fine inflammable dust when mixed with a certain proportion of dry air will explode. There was a previous similar accident in a New York candy manufactory. A terrific explosion which wrecked the entire building was discovered to be due to the fact that particles of fine being sugar had been allowed to invade the room where the furnaces were.

An eminent authority on explosives declares that many of those accidents in coal mines usually attributed to fire damp have been caused by dry coal dust suspended in the galleries having been accidentally fired. Even so apparently an innocent substance as flour becomes fearfully explosive when mixed in suitable proportions with dry air.

Another substance that has proved to be extremely dangerous when stored in large quantities is chlorate of potash. A disaster some years ago in a big London factory proved the destructive powers of this simple remedy for colds. Sugar and chlorate of potash mixed from an explosive which has been tried for blasting purposes, but so dangerous a compound is it that any explosive containing these ingredients is not likely to pass the government tests in this country.

A good many years ago it was discovered that cellulose soaked in strong nitric acid changed from a substance no more harmful than paper to a fierce explosive. The number of materials on which nitric acid will work a similar transformation is almost endless. Wood, paper, straw, coal, peat, pitch, starch, sugar, tea tin, phosphorus, iron, zinc, copper and magnesium are only a few that could be named.

One of the best known and most terrible of these mixtures is nitroglycerin, which is simply nitric acid and common glycerin mixed together and allowed to fall into a stream of water. Dynamite is nothing more than nitroglycerin absorbed by some spongy substance. Alum, asbestos, plaster of Paris, sawdust, bran, meal, even dried and pounded potatoes, have been employed for this purpose, but the substance most commonly employed is what is known as "kiesel guhr," or spongy earth. This is the kind of clay formed of minute fossil shells, great beds of which are found in Germany and other parts of the world.

Gun cotton, which was first made in 1845, is the form of nitro compound usually employed in war. It is manufactured from ordinary cotton waste treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids.

There is one very curious point about gun cotton. It cannot be made from raw cotton in the bale; waste cotton is necessary for its manufacture. It seems as if the bleaching to which manufactured cotton has been subjected has something to do with fitting the waste for becoming explosive material. Oily waste is, however, completely useless for making gun cotton, and if even a little is carelessly used a whole batch of the manufactured product may be spoiled.

Gun cotton is so extraordinarily sudden in its action that a small quantity has been exploded in contact with a heap of gunpowder and has failed to set fire to it.

The great advantage which gun cotton possesses over all other explosives is that damp does not injure it. In fact, wet gun cotton explodes with just as great violence as dry, but is of course much harder to fire. Consequently it is one of the safest explosives to carry, as it can be thoroughly wetted before packing and kept wet during transport. For mining purposes or for use in war gun cotton is usually compressed into hard cakes.

The cordite which is now used in British military rifles is a rather more compound substance, being composed of thirty-seven parts of gun cotton mixed with fifty-eight of nitroglycerin and five parts of mineral jelly. It is formed into little cords each three-eighths of an inch in diameter. These are made up into little fagots which are placed in the cartridges.

What seems a very odd substance from which to make an explosive is gutta serena. But by the action of nitric acid it can be turned into a formidable detonator.

Each country has its pet powder. The United States uses picrate of ammonia; the French have a beautiful, semi-transparent, chestnut colored powder made of the ultrates of potassium and barium. Besides these there are dozens of explosives with fancy names such as ballistite, cannonite, rielite, randite, plastomente. These vary in size and shape of grain, color and power, but they all depend on the action of nitric acid for their explosive force.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Belle and Her Dress.

Once upon a time there was a famous belle who made frequent visits to her dressmaker and stayed quite long each time because she was particularly about the fit of her gowns, and the modiste desired to please her. They would cut and fit and curve and work to bring every line and curve into proper relation, so that the effect would be artistic and pleasing to the eye.

Moral—Matters of form are often the important matters.—New York Herald.

A GIRL TO TRUST.

So Thought President Lincoln When He Handed Her a Pass.

During the civil war Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, gray man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room, Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame." Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN.

Red Jacket's Memory. Red Jacket, the Indian chief, had more confidence in his own memory than in books and papers of white men. There was a council at one time before Tompkins, an early governor of New York, in regard to an ancient treaty. The agent said one thing, but Red Jacket corrected him. "You have forgotten," said the American agent. "We have it written down on paper."

"The paper then tells a lie," was the confident answer. "I have it written here," continued the chief, placing his hand with dignity upon his brow. "You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers, but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here. This is the book the Great Spirit gave him. It does not lie." A reference was made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all every word that Red Jacket had said was confirmed on the document.

Amused Only the Actors.

In his "Random Recollections" Charles H. E. Brookfield, a highly esteemed actor on the London stage, says: "I remember a piece which we produced at the Comedy theater, written by a popular author and very strongly cast, which amused us all so much that we could hardly rehearse it. Charles Hawtree used every now and then to warn us: 'Now, don't speak too soon on that. There's certain to be a big laugh, and we don't want them to miss the next line.' We rehearsed for six weeks. On the first night nothing went wrong—but the piece. There was not one laugh nor one round of applause from start to finish. We took off the comedy in ten days, during which we rehearsed as a stop gap a conventional three act farce with no literary pretensions. I think it ran for a year."

Queer About the Eyes. Prince Troubetskoy, the artist, once painted in Paris the portrait of an American who was cross eyed. The painter thought a great deal about the matter and finally made his picture cross eyed, too, so that it should be a faithful likeness.

When it was done, the original looked at it and said: "It seems to me—it seems—why, hang it, this picture is cross eyed, isn't it?" "Why, no more than you are, sir," said Prince Troubetskoy. "Well, perhaps you're right," murmured the American. "It seems to have a queer look about the eyes, though."

Her Fathomless Eyes.

It was the hermit Thoreau, whose mistress was wood and stream, who wrote: "The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same diamond here lurking under a human eyelid and there under the closing eyelids of the day. Here, in small compass, is the ancient and natural beauty of evening and morning. What loving astronomer has ever fathomed the ethereal depths of the eye?"

Cause and Effect.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to?

La Moyné—Improved ideas in building.

La Montt—What has that to do with it?

La Moyné—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.—Philadelphia Record.

Hard Work.

"I suppose you have heard about young Chumley? He is very seriously ill as a result of overwork."

"You don't say so! What has he been doing to bring it about?"

"Trying to collect his thoughts."

Giving Him a Chance.

Master Pickles—I think that if I went out of the room Mr. Spooner would kiss you, Ada.

Miss Pickles (sternly)—Leave the room this instant, you impertinent boy!

It is a lot of fun being in love if a man doesn't care if he saves any money or holds his job.—Atlantic Globe.

HE STOPPED THE BELL.

Good Reason For Giving Him Free Entry to the Show.

The requests for theater favors in the two towns are very troublesome. Every person of local standing feels that he has a right to admission at least, while the trustees and the constable feel that they are entitled to private boxes. Some of the requests are decidedly unique.

Recently a company played a small southern city. The manager was taking the tickets at the door of the theater, and the natives were struggling to get in. "Suddenly," he tells, "a long, thin, bushy chinned individual divided the folding doors with his shoulder and whispered confidentially, 'I stop the bell.' I asked him to repeat. 'I stop the bell,' he said again in a hoarse whisper. 'You will have to see the opera house manager and tell him what you stop,' I said, reaching for tickets. He tripped up several ladies while backing out. Soon the manager of the house came in, saying, 'He's all right; he stops the bell.' I allowed him to go in, and after the people were seated I asked the local man what he meant by 'He stops the bell.' 'Well,' said he, 'this man is the janitor of the town hall, right opposite, and on 'show nights' he does not ring nine or ten on the town clock. You see, he said, 'it would disturb the performance,' and so the poor people do not know what time it is until 11 o'clock, when the opera house is open. If I had 'turned him down' he would have rung out nine and ten every half hour to get even."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Lincoln the Ideal President.

Lincoln is the ideal president in that he led public sentiment, represented it and followed it. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have controlled me." During his term of office he was one day called "very weak" and the next day "a tyrant," but when his whole work was done a careful survey of it could bring one only to the conclusion that he knew when to follow and when to lead. He was in complete touch with popular sentiment and divined with nicety when he could take a step in advance. He made an effort to keep on good terms with congress, and he differed with that body reluctantly, although, when the necessity came, decisively. While he had consideration for those who did not agree with him, and while he acted always with a regard to proportion, he was nevertheless a strong and self confident executive.—James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's.

Killing the Turtle.

Killing a turtle with an arrow seems a very difficult feat, since a very hard shell covers practically all of the animal, yet the natives of the Andaman islands kill huge turtles with arrows as easily as American sportsmen kill rabbits with shot.

Accustomed from their childhood to use bows and arrows, they soon become wonderfully skilled in the use of these primitive weapons, and as they know the places where turtles congregate it is easy for them at any time to bring home a good bag of game. Sometimes they try their skill on large fish, and though the latter are harder to kill than turtles, there are a few islanders who rarely miss their mark.

The bows and arrows are made of native wood and are longer and stronger than those used by European archers.

Fierce Wild Hogs.

The wild hogs of southern Colorado share with the peculiarities of Central and South America the reputation of being the fiercest, most vindictive and toughest animals of the western hemisphere. They will follow tenaciously, tree and starve out an enemy. Their skins are tough, their vitality is remarkable and their teeth sharp as razors. They travel in small droves and are ready to attack anything, be it man or beast, that arouses their ire. Hunters in southern Colorado always observe the precaution of stationing themselves within reach of a tree when in the neighborhood of a drove.

Realism.

"De Starr is the great exponent of realism in the drama."

"I know; that's why he wouldn't take my play."

"What was the matter with your play?"

"Why, the hero had a surgical operation performed, and De Starr said if it was done at all it would have to be a real operation, and he couldn't stand for that eight times a week."—Washington Times.

Not Much Difference.

Magistrate—Now, sir, while the evidence is not technically conclusive, I am fully convinced of your guilt, and it will be only a matter of time until you are apprehended and your guilt brought to light.

Prisoner—And then, your honor?

Magistrate—Well, then it will be a matter of some more time.—Buffalo Express.

A Relief.

Husband—Darling, I believe that I am falling.

Wife (in alarm)—Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations.

Husband—I don't mean in business, dear; I mean I'm falling in health.

Wife (relieved)—Oh, is that all?

Love in Spectacles.

He—I suppose now that I shall have to ask your father for his consent.

She—No, Harry. After the first time you called, pa said I might have you if I wanted you. Pa and I have understood it for a long time.—Boston Transcript.

FIXED DATES IN RUSSIA.

They Rule Even in Simple Things With Absolute Tyranny.

Routine is exceedingly strong in Russia. There is a day in June upon which, says tradition, it becomes safe to bathe in the rivers after the winter freeze. No matter how warm the water may be on that day, then is the time to take the first swim. Other fixed dates are mentioned in "Ivan at Home," by Herbert Barry. Of course the statements do not apply to all Russians, but to the average peasant only.

No man dare touch an apple before the 6th of August, however ripe the fruit may really be before that day. He does not believe it is fit to eat.

The village sportsman, although he may have observed the blackcocks fighting among themselves unusually early owing to the warmth of the spring, cannot make up his mind to shoot them until the appointed day has arrived.

No traveler will start on a journey on either a Monday or a Friday.

Although the delay is strongly against his own interests the fisherman will not cast his nets before a certain day, whether the season be late or early.

No lamb is supposed to be able to reach the age of mutton should it have been born before the day named in the peasant's calendar. And so on through all the common events in their daily life does this attachment to fixed dates hedge in a Russian's existence.

Had Enough of Law.

A gentleman who is now general superintendent of a railroad began life by trying to practice law in a Missouri village. One of his first cases was before his father, who was a justice of the peace. After a stormy wrangle before them, the old gentleman decided the case against his son's client. The young man gave vent to some expressions of indignation, gathered up his books and started to leave the room. His father pushed his specs on to his forehead and began mildly to lecture him, saying: "Young man, do you expect to make your living practicing law?"

The son, who had by this time reached the door, shouted back as he retired from the field:

"Not before such a blamed fool court as this."

He abandoned the law and engaged in railroading with great success.—Green Bag.

A Blot That Worked.

Peter Newell, the artist, was camping out in Colorado at one time, living in a tent. News came of a nocturnal murder in the neighborhood, and considerable uneasiness was manifested by some members of the family. Mr. Newell thereupon cut out some silhouette representing men of the roughest western type, all with pistols in their belts and in the attitude of men intensely interested in a game of poker. The silhouettes Mr. Newell fastened to the inner canvas of the tent. At night the family, stepping outside into the darkness to view the result, were entranced with its success. The shadows thrown from the silhouettes in the lighted interior indicated a tent filled with poker playing, pistol shooting desperadoes. Thenceforth the Newell family slept in pastoral peace.

What Is In a Name?

Once upon a time there was a creditor to a large amount whose debtor constantly refused payment. The creditor became impatient and after investigation found that the debtor lived in a better house than he did, dressed better, clothed his wife in silks, satins and laces and spent dollars where he, the creditor, spent cents. Then he was wroth.

"I will sue the wealthy debtor," he said, "and collect what is owing me."

He brought suit and disclosed a large amount of valuable property; but, alas, it was all in the name of the debtor's wife, and he got not a single cent.

Moral.—There is often a great deal in a name.—New York Herald.

Finished the Text.

Appropos of notices on houses, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette relates that a man in Scotland wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed, "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end of the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible loving Scot.

Pipes and Hymns.

Rev. Dr. Parr, when perpetual curate of Hutton, Warwickshire, which living he held from 1783 to 1790, regularly smoked in the vestry while the congregation was singing long hymns, chosen for the purpose, immediately before the sermon. The doctor was wont to exclaim, "My people like long hymns, but I prefer a long pipe."—London Telegraph.

Unselfish.

"Widowhood makes a woman unselfish."

"Why so?"

"Because she ceases to look out for No. 1 and begins to look out for No. 2."—Town and Country.

A Henpecked Husband.

Meekton—Do you know how to govern your wife?

Henpeck—Yes, but she won't let me.

Spoke the Professor.

"Culture," sententiously observed the doctor, "is like charity. It begins at home."

"Yes," said the professor, "but it is usually finished abroad."—Chicago Tribune.

THE BOW IN WAR.

How It Was Made and Used by the Asiatic Tribes.

The bow as used by Asiatic horsemen assumes a curious shape. They were made of horn, generally buffalo horn, in two pieces, joined by a wooden center, and when unstrung had the form of a capital C, which enabled them to be hung over the arm on horseback. When strung, a difficult feat to those unaccustomed to them, they took the double curve of the antique bow as seen in the representation of Cupid. This was the "Tartar's bow," used by the Scythians, Partians and Persians and up to quite recent times in India. It was drawn by the thumb alone, on which the archer wore a broad, thick ring of horn, ivory or coral, on whose edge the bowstring rested.

The long bow was also much in use among Indian infantry of the middle ages, but neither they nor any other Asiatics appear to have done such execution as the English archers of the same period. Berners says, describing a battle between Aurangzeb and his brother Dara: "They draw their arrows with a marvelous swiftness, one man being able to draw six of them before a musketeer can discharge twice; but, to say truth, their arrows do but little execution. More of them are lost in the air or broken on the ground than hit."

The bow, in fact, requires more than any other weapon constant practice from childhood, and strong Englishmen of the present day are quite unable to use the bows of the half human Minoeques of the Audamans.—Chambers Journal.

How the Springboks Travel.

The springboks of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march, as sometimes happens, it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the springbok army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his spring captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and in the rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest and chew the cud, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.

The Fragrant Heliotrope.

You may give a heliotrope, and not a very large plant, as much water as you give a geranium and think you are giving all that is required. Your plant will fall to make a vigorous and healthy growth because it is not moist enough, at the roots. Examine it, and you will find that the tiny roots have extracted the moisture almost wholly. If not given more water at once, some of the young and delicate roots are injured, and the plant takes on a diseased condition, from which it often never recovers. Do not get the idea that the soil in which heliotropes are grown ought to be kept wet. Not at all. But because it requires more moisture than many plants, because it extracts more rapidly from the soil, water should be given oftener to keep the soil in the proper condition.

The Final Straw.

A story is told of a rustic who, after limbling too freely, fell asleep by the wayside.

The day was hot, and a swarm of flies settled on his face and proceeded to make his sleep anything but pleasant. In a little while a few mosquitoes came along to add their torture to that of the flies. Of course the man woke up after repeated attacks by the combined forces and vainly tried to brush them away. Finally along came a big wasp and stung him on the nose. "Now, for that you can all get off," he said.

The Discovery of the Fork.

Some believe that the fork was in use all over Europe as early as the year 500 A. D., but if they were their use up to about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was either discovered or rediscovered and popularized. Walton, Weems and other antiquarians hold to the earlier date, because a stone vessel containing coils of the middle ages and some iron forks was found at Sevington, England, in the year 1834.

Obtaining Heirs in China.

The practical Chinese have adopted a simple way of obtaining heirs where there are no legal ones—the adoption of children who belong to side branches of the family. In this way the family line is kept intact. In the absence of male descendants in the side branches of the family the sons of strangers are adopted. The Chinese prefer this method to marrying second wives.

An Unreasonable Caption.

Without—I think the caption of this essay is one of the most unreasonable things I ever saw.

Withouts—How so?

Withouts—It is "The Decline of the Amateur." As if any one ever knew an amateur to decline.—Baltimore American.

Spoke the Professor.

"Culture," sententiously observed the doctor, "is like charity. It begins at home."

"Yes," said the professor, "but it is usually finished abroad."—Chicago Tribune.

STUFFED BLACK BEARS.

The Reason They Are Used as Signs by the Furriers.

The man who comes to New York only once in ten years said he could not understand why the bears in Central park seemed so much more stuck up than the rest of the animals, but after he had traveled about town for several days he saw through it. It was because 99 per cent of the furriers in town have chosen a big black bear for an advertising sign. Why the other animals in the zoo should be so discriminated against puzzled the man not a little. One day he asked a furrier about it.

"It is because the bears last longer than anything else," said the furrier. "Of all the animals in New York I don't know of any that have a harder time than those that stand outside furriers' stores winter and summer and try to drum up trade for their employers. It doesn't make any difference what kind of weather comes along, whether it blows hot or cold, those fellows have to stand at their post and sweater or freeze, as the case may be. Naturally all those changes are pretty hard on their hide, and none but bears can stand the strain. Some furriers have tried the fox, the lynx and other animals now and then at a venture, but they have mostly come back to the bear as the most satisfactory of the lot. They cost more too. A good stuffed bear comes as high as \$25, but if he is treated well he will last for twenty-five years, so that brings him down to a comparatively low price after all."—New York Press.

Charles A. Dana's Logic.

They tell a good story of Charles A. Dana—how Dana once summoned a boy reporter and said, "Tomorrow you write up the yacht race."

"But," said the lad, "I don't know how; I'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I haven't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts—why, I never saw a yacht in my life!"

"Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! You'll write a story that people can read; you'll picture the thing; you'll write with enthusiasm because it's all new to you."

Sane logic! The poetry of the sea has always been written by landsmen; it always will be. The barrack room ballads are best sung by a gentle civilian. The inside of anything is clearest seen by an erstwhile outsider. Mr. Bryce, not Mr. Lodge, writes "The American Commonwealth." Emerson, not Carlyle, writes "English Traits."—Rollin Lynde Hartt in Atlantic.

Why He Should Learn Spanish.

One of the most brilliant series of the Gobelins tapestries represents the surprising adventures of Don Quixote. Louis XV. had a great affection for the doughty chivalier. One day he said to a great gentleman of his court: "Do you know Spanish?" "No, sire," said the other. "Ah, it is a great pity." The seigneur, thinking, at the last, the king was going to offer him the ambassadorship at Madrid, put himself with extraordinary zeal to the mastery of Spanish. In a few weeks he came back to his royal master and, with a conqueror's air, said: "Your majesty, I have learned Spanish."

"My compliments," said Louis. "Read Don Quixote in Spanish. It is much sner than in French."

Not the Usual Result.

"How can you afford to give away these salt pickles with your meals?" asked the man who dined cheaply at the little German restaurant around the corner.

"Ah, but you forget they make the awful thirst," said the proprietor. "The awful thirst makes trade for the bar. Is it not the clever idea?"

"They certainly do make one thirsty," said the man at the table. "I feel those I've eaten already. Bring me!"

The proprietor's face was a study in expectancy.

"Bring me another glass of water!"—New York Tribune.

Stated a Fact.

A clergyman highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, of which oratory is not one, has recently had placed in his church by his loving congregation a new pulpit. It is a fine piece of work, ornate with carving and artistic embellishment. But the text inscribed on it, considering the effect of the good doctor's sermons, might have been more happily chosen. "He giveth his beloved sleep." It runs.

Proved His Case.

Mother—The whipping you had yesterday does not seem to have improved you. Your behavior has been even worse today.

Willie—That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was as bad as I possibly could be yesterday. I knew you were wroth.

No Enemies.

"No, sir," said the cowboy. "Cactus Cal ain't got an enemy in the world."

"I should think a man like him would be continually making enemies."

"Sure, but as soon as he makes one he gets his gun inter play an' unmakes him."—Exchange.

His Hard Remark.

Young Wife—That horrid tramp said my biscuits were like cement, and yet he ate them.

Young Husband—Cement, eh? Well, perhaps he wanted to make himself solid.—Philadelphia Record.

Hurray For Pa!

Little Willie (proudly)—My pa knows a few things.

Little Bob (contemptuously)—Ho, my pa knows fewer things than your pa.—Smart Set.

A RESOURCEFUL LAWYER.

An Inspiration That Won a Case He Considered Hopeless.

A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for \$7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped,