

PRESERVING OF MANUSCRIPTS

Silk of Extreme Thinness and Transparency Settles Question of Life of Old Documents.

The original manuscripts of old books and old records are exceedingly valuable and are preserved with great care, for if destroyed of course they cannot be replaced. They can be guarded from fire and from over-much handling, and now an additional safeguard has been found in Japanese silk.

Its use has removed a fear existing in the minds of librarians that there was no way out of it, and that the rare old manuscripts would simply have to have their day, and then dry up and return to their original elements. Happily the use of a silk of extreme thinness and transparency has settled the question of the life of these manuscripts for the next two or three hundred years at least. By that time some other method may be discovered. This silk is thinner than the thinnest tissue paper, the threads being finer than spider webs. It is pasted over the manuscript so firmly that it keeps off all dust and air, and yet is so transparent that it does not interfere any more with the appearance of the manuscript than would any ordinary plate of glass. It strengthens the manuscript so that the danger of handling is reduced to a minimum.

The Library of Congress is now engaged in examining and protecting all of its old manuscripts with this silk, and while it is an immense task it will probably be completed before long. This silk is by no means costly, and unless a person is somewhat expert in the matter of old manuscripts he would be unable to recognize the fact that silk had been used.

Black Death Centuries Ago.

In what spirit did the superstitious people of the Middle Dark Ages meet the black thunder cloud over Europe? Many, many committed suicide in the first frenzies of fear. Merchants and the rich, seeking to divert the wrath of heaven, carried their treasures to the churches and the monasteries, where often the monks, fearing to receive the infection with them, shut their gates against any such offering. Then it was in mad desperation heaved over the walls and forced on the monks; thus the panic-stricken hoped to have monks save life and soul. Even sound, well men, consumed and corroded by fear and anxiety, wandered wan and livid as the rotting dead. Houses were shunned and molded and tumbled, for the plague lasted for years. Many villages and towns were actually deserts of houses, empty, silent as woods and fields, or "antres vast!" This is speaking of the Black Death that began in England in 1348.

A Mystery.

Asked what sight represented to his mind the extreme of desolation, the man who was a renting agent said: "An unfinished card game with the cards lying just where the players left them. This morning I came across an interrupted game of hearts in a furnished flat that was vacated suddenly. The tenants simply packed their clothes and moved out without a word of explanation to anybody, and as they didn't owe me a cent it wasn't my place to run them down. In fact, I wouldn't have thought much about their sudden departure if I hadn't seen those cards. They had been playing on a dining room table and the game was about half finished. Four hands of the cards thrown down when the game was anybody's that knew how to turn a trick works on the imagination. Why did they stop playing in such a hurry? Why didn't they stay to finish the game, or if they couldn't do that, why didn't they scrape the cards together and take them along? Interesting questions those, and I'd like to have them answered."

Shepherd Dog a Hero.

There was a fire in an Allegheny stable the other day. A shepherd dog and her five puppies were in a vacant stall, and a half-dozen small boys were trying to look through a knot-hole at the interesting family. To get a better view they held lighted matches to the knot hole, and one of the matches fell through and fired the straw. The boys then ran away and the engines came. When the fire broke out, the mother of the puppies seized one of them in her mouth, leaped over a high barrier to get out of the stall and carried the little fellow to a place of safety. This action she repeated until all were saved but one, which was burned. Her grief at not being able to rescue the last was evident, and she had to be chained to keep her from rushing back into the flames for it.

That's Different.

Redd—Thought you told me that was a ten-horse power machine of yours.

Greene—So it is.

"Well, I noticed it took only one horse to pull it home!"

Willing to Prove.

Dr. Wiley pronounces the kiss harmless. But, girls, you don't need to take Dr. Wiley's word for it altogether; we believe we can prove it to you satisfactorily if the occasion requires.

—Boston Herald.

A Season's Folly

By BRYANT C. ROGERS

The man looked at his companion wonderingly. "So," he said at last, almost to himself, "it's only a joke to you!"

For answer she smiled at him a little uncertainly, but still sheltered with a touch of the triumphant assurance which had first attracted him.

High up on the slope of the foothills they sat under the shade of some scrub cedars.

Below them, over a descending vista of 30 miles of pale greens and lavenders and blues of the land under the California sun, the ocean shimmered in the distance. It was very still about them, for the bordered path behind led to a fountain in ruins and beyond that a deserted mansion faded under the sunlight, desolate.

They had climbed there because he had wanted to show her the view, one of the finest in that part of the state. She had come with her mother among the swarms of winter visitors flocking to the southern coast, and when he had first seen her Dr. Duval had stepped inside a magic circle from which there was no escape.

He was used to the winter visitors, inured to the sparkling, pretty girls from the east, always healthily, unemotionally amused by their girlish flirtations, their guileless smiles at him, one of the few bachelors at the hotel.

He could not explain why, when he had met Gertrude Whitcomb that first night he had been so immediately enthralled. She had regarded him disinterestedly, rather coldly, until he had exerted himself to bring forth a smile of interest—and when Dr. Duval chose to talk one listened. He had watched the faint blush rise to the pale oval of her face and seen her great eyes darken and soften; he had brought a ripple of laughter to her lips—and her laugh was music.

From that evening he was much in her company, and she permitted it, in-



The Girl's Face Grew Serious.

dolently, graciously and amused. So they had drifted through the weeks and the winter was nearing its close.

She regarded him a little speculatively, as though surprised at the feeling in his voice. "I had no idea," she said, slowly, "that you really cared. I thought it was just—"

"You did not think at all!" Dr. Duval interrupted her brusquely. "It never entered your head to wonder whether I were falling in love with you—whether it meant anything serious to me. You are so used to admiration that one man more or less means little to you and, besides, you did not care for me. If you had—tell me, Gertrude, haven't you ever met any one you cared about?"

The girl's face grew serious and she looked out over the valley. "No," she said carelessly. "I'm afraid not. I don't want to—life is too full of interesting things!" She turned and laughed at him again, and he noticed for the first time that her smile was unfeeling. Then she sprang to her feet lightly. "Come, let's walk on," she ordered. "And we won't talk of this again."

"No," said Dr. Duval bitterly, "never again!" All the way down the winding trail Gertrude was a-sparkle with laughter and fun, but the man did not hear her. At one turn he had a glimpse, far in the distance below, of a rambling structure buried in vines and flowers and again his conscience reproached him. The rambling cottage had been little of him this winter, and Dr. Duval was not a man to desert old friends for new.

Ever since he was a boy the Morgan place had been a second home to him and Mrs. Morgan and Carlotta his chums, advisers and confidants. He could see Carlotta's rapt little face, pale, yet glowing like a white flower under her tawny hair, and her odd brown eyes with the light in them like sunlight through water as she sat listening to his tale of a baseball game, on his entry into the medical college, of his first real case, of most things which had ever happened to him.

And now in the turmoil of this tragedy which he felt had come to him he had a sudden desire for the long, cool living room down there with Mrs. Morgan placidly sewing by the open window and Carlotta leaning forward in the old mahogany divan listening intently to whatever he had to say, her face reflecting her interest.

For a grown man, Dr. Duval was very boyishly homesick and heart-sick. Gertrude Whitcomb parted from him at the hotel with some irritation. The trip home had been dull. She had exerted herself for a man so abstracted that he had scarcely answered. Still, she comforted herself, it was because of his disappointment. She really did not imagine he had been so desperately devoted to her! It was rather pleasing on the whole. And in a very satisfied frame of mind she turned to the question of what gown she should wear down to dinner for the deflection of the other guests.

Dr. Duval at the same time was on a car speeding out toward the rambling cottage. It was almost like old times to be so welcomed and fussed over and graciously forgiven for his winter's desertion.

"You are so busy with your work, we understand," Mrs. Morgan had said as she got out his favorite preserves. And Carlotta, the wistfulness of whose face was hidden from him by its joy in his presence, was like some graceful white wraith in the shadows of the big room.

"I had forgotten," he told her with the privilege of life-long acquaintance, "how wonderfully pretty you were, Carlotta! What have you been doing with yourself? You seem to shine."

"Don't talk about me," begged the girl, nervously. A great fear was here lest this stupid, blundering man should discover it was her happiness in seeing him again that had transformed her. "Tell me of yourself, of what has happened to you this winter!"

He had come to tell them—selfishly to demand comfort for his wounds—yet he held his tongue. A dim sense that he had no right to appropriate this sweet understanding and ready sympathy so ruthlessly was struggling to consciousness, a realization brought to light by absence that Carlotta was a personality, not merely a haven of refuge.

It was a comfort just to watch the curves of her face, the brooding light in her eyes. By contrast his memory of Gertrude Whitcomb's face showed it brilliantly taunting, a little cold and hard.

He stayed late at the Morgans, and when he left he felt oddly contented and at peace for a man whose heart had only that afternoon been broken. He was surprised when next he saw Miss Whitcomb that he felt none of the bitter resentment which had at first been his at her refusal. In some strange way that fever had burned itself out as though a cool hand had banished it utterly. He simply did not care. She was just as beautiful and fascinating as ever, but his romance had crashed that afternoon in the foothills and he had no desire to pick up the broken pieces. She was too glittering for comfort, and she had hurt his pride by her carelessness. Nothing cures a man's devotion as does a stab at his pride. Besides, Carlotta's smile stayed in his memory.

It was not, as he argued to himself some weeks later in a sort of horrified dismay, that he was fickle and a man of unstable affections—it was simply that he had been under a spell, luckily now broken, and had gone back to where he belonged.

Having once found his welcome in the rambling cottage, he found himself drawn there irresistibly oftener than in the years before. It was absence, he told himself, that had awakened him and shown him Carlotta's real loveliness, her sweetness and womanly sympathy. And when, half tearfully, before the summer was over and when Gertrude Whitcomb was only a vague memory, Dr. Duval told Carlotta Morgan he loved her, he realized he had always loved her and always should.

"I don't deserve anything so wonderful," he told her, "as that you should care about me, Carlotta! I've been stupid in many ways—but I'm in my right mind now!"

"I've always cared," she told him simply. For a moment she hesitated. The previous winter, when he had deserted the cottage, often troubled her. But with all her sweetness Carlotta Morgan had clever instincts. That winter was past and he was hers now for always, and she was the rare woman who knows when not to question.

The night fragrance of roses floated in through the open window as they talked of the future in serene happiness. In the man's heart was a thankful and wondering content that things were as they were, and in Carlotta's nothing except that she loved him.

Useful.

"May I escort you to the swimming party tomorrow, Miss Ethel?"

"Why, yes, I'd like to go, thank you, but mother will have to chaperon me."

"Do—do you think that's necessary?"

"Of course I do. I'm never afraid when mother's along. Mother knows just what to do for cramps, and she can swim like a champion duck!"

WOMAN WILL ATTEMPT CHANNEL FLIGHT



PARIS.—The record-breaking flight of Jean Moissant from France to England, carrying a passenger in his aeroplane, has further stimulated the ambition of Mme. Francke, the noted pupil of Farman, to be the first woman to fly across the channel. She has had a biplane built for the attempt and already has made successful trial trips in the machine. Not so reckless as Moissant, Mme. Francke has been waiting for favorable weather to attempt the cross-channel flight.

SHOW EARTH MOTION

Russian Prince Invents New and Ingenious Seismograph.

Wonderful Instrument Constructed by Scientist Records Earthquakes, However Distant Shock May Be From Station.

St. Petersburg.—A wonderful new instrument to record the motion of the earth produced by an earthquake, however distant from the recording station, has been invented by the distinguished scientist, Prince Gallitzin, member of the Imperial academy of St. Petersburg. By the application of ingenious contrivances, the seismograph gives an actual scale reproduction of the earth movement, unlike other earthquake recorders, which continue to vibrate under the earth's initial movement long after that movement has subsided. The new instrument has been mounted at Eskdalemuir observatory, Dumfriesshire.

The following is the official description:

Fundamentally the instrument consists of a horizontal pendulum suspended by wires, so that when the framework, which is attached to the earth by a pier, is moved, the pendulum is set in motion. In this respect it resembles other forms of seismographs, notably that of Dr. Milne, to whom indeed we mainly owe the principle. In the absence of friction such a pendulum would continue to vibrate long after the earth movement has ceased, so that it is impracticable to attempt to determine from the motion of the pendulum the earth movement which produced it.

If, however, friction is introduced, the motion of the pendulum rapidly subsides, and, by suitably choosing the amount of friction the instrument can be made what is technically called "dead beat." In this condition the motion of the pendulum is, except in one or two very special cases, an exact reproduction on a certain scale of the earth movement.

In the Gallitzin pendulum such friction is introduced by allowing a copper plate attached to the pendulum

to move between the poles of a strong magnet. According to the laws of electro-magnetism the friction so produced conforms to a most precise and simple law. In this way the Gallitzin pendulum is made to indicate precisely by its motion the motion of the earth.

The introduction of this friction has, however, a disadvantage, as it reduces the sensitiveness of the apparatus. But by a second brilliant application of electro-magnetic theory Prince Gallitzin has overcome this trouble. A coil of wire attached to the pendulum moves between the poles of a strong magnet and an electrical current is so generated in the coils when the pendulum moves. These currents are carried to a galvanometer timed to the same fundamental period as the pendulum and again made "dead beat." Thus the motion of the earth is reproduced on the galvanometer with perfect precision on a scale of magnification sufficient to satisfy the humblest observer.

Keep Chickens from Cattle

English Observations on the Subject of Tuberculosis Warrant That Action.

London.—Some observations bearing upon the subject of bovine tuberculosis have recently been made by Dr. H. Corner, who is interested in a school of light agriculture at Southgate, which are remarkable from whatever standpoint they may be viewed.

"I believe," he said in the course of an interview, "that fowls are responsible for a great deal of the tuberculosis in cattle. The idea occurred to me some time ago in connection with cattle-raising in Jersey, where there is absolutely no tuberculosis among the herds, although there is just as much among human beings as there is in this country; and the reason suggested itself. Twenty-three per cent. of chickens—not merely young chickens—die from tubercular trouble, so it is

A mirror attached to the galvanometer reflects a tiny dot of light from a lamp onto a sheet of photographic paper. The paper is attached to a circular drum driven by clockwork, so that if there is no earth movement the dot traces a straight line on the paper. If an earth movement occurs the dot is moved sideways and a complete and proportionate record of any movement of the earth is reproduced on the photographic paper.

As no man can predict the direction from which an earthquake may proceed, two pendulums with corresponding galvanometers are required to give a record of the effect coming from north to south and from east to west. Two dots of light record the earth movement on the same photographic sheet, and thus an almost cursory examination of the record shows the direction from which the earthquake proceeded.

Precise measurement, combined with principles already established, enable an observer at a single station to assign with considerable precision the origin of an earthquake disturbance. Thus Prince Gallitzin at St. Petersburg could say from his records whether an earthquake occurred at Edinburgh or at London.

significant that in Jersey farmers do not run fowls on the meadows."

In order to see whether this explanation would be supported by wider information, Doctor Corner wrote to the leading breeders of Jersey stock in this country with interesting results.

The marchioness of Linnithgow's herd on an estate near Edinburgh is one of the few in which there have been no cases of tuberculosis. It was started in 1886, and the cattle are very finely bred and therefore sensitive to disease. In answer to Doctor Corner's letter it was stated that no poultry were ever allowed to go on to the meadows where the cattle are. Several other replies were similar in import.

A peculiar case cited was as follows: An old farmer started rearing poultry on a small island, and in a very short time the game and rabbits which had formerly been flourishing were practically exterminated by tuberculosis.

In Doctor Corner's opinion the stalks of the grass are infected with germs of the disease which the browsing cattle are unable to escape breathing.

The doctor, who does not share the general opinion that infected food is one of the principal causes of tuberculosis in human beings, looks at the question from an agriculturist's point of view. "The first thing we must do," he said, "if we want clean cattle, is to exclude poultry from the meadows."

Perhaps the experiments, which are now being carried out under the Royal Agricultural Society, in raising calves from infected stock will throw some light on the former point.

Quite a Little Forest.

New York.—According to a census just completed by Commissioner Stover of the department of parks there are 11,223 trees in the city, outside of those in the public parks from the Battery to One Hundred and Eighty-second street.

The commissioner made this census to enable him to estimate what funds are needed for the care of the trees next year. The allowance at present is \$25,000 a year.

Climb Seven Peaks in Day.

Geneva.—A remarkable Alpine feat has been accomplished by a member of the Swiss Alpine club, M. J. Gallet, who, with the guide Allemand, climbed the seven summits of the Diablerets range in the Canton of Valais, all above 10,000 feet in height, in one day.

"BRITTLE MAN" IS IMPROVED

Stonelike Muscles of Allen Rushbrook, Englishman, Relaxing Under Treatment.

London.—After having undergone treatment at more than 50 general hospitals in London and the provinces in the last ten years, Allen Rushbrook, the "brittle man" of Swainscombe, Norfolk, has at last succeeded in obtaining some relief from his mysterious ailment at the Homeopathic hospital.

Most of Mr. Rushbrook's muscles have gradually turned to stonelike hardness, the only ones retaining any freedom of movement being certain muscles of the left arm and lower jaw. In his ward at the hospital, where he has been since April, the brittle man explained his conversion to homeopathy.

"I have only had two doses of medicine," he said, "but I am much better than when I came. I have had no pain for the last fortnight, and a hard spot on my leg which was just beginning to get toney when I came in has entirely disappeared under treatment."

Then he wagged his head from side to side to show the increased flexibility of his neck muscles. "When I first came," he continued, "the muscles on the left side of my neck were immovable and stonelike; now they are quite soft and movable,

though they still give a click when I turn suddenly."

The only medicine the brittle man has taken during his stay at the hospital is a few drops of tincture of arbor vitae greatly diluted with water. The first dose was given early in May, the second a month later. In view of the marked improvement in the symptoms and the apparent stoppage of the progress of the disease, hopes of a permanent benefit are held out to the patient by the physicians in charge.

MAKE REPORTS ON MOISTURE

Weather Bureau Planning to Give Out State of Humidity in Daily Statements.

Washington.—The department of agriculture recognizing the part that humidity has in the weather condition as it affects the feeling of people, is considering the advisability of having the daily reports, include a statement of the humidity as well as of the temperature, with perhaps a prognostication as to the degree of humidity that may be expected during the 24 hours following the issuance of the report.

Just how the humidity can be designated is one of the problems in connection with this suggestion, which will be given careful consideration by officials of the department.