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Hillsboro Directory.

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PURELY PERSONAL.

Russell Sage spends his evenings reading history.

Alfred Belt, the London rival of the Rothschilds, is a man under 40 years of age.

Admiral Dewey's boyhood hero was Gen. Taylor, and the lad's first ambition was to be a soldier.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles was initiated into the mysteries of golf recently and has now become an ardent devotee of the game.

Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, who cleared the Pasig river, entered the service as a sergeant in the Eighth Illinois during the war of the rebellion.

Gov. Brady, of Alaska, has proposed the branding of all female seals in Behring sea with a big "U. S." This would spoil the skins for commercial purposes and stop the slaughter of the cows.

There are only two full admirals afloat—Admiral Dewey and Admiral Sir John O. Hopkins, commanding the British Mediterranean station. The French navy has no higher grade than vice admiral.

Henry Watterson prides himself on his skill in some departments of culinary art. For instance, he designed the dish now known as lobster a la Newberg. Years ago he gave his idea to "Charlie" Delmonico, of New York, who carried it into successful execution. He is also an expert in the preparation of terrapin.

The library of J. T. Delane, who was editor of the London Times for nearly a quarter of a century, has just been sold at auction in London. The collection consisted almost exclusively of modern books in all branches of literature, including a great number of presentation copies, and it is a curious fact that most of the books were found to be uncut.

FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL.

Michigan has 309 log schoolhouses.

The greatest university is Oxford, which has 21 colleges and five halls.

It cost the city of Boston for the maintenance of its public schools last year $2,848,413.

Berlin is to have a special institute for the study of hygiene as applied to the tropics. Prof. Koch has drawn up a plan for it.

More than a hundred taverns in the Hartz mountains of Germany have agreed to board students of high schools and universities at specially reduced rates.

The Yale students who are studying sociology are to be brought to New York and taken through the slums that they may see how the other half lives.

Gottingen university has established a seminary for "the Science of Insurance," with two sections, one mathematical, the other legal and administrative. There are over 60 insurance students already.

ABOUT THE HOME.

The use in common of the same vaseline bottle should be avoided.

The sweet red Spanish peppers cut into narrow strips are an excellent addition to celery salad, and add both to the appearance and flavor.

To prevent a boot or shoe from slipping off at the heel gum a little piece of velvet inside the heel of the shoe. This will make it cling to the stocking and prevent slipping.

The flavor of the ordinary baked macaroni with cheese will be much improved if to the water in which the sticks are boiled are added with salt a small piece of butter and a small onion with two or three cloves.

Beautiful lamp shades are made with the fancy straw braids that may be bought by the yard in any of the general stores. Several varieties are introduced into a single shade, a lining and scant frill of silk in some delicate colors around the inside bringing out the straw designs.—Boston Budget.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is said to be a sign of good health.

Turnpike tolls cannot be legally collected from funeral parties in Maryland.

The prison population in Massachusetts on April 1 was 6,523, a reduction during the year of 1,525.

The greatest depth to which a ship has been anchored is 2,000 fathoms—considerably more than two miles.

There are in the United States over 50 distinct secret orders, with more than 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

Fish stories in Connecticut are restricted by a law which penalizes the catching of more than 30 trout in one day.

In 1626 there were 30 home buildings of Europeans on the island of Manhattan, now New York, and all but one of them were of bark.

The town of Alva, Okla., has changed its name to Capron, in honor of Capt. Capron, of the rough riders, who was killed at Santiago.

LITTLE FEET.

I.

Dear little feet that lie in my hand!
Dear little feet from a far-off land,
Come to us, come to us, come to us newly
Out of a far-off fairy Thule.
You have run to us out of the greater day—
Can you give no hint of the winsome way?
For we who are grizzled and gray and old
Would fain step out on the streets of gold.
What was the way? What was the road?
Was the pathway easy, and smooth, and broad?
It must have been strewn with roses, I think,
For here is their white, and here is their pink;
And forget-me-nots, and violets, too,
Have stained sweet lillies of delicate blue
Yes, rose leaves white and rose leaves red
Were a carpet meet for your dainty tread,
And forget-me-nots and violets blue
Lent you a hint of a heaven new.
Tell us the way! Ah! youth forgets,
And the dew soon dries on the violets.

II.

Dear little feet, you will go some day
Down by a dark and a cruel way,
Out to a country dim and far,
Where cool, great waters and green grass are.
But the way is sharp, with many a stone,
And, dear little feet, you must go alone—
And it's oh! that I might lay down my heart
To ease for a moment just one little smart
For my heart is tender and soft and true,
And 'twould be as the silk rose leaves for you—
As the rose leaves white and the rose leaves red,
Warm and soft to your timid tread;
As the rose leaves red and the rose leaves white
To gleam in the dark with Love's own light;
As forget-me-nots and violets blue,
To keep you in mind of the heaven in view.
And oh! it would stretch for you all the way,
On through the night, on to the day.
But, dear little feet, you must go alone,
Alone, alone, and all alone.
—A. Mackenzie, in Good Words.

THE SALTERTON SLIP CARRIAGE.

By W. S. Smith.

OF THE many incidents in my career which had a railway for the scene of operations, none, I think, was more remarkable for the neatness and dispatch with which it was carried out than that in which the Salterton slip-carriage formed the pivot upon which the various details were hung.

My colleague in these little affairs had somehow got to know that a parcel of "stones," which, if they brought us only half their intrinsic value, would yet be a nice little haul, was to be forwarded by a certain train from St. Pancras to Salterton; and, with a promptitude which was commendable under the circumstances, had posted straight off to me with the information.

"Guv'nor," he whispered, hoarsely, as, seated in my room, we discussed the matter, "I tell yer it's the chance of a lifetime. A fousand quid, for very little more than the asking, so ter speak. Don't it make yer mouf water ter fink of it?"

"Well," I said, cautiously—I rarely shared Braggs' optimism in these matters—"a thousand's not to be sneezed at in these days, and, to tell the truth, it would come in very handy indeed just now; but it's a thing that wants looking at carefully. People don't consign diamonds in that fashion without a good many precautions. Who did you say they were for?"

"Some feller named Chalcraft. 'Is daughter's getting married nex' Tuesday; an' 'e's asked Slint & Co. ter send 'im a few fings down on appro."

"I see. Special messenger, of course?"

"No; that's just the beauty of it! Nuffink of the sort, so far as I can make out; they're going precisely as an ordinary parcel."

"Throw the responsibility on the company—that's the game, eh? Well, we'll have a look at it, at all events. Pass the Bradshaw, will you?"

He did so, and I whipped over the pages until I came to those headed "Midland Railway."

"What train did you say, Jim?"

"Six-fifty; next Friday."

"H'm! a slip-carriage. That rather complicates matters. I don't know, though," I continued, reflectively, "perhaps it will be just as well for us—better, in fact."

"What did yer say it was, guv'nor?"

"A slip-carriage. The train itself doesn't stop, but simply drops the tail carriage off at Salterton, or 'slips' it, as it is called," I explained. "See?"

"Yes; I fink I twig."

If I must state my opinion, it was that Braggs, notwithstanding his assertion, did not "twig;" but as he did not pursue the point I suppose he was satisfied.

"An' 'ow's it going ter be better for us? What's yer plan?"

"Well, I've hardly had time to figure it out yet, but I've got an idea. Look here; suppose you let me have till to-night to consider it; then we can meet again and talk things over."

"Right y'are, guv'nor; that'll do fer me. 'Arf-past nine?"

"Suit me admirably," I replied. "Call round then, and I hope to have things ship-shape."

With that Mr. Braggs took his departure, and I stayed indoors to cudgel my brains as to the best way of relieving the Midland Railway company of the little consignment which was to be intrusted to its care.

As you will have gathered, I did not look upon the task as altogether hopeless. And here I might explain that my eight years' service on the Great Mid-Western aided me not a little in coming to this opinion.

I never regretted the time thus spent, for it furnished me with a store of information in regard to railway men and railway methods which I was able to turn to very considerable account in many a little way afterwards.

The fact of the Salterton traffic being accommodated in a slip-carriage was in itself proof that there was not much of it, and this was in my mind when I said to Braggs that it would perhaps be just as well for us; for, the ordinary luggage and so forth being light, the parcel of jewels would, in all probability, be left to the care of the usual guard, and not placed in charge of a special man, as would infallibly have been the case had it to be conveyed by a busy train. So much might safely be assumed; and with only one man to deal with, the problem narrowed considerably.

I decided early that to effect the capture at St. Pancras was not to be thought of, and that the only chance of success lay in obtaining possession of the jewels during the journey. But then the difficulty arose how to escape detection subsequently. If we remained in the slip-carriage and were deposited at Salterton with the rest of the passengers, it was inevitable—an absolute certainty. It was a point which bothered me for some time, but ultimately I evolved a scheme which, if audacious to the verge of recklessness, I saw no reason to consider impossible of accomplishment.

This was nothing less than to operate, not from the carriage itself, but from the main portion of the train. How I proposed to do this you shall learn in due course; sufficient for the present that when Braggs called a second time I had fully mapped out my plan of campaign. He acquiesced, as I knew he would, in all that I proposed; and when we parted all the details were agreed, and we had drunk a bumper to success.

On the night in question, therefore, we met at St. Pancras, and after booking first-class tickets to Manchester walked to the train. It was absolutely necessary that we should have an empty compartment, and, the travelers by the train being luckily few in number, we were able to secure one with only another passenger compartment and a guard's locker between us and the slip-coach. We could not possibly have been better situated.

Before getting into the carriage I took a good look at the couplings which united us to the carriage which was to be dropped off at Salterton and watched them put into position ready for work. In less than five minutes later we were off, and Braggs and I were congratulating ourselves that so far nothing had happened to interrupt our plans. We had observed a little parcel being placed in the rear carriage, which seemed to excite a slight interest even in the languid porters and guards who were hanging about. There was also a detective surveying it with a coldly professional air; and if they had only known that two—but that is "another story," as a celebrated author has said somewhat frequently.

Now came the real work. Braggs quickly unfastened one of the bags and began to extract from it various articles which I had instructed him to procure. There was a "jemmy," a skeleton key or two, a good, stout cord of several yards' length, with a few fair-sized weights attached to it at intervals, another bundle of cord and a tiny bottle of chloroform.

When all was ready and I had pocketed what I wanted, I buttoned up my coat, and, quietly opening the off-side door, stepped out on to the footboard. You do not realize, on simply reading it in cold print, what this means, but I can say with perfect confidence that it requires a pretty good nerve to travel in that position.

Fortunately the night was so dark as to render observation of my movements a matter of difficulty, if not impossible. Braggs handed the weighted cord to me through the window, and, thus equipped, I proceeded with gingerly steps along the narrow ledge, bending low as I passed the windows of the next compartment. The great feat was getting from the carriage on which I was to the "slip" vehicle in rear of it; and it was a few seconds before I could nerve myself to take the little jump which was necessary. I did accomplish it at length, and immediately made fast the cord to a rail on the door, so that I could easily obtain possession of it again when I needed it.

Braggs, I should explain, retained the other end and paid out the cord as I walked; and the weights served the purpose of keeping it low and prevented flapping against the windows, which might have attracted attention we by no means coveted.

The next thing I did was to break the bottle of chloroform over my handkerchief, and I was then ready for action. I took a peep through the window at the guard in the carriage. He was calmly reading a newspaper, and I chuckled as I saw how the game was playing into our hands. Gently I turned the handle and allowed the door to open. He looked up as the draught of cold air caught him; but I was too quick for him, and had the handkerchief to his nostrils before he had time to think, much less make any attempt at resistance. As he sank in an unconscious heap to the floor I pulled the door to again, with a sigh of inward thankfulness and the hope that no watchful signalman had noticed the temporary irregularity.

To gag and bind him was not a task that took up much time, and this I did with the bundle of cord in my pocket. I was sorry for him, certainly, but sentiment is misplaced when it interferes with business, and, anyhow, the inconvenience would be only temporary.

The next step was to secure the booty. I knew, of course, that it would be placed in the special locker which is reserved for valuables, and with the aid of my tools I soon had this open. My heart gave a little thump of excitement as I saw the package which had been the cause of so much solicitude, neatly tied up and addressed to "J. Chalcraft, Esq., Salterton," and resplendent in blue and red seals; but there was no time to indulge in self-congratulation.

Dropping the window, I pulled in several yards of my cord and attached the parcel firmly to it, after which I gave two pulls, the agreed signal for Braggs to commence hauling in. I felt it slip through my hands as he did so; and soon the return signal came, telling me that he had received the precious consignment safely. I had now to perform another delicate operation, namely—attach the end of the cord which was in my hand to the chain which the guard pulls when he wishes to release the carriage.

Doubtless you can divine my intention. The guard, being obviously unable to slip the vehicle himself, and it being equally obvious that it must be slipped at the usual place unless I would have my little escapade brought under notice, I proposed to do it myself, though not exactly in the usual way. By this time we were not far from Salterton. I knew the line fairly well, having been over it several times, but there was a good chance that at this point I might ruin all by a false move. However, "Nothing venture, nothing have." There is risk in everything, and it had to be done.

I put on the hand brake in the guard's compartment just sufficiently to impart a slight drag to the wheels when the vehicle was running alone, but not enough for the engine driver to notice during the brief time he would still be connected to it—if he did, I fervently hoped he would think the guard was steadying the vehicle just prior to slipping it—and then I stepped out and closed the door behind me. With a little spring I regained the vehicle which held Braggs and the booty, and now—now came the crisis. Where ought I to detach the carriage? All had gone well up to now; would it continue to do so? I had very little previous experience to go upon; but I guessed the distance as nearly as I could, allowing for the fact of the line being on a slight falling gradient.

Another 50 yards—20—now! I took hold of the cord and gave it a sharp jerk—and held my breath. Was it to be a failure or success? There was a slight swerve, a "clink-clank" as the couplings parted—and I knew that my good luck had not deserted me. The carriage had separated from the train and the whole length of cord flew swiftly past me into the darkness.

I do not know that I need say much more. It only remained for me to get back to the compartment where Braggs was anxiously awaiting my appearance, and this I did without mishap. When two soberly-attired individuals descended from the train at Manchester, who was to connect them with the daring affair at Salterton, supposing that particulars of it had yet reached there, or who was to guess that the very ordinary-looking black bags which they carried in their hands contained something like a thousand pounds' worth of stolen diamonds?

At any rate, no one challenged us; and we returned to London by different routes, highly pleased at the success of our scheme. I am not sure that the railway authorities know even now how their carriage was slipped; but I understand that there was something like consternation among the local officials when the state of affairs was discovered, a fact which I can quite believe.—Tit-Bits.

KNEW MATAAFA WELL.

Robert Louis Stevenson Was a Devoted Admirer of Samoa's Recently Deposed King.

If the Samoan chieftain, Mataafa whom the American and British forces in the Samoan islands are jointly engaged in shelling into submission wanted a certificate of good character he could get it from the writings of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The famous novelist, who lived for several years in the mountains near Apia, Samoa, went there just after the government of the island had been settled by the joint intervention of Germany England and the United States. Under the agreement of the three powers Malietoa Laupepa, who had been previously deposed and transported by the Germans in favor of a nominee of their own, was reinstated as king and his kinsman, Mataafa, the present rebel leader, was excluded.



WHERE STEVENSON DIED.
(A Glimpse of the Great Novelist's Home in Samoa.)

The three powers appointed as chief justice a Swede named Cedarkrantz and as president of the council a German, Baron von Pilsach. For awhile peace reigned between Malietoa Laupepa and Mataafa, but Mataafa was not sufficiently consulted in government affairs and soon removed, with his followers, and set a royal court of his own outside Apia. From that time on there were frequent outbreaks between the rival factions. Stevenson interfered and several times visited both the royal claimants. After one visit to Mataafa he writes: "Mataafa is a beautiful, sweet old fellow." Royal feasts were given in the novelist's honor and he and the rebel chief drank "kava" together and grew confidential over the cup.

Stevenson had a poor opinion of the white officials chosen to preside over the islands, and in November, 1890, he writes: "If the great powers go on as they are going and the chief justice delays the war conches will sound in the hills and my home will be inclosed in camps before the year is ended."

After Mataafa had been finally beaten he says: "Yes, of course I was sorry for Mataafa, but a good deal sorrier and angrier about the mismanagement of all the white officials. I cannot bear to write about that. Manono all destroyed, one house standing in Apolima, the women stripped, the prisoners beaten with whips—and the women's heads taken—all under white auspices. Well, well, it is no fun to meddle in politics."

At one time Mr. Stevenson decided to write an account of the revolutions and counter revolutions to which he was a witness. It was to be called "A Footnote to History, or Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa." If he were alive now he would dobutless sympathize with his old friend Mataafa.

The Effect of Persecution.

In matters of conscience nothing is easier than to rivet erroneous and mischievous beliefs upon a man's mind by the use of persecution. But all force applied to the conscience, however well meant, is necessarily persecution. No doubt we generally restrict the word "persecution" to the application of force in cases where we agree with the persecuted, but in reality all constraint of the conscience is persecution. Sometimes, of course, persecution is perfectly right and necessary—it would be clearly so in the case of a sect of pessimists who held it a duty to kill all persons over 80—but that does not make it any the less persecution or alter its stimulating character. We do not doubt that inflicting very heavy penalties on those who conscientiously preached euthanasia would greatly spread the creed.—London Spectator.

Foolhardy Man.

Mrs. ——en—I think Mr. Smith must have been foolhardy to eat the beefsteak pie. He had two helps of it.

The ——er—Possibly he did it ——on Transcript.

DISCOVER NEW LAND

Belgica Expedition Has Returned from Antarctic Seas.

First Party to Pass the Winter in South Polar Seas—Active Volcanoes Found—Voyage a Scientific Success.

The Standard-Union, of Brooklyn, prints the following special cablegram from Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, surgeon of the antarctic expedition on the Belgian steamship Belgica:

"Montevideo, Uruguay.—The Belgica has arrived here. All well. Our antarctic voyage has been a complete success.

"Much new land in Weddell sea and open water to the far north discovered. Active volcanoes were also seen. I come home direct by steamer.

"The Belgica will not return for another winter, as originally planned. We lost men by accident, but none by disease.

"COOK."

Brief as this dispatch is, it tells enough to show that the little Belgian expedition has indeed achieved a brilliant success. It has discovered the first new land found in antarctic waters for 58 years, or since the expedition of Ross in 1841. The details given in Dr. Cook's dispatch are very meager, but these facts are established:

The new discoveries of land have been made southeast of the termination of South America. The discoveries are probably south of 74.15 southern latitude, the most southern point attained by Weddell in 1823, though they may be to the east or west of his route.

The reason favoring the probability that they are south of Weddell's furthest is that, if they were to the east or west of his route, they would very likely have been seen by Morrell in 1823, or by Ross in 1843.

It seems unlikely, however, that the Belgica reached a point very much nearer the pole than that attained by Weddell, or Dr. Cook would have mentioned it as one of the most important successes of the expedition.

It will be observed that the Belgica found a vast expanse of open water, just as Weddell did, 75 years earlier. He entered a perfectly open sea. No land was in sight, but he saw three icebergs. Whales were in abundance, and birds, chiefly penguins, were in enormous



CAPT. ADRIEN DE GERLACHE.
(Leader of the Belgica Expedition to the South Pole.)

numbers. In the same year, about 700 miles to the northwest, Morrell also discovered a nearly ice-free sea.

It appears from Dr. Cook's dispatch that active volcanoes were also discovered by the Belgica. The only other antarctic volcano in eruption that had hitherto been seen was Erebus (12,000 feet), on Victoria island. It is not known whether the volcano near, named Terror (11,000 feet), is in active condition.

The Belgica, under command of Lieut. Gerlache, set sail from Antwerp on August 16, 1897. She was a Norwegian vessel, which Gerlache fitted out for polar work. He was assisted to a large extent by the Belgian government. The scientific staff included Lieut. Danco, who was to be in charge of pendulum and magnetic observations; Dr. Racovilza, naturalist, and Dr. Aretowski, geologist. Dr. F. A. Cook joined the party at Rio de Janiero, leaving Brooklyn on February 20, 1897. He was to be surgeon and ethnologist, and his experience in the arctic region was expected to be of much service to the expedition.

Gerlache did not expect to winter in the antarctic regions. After spending the southern summer of 1897-98 in explorations, his plan was to go to Australia for the winter and renew his researches the following season. The Belgica, however, was not heard from again until 15 months after she started from Terra del Fuego for the little-known Graham land to the south. She is, therefore, the first vessel that has spent a winter in south polar waters.

The Belgica has spent two summers and a winter in the antarctic. She will bring home the first records of south polar phenomena during the winter months. She has found lands in a region that was white on the maps, and has considerably lessened the area of unsailed antarctic waters. It is evident that few polar expeditions have been richer in experience, interest, and results. The Belgica has shown again that it is not always the most costly and ambitious expeditions that reap the best fruits of polar research.

Lectures for Artisans.

Hanover is to establish a series of lectures and demonstrations for the instruction of artisans and apprentices in all trades, and if they are found successful they will be instituted throughout the empire. They are to be model workshops and exhibitions of tools and machinery, together with instruction in bookkeeping and in making estimates. The first course of lectures will be to cabinet-makers, locksmiths, shoemakers and tailors, other trades being taken up one after another, the intention being that higher instruction in all shall be placed within reach of every learner or operative.

A Mistake Corrected.

Spurlock—I hear that you have severed your connection with Gimp & Gamp.

Gettings—That's a mistake.

"Then you are with the firm still?"

"No, I am not. But I didn't sever my connection. Mr. Gimp severed it."—N. Y. World.

Oh! Oh!

The Housewife—Is this here milk pure? Don't you try to deceive me, now.

The Milkman—I will not, ma'am. It is not pure. It is half cream.—Indianapolis Journal.

HAS A FINE RECORD.

Gen. Arthur MacArthur, the Gallant Officer Who Captured the Filipino Capital.

Maj. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, who was in command of the portion of our army moving against Aguinaldo at Malolos, is a native of Massachusetts, and is one of the brilliant soldiers who entered the army from private life. When he was appointed he was a citizen of Wisconsin. He lived in that great state



GEN. ARTHUR MACARTHUR.
(Leader of the Army Now on the March Against Aguinaldo.)

when the civil war broke out, and he became a volunteer lieutenant when Abraham Lincoln sent out his call for soldiers. After two years of service in the field he was made a major of volunteers, and very soon afterward he was promoted to a colonelcy. He fought in numerous battles, and the records of the war department show him as having been mentioned for "gallant and meritorious service" on several occasions. In "The Records of the Rebellion" Gen. MacArthur is honorably mentioned on several pages. Few braver or more able men have been recruited from the ranks of private citizenship to make officers in the American army.

A Substitute for Lumber.

The latest in the building line is the aluminium hut for Klondike miners When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminium and when put up it contains 190 cubic feet.

They Were Loud Enough.

Wheeler—Bevelgear never has a bell on his bicycle.

Scorcher—He doesn't need it. Just look at his stockings.—N. Y. Journal.

ISABEL OF ORLEANS.

She Is the Prettiest Princess in Europe and Is to Marry the Old Emperor of Austria.

The little Princess Isabel of Orleans is the prettiest princess in Europe. She is so pretty that she is like a realization of the princess in the old fairy tales. Advices from Vienna say that she is the lovely victim picked out to be the bride of the old emperor of Austria when his state period of mourning is over. That will be next September. Pity this poor little princess, says the New York Journal.

When the present emperor of Austria and Hungary married Elizabeth of Ba-



PRINCESS ISABEL OF ORLEANS.
(Said to Be Engaged to the Aged Emperor of Austria.)

varia 40-odd years ago, she, too, was the most beautiful princess in Europe. Her teeth dazzled people when she smiled, and she could stand on her own hair when she let it down. Since then her brother-in-law was murdered in Mexico while trying to be a real king, and his wife is now the "Mad Carlotta," sister of the famous and infamous king of the Belgians; her only son, Prince Rudolph, killed himself—or was shot—in disgrace; her sister, Marie of Naples, was deposed from her throne and is still in exile, and her sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, was burned to death in the Paris charity bazar.

One of her cousins was the mad Louis of Bavaria, who drowned himself and his keeper in the Sternberg lake 13 years ago, and another is the present Bavarian king who crawls around naked on all fours, mad. She herself was killed by an enemy of kings and princes—Luccheni—and he has gone mad, too.

But the throne of Hungary and Austria is without a queen and the emperor no son. So this little pretty princess who has to live on English soil because France is disgusted with kings etc., and especially disgusted with her disgraceful brother, the duke of Orleans, who pretends to be a pretender, must marry the old emperor of Austria to see if that tottering, worn-out and utterly dissatisfied dynasty can be kept together by a baby.

THE SENSE OF TASTE.

Experiments Prove That When a Person Is Blindfolded It Has No Actual Existence.

It would now seem from experiments, which have been carried on in the University of Iowa, that we do not taste many of the things which we eat at our daily means. It is asserted confidently that we merely smell them. If the nose is tightly closed in the ordinary man and he is blindfolded, he will not be able to distinguish coffee from water or a weak solution of quinine. This has been proved by experiments made on many persons. Common coffee was said to be water, it was also said to be qui-

nine. Water was said to be coffee. Tea was called coffee. Turkey was called



SANS EYES, SANS TASTE.
(In This Condition You Cannot Tell Tea from Coffee.)

pork. Raw apple was called grape juice. Malt extract was sherry wine. Lard was pronounced butter.

The experiments which led to these conclusions were carried on by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick, of the University of Iowa, who has just communicated some of the results of his work to the American Psychological society. Prof. Patrick was enabled to attain great accuracy in his work by the fact that one of the persons he experimented upon was an anosmic—that is, absolutely devoid of the sense of smell. He was enabled thus to determine which sensations were those of taste and which were smell.

There are only four simple taste sensations, namely, sweet, bitter, sour and salt. It is said by some that there are only two, sweet and bitter. All other sensations which are commonly called tastes are complex results of sensation of smell, touch, temperature and sight. The means by which we distinguish almost all of our common foods and drinks is not the sense of taste so much as it is the sense of smell, touch, temperature and sight. All the fine differences by which we distinguish the various fruits, meats and drinks depend not upon taste at all, but upon these other senses.

Worth It All.

"Yes; we pay that girl six dollars a week, but she's worth every cent of it," said the experienced housekeeper.

"Six dollars!" cried the novice. "Why, you can get as good as you want for $4 or $4.50."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the experienced housekeeper. "I think this one saves me more than the excess. She's been flirting with the plumber all winter, and now she's just beginning to smile on the iceman."—Chicago Post.

Arguing by Analogy.

Teacher—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny?

Scholar—Whalebone.

Teacher—Right! Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy?

Scholar — Sealing wax. — Harlem Life.

A Difficult Assignment.

Editor—What's all this stuff?

Reporter—That, sir, is a report of the proceedings of the woman suffrage meeting last night.

Editor—But I can't make head or tail of it.

Reporter—Neither could I. They were all talking at once.—N. Y. Journal.

Unavailing.

Aunt Chloe—Didn't I dun tole yer, Rufus, dat I'd whop yer ef yer went blackberryin'?

Rufus—Don't whop me, mammy; mah pants am full ob briers an' yo'll hurt yo' hand.

Aunt Chloe—T'ank yer, son; I'll jess use mah slipper.—Judge.

The Critic's Dilemma.

Editor—Didn't I tell you to roast that play that Fitzslugger, the slugger, is starring in?

Critic—Yes, sir, but—

Editor—But what?

Critic—Mr. Fitzslugger requested me to praise it.—N. Y. Journal.

That Burden Again.

"Well, I see you've taken up the white man's burden."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't that your wife's mother's trunk that was carried into your flat yesterday?"—Chicago Daily News.

Not So Very Strange.

Mrs. Minks—Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?

Mr. Minks—Well, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear. —Tit-Bits.

Sure!

"You will forget me, won't you, dear?" she pleaded by way of softening the harshness of her refusal.

"Sure thing!" said he, "you know I'd do anything to please you."—Detroit Free Press.

Sad Case.

"Emeline has the blues again."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well—she had to spend the 65 cents she had saved towards going abroad."—Detroit Free Press.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.



Cholly Softly—Aw, there's—aw—bweastly, wude, impudent man staring at me all the time.

Miss Brown—Why don't you call the guard and have him put off? I would if he tried to flirt with me.—Harlem Life.

Scribbler Knew Him.

Scribbler—There goes the snubeditor of the Weekly Ha-Ha.

Dauber—You mean the subeditor.

Scribbler—No, I don't. ——he man who turns down contributi——N. Y Journal.

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