

AMONG WILD ESKIMOS.

Strange Experience of Two White Men Who Came Upon a Camp of the Queer People.

Returning from the copper mine, we fell in with a party of Eskimos, who ran from us as we approached. In spite of all our efforts to restrain them. But, as a matter of fact, even had we been blood-thirstily inclined, we would have put up a poor fight, because my assistant and I were quite tired out, and my men had gone on some hours before us. It seems rather incredible that as Eskimos would run from two played-out white men, but it is quite probable that they may have expected an army behind us, says a writer in the Geographical Journal. Their camp was a most extraordinary place. It lay on a block of sand, with a large lake in front and a pond behind. The knoll was capped with three or four small huts, the walls of which were formed of flat stones placed on end, and the roofs of caribou skin. The pond was filled with caribou bones, which showed that the camp had been much frequented. In the middle of the miniature village lay a large heap of raw caribou meat, which the Eskimos store up in seasons of plenty. We waited some time at the camp, hoping the natives would reappear, but they did not. It was their period of good feeding. The caribou were grazing on the Barren Lands in vast herds, and smelt and salmon were plentiful, so there was no necessity for them to return to their extra food supply. They had evidently never come in contact with white men before, because no article of civilized manufacture was found in their camp. We left what we could for them, and continued our way southward against the snowstorm which had set in over the Barren Lands. Next day we crossed the Dease river, the boundary of the Eskimo country. A few days later we had occasion to return toward the Coppermine, and at the crossing of the Dease, on the Eskimo side, three caribou bones stood, sharpened and pointed in our direction. Some of these people had followed us secretly all the way from their camp. They had watched us as we slept in the rocks, and had only turned back when they reached the Barren boundary. What the strange sign of the three bones could have meant I know not. It may have warned us to never again enter the Eskimo country, or else it may have been a sign of friendship to us from one of the aboriginal bands still left on the American continent who have as yet had no dealings with the white man.

SUNSPOTS AND GRASSHOPPERS

French Professor Girard Throws Light Upon a Strange Scientific Subject.

Though much damage has been caused during recent years by grasshoppers in Algeria, South America, parts of France and other places, no effective method of exterminating them has yet been discovered. Prof. Girard, however, of the Sorbonne in Paris, now points out a way of getting rid of these pests, and he has explained the method clearly in a paper which he read recently before the Biological Society of France, says the New York Herald. "The easiest way to get rid of grasshoppers," says Dr. Capitan, a French naturalist, writing on the subject, "is to destroy their eggs, and Prof. Girard now tells us the precise moment when this should be done. The eggs are always laid in deserted, uncultivated, sunny places, and, according to Prof. Girard, they are evidently most abundant about the epoch when there are few sun spots; or, in other words, when there is a minimum of such spots.

"He shows that more grasshoppers are hatched either a year before or a year after the exact date when there is a minimum of sun spots than at any other time. For example, there was such a minimum in 1867, and in 1868 several parts of France were visited by grasshoppers. There was another minimum in 1875; and in 1876 hosts of grasshoppers appeared in France and Spain. A similar coincidence was noticed in 1888. Finally, 1900 was the epoch of the last minimum, and it was therefore to be expected that grasshoppers would do a great deal of mischief in 1901. That they have already done so everyone knows.

"The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from this simple fact is that the utmost pains should be taken to destroy the eggs whenever such a minimum of sun spots is approaching."

Attempts have been made in several places to exterminate grown grasshoppers by means of petroleum and various poisonous solutions, but the results obtained have never been very satisfactory and the cost has always been considerable. For this reason many agriculturists in France are giving serious attention to Prof. Girard's advice, and there is no doubt that in future they will endeavor to destroy the eggs rather than to exterminate the grown insects.

Europe's Tom Thumb State. The tiniest thing in the way of independent European states is San Marino. Its rival to the claim of diminutiveness is Monaco, but this is a republic snugly tucked away among the eastern spurs of the Apennines. It is only 32 miles square and has a population fewer than 3,000. But it is a dignified and prosperous little community, and no less proud of its independence. It has just been celebrating its sixteenth century and has jubilated right royally over its anniversary. San Marino is embraced within the area of Italy, but though it acknowledges the king of Italy as its friend and protector it strictly maintains its independence.—London Black and White.

HAD TIME TO REPENT.

Young Crook's Threat to Kill Falls of Execution When He is Liberated from Prison.

Two young men bowed and saluted each other cordially as they passed on Woodard avenue the other day. One was considerably better dressed than the other, and there was every evidence that he was walking hand-in-hand with prosperity. The other had apparently "seen better days," says the Detroit Free Press. "Notice that young fellow that spoke to me just now?" he observed to a friend with whom he was walking. "Well, you wouldn't believe from his present manner toward me that he had repeatedly threatened my life a few years ago, would you?" His friend expressed surprise. "Did he mean it?" he asked. "Yes, I think he did. He was at that time a member of a band of young crooks that were giving the police considerable trouble. Had got into evil company and gone to the bad. I was at that time a reporter on a daily paper. Well, the police finally cinched him on a grand larceny charge, and I had a talk with him while he was in jail. He gave me some interesting material, which was printed. Shortly afterward he was released on bail, and meeting me on the street one day, he muttered, as he passed along, that he would 'do me up' the first good opportunity he got. I paid little attention to him until after the threat had been repeated on subsequent occasions, when I asked the superintendent of police for permission to carry a revolver, which was granted.

"I did not again see my friend until his trial, when, to my great regret, I was subpoenaed as a witness for the prosecution, the subpoena having been issued as a result of the printed interview. When I had given my testimony, which was of a very damaging nature to the accused, and stepped from the stand I had to pass directly behind the prisoner. There was murder in his face, as he turned toward me and muttered: 'If I go to prison I'll kill you as soon as I get out, if it's ten years from now.'

"Well, he was convicted and sent up for five years. I confess I felt a little uneasy at the time, for no doubt the youth had been schooled on dime novels and cheap melodramas and would be bloodthirsty enough to shoot. But gradually I forgot all about him and his threat. In the meantime I had gone out west, where I remained several years. After I had been back in Detroit a short time I was surprised and a little bit startled to see my friend, the ex-convict, coming up the street. He was much brighter in appearance than in the old days, and the hang-dog look of the criminal had disappeared. He recognized me at once, and coming forward held out his hand and shook mine cordially.

"I hope there's no hard feelings," said he. "None whatever," I replied. "That was all the reference there was to the past." "And what is he doing now?" asked the ex-reporter's companion. "Why, he is one of the rising young business men of Detroit. Has blotted out the stain of prison life, and has an enviable record among business men for honesty and fair-dealing. Is doing a splendid business, too." "And how have you prospered?" "Well," was the reply, "I was just about to ask you for a dime to get a shave."

AN UNEXPECTED SENSATION.

Furnished by the Wife of the Talkative Man, Who Gets the Best of It.

"My wife went abroad this last summer," said the talkative man, according to the Detroit Free Press. "And so far, the only thing she saw that she has been able to describe was the interior of a store in Paris where she bought a bonnet that was a dream of undefiled beauty, using her words. When she returned she found one of the innumerable clubs that she belongs to holding a rummage sale, and she plunged into it with all the enthusiasm that she is noted for, although I had an impression that the idea of showing her new bonnet, direct from Paris, was uppermost in her mind.

"She was anxious for me to see the display of old junk that they had collected, so I walked down with her to the place where the sale was being held. She had promised to act as one of the saleswomen, and much to her regret she found that her new bonnet was in danger of being damaged from the miscellaneous stuff that hung from every conceivable point; so she was obliged to remove it and place it carefully away. She had hardly done this when it was seized by another member of the club, who held it up with a shriek of laughter.

"Who in the world sent this old thing here?" she cried. "Why, it is 20 years behind the fashion, and we couldn't get ten cents for it! It is a shame to take up our valuable space with such stuff as that!" "My wife didn't find her voice till we got home, and then, as it generally happens in a riot, the innocent spectator got hurt—namely, myself."

Red Wine King Edward's Tiptoe. For many years King Edward has not touched champagne, which was at one time his favorite beverage, and which he made so fashionable. He now drinks nothing but red wine, of which he has great quantities at Marlborough house and Sandringham, and of which he is considered the finest judge in England.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHEN THE CREW REBELLED.

Half-Starved Sailors Objected to Being Stalled Upon Luxuries.

On one occasion about 300 ducks and chickens were let loose in a vessel called the Belle, and they proved such an annoyance that when a storm came up and washed two-thirds of them overboard the captain ordered the rest killed for a grand dinner for his crew, says Frank T. Bullen, who tells the story in his book, "A Bark of Shakings."

"It is hardly possible to imagine what that feast looked like. An East Indian jungle fowl is by no means a flashy bird when at its best, but these poor wretches had been living upon what little flesh they wore when they came on board for about ten days, the scanty ration of peppy and broken biscuit having been insufficient to keep them alive. And then they had been scalded whole-sale, and plunged into a copper of furiously bubbling sea water, where they had remained until the wooden-hearted Maltese judged it time to fish them out and send them to be eaten. They were just like ladies' bustles covered with old parchment, and I have serious doubts whether more than half of them were drawn. I dare not attempt to reproduce the comments of my starving shipmates, unless I gave a row of dashes which would be suggestive but not enlightening. Old Nat, the Yankee, who was the doyen of the forecastle, was the first to recover sufficiently from the shock to formulate a definite plan of action. 'In my opinion,' he said, 'this yer larder's 'bout starved; in these yer lime-juicers a feller's got ter stan' that, but I be 'larnally dog-gasted if I kin see bein' starved 'n' insulted at the same time by luxury, or bein' bloated with luxury, I'm goin' ter take this yer larder 'n' ole o' branlyites aft an' ask th' ole man of he don't think it's 'bout time somethin' was said 'n' done by th' cargo or th' hooker.' There was no dissentient voice heard, and solemnly as a funeral procession, Nat leading the way with the 'corpuses deficit,' the whole watch tramped aft. I need not dwell upon the intensity. Sufficient that there was a good deal of animated conversation, and much jeering on the skipper's part at the well-known ensiveness of sailors, who, as everybody knows (or thinks he knows), will growl if fed on all the delicacies of the season served up on 18-carat plate. But we got no more poultry, thank heaven. And I more poultry, thank heaven. And I do not think the officers regretted the fact that before we got clear of the bay the last of that sad crowd of feathered bipeds had ceased to worry any of us, and had wisely given up the attempt to struggle against such a combination of trying circumstances."

GUN AND ARMOR RIVALRY.

Every Improvement in the Latter Met by an Advance in the Former.

There has been a constant rivalry between the shipbuilder and armorer on the one hand, and the gun, gunpowder and projectile manufacturer on the other hand. Every improvement in armor plate has been met by a further advance, either in the gun, the projectile or the propelling charge of gunpowder, says Hudson Maxim, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. An armor-maker would announce the production of a steel plate which no existing cannon could penetrate. Then the projectiles were made conical, and with a sharp point, having a fine temper, and the gun was rifled to give the projectile rotation and true flight, and the guns were made to load at the breech instead of the muzzle, adding greatly to the rapidity and facility of fire. Another inventor then came forward with a method for hardening the surface of the plate by a process bearing his name. A Harveyized plate is so hard that it cannot be scratched with a file or cut with a cold chisel. Nickel was put in the plate, adding still more to its hardness and toughness. Then smokeless powder was produced, developing much greater energy than its old black predecessor, and made to burn with accelerating combustion, and with it projectiles could be hurled with such velocity that the energy of their impact could not be resisted by either the projectile or the plate, and the gun had to be lengthened and strengthened forward to meet the new demands upon it. The limit in weight of armor-plate was soon reached. Twelve inches in thickness came to be about the maximum for the belt of the strongest warship, for she could not carry thicker and float. The projectile was still more improved, being made of the finest forged steel and tempered with great skill. Then came Kruppized plate, and the projectile was again turned aside or smashed upon its surface. Lastly, a soft nose made of mild steel was placed on the point of the armor-piercing projectile, and the gunner could again laugh at the thickest Kruppized plate that could be carried by the battleship.

No Doubts Whatever. Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out? Servant Girl—Yes, ma'am. "Did she seem to have any doubt about it?" "No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't,"—Glasgow Times.

A Redeeming Grace. As long as a man's mistakes his mistakes are not held against him.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

GIRL WITH A PURPOSE.

After a Year Abroad She Exerts Control of All Her Parents' Everyday Affairs.

Miss Gregory, writing of "Our Foolish Virgins," treats the readers of Century to an account of the way a certain American girl developed, as the result of a year's polishing-off in Europe.

While visiting recently in a neighboring city I was placed at a dinner next to a diminutive dame, who entertained me, during the meal, with her opinions of men and matters. The talk had a subflavor of the strong-minded, oddly out of keeping with her winsome face and doll-like figure; but the face was so pretty and the chatter so amusing that after a time one forgot this disagreeable impression. Later in the evening, when the other guests had left, I asked my hostess who the energetic little maiden was. With a half-smile she answered: "Miss B. is a very modern person. I thought you would find her interesting. A couple of years ago her parents, who, I suspect, had begun to find their offspring a handful, yielded to the daughter's request to go abroad and finish her education, naively imagining that she would settle in some quiet old town like Dresden or Hannover. A relative was chosen as a duenna, a bank-account opened, and the couple started with the understanding that their destination should be decided by the girl herself. Well, you will think I am romancing when I tell you that, after a month in Paris and a tentative work at Cannes, Miss B. established herself at Monte Carlo for the winter. It is needless to add that her education was finished with a vengeance, not quite on the lines her parents had intended, but with staggering completeness. When she got back from this eventful journey the traveler proceeded to give her parents the benefit of her experience. They were hustled noisily out of a suburban home and established in a town house, as their daughter announced that she had no intention of wasting her life in the country." Having accomplished this feat, and furnished the new residence with pictures and bric-a-brac picked-up during her trip abroad, hired a corps of servants, and made out a visiting list for her mother's use, the girl, who was not prepared to marry just yet, next turned her attention to the parental investments, upon which she brought the light of her new ideas to bear. "I faut dire de son siecle," is her favorite saying. When the family money matters were running on her satisfaction, Miss B. nothing if not active, devoted her time to organizing a kennel for the breeding of bulldogs of some particular form or color. I forget which. "A woman," she says, "must have some serious object in life," and she tells me that the way this special breed has been allowed to run down over here is a disgrace to the American people. Fortunately for us, she has leaped into the breach, and proposes to raise the standard at no matter what personal inconvenience to the English level. It appears that Minotaur, the famous \$5,000 prize-winner, is on his way across the ocean to join her kennel.

This girl may or may not be a fair sample of her kind, but that there are hundreds of households in our land to-day where parents, from indolence or ignorance, are allowing themselves to be run by their daughters, is certain. It is also self-evident that in all classes of society, except certain conservative circles, where the continental standards are observed, the Yankee girl has seized the helm. With father and mother comfortably installed in the cabin and male members of the crew forbidden even to approach the bridge, she is guiding the family bark, summer and winter, according to her pleasure.

Soldiers Should Swim. There is a certain inexplicable backwardness in all armies in making the ability to swim as compulsory as other requirements of far less practical importance. If a soldier would not learn how to execute "four's right," he would be at once attended to, but the fact that he doesn't know how to save his own life if he falls overboard is considered of less importance. This indifference prevails not only among land lubbers, but also among seamen. The accident at Blancourt, where four French cavalrymen were drowned while engaged in crossing the Seine during a military reconnaissance, has caused a good deal of discussion in France, and the minister of war has issued an order that in every case where rivers are to be crossed in peace operations by swimming certain regulations shall be observed. The chief of these is that when men unable to swim are engaged in the operations they shall be accompanied or be closely followed by certified swimmers in equal number.—Army and Navy Journal.

Invitations to Dinner. The woman from New England buys a "table-spread" while her sister from the south buys a "tablecloth." The woman from Nova Scotia orders the servant to "lay the table," while with most of us natives of the United States the command is to "set the table." In the country the hostess says to her guests: "Sit by," when it is time to eat; in town it is "please sit down;" in the city among the swells there is no further invitation than the announcement of the servant that "dinner is served."—N. Y. Press.

No Pent-Up Utens for Him. Mrs. Wiggins—Does your husband have "a den?" Mrs. Wiggins—No; he roars all over the house.—Somerville Journal.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Painful Experience of a Trusting Patient with Painless Dentistry.

It so happened that the mother of his wife came to his dental establishment in the course of time. "You are sure it will not pain?" she asked, with anxiety. "Only for just an instant," he assured her.

She climbed into the chair hesitatingly, relates the New York Herald. "I wish Kitty were here to hold my hand," she said, as he furtively examined her teeth. She watched him select a crochet needle and shivered. She repeated: "Are you sure it will not—?" "The pain will be very slight," he interrupted, coldly.

He held the alpenrod instrument up to the light and examined it critically. He tested the point of it with a dubious air. It did not appear to be quite suited to his purpose and he laid it aside to take up a more vicious one. He seemed to prolong these deadly preliminaries unnecessarily. She squirmed and surveyed him with dark suspicion. Would he dare? "What were you saying?" he queried, calmly.

"I—I said nothing," she gasped; "but if you hurt me, John." "Open your mouth," he said. There was no expression upon his face that she could read. She dropped her eyes to the peculiar spoonlike knife in his fingers. She had always said her daughter had married a man with a cruel heart.

"I'll open my mouth, John," she said, desperately; "but—if you hurt me—" "I said it would not hurt," he returned. He grimly drummed upon his finger nails with the instrument of torture and looked into space. She studied him again. Her countenance was puckered like a dried lemon.

"If you do hurt I'll go home on the next train!" Was that a gleam in his stony eyes? "Of course, bygone are bygone," she went on, alluding to former quarrels, despairingly. "Why, certainly," he appeared to be surprised that she should mention the subject—but he got ready for business.

"What are you going to do?" she questioned, as though repelling an assault. "I thought of relieving your distress," he replied, with sarcastic coolness. "If you would rather be tortured by the tooth—" "But you needn't be so brutal about it!" "Why, I haven't touched you!" "But you were going to be brutal! I can tell from your manner!" "On the contrary."

She bit her lip and slowly sank back upon the head rest. He bent over her, holding the delicate shaft of steel like a lead pencil, and she could imagine him writing something on the exposed nerve. Her lips parted about a quarter of an inch, preparatory to the coming operation. He said: "With—" She opened them another quarter of an inch. He said: "Ma, open your mouth."

She sat bolt upright in the chair. "You are making it just as hard to bear as you can," she blurted. "You are trying to see how far you can go." "Why, ma?" "I had my mouth open!" "You always have." (He didn't say it, but he wanted to.) "Why don't you give me gas?"—hopefully.

"Why don't you give me less?" (He didn't say this, either, but he thought it.) He prepared to comply with her request, and when he was nearly ready she stopped him. "I have heard that people sometimes die from the effects of too much gas!" "They do," with emphasis. "Then I don't want any." He could not alter her decision. "I might give you cocaine," he said. "But when he produced the needle she recoiled.

"I will let you go ahead on the tooth—and if you do anything extraordinary—mind." "Open your mouth." "I'll call for help." "Open your mouth, ma." "It is a ghastly profession—dentistry." "Open your—" "I don't see why you ever became a dentist unless you delight in blood-thirsty torture."

"Will you please open—" "Of course you can't feel it—" "Come, ma." "—and you think nobody else can." "Open your mouth." There was a pause of several intense seconds, during which she gazed at him sidelong. Then she rose up and left the chair deliberately.

"I understand you," she observed, with keenness. "Your dentistry is painless—but I am not! Quite clever!" she secured her hat and parasol. "I will have it done by my cousin, who is a gentleman," she declared, as she was sailing through the door. "The wicked fee when no man pur-smeth," observed the dentist, solemnly.

Domestic Menaces. Sunday School Teacher—Now, Reuben, if your father had a hundred sheep, and ninety and nine were safe in the fold, what would he do? Reuben—He'd say "Tewer, go find that dod-blasted, germ-ighly sheep an' chaw th' tail off'n it!"—Judge.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Ask the average man to point out a great genius and he will proceed to take off his hat to himself.—Chicago Daily News. "When you speak to father, George, you must speak up good and loud. You may happen to meet him on one of his deaf days."—"I hope so."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visitor—"Your dollie seems to be very happy." A Tiny Girl of To-day—"Well, auntie, I'm sure she isn't, because she has only one dress, and that isn't stylish."—Town and Country. "Well," said the old man, "John's at home now, an' he kin speak Greek, Latin, French an' German."—"What's he goin' to larn next?"—"I ain't certain, but I think he's 'bout made up his mind to larn English!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Wise Pledge.—"The new freshman class is the huskiest and best organized that ever came into the college."—"Well, I fancied it could take care of itself when I heard that the upper classmen had pledged themselves to do no hazing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Topeka man took his little daughter to Kansas City the other day, and when they had crossed the state line he said: "Now we are in Missouri." "Oh, no, you must be mistaken, papa, for Missouri is pink. You can look in my geography and see." continued the little maid.—Topeka Herald.

Well Connected.—"And is the young man you are going to marry well connected, Eliza?" "Oh, yes, mum; he belongs to one of the best 'ristocratic families, mum." "Indeed! Does he really?" "Oh, yes, mum. He's be'n with 'em right along for over four years now, as coachman, mum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Baleful Ignorance.—Little Willie—"Faw, where is th' isthmus us Panama?" Father—"Th' isthmus of Panama? Willie, do you mean to tell me that you've been studying grammar two years and don't know where the isthmus of Panama is! If you ain't able to conjugate the isthmus of Panama for me by to-morrow night I'll make you go to bed at six o'clock!"—Ohio State Journal.

A REMARKABLE INSTITUTION.

The Reichsanstalt, a German Institution Where Finest Machinery is Tested.

An interesting article appears in Pearson's on the Reichsanstalt, the Imperial Physical and Technical Institute of Germany. Here are set up the most perfect instruments in the world for measuring heat and cold, for finding the pressure of the atmosphere, for determining the strength of electric currents, for measuring light and for a score of other purposes in which the utmost exactness is required. Here are kept the purest gold, silver, platinum, iridium, rhodium and other metals in the world—the standards of purity. Here is the purest water in the world and the finest glass, and the most perfect weighing machines. Here can be produced and measured every temperature, from that of liquid air to that of the electric arc light. And here is apparatus for generating electric currents of any potential from one volt up to 12,000 volts, and, what is more, of measuring them with almost absolute exactness.

Does the famous German thermometer-maker wish to know if his thermometers or his barometers are absolutely correct? He sends them to the Reichsanstalt for testing. When Krupp, the gunbuilder of Essen, devises a new kind of nickel steel he sends it to the Reichsanstalt to ascertain exactly its coefficient of expansion in varying degrees of heat, its electrical conductivity and its tensile strength.

When our own government wishes to be certain that the incandescent electric lights which it is purchasing are marked with the proper candle power it must needs send them to this distant German institution for testing. There is perhaps no other place in the world where it can be done with such accuracy. The pitch of the music which you hear at the opera has undoubtedly been regulated by the tuning forks bearing the peculiar blue marking of the Reichsanstalt; the thermometer with which your physician takes your temperature when you are ill, if it be of the best make, owes its accuracy to the same source.

People Who Wear the Kilt. The wearing of the kilt is the strictest religiously observed in the smartest society in Scotland. Many peers and some wealthy commoners, who are chiefs of clans take special pride in the national costume. The duke of Sutherland and his sons, the duke of Argyll, and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, Lord Kinross, and entitled chieftains, such as Cameron of Lochiel or the Mackintosh—all these and many more—wear the highland dress when in Scotland. A gentleman of high degree dons a kilt of a plainer tartan for morning wear and for shooting, and in the evening, when he dresses for dinner, he puts on his full dress tartan, with sporran and richly jeweled kilt.—London M. A. P.

No Chance for a Substitute. A middle-aged prosperous-looking man entered a Chicago furniture store the other day and said he wanted to look at some feather beds. "Good gracious," said the clerk, who was waiting on him, "we haven't any feather beds in stock. Nobody uses them any more. Can't I sell you a nice hair mattress?" "Nope. Got to have a feather bed. My wife wants it to sit on during thunderstorms. The one she's been using is all worn out."—Chicago Record-Herald.