

ONIONS CURE FOR RABIES.

Victim Bit Into the Tearful Bulb and Slowly Recovered from His Terrible Trouble.

A resident and business man of New York said recently: "In one of our growing western towns which I occasionally visit, I knew a beautiful girl, who was engaged to marry a beautiful girl. He was suddenly seized with an insane desire to injure her. She called for her father and brother and the latter ran for the family physician, who, upon his arrival, ordered a glass of water to be brought. At the sight of it the young man frothed at the mouth, exhibiting all the symptoms of rabies. He was taken to the attic and fastened with a chain around his body to a ring in the floor. "One day, after many weary weeks of watching, a favorable change was noticed. "How do you feel?" asked the doctor. "Oh, I'm much better," was the reply, "but you didn't cure me, doctor. It's every time of onions in the corner. I see! Every time I felt a crazy desire to bite anybody I would bury my teeth in one of the onions, and they have gradually drawn out all the poison. I am entirely well." Upon examination an onion was found which had turned green with the poison, perhaps the first one bitten. The physician frankly acknowledged that the onion had saved the patient's life.

A veteran of the uncivil war says: "A soldier was stricken with smallpox and unknown to the physicians a bunch of onions was hanging in his tent. We expected him to die, but he suddenly got better, and in a short time was entirely recovered. A few days after he got out the onions were taken down and they were found to be mushy, which the doctor said was caused by their drawing the smallpox out of the patient. As they were inoculated with the disease they were destroyed."—N. Y. Press.

CAPTURED WRONG WOMAN.

An Ardent Italian Lover Whose Plan Did Not Work as He Expected It Would.

A young countryman of Bitonto, Francesco Capaldo, was much in love with a pretty girl, Elisa Fano, and, although the girl herself was not averse to his suit, her mamma did not see Francesco with a "good eye," as they say in Rome, and so the course of true love did not run smooth. Rendered desperate, the young man decided on heroic measures and concocted a plot with some friends. The mother and daughter were in the habit of going frequently to some relatives in the evening; so one dark night the conspirators hid in a narrow street and as the women passed sprang out upon them.

In the confusion which ensued, frightened by the intentional maneuvers of the young men, the gallant Francesco threw a shawl over the head of one of the frightened women, and in spite of her struggles, bore her off to his house. "I am Francesco," he repeated at intervals, thing to calm the terror of his lady love, only, however, to be answered by muffled tones from the shawl, struggles and kicks of such strength as to rouse his wonder and something of resentment that Elisa should treat him so. Meanwhile the other woman had fled, shrieking, to cover, followed by the men to conceal the doings of Francesco. The bold lover carefully removed the shawl, dropped on his knees and raised his eyes to those of—Elisa's mother.

He Was Cool.

"Now and then I hear an old soldier bragging how cool he was in his first fight," said the one-armed man, "and I always have a dim suspicion that his case was like my own. "I had determined to be cool at every cost and so far as I could tell I fired away 40 rounds, killed at least ten of the enemy and had every reason to believe myself a hero. I had begun to brag a little after the thing was all over, when the captain of my company showed me that I had loaded my magazine ten times and not fired once and in a fatherly way observed to me: " "Abe, I can forgive you this once for running away and hiding under the baggage wagon, but if you play the trick again I shall have to take official notice of it!"—Chicago News.

Naming Jap Ships.

In view of the periodic discussion about the appropriate naming of warships, it is of interest to learn that Japan has named her big battleships after great mountains and the small war vessels from some well-known natural features of the country. It may also be mentioned that at the end of the name of every Japanese ship is either the termination "kan" or "maru." "Kan" means war vessels, and is applied, of course, only to the emperor's fleet. "Maru," which means round, is applied to merchant vessels—why, it is difficult to say.

Accommodated Her.

One of Carrie Nation's most tempestuous disciples has been Myra M. Henry, whose field of operations was Arkansas City. After one of her sallies into a saloon she was arrested and brought before a justice of the peace. She dared him to fine her, and the magistrate promptly accommodated her to the amount of \$100 for contempt of court. Thereupon Myra's courage gave way and she tearfully apologized. His honor remitted the fine.

Shattered.

Acum—What did that rich old uncle of yours leave? Hope—Nothing but a lot of disgusted relatives and a jubilant young widow, whom we had never heard of before.—Philadelphia Press.

None for Love.

There is a fixed rule for doing almost anything—except making love.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Canadian Rockies Are Not So High as Was Thought—New Passes Found.

In no part of the world excepting in Alaska has there been more rapid progress in geographical exploration in the past few years than in British Columbia. The latest facts concern a number of new passes through the Rocky Mountains. Some readers may be surprised that there should be anything left in British Columbia to discover. The fact is that the government surveys are yet far from covering the larger part of that big region. The fine geographical work that a missionary has recently been doing shows that there are still opportunities for discovery in this part of the domain.

Father Morice, whose mission station is on the shores of Lake Stuart, nearly in the center of the province, has been traveling many hundreds of miles in a canoe, mapping all the streams, lakes, mountains and valleys in the upper basin of the Netchakoh river. A fine map of his discoveries, which has just been published by the Neuchatel Geographical society of Switzerland, shows many details that have been seen on no previous map. Lake Morice, for example, which is not found on the latest atlas sheets of British Columbia, is 50 miles long and 777 feet deep.

The new passes in the Rockies have been studied by a party of Grand Trunk Pacific engineers who have been engaged in the work about a year. A newspaper has reported that this party has discovered the Smoke river, Porcupine, Red Deer, Wapiti and Pine River passes, but this statement is not quite correct. All these great passes through the Rockies to the north of the Canadian Pacific railroad have been known to exist for some time, but the engineers have been the first to study them in detail, and they now report that they are all available for railroads, that the gradients on the east are very gentle and that, some of the passes are wide enough for double tracks.

The scheme of the Canadian Pacific was laughed at as impracticable until the great gateway through Kicking Horse Pass was discovered. It is now known that further north there are several other passes lower than those which the Canadian Pacific uses and that they will amply suffice for all of Canada's railroad needs through the mountains. Explorations of the past few years show that the old ideas of the heights of the leading peaks of the Canadian Rockies were much exaggerated. Peaks still appear on some of the maps as from 15,000 to 17,000 feet above the sea.

Dr. Hector recently wrote that probably none of the mountains of British Columbia rise above 13,000 or 13,500 feet. Outram, Collic and about a dozen other men have within the past ten years ascended many of the high peaks of the Canadian Rockies and made observations to ascertain their altitude. The result is a decided decrease in the previously accepted altitude of a number of the highest mountains of these ranges.

WATCH INSECTS AT WORK.

London Has a Unique Novelty in the Form of a Portable Ant's Nest.

Glass hives for the observation of bees at work have been in use for many years, and recently acts' nests have been on view at the Crystal palace, London; now, a firm in London has actually put on sale a contrivance called "The Lubbock Formicarium," which is really a portable ant's nest, which can be moved anywhere without trouble or inconvenience and which, it is claimed, will last for upward of six years with ordinary care. The species selected is the small yellow ant, Formica flava, and the nest is inclosed in a frame ten inches square, resembling a picture frame, except that it must, of course, be laid flat, and the cover must be kept over it except when the ants are under observation. The nest contains ants in their various stages, and some of the other insects which are associated with them, and it is supplied with or without a queen, and accompanied by full directions as to management. This novelty has attracted much attention and visitors show much interest in the exhibition.

Job Worth the Getting.

The speakership of the house of commons is a good job. With its salary of \$25,000 a year it carries the use of a magnificent residence in the palace of Westminster, overlooking the Thames, and various attractive allowances, perquisites and prerogatives. And when the holder retires, or is retired, he drops into a comfortable pension of \$20,000 a year for the remainder of his life and a peerage. William Gully, the speaker who has just retired—a grandson, by the way, of a boxing expert, bookmaker and Derby winner celebrated in his day—now enters upon the enjoyment of these pleasant things. They treat their ex-statemens more generously over there than we do ours.

Heard at the 7-11 Ranch.

The Editorial association was watching with mingled feelings the wild west exhibition given in its honor. "Do you see that big buffalo over there beneath the tree?" inquired the funny man of the New York Chimes. "Why, what of it?" inquired Happy Hollowign, of the Philadelphia Day-book. "It reminds me of Tow Lawson." "How so?" "He's a bull-dozing."—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

Leopold a Private.

Former Archduke Leopold has become a private in the Swiss army.

QUIET NIGHT IN COUNTRY.

The City Man Who Went Away for a Good Sleep Tells of His Experience.

"I want to tell you about my night in the country," said a Kansas City man who seldom leaves town to a Kansas City Star reporter. "There'd been sickness at my home for two weeks, the baby was ill, so that none of us got much sleep, and usually I had gone to the office worn out and dull. My wife, with her mother to relieve her, could steal a few hours' nap during the day, but not I.

"With these things in your mind you can imagine my feelings when an order came for me to go to a little town down in the country to see one of our old customers. At last I was to have a rest amid the beauties of nature. Actually I felt young again. "I put in a busy day with the customer, and it was ten o'clock when I reached the hotel, my mind rioting with the thoughts of a long, long sleep in the morning undisturbed by street cars, hucksters, fire engines and the hundred and one sounds that make up the noise of the city. I inquired of the hotel man: 'How late can I get breakfast?' " "Oh," he drawled, 'about half-past six."

"I nearly fell out of my chair. 'You've got the wrong end of it,' I gasped. 'How late—late—not how early—can I get breakfast?' " "Well, you needn't to hurry now," said the proprietor. "You can get it for an hour after that."

" 'Huh,' thought I, 'if I hurry I may catch up on sleep even by 7:30. And so me to my bed.' " "Some time in the night I was awakened by the plaintive bawling of a calf for its mother. Did you ever hear a calf bawl when it is being weaned? Presently I heard a door slam and a moment later the poor little calf gave a grunt just like a man would if you kicked him on the watch charm and then all was still except that the door slammed again and some one went back to bed. A few minutes later a fool rooster saw the gleam of the hostler's lantern as the boy moved through the stable and at once began to crow, fully believing, I suppose, that the sun had risen.

"The rooster at length quieted down and then, just as I was dozing, a bell began to ring, a loud-mouthed, iron bell. I went to the window and looked out. There just below me stood a boy pulling a bell rope, the bell on a post, the post within six feet of my room. 'What in the blankety blank—' I began. " "Breakfast," yelled the boy, his face red with the exertion. " "Well," I exclaimed, 'you needn't awaken all the state for your old breakfast.' " "Ten minutes later a knock came on my door and another voice said: 'Hay, mister, git up, breakfast!' " "Hay," I cried, 'I don't want any hay; I want sleep.' But I dressed and went down. I looked at the clock. It was 6:15.

"Last night," the Kansas City man concluded, "I went to sleep at nine o'clock with street cars clanging past the house. The firemen went by our place twice in the night, my wife says, but I slept through it all peacefully. The country quiet is a delusion."

ARREST THE TUBA PLAYER

Gotham Police Mistook One of Thomas' Musicians for a Practical Joker.

Louis A. Julien was the first conductor who played a large orchestra in New York. One of his pieces was a "Fireman's Quadrille," during the performance of which an alarm of fire was regularly sounded and a brigade of firemen appeared in the hall. Theodore Thomas was one of Julien's violinists for a time, and this may help to explain why he himself, in 1867, when he gave his Terrace garden concerts in New York, once created a sensation by making the piccolo players climb up into the trees before the piece began.

On another occasion in the same place the tuba player had been sent behind the audience into the shrubbery. When he began to play the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music, and tried to arrest him. "I shall never forget the comical scene," Thomas writes in his "Autobiography," "as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the frate policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there as he ran."—Chicago Daily News.

Chinese Declined with Thanks.

When an American editor declines a manuscript he is polite, but wastes no words in consoling the disappointed contributor. They order these things differently in China, where the usual form of rejection is this: "We have read it with infinite delight. By the holy ashes of our ancestors, we swear that we have never seen so superb a masterpiece. His majesty, the emperor, our exalted master, if we were to print it, would command us to take it as a model, and never publish anything of a less striking quality. As we could not obey this order more than once in ten thousand years, we are compelled to send back your divine manuscript, and beg a thousand pardons.

Changeable.

The Wife—You see some shades of hair look better in sunlight and others look better when it is cloudy. The Husband—It seems to be cloudy to-day; which colored hair are you going to put on to-day?—Yonkers Statesman.

Sure Sign.

When a woman keeps a secret it's time to send her to a sanitarium.

TITLES IN THE ARMY

FOREIGNERS OF NOBLE BIRTH AMONG OUR SOLDIERS.

Germany and the Scandinavian Countries Furnish Us with Many Titled Men for Our Military Service.

The recent discovery of the missing Hon. Arthur Reginald French, heir to the title and estate of Baron de Freyne, of County Roscommon, Ireland, among Uncle Sam's raw recruits at Fort Slocum, is not an unusual experience among officers familiar with the recruiting service. Among the Germans, Swedes and Norwegians, who have the credit of making the best soldiers, recruited to Fort Slocum, New York, Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, and the Columbus Barracks, Columbus, O., are a number of young men who have authority to wear titles in the land of their birth. In the United States a foreign title is no bar to a man's enlistment.

The officer at Fort Slocum who gave this information to a reporter for the New York Times could not remember another instance of a titled Englishman enlisting, but he knew of several Britishers of aristocratic birth who made for the recruiting office almost as soon as they arrived in New York. "There is nothing discouraging in the life of a soldier to young men who may have been connected with the army in foreign lands, and who come to America for reasons of their own to begin all over again and forget things," said this officer. "Many of those who come here from continental countries would be required to serve in the army if they remained at home, anyway, and they prefer to cross the water and enlist to better advantage. To the average workingman who comes through Ellis Island the pay of an American soldier seems almost princely. True, the wages are only \$13 a month, but all the necessities of living furnished gratis to an American soldier make his earnings equivalent to \$80 a month.

"So long as a recruit meets the physical requirements of the service, and can speak and write English, he has no trouble in enlisting. His progress in the army depends entirely upon the same conditions that insure success elsewhere—that he shall do the work required of him and behave himself. "By the time the soldier who enlisted at 21 and has served 15 years he is entitled to be retired. He gets a pension of \$25 a month if he remains nothing but a common soldier from the time of his enlistment. But under the conditions of the service to-day a man who could not attain the rank of non-commissioned officer, such as a hospital sergeant, quartermaster's sergeant, or some place like that, would be so dull and stupid that it would be a question if he passed the first enlistment. If a soldier does earn a place on the non-commissioned staff his pension is \$50 a month, instead of \$25.

"There he is, then, at 40 years of age, with a reasonable expectation of 20 years of life before him, with a permanent income of \$50 a month, and about \$5,000 in cash to start in business with. Nothing slow about that, is there? "To men in the service it is no wonder at all that healthy, hearty young fellows with a love of travel and adventure, and a considerate regard for provision in their old age, should prefer the life of a soldier to that of a poorly paid artisan drudging through an uneventful life in the slums of some big city!

"We have to be careful in absorbing these ambitious young foreigners into our service. Some of them are undoubtedly spies. During the Spanish-American war we passed one likely young Prussian, whose fluency with English subsequently aroused our suspicion. While he was in barracks we discovered that he was an officer in the Prussian army. We said nothing to him. He was sent out for service, as he desired to be. But we spied his usefulness by sending him to Alaska, instead of to Cuba.

Incentives to Marriage.

Apparently the German town of Haschmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness. Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed and the oldest women in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while but \$50 is the reward for the one marrying the cripple. All women over 40 who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses sums which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town. The average price paid is \$50 to each, unless they should be unusually numerous, while the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when, in their judgment, it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly unfortunate woman.

Cracking Eggs.

A correspondent of a contemporary, who has been searching for the most monotonous method of earning a living, decides in favor of that of cracking eggs. "I met a man who said he was a biscuit manufacturer on a large scale, and was rather inclined to boast about the number of eggs—continental eggs—which his firm bought in the course of a year. Now, it seems that to avoid calamity, five eggs are broken into a bowl at a time before being added to the common stock. There are men, he told me, who do nothing else but crack eggs. They become so expert that a man can dispose of 1,000 an hour, or 10,000 a day."

Always Shows Up.

In no place, probably, does the coarse work of the amateur show more than in making oneself agreeable.—Puck.

\$100,000 TO LACE MAKERS.

Young Paris Woman's Effort to Prevent the Ruin of Peasants a Success.

Paris.—A rich and beautiful young woman, whose name is Mile. de Marrier, has suddenly acquired fame by a deed of disinterested charity unlike any which has ever been seen in Paris. Mile. de Marrier comes from the Jura, where the peasants' principal means of support is derived from the manufacture of lace.

All of a sudden there was a fall in the price of lace. A syndicate of Parisian dressmakers decided to declare war upon the lace makers and reduce them by famine to accept infamously low prices for the product of their labor.

Mile. de Marrier saw the danger which threatened her compatriots. She headed a strike movement among the lace makers; she taught them to resist the tyranny of the lace merchants, and meanwhile bought from them in advance for two years all the lace they can make, paying them double the price they have been used to getting from the Parisian buyers.

The Parisian dressmakers saw themselves forced, just as the season proclaims the triumph of lace in the fashions, to purchase their goods at the prices dictated by this young woman or go without. Mile. de Marrier has sacrificed her entire fortune in the execution of her generous impulse, but she has saved a whole district from ruin and preserved for France one of its most prosperous industries.

Right or wrong, she has distributed \$100,000 in aid to the lace makers of the Jura, and all Paris looks on and wonders at the courage shown by this young girl.

PRIORITY OF DEATH VITAL

Estate of \$2,500,000 Involved in a Fire Tragedy and Will—Case on Trial.

New York.—The question whether Wallace C. Andrews, the millionaire who, with members of his family, perished in a fire that destroyed his residence at No. 2 East Sixty-seventh street on April 7, 1899, survived or died before his wife, is now on trial before Justice Dowling in the supreme court, in proceedings looking to a construction of Mr. Andrews' will.

Upon this trial hinges the validity of a bequest of Mr. Andrews of the remainder of his estate, after the payment of certain legacies, for an institution for the free education of girls. The Andrews institute for girls has been incorporated and makes claim to the entire residuary estate of Mr. Andrews, valued at \$2,500,000. Mrs. Andrews, who also perished in the fire, had this bequest.

Included in the victims of the fire was Mrs. Andrews' sister-in-law, Mrs. St. John. She was a legatee under the will, and her heirs are parties to the suit. Mr. Andrews left an estate valued at \$3,000,000; \$500,000 of this was distributed among relatives.

In the suit now on trial, it is contended that a testator leaving a wife or children cannot bequeath more than one-half of his estate to charity; that Mrs. Andrews survived her husband by a few minutes or a few seconds, and that, therefore, her heirs are entitled to one-half if not the whole of the residuary estate. Norman C. Andrews, a half-brother, and Emma H. Andrews and Edith Andrews Logan, assert that the burden of proof that Mrs. Andrews died first is upon the Andrews institute.

RISKS FOUR LIVES FOR HEN

Automobilist Sends His Car Into a Telegraph Pole—May End Fatally.

Boston.—His kindly desire to avoid running over a hen that had run across the road in front of his automobile may be the cause of the death of Theodore Farrington of Lowell, a wealthy resident, who was gravely injured when his automobile crashed into a telegraph pole. Miss Pauline Farrington, a sister, and the Misses Emily and Bessie Ludlam, who were with him, are in a critical condition, but have chances of recovery.

Farrington was taken to the Massachusetts general hospital and all that wealth can do was being done to save his life. The party, in a 20-horse power machine, was bowling along the state road, near the Burlington line, when the fowl jumped into the road and ran just ahead of the machine. Out of pity for the frightened bird Mr. Farrington endeavored to turn his machine to avoid running over it.

He failed to take into account the close proximity of the telegraph pole. The machine struck it with fearful force, lifting the body completely off the running gear. All four of the occupants were tossed against a stone wall. Both Mr. Farrington and Miss Bessie Ludlam were rendered unconscious. Miss Farrington, although suffering severely from cuts and bruised about the head, ran to the house of Charles Cummings and secured assistance.

Trying to Forget.

To relieve his mind from thoughts of the cruelties of war, Count Tolstoy says he is reading Epictetus, Lichtenberg and Schopenhauer. If these do not bring the desired state of repose he might try some of the Indiana writers, suggests the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Retroactive.

Young Ziegler inherits \$30,000,000 with the solemn duty of finding the north pole; that is better for a young man than inheriting the north pole with the solemn duty of finding the \$30,000,000.

TREND OF INVENTIONS

PATENT OFFICE REVEALS TENDENCY OF YANKEE GENIUS.

All Articles Now Classified—Chief Skinner's Figures Show 148 Different Kinds of Inventive Activity—Flying Machines Popular.

Washington.—Classification of the new inventions in the patent office under the act passed last year shows that there are 146 varieties of inventive activity. The classification reveals more accurately than heretofore the tendency of American invention. Incidentally, Frank C. Skinner, chief of the classification division, has become a walking encyclopedia on information as to material progress in the inventive world.

About 300,000 patents have been applied for in the patent office since its establishment. Approximately 40,000 patents were examined last year, and last week there were 1,086 new patents filed and 2,698 amendments.

The patent office has no statistics of the number of patents on any one subject, but those who have been working on the files of the office for years tell of tendencies along special lines of activity, for instance, in 1896, at the height of the bicycle craze, when, instead of the usual five examiners in a division, 13 were required. Now one attends to bicycles and does other work besides. The bicycle has been supplanted by the automobile. A large number of patents for new developments of these are constantly being filed under classifications of vehicles, motor power machines, and steam and gas engines. The number is on the increase every week.

The desire of the human family to imitate the birds and fly through the air is shown by the number of patents. Only five or six a month appear at the present time, but this division is looked upon as certain to grow.

The inventions in transportation continue to lead them all. Sixty-eight patents of this sort were recently filed in one week, and despite the fact that the railroad has reached a high state of efficiency, the development of appliances now in use goes merrily on. In general machinery the steam turbine is being developed, especially for use on battleships. Improvements in pneumatic tools cause an increasing number of patents.

On munitions of war experts who have been examining patents for a decade have noted that there is little radically new, and that guns are merely being developed to greater efficiency. New devices for sighting, which make allowances for so slight a factor as the humidity of the atmosphere or the velocity of the wind, are frequently filed.

Wireless telegraphy finds many interested inventors seeking improvement, and this class of patents has reached a good size. Cash registers which separate the amounts into different divisions and add them are being perfected.

In building a large number of inventions in concrete reinforcement have been placed on file one of them showing a process of making hollow concrete blocks near the building which is being erected and using them instead of brick. It is asserted that they make the house cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and that they are cheaper. Games and toys for amusement are on the increase. One imitates a hired man milking a cow.

A patent for a "universal garden tool" has long been a joke with the patent examiners. A little while ago a man invented a combination tally block, sponge, dice box, pencil and mirror. In the claim filed by him he said: "I claim it will become a constant companion to benefit humanity and countless millions to come. The man of business will carry it in his coat pocket and rejoice to be in a position to meet any emergency. A hole in his pocket will not bother him, as he may carry his loose change in the tally block. The sponge may be changed at will and contain the perfume for the permeation of his clothes. When walking about the street his nose is apt to offer a good landing place for particles of soot, but the little mirror on his tally block helps him to rub it off with his handkerchief. Coming home when baby is cutting teeth and cross, he can make it change into a smiling miracle by pulling out his tally block and juggling with the dice box."

BURGLAR DIES AT WORK.

Heart Disease Overcomes Him While at Work on a Safe—Not Identified.

Des Moines, Ia.—With the burglar's drill in his hand, his pockets filled with skeleton keys, explosives and fuse, a stranger dropped dead of heart disease in the little town of Blakeburg in front of a safe. There was not a trace of violence upon his body and that death came while he was intent upon the robbery is evident from the position in which he had fallen. Before entering upon his work he had destroyed every trace of identity. There was not a letter or card upon his person. His only possessions were the tools of his nefarious trade. He is a man of medium build, about 30 years old.

The man was seen early the evening before to diamant from a passing freight train. The body will be sent to some medical school under instructions of the state board.

Can't Keep Up.

By the way, remarks the Toledo Blade, which road is it that holds the gee whiz record between New York and Chicago? We've forgotten.