

HOW HEARING IS AFFECTED

Two Theories as to the Effect of Artillery Practice on Auditory Apparatus.

A writer in a recent number of La Nature, M. Ghaatang, gives some interesting facts with regard to artillery practice in the French navy, and shows an inclination to favor the supposition, which we do not remember to have seen mentioned before, that in many instances injury to the auditory apparatus from the discharge of cannon is really due rather to aspiration than to concussion, says a writer in the New York Medical Journal.

It seems that on the schoolship as many as from 700 to 1,000 charges are fired at a seance, presumably in rather quick succession. Thus an immense amount of gas generated by the combustion of the powder is produced, and this (in some way that does not appear clear to us) leads to such rarefaction of the air of the deck that it is suction instead of impact that injures the ear. The author finds support for this supposition in the fact that plugs of cotton inserted into the auditory canal are often found to have been wholly or in part withdrawn by the firing.

He admits, however, that persons standing very close to the gun are injured by concussion, as has commonly been supposed.

OF MUCH VALUE TO SURGEONS

"Stomach Telescope" Has Been Found Useful in Almost Endless Variety of Ways.

The "stomach telescope," or gastroscope, invented at the London hospital, has proved to be of the greatest value in the diagnosis of stomach disorders. An eminent surgeon recently referred in the highest terms to the advances lately made at that hospital in the early detection of diseases of the stomach by means of this instrument, which will in the immediate future probably come to be part of the equipment of every up-to-date hospital. The gastroscope now enables the physician of surgeon to actually see for himself the exact condition of the whole of the interior of the stomach, the slightest ulceration, growth or other abnormality in the lining membrane being thus readily observed. To be able to do this is of the very greatest importance in suspected cancer of the stomach, where the only hope of cure lies in the eradication of the cancerous growth at the very earliest moment. This means that the increased use of the gastroscope will in the future save many lives that would otherwise inevitably be lost through that disease.

Fine Fox Hunt Without Witnesses. The East Essex hounds had a remarkable run recently. A fox which they had hunted through the village of Bradwell swam the Blackwater, and the pack followed, but the depth of water and the dangerous banks prevented the field from crossing. They had to go for two miles along the bank until they reached a bridge, and by the time they had crossed fox and pack had vanished. After a search of three hours the hounds were found ten miles from the place where they had crossed the river whinpering round a barn at Chalkey Wood, beneath which the fox had gone to earth.

Mr. R. D. Hill, the master, called the hounds off and gave the fox a respite for the splendid run he had given. "The best 50 minutes the East Essex have had this season," was the description of Cookayne, the huntsman, "although there was no game riding with the hounds and no witness of their performance."—London Evening Standard.

For the Children.

The mother who believes in beginning the artistic education of her children at the earliest possible moment, may do a great deal in that direction with the aid of the nursery walls. The sides of the room are first papered with some plain neutral color, then divided into a frieze and panels, outlined with the darkest shade of the chosen neutral tint and upon these subdivisions are pasted brightly colored and well-drawn figures of animals and birds, which are to be obtained in the form of long sheets of wall paper, which may easily be cut out and affixed to the walls. Thus a young child may not only be taught much that is essential in regard to the proper placing of colors and their composition, but because of the questions which they will be apt to ask about the animals and birds, will acquire a great deal of valuable information about natural history.

A Desperate Subterfuge.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "can I eat anything I find growing on a tree and still be a consistent vegetarian?" "Certainly." "Oh, joy! I notice that a lot of our chickens have taken to roosting in the woods."

Impossible.

"Losing at poker again? I found these two aces in your pocket!" stormed his wife. "Losing with two aces in my pocket? Absurd, woman!" he retorted.

Not Our Language.

"Your wife says your youngest baby can talk." "Yes," answered Mr. Higgins, with a slight hesitation. "But he appears to take naturally to something like Volapuk or Esperanto."

VERY LIKE BUSINESS MATTER

Little Romance in Many of the Marriages Contracted by German Couples.

From the beginning the little German girl is trained to matrimony. "Eat your fish fresh and marry your daughter while she is young," runs the German proverb. The girl, coming from a race of practical-minded, self-sufficient people with a counter-balance of idealism, has her dreams of a fairy prince. They dwindle and fade in the face of realities till at last she is glad to marry a sober business man from 10 to 30 years her senior. This discrepancy in years is due to the circumstance that a man in Germany, according to government regulations, must spend so many years in preparation for his profession that by the time he is able to support a wife he is at the age when an American man has already made the initial success of his career. But men and women are anxious enough to marry.

When other hope falls some of them advertise, for many German newspapers have a kind of marriage market in their columns. Such advertisements read:

"I am still young, strong, and with a fortune of 12,000 marks. How shall I go about getting a husband? Kind advice sought by — and so on."

"A Jewish lady of 25, beautiful, with a dowry of 200,000 marks, would like to marry a man of title and good family. She would be willing to be baptized into his religion. A meeting must be arranged for in a dignified manner."

"The manager of a good business would like to marry a pretty widow, very strong, weighing about 150, but of good figure, and with a fortune of a few thousand marks."

POISE OF TROUT AND KESTREL

Both the Fish and Bird Present Alluring Sight to the Lover of Beauties of Nature.

As the kestrel is to the clouds so is the trout to the crystal waters. Both kestrels and trout display that magical poising, as if suspended by invisible threads—only now and then, when cross currents are encountered, is a sign given to show that life itself is not in suspense.

A brief agitation of the kestrel's wings, a swishing of the trout's tail—the cross current is weathered, and bird or fish poises motionless again. And as when walking along we are pulled up in ever fresh wonder by the sight of the hovering kestrel, so we must needs pause on a bridge when there is a trout in the stream below.

He looks his best poising with head to the stream—a shapely form against the background of smooth brown pebbles and waving emerald weeds. Lean over the bridge with eyes on the trout a vision is conjured—an alluring fly drops on the water, then a slack line tightens, there is a song from the reel, a rod bends; there follows a dazling dance of vermilion spots against the green of the bank.

Or as we come to the bridge on a winter's day we think we hear a mighty splashing of water over the pebbles—which turns out to be the play of 30 or 40 trout—the play of the last round of some water tourney. As they come to the surface, rolling and wallowing—their great fat sides look twice as big as when seen from below in clear water—they almost make a dam across the stream as they jostle each other seeking for the choicest places on the spawning bed.

Life's Lessons.

An old gentleman, well on in years, sits handsomely and naturally in the bow-window of his age, scanning experience with reverted eye; and, chirping and smiling, communicates the accidents and reads the lesson of his long career. Opinions are strengthened, indeed, but they are also weeded out in the course of years. What remains steadily present to the eye of the retired veteran in his hermitage, what still ministers to his content, what still quickens his old honest heart—these are "the real long-lived things"—that Whitman tells us to prefer. Where youth agrees with age, not where they differ, wisdom dies, and it is when the young disciple finds his heart to beat in tune with his gray-bearded teacher's that a lesson may be learned.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Poultry Point.

"Always ask for the right leg of chicken or turkey," said a chef. "If the left leg is offered you, refuse it. It will be tough and stringy." "You see, these birds nearly always roost on one leg, the left. Hence, that leg becomes very muscular. The sinews are like steel. It is an excellent leg from the athletic, but a vile one from the culinary point of view." "But the favored right leg remains tender and juicy. Therefore, as the advertisements say, ask for and insist on getting the right leg."

Proclaims His Feelings.

Without the doctor and my better half I have my doubts whether there would have been an opportunity to write this, and this reminds me to say that, against protestations, I'm prepared to say, there is no easement to the afflicted and no satisfaction so intensely intense as when you are sick and pain seems unbearable to let your voice proclaim the feeling. Stetson is very noble, to be sure, but when nature demands the tribute of a hearty groan or grunt from a sufferer she is apt to revenge herself if it is suppressed.—Ocala Star.

ROYALTY ON ITS TRAVELS

Good Stories Told by Senator Dewey of the Doings of Potentates of Hawaii.

Senator Dewey of New York, famous as an after-dinner speaker, told two good stories in the senate while he was speaking on a bill to regulate the government of Hawaii. He said, in reviewing the history of the islands, that the king and queen of the islands once came to America and then went to Europe.

"An incident of this trip," said the senator, "was one of the rare contributions to the sedate movement of history, which promotes good fellowship by adding to the gaily of nations. Chicago received the king with impressive ceremonies on his arrival. After a weary day of parades and reviews the then mayor of the metropolis of the west found a king on his hands. Kings were not in his line, nor was he familiar with their attributes, the customs of court or the methods of addressing them. To relieve himself of embarrassment he drove his majesty to the leading hotel, and, leaving him in the lobby, said: 'Good afternoon, king; we have had a hard day, and I think you had better go up to your room and wash up.'"

"When their majesties arrived in London they were entertained by royalty and were guests at Windsor," continued the senator. "There was a current story at the time," he said, "that at the dinner the Hawaiian queen said to Queen Victoria: 'Your majesty, I am a blood relative.' To the astonished inquiry, 'How so?' the Hawaiian queen answered: 'My grandfather ate Capt. Cook.'"

NONE TO DO HIM REVERENCE

Sad Time, Indeed, for the One Time Political Boss, When He Is "Down and Out."

No better exposition of the cold-blooded nature of the political machine, with the quick desertion of its adherents when "there's nothing to it," could there be than the lonely death of the man who ruled New York state and for a while made governors, senators, and even tried his hand at president-making, says the New York Post.

A man who called to see him in his little Eleventh street flat about a year ago asked if it was in this place he received his friends.

"I have no friends," said the old man bitterly. "But your old associates, the men for whom you did things; surely they come to see you?"

"No, they don't." "But how about your classmates in Yale—are any of them alive?"

"I don't know," was the indifferent reply. "Don't you ever go down to the Yale club?"

"I never was a member of the Yale club." Another reference to neglected friends seemed to wake in him a new vigor.

"I'll expose them, I'll expose them," he exclaimed. "I'm writing my memoirs, and I'll expose them."

First English Words.

"It is a libel on foreigners to say that the first English word they learn is 'damn,'" said the trained nurse. "It isn't 'damn' at all, it is 'upsey daisy.'" There is something about that classic nursery phrase that tickles their ears. They seem to pick it up the day they leave Ellis island. I know hundreds of foreigners—the poor, hard-working kind, with big families—and am familiar with their linguistic attainments. They are fond fathers and mothers, most of them, and they jabber baby talk as volubly as American parents. Most of it is their native jargon, but 'upsey daisy' is the gem of their vocabulary. Go into any foreign quarter you please, and watch the grown-ups toss the babies to the ceiling. Nine times out of ten they will preface that stunt with 'upsey daisy.'"

The Shortest Biography.

"This is the life of little me. I am the wife of Beerboom Tree." Thus Lady Beerboom Tree when asked to write her "life"—surely the shortest autobiography on record. Lady Tree is shortly to appear on the variety stage, and patrons of the music halls will then have an opportunity of seeing one of England's cleverest and most distinguished actresses; for, besides her histrionic gifts, Lady Tree from an early age developed a taste for classics and mathematics. Her favorite subject was Greek, at which she was most learned, and many years ago she took part in a Greek play before an audience which included so distinguished a classical authority as the late Mr. Gladstone.—Tit-Bits.

Hanged Wrong Man.

Leauresque, the principal figure in the famous judicial tragedy of the Lyons mail, which has been staged the world over, left a number of relatives at the time of his execution. When his innocence was subsequently established, Napoleon III, in 1865, granted a pension in perpetuity to the man's lineal descendants. The pension was paid by the French government until quite recently. A few days ago a Mme. Behague, who described herself as the direct descendant of Leauresque on the female side, wrote to the minister of justice in Paris, insisting upon her right to the pension. The lady, who is 60 years old, is prepared to produce the necessary proofs in order to establish her identity.

LOST WITH ADVANCING AGE

Why the Man of Middle Age Does Not Retain the Taste of His Boyhood.

I've just discovered why things tasted better to me when I was a boy than they do now," said the man, as he indifferently surveyed the vands the waiter put before him. "It's not because my appetite has become blase with age, but because I really had a larger sense of taste when I was a kid. Yes, I just got that information straight from a scientific friend. He said that kids have a sense of taste at the sides of their cheeks which disappears with maturity. He also told me that sour, sweet, bitter, alkali and salt are the only taste sensations, and the other things I eat I enjoy from my sense of smell rather than a sense of taste. He said if I would put sweet things on the tip of my tongue they would taste sweeter to me than if I just put them in my mouth indiscriminately, as it were, and that if I wanted to make the taking of bitter medicine less disagreeable I should avoid putting it at the back of my tongue."

"Really, the things he told me about taste and my tongue made me almost afraid of eating. I didn't know my tongue was such a complex affair. I only wish the sense of taste in my cheeks would return while I tackle this piece of apple pie, so that it would taste as good to me as it used to in my boyhood days."

WAGNER AS A STATESMAN

Writer Gives an Intimation of What Great Ballplayer's Speech Would Be Like.

If Shortstop Hans Wagner should really be elected to congress it is possible that his maiden speech in the house would go something like this:

"I'm swinging hard against this bill, Mr. Speaker," he might say, "and if it comes within reaching distance I'm coming to slam it against the score-board. I've been watching this play from the bench and it looks like a hippodrome to me. The guys that are trying to get the bill over are doing a funny stunt all right, but they ain't cut the corner of the plate with me. No, sir. O, I'm on to the signal! While our side is stealing second the other fellers will steal everything in sight. That ain't the way I was brought up to run the bases. I slide for 'em—an' no spiking! If I'm thrown out I take my medicine like a little man. I ain't used to playing in the dark with a lot of tricky outlaws. Give me a fair field and no favor, and straight umpiring and a seven-pound wagon tongue, and I'll hand this bill a smote that will carry it over the fence of defeat and drop it in the back alley of oblivion. That's me, Honus Wagner!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schooling the Parrot.

Under the family's tutelage chattering seemed about all that the parrot was capable of, so an expert in the teaching of parrots was called in. The first thing the expert did was to feed him. Presently the bird blinked drowsily and the lesson began. The bird appeared to profit by his instruction, but his owner was not satisfied.

I am afraid you have a harmful influence over him," said she.

"He gets so dopey after you have been here a few minutes." "That is because he has been doped a little," said the expert. "I mix a light sleeping potion with his food. He doesn't get enough to put him to sleep, but it makes him drowsy. All parrots learn better just before they go to sleep. If you can catch them on the edge of natural sleep you get better results, but this fellow is so lively that doping won't hurt him and he will learn more in a month that way than in a year of flopping around."

To Ward Off Old Age.

Without advancing the hope of lengthening the span of life by the soured milk diet of Prof. Metchnikoff or any other plan, Dr. Doyen of Paris believes senile decay may be retarded and the body kept in healthful activity throughout the natural period. To preserve vitality he invokes the aid of ferments to increase the white corpuscles in the blood, which are known to work so effectively against parasitic germs. He has named his energizer "mycolysine," and he states that it powerfully stimulates the white corpuscles, thus not only lessening the inactivity of the old-age period, but giving resistance to various digestive and respiratory maladies. He claims that it acts against colds, bronchitis and even epidemic diseases.

Recovery of Lost Standards.

A curious experiment was once made to determine whether a lost standard could be recovered by purely personal efforts. The assumption was made that the standard of length was lost. One hundred operatives and others accustomed to dealing with measurements were asked to give by estimate their ideas of what the given standard was—in other words, to guess at length of the meter. It was found that the guesses were most accurate for lengths of about six inches—that small lengths were overestimated and larger ones were underestimated. Taking the average of the 100 subjects the result varied but a few one thousandths from the truth.

Money-Making Thoughts.

Harker—You seem in a deep study. A penny for your thoughts, old man. Bluffwood—O, I'm a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once. Pass me over a five spot.

THE BOY AND THE CARPET

And the Gentle Springtime That Deceives Us All From the Stern Paths of Duty.

When the spring housecleaning comes and the carpet is hung on the line the boy of the family is ordered to beat out the dust.

He spends 20 minutes looking for a stick.

He spends ten more wondering if it is the right stick.

When he has finally decided he advances to the carpet and hauls off—

Yes, he hauls off and looks to see if there are any boys on the alley fence watching him.

Then he wonders why his father didn't beat the carpet and let him go fishing.

Then he splits on his hands and wonders what time it is.

When he thinks he hears another boy in the alley and he goes to the fence to see.

When he returns he wonders why carpets have to be beaten, but seeing his mother in the back door he picks up the stick and gives a whack that would surely break the leg of a fly. It tires him.

"Whack! Whack! Whack!"

His wrist aches. His shoulder aches. He has certainly sprained his back.

Two more feeble whacks and then he drops his stick and sits down with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?" asks the mother, as she comes out.

"It's my heart!"

"Why, you poor boy! I'd forgotten all about your weak heart. Run away and play shinny and climb trees and kick football and I'll beat the carpet myself!"

FATAL FLAW IN HIS THEORY

Dr. Gullick's Arguments for Matrimonial Felicity Overturned by Application of Logic.

When Dr. Luther H. Gullick, of certain honorable connection with the Russell Sage foundation, allows himself to speculate fondly on the possible domestic felicities which might result from the adoption of a masculine style of dress buttoning up the back instead of the front, he forgets an important particular. That relates to the time when it required more than the services of what is known now to wives as a "kind hooker" to get the head of the family into his tog—when a couple of squires, an armorer, a tinsmith and a blacksmith were needed to equip the business man for his day's work, with the fair wife on the side to get the helmet on straight and to strap the loved one's sword about his manly waist.

Dr. Gullick will be sensible of his own confusion when he recalls that this co-operation did not make for the perfect domestic tranquillity so much to be desired in perfectly respectable communities. He will admit he was in error in his theory that if the husband were as dependent on the wife in the matter of hooks as the wife is dependent on him—or maid or neighbor—there would be fewer divorces.

Birthplace of a Great Musician.

Seven cities contend for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and several towns in Italy claim the right from his association with them of commemorating Guido Monaco, or Guido d'Arezzo, as he is more commonly known. The little town of Talla, near Carentino, has set up a monument to mark his birthplace, but it is doubtful if the claim can be substantiated against the claim of Arezzo. It is generally conceded that Guido was a Benedictine monk, and that he was a great writer on music of the eleventh century. The claim is set up that he was born near Paris, and migrated to Arezzo. He wrote the "Micrologus," but Grove discards many of the pretensions which have been formulated concerning Guido's achievements. It appears, says Grove, that Guido invented the principle upon which the construction of the stave is based and the F and C clefs, but that he did not invent the complete four lined staves itself.

Ancient Superstition.

Parat, an apothecary of Paris, jealous of his wife, compelled her under fear of death to run needles through a wax image of the suspected lover. This was there a continuance of an old practice known to Sicilians in the days of Theocritus. Thus are we reminded of Rossetti's "Easter Helen" and a tragic scene in "The Return of the Native." We read not long ago that this spell of the wax image was still practised in counties of England. Was it ever practiced in New England? Are such dolls now made in this country, and melted so that with it a rival or an enemy may waste away?

Time's Sad Changes.

"I met a gentle but entirely unconstructed native during a recent trip through North Carolina," said a northern tourist, according to Browning's Magazine, "and he was in constant lamentation over what he regarded the deterioration of things down there from what they were in ante-bellum days. His regretful comparisons of things then with their condition now to the disadvantage of the latter, were striking. One evening, admiring a brilliant and beautiful setting of the sun, I exclaimed enthusiastically: 'What a magnificent sunset—splendid! gorgeous!' The unconstructed native, gazing at it a moment, said, in melancholy tone and with a deep sigh: 'Yes, but, ah! you should have seen it before the war!'"

ON BEING A GOOD SPORT

Many Others There Are Besides Those Who Indulge in Contests on Athletic Fields.

The marks of a good sport in any athletic game are easily recognizable. In golf he plays his ball exactly where it lies and carefully observes every rule safeguarding the rights of his opponent and other players on the course. In tennis he never calls a ball "out" if there is the slightest doubt about it, preferring the loss of a point to the loss of his self-respect. In baseball or football he keeps constantly in mind the fact that he is a gentleman and gives his opponent credit for being as well bred, no matter how keen the competition or how great the temptation to resort to questionable methods of play.

Not that the athletic fields have a monopoly of the good sports. Far from it. Every mother who is uncompromisingly denying herself for the benefit of her children is a good sport. So is every father who pinches so that John may go to the Tech. So is every physician who cares for the poor and takes for pay the satisfaction of helping somebody. And the nurse who "turns night time into day time," but without the recompense of good fellowship or "the good song ringing clear." And the school teacher who mothers hundreds of children to their everlasting benefit, but herself is mother to none.—From Nautilus.

TAXES IN THE OLDEN TIME

In the Reign of George the Third One Could Not Even Escape Them by Dying.

For taxes out of the common one must turn back to the days of George III. In the reign of that monarch one was almost forced to "die beyond one's means." The army and the navy were in urgent need of money and the chancellor was at his wits' end. He thought of the dead and gravely suggested a tax on coffins. Which proposal recalls the day when one could not be born without involving a proud parent in a tax. A graduated tax. The birth of an eldest son, for instance, cost a duke as much as £30, whereas a cottager was forced to pay only two shillings. To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth cost money in those days!

Not only was there once a tax on hair powder, but hair itself has been called upon to pay its due share to the revenue. For beards were, at various times, taxed in England. Henry VIII graduated his levy according to the status of the wearer, the sheriff of Canterbury, for instance, having to pay three shillings four pence for his beard, and Elizabeth fixed the same sum for every beard of over a fortnight's growth.

Keeping a Friendship.

"Time was," remarked a man prominent in Cleveland financial circles, "when if a close friend had come to me and wanted to obtain a personal loan and offered to give me his ring or his watch or his wife for security, I wouldn't have taken any security. I would have insisted that we were too good friends for that and if I lent him money at all it would have been without any collateral." "Now I'm older and know more of the workings of human nature than I did then. If a close friend comes to me to-day to borrow money and offers to put up his ring or his watch or his wife for security I'll accept the security. For if I do not and he isn't able to pay me back shortly he'll begin to avoid me and from there it is only another step until he'll hate me. So long as he has given me security, however, whether he pays me or not, he does not feel under obligations to me and I retain his friendship and good will."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eye Strain in School.

A little boy or girl totally blind is an extremely pathetic sight, but next to this is a child wearing spectacles to place out its defective eyesight. Yet such cases are declared by doctors to be on the increase, and they claim that many of them are caused by the eyes strain to which those under ten years of age are subjected in the schools. A number of years ago a crusade was begun against nurse-maids, older sisters and even reckless mothers who would expose babies' eyes to the direct glare of the sun when taking the helpless infants out for an airing in baby carriages. That crusade is by no means ended yet, and many a courageous woman will to-day stop a baby carriage whose occupant's unprotected eyes are being blinded by the sun, and will instruct the attendant to either shut out the light or wheel the carriage in another direction.

How Glass Affects Bacteria.

From the investigations of a German scientist, it appears that bacteria are affected favorably or otherwise by the character of the glass containing the water in which they are suspended. Marked differences in the behavior of cholera germs were noted, according to the kind of glass composing the vessels used. The degree of alkalinity imparted by the glass to the water is believed to be an important factor in these experiments.

Consolation.

"That candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts." "Yes," answered Senator Borghum, "whenever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."