RATS CAUSE OF GHOST SCARE,

Rodents Pull Electric Wire, Causing the Light to Rise and Fall and Frightening Men.

There are probably few persons who would confess to a belief in ghosts, tepprits, speciers, or spooks, as told in stories. Put when some mysterious circumstance occurs at night time whey are among the first to think of ghosts as an explanation of the phemon:enon.

This, perhaps, was the case with Elmer Sampson and Art Anderson, who were startled and mystified as they were sitting in the office of a livery barn one evening recently when the electric light hanging from the ceiling began to rise and foll.

It is said that Mr. Anderson, who sthought a ghost was in the attic, suggested that they give chase to it with a pail of water. It was finally decided that Mr. Anderson should get a lanjtern, while Mr. Sampræg got a ladder, that they might investigate the attic for the cause of the disturbance.

The young men felt relieved at find-Ing that two huge rats had been tugging away at an old umbrella, the handle of which had become hooked behind the electric light wire. Every time the rats pulled on the umbrella the lamp would rise.

WEARING ROSES DANGEROUS

Trainer Attacked When She Pins Blossoms to Corsage-Beasts Mistake Them for Meat.

A lion tamer came from her hot

tert and sat down for a chat. "An admirer, in my younger days," she said, "once sent me a bouquet of red roses, and I wore them in the ring to do my act. They came near doing for me. I had got my eight lions arranged in their pyramid when the lion sat the top saw the red roses in my corsage. He mistook them for meatillens have poor sight-and down be leapt. He came for me open-mouthed. Though I fired a blank cartridge in his face he made with his paw a sweep at the roses that ripped me open from chin to waist. The other lions bounded forward. They weren't angry. They were hungry. I had hatelligence enough to perceive that, Land just as they were leaping on me I tore off my roses and threw them

jacross the ring. "The big brutes left me at once, and rwhile they sniffed the roses with disappointed growts I staggered out of the iron door. I was young at the time, young and light-headed, or I'd have known better than to wear anything red amongst bungry and near-'sighted lions.'

How Thackeray If ecarte is to be held responsible for Thackeray's appearance as an author, his erratic methods of work contributed equally to his early death. He wrote invariably with the printer's devil in attendance.

4.42

"I can conceive nothing more Tharassing in the literary way," wrote Motley to his wife in 1858, "than Thackeray's way of living from hand to mouth. I mean in regard to the way 🤝 furnishes food to the printer's devil. Here he is just finishing the number that must appear in a few days. Of course, whether ill or well, stupid or fertile, he must produce the same amount of fun, pathos or sentiment. His gun must be regularly loaded and discharged at command. I should think it would wear his life

Motley's fears were realized within a few years.

Art Leads Language and Science. The fact is that art is working far mbead of language as well as of science, realizing for us, by all manner of suggestions and exaggerations, effects efor which as yet we have no name; may, for which we may never perhaps have a direct name, for the reason that these effects do not enter very largely into the necessities of life. Hence alone is that suspicion of vagueness that often hangs about the purpose of a romance; it is clear enough to us in thought; but we are not used to consider anything clear until we are able to formulate it in words, and analytical language has not been sufficiently shaped to that end. . . . It is not that there is anything blurred or indefinite, in the impression left with us, it is, dust because the impression is so very definite after its own kind, that we find it hard to fit it exactly with the expressions of our philosophical speech.-Robert Louis Stevenson.

Points for Church-Goers. A clergyman was smoking a cigar

under an oak. "My congregation coughed this morning," he said, "I could hardly make myself heard. It was most an-

DOYINE " "Well," said the physician, "the pext time they cough, tell them to press the upper lip just beneath the nose. Pressing the nerves in that quarter will stop the next obstinate cough, and, by the same token, it will stop

a stacze too "I'll tell you how to stop the blogoughs. You press hard on the chock, right in front of the ear. Thuse nerves there control the hiccoughs as money controls politics. You need only press -the nerves will do the rest."

in Line. "Have you taken any steps to demonstrate that women are fitted for modern controversy?

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs Votington; "we have already named a number of eligibles to a Sapphira club."

CATERS TO HUSBAND'S TASTES

Woman Asserts That Her Sex Dress to Annoy Other Women-Is Ropudiated by Another.

"George, dear, I dress to please you, don't !?"

"Eh! Why, what's worrying you

now? "Nothing, dear. Only over at Mrs. Gilfeather's this afternoon they were talking about dress and Emeline Clark said that women dress well just to annoy other women, and somehow there didn't seem to be anybody smart enough to answer her. When I got a chance I said that I dressed just to please you -and that I never bought a hat or gown without asking you if they suited your taste. And the horrid things just laughed at me, and Polly West said I'd better come home and ask you about it. And I do dress to please you, don't I, George?"

"I'm glad you think you do, my dear. Of course, you remember the hat-

"But I changed it. George."

"For a bigger one." "But it was more like the shape you suggested -- and ever so much more becoming."

"And those preposterous highheeled shoes?"

"But I only wore them a little while, dear-they were too small." "And that awfully tight-fitting

gown?" "It was the color you didn't like, George."

"Was it? But there, don't look so distressed, you little goose. Aside from shoes and hats and gowns, I'm inclined to think that you are rightand the other women wrong." "Oh, you dear!"

BUILD FRESH AIR SCHOOLS

Board of Education of Pawtucket, R. I. Have Adopted Plans for Open Rooms.

"One open-air room in every new school building," is the policy which the board of education of Pawtucket, R. I., officially adopted at its meeting on July 12, says the Survey Magazine. This slogan was framed by Frank O. Draper, the superintendent of schools. The committee on school property approved of the recommendation and the architect who is preparing plans for a new school building was instructed to incorporate in his -drawings an open-air room even before the whole board had taken final action on the proposal. Pawtucket opened its first fresh-air school in May, and is therefore quite a recent addition to the ranks of the cities that can boast of this new feature of an up-to-date school system. But this bustling city in northern Rhode Island has taken a most advanced if not as ret unique position in deciding to make special provision in every school for children with a predisposition to

tuberculosis. Pawtucket also illustrates how quickly public sentiment can be created in favor of providing fresh air for children in the schools. Two years ago an effort was made to convert a small schoolbouse into an open-air school. Surrounding property owners who "didn't care to have a lot of sick children in their backyards," killed the plan temporarily. A year ago a tuberculosis exhibit was held in the city, and as an indirect result Pawtucket now has one of the best openair achools in the country

Twentieth Century Dugouts. Dugouts are usually associated with bygone days, but they still figure in Maryland navigation. A few are even being made today. The dugout is the Chesapeake cance of the Eastern Shore oystermen.

It is made by placing three pine logs side by side and fastening them together with wooden pins. Then the inside is dug out with an adze and the outside similarly shaped.

The result is a non-sinkable craft, with bow and stern allke, that is rigged with two sails and sometimes a "jigger" as well. From these boats the oysters are taken up with tongs, When the oyster season is over these canoes are painted and aquatic races are indulged in by the oystermen .-Harper's Weekly.

The Soldiers' Ple Eating Contests. In order to train plebes in the endurance, mentality and valor requisite for a soldier in the United States army, ple cating contests have been introduced at some of the military schools. Nothing could have been chosen which would be more likely to arouse patriotic sentiments and indifference to danger. Pie is essentially an American institution, and even the average citizen has shown a fine contempt for peril whenever a slab of blueberry or apple has been flaunted before his eyes. How much more, then, will the embryo soldier be careless of death, nay, even eager for a tempting of it, if his inborn American ple-nourished fortitude is pie-implanted and pie-perpetuated.

His Lucky Escape. "Thank heaven!" exclaimed a man watching the ticker tape mark the

fall of stocks. "Are you short of the market?" asked a man, dripping with the perspiration of heat, humidity and excitement.

"Oh, no." "Did you get out in time, then?"

"Oh. no." "What are you so thankful about

then?" "Why, they broke me, but it I had had any more money they would have broken me harder."

HOME MAKING WOMAN'S ART SKELETON IS DATED 7.000 B. C.

Remains of Man Packed of Pok at King's College, Oxford-burgeon to Place Parts Together.

In a small box packed safely away in a room at King's college, Oxford, are the remains of a prehistoric man. Every bone and portion is marked and catalogued in order, and within the next few days a well-known London surgeon is to undertake the delicate operation of piecing the figure together. This prehistoric man was one of the discoveries made by the little band of explorers who have just returned from Egypt after five months' tour on behalf of the fund. According to experts, the discovery dates from a period earlier whan 6000 or 7000 B. C. The explorers and native workmen were digging at Abydos, Upper Egypt, about nine miles from the Nile, when they found an oval "crouch" grave in the sand. It was a figure on its left side, doubled up, with the knees to the chin. It proved to be the skeleton of a man in a fine state of preservation. Abydos is really a huge cemetery. Experts aver it has been used as a barying place for all time. The surface is now of sand. When this is scraped away the blackened bricks of the Romans are revealed; underneath lie the burials of the eighteenth dynasty. 1500 or 2000 years B. C., and further down are the buriz, places of the prehistoric period. At the present day the Arabs use the spot as a cemetery.

HEARD DURING THE WAR

Password Given Out to Sentinels Undergoes Change Owing to Soldier's Blunder.

The following anecdote was told by Col. John A. Riker of Philadelphia, a veteran of the Civil war, at the National:

"In the army of the Cumberland one of the officers whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a password for the night gave the word 'Potomac.' A German, on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between 'b's' and 'p's,' understood it to be Botomac, and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted to 'Buttermilk.' Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and, approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word was demanded.

He gave 'Potomac.'
" Richt right. You don't pass mit "'But this is the word, and I will

pass." "'No; you stan', at the same ime placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. Officer that 'Potomac' didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?" * "Ruttermilk." *Well, then, "Buttermilk." "'Dat is right. Now you pass mit

yourself all about your pizness." Keeps Family Prisoners.

An almost incredible story comes

from Naples to the effect that a wine merchant named Rea, who appears to be out of his mind, has been keeping his wife and eleven children shut ur for the last five years in twelve differ ent rooms in a country house near Naples. He seems to have watched over his prisoners with the utmost vigilance, feeding them with small portions of maize, potatoes, eggs, and sometimes of fowl. He recently allowed two of the eldest sons to take short walks in the neighborhood of the house. Although under close supervision, they managed to make their plight known to some neighbors, who in their urn informed the police, with the result that the father was at once arrested. The release of the prisoners afforded a very touching speciacle, the meeting between the mother and her sons after five years' separation being most affecting.

Burlesque Wedding Guests. Poulbet, a Paris caricaturist, having determined upon so commonplace a step as getting married, decided that he would be married in no commonplace way. He asked all his friends to the wedding, but there was a sine qua nen condition attached to the investigation. You had to go with a "made-up head," or you would not be admitted. Preferably you were requested to make up as a country cousin at a village wedding. Some guests arrived as ancient peasants, others as village idiots. There were several bluff squires and rural elderly gentlemen with means, a number of retired officers and exuberant uncles from the south, besides fierce military gentlemen from the hottest stations of Algeria. The only persons who wore their natural physiognomies were the couple most concerned. They had drawn the line at making up themselves as a burlesque bride and a comic bridegroom.

Mere Matter of Speed.

The Reading Railway's lawyer was cross-examining a negro woman who had sworn that sho saw a train hit a milk wagen whose bandaged driver had just testified. No, she had not heard the engine blow any whistle whatsoever.

"How near were you to the train?" the lawyer asked her sharply. She didn't know exactly. It might

have been so far and it might have been a little further. "But how far?" the lawyer persisted. "A mile or a square or what? How long would it have taken you to

walk the distance?" "Buh," the witness replied, haughtily, "dat would depend entirely on my

She Can Add to It shand's Comfort by Having the House Attractive and Hick sitable.

The birds find so nees of exultation in the building of their nests, and you can discover that they are house furni hing by the joy of their songs. It is the natural instinct of love and life to reake a place to dwell in. To the women who can devise a beautiful gown, the arrangement and decoration of a room is the expansion and tenfold higher use of her art. To the woman who would endear berself to her husband, a guarantee might be offered that if she can keep within the limit of his means and yet make for him a lovely, comfortable, appropriate abiding place, in which he has room for the development of his own tastes and opportunity to bring about him his friends in hospitable fashion, she will have endeared herself inexpressibly to him and increased his pride in her tenfold. Let the good order and beauty and contrivances for his individual comfort be sufficient to make his friends envious, and ready to say that his home tempts them to marry, and the wife becomes lovely in his eyes, in a far more flattering way than because she is pretty and well dressed. To become the source of a husband's comfort and rest is to have placed yourself beyond the fear of losing your complexion or ceasing to be his ideal of a pretty girl. It is also to rise from the position of a dear pet to a useful, important partner, without whose clever brains and wise direction his life would cease to be a suc-

cess. Home-making is not easy work, but the married woman who sets aside her kingdom for lack of courage, and energy to rule it, is but a disinherited princess who has lost the greatest joy of life when she abdicated her throne.

WAS GENEROUS TO A FAULT

Story of Statesman Who Voted for Anything That Would Force Treasury to Pay.

There are innumerable stories about Mr. Brownlow, who recently died, his manners and methods. His colleagues never tire repeating his reply to the representative of an uplift magazine who was in Washington years ago tut rviewing members on the principles that actuated them in the performance of the public duties.

"Mr. Brownlow," said this uplifter, "you have been in congress a good many years and are known as an organization, or machine, Republican. But have you no faith, no principle, no creed that guides your conduct outside of party lines?"

"Young man," replied Mr. Brownlow in his rumbling voice, "I have the proud record of never having voted against any proposition to take money out of the federal treasury."

The uplifter gasped, and Mr. Brownlow ambled on his way. His friends say his statement was almost literal

at that. Ingratitude Mr. Brownlow considered the one inexcusable crime. He never was guilty of it himself. One day a man who had done a favor for Mr. Erownlow asked him to vote in committee for an increase in salary to an official in one of the government departments. "Why, Mr. Brownlow," he said. "let me tell you something. This is the most meritorious case ---Mr. Brownlow interrupted with a snort. . "Do you want me to vote for an increase to this man?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," said the friend. "Then," said Mr. Brownlow, "that's enough. Never mind about that mer-Itorious business."

MAre They Pittsburg Aldermen?" A member of Pittsburg commandery had a somewhat embarrassing expertence during the Templars' visit to Chicago. He had been introduced to a young woman at the reception given by the Pennsylvania grand commandery at the Hotel La Salle, and chancing to meet this same young woman, abe impulsively asked:

"You are one of the 'Millionaires' commandery, aren't you?" He pleaded guilty, and she asked how many of those in Chicago are plutocrats. He told her that about half of the 250 members at the conclave count their wealth in millions, and she

asked how they made it. "Mostly steel," was his reply. "O-oh," said the young woman. "Are these the Pittsburg aldermen?" Curtain.

Too Naive.

Mayor Gaynor at a dinner in New York, said of a politician's excuse: "It was altogether too ingenious and naive. It reminded me of the butler story. A man advertised for a good butler, and the next morning a young man presented himself. "'Have you got references?' the man

"'Yes, sir,' said the applicant, 'I have a number of excellent references." "'And where did you get them?"

"From the reference library, sir," was the reply.

Her Protection. "Why don't you marry, too!" he naked her apropos of the marriage of her friend.

"I can't," she answered, "without committing bigamy. I haven't my divorce yet, you know. It's probably a good thing, a great protection. I might have married some good-fornothing again if I had had it. I am no unfortunate in my selections."

"True," he said, "you might have married me."

"I SING WHEN I FEEL BAD."

Young Lad Injured in New York Subway Excavation Startles Doctor by Unusual Request.

A little seven-year-old boy fell into one of the deep excavations for the New York subway, and was taken, bruised and suffering, to the nearest hospital. When the doctor began to examine his injuries little James drew a deep breath. "I wish I could sing," he said, looking up at the big doctor. "I think I'd feel better then." "All right, you can sing," said the doctor, and James began. So brave and sweet was the childish voice that after the first verse there was a round of applause from the listeners, As the doctor went on with his examination the boy winced a little, but struck up his singing again. The nurse and attendants, hearing the sweet, clear soprano, gathered from all parts of the building, until he had an audience of hearly a hundred. Through all the pain of the examination the child never lost the tune; and everybody rejoiced when the doctor announced: "Well, I guess you're all right, little man; I can't find any broken

bones." "I guess it was the singing that fixed me," said James, "I always sing when I feel bad," he added sim-

Then he was taken home, not knowing the least what a courageous lesson he had taught everyone within the sound of his voice-and to many beyond it, for a newspaper reporter told the story in one of the big dailies next day. Many a reader felt the inspiration of that boyish sentence, "I always sing when I feel bad."

ADVANTAGE OF LIQUID FUEL

Use of Gas Engines Aids in Minimizing of Space and Reduces Expense.

The weight of and the space occupled by propelling machinery being less for gas or oil motors than for steam engines, it follows that a vessel of less displacement will suffice to carry the same cargo, says a recent article in Cassier's Magazine. Moreover, owing to the greater efficietary obtained by adopting the internal combustion principle, a less weight of fuel will nuffles for a voyage of given duration. Both these statements apply in all cases, but in vessels making short voyages, and in which the weight of fuel carried is small, the second consideration is of little moment. For long voyages, however, without refueling the bunker or tank capacity can be very much reduced for gas or oil motors, and greater economy in displacement can therefore be effected in long voyage than in short voyage vessels. Short will be more usual for the size of cargo boats considered. If for a vessel of, say, 4,000 tons displacement and 1,000 indicated horsepower, 100 tons weight could be saved in machinery and fuel by adopting gas engines and producers with coal fuel, or oil engines using heavy oil fuel in place of reciprocating steam engines with boilers burning coal or oil the displacement of the vessel could be reduced probably by a little more than 100 tons.

The Little Man Spoke Up. A cold shudder crept around a big table in one of the Atlantic City cafes the other night when a clubman, who has recently returned from London, announced to the guests at a dinner party that he had happened to be driving past the Crippen house at Hilldrop Crescent, one dark, gloomy night, and had seen the mysterious shadow of a clammy hand at the window. The story so affected another guest at the table that he immediately summoned an innocent beliboy and sent him off through the place calling "Doctor Crippen." The effect on the many patrons of the cafe was electrical, and the unsuspicious beliboy crying the terrible name in automaton fashion as he passed from table to table, left a wake of amusement and laughter which ended in a roar when a little man stood up and with mock solemnity yelled "Here I am."

Maine's Deserted Villages. Maine has had her deserted farms

and now and then one can find her deserted villages. Such a one is Welchville, in the town and county of Oxford, where once the pulse of machinery kept life beating fast in a thriving little community. Today the population is scattering, on the farms thereabouts chiefly, while the change in the value of the property is indi-, cated by the story recently related of the sale of a 21/2-story house for \$175, which was worth \$1,500 seventyfive years ago. But the number of such towns is small. Maine is building up fast. Her deserted farms are being taken up, sometimes by progressive young farmers, and again by summer people, and the descried Maine villages promised a new lease of life.

Study Profits for Women. Dr. Marion Parris presided at the congress of women interest in agriculture which was recently held at Bryn Mawr college. Women with practical experience spake on their experiments in general farming, fruit growing, landscape gardening, bee keeping, poultry raising, dairy farm-s ing, truck gardening and horticulture. The general opinion seemed to be that women could ordinarily carry on successfully ar of these branches with a profit of from ten to twenty per

ESTIMATING AGE OF WORLD

Various Professors Have Guessed Earth Was Anywhere From 20 to 400 Million Years Old.

Lord Kelvin, half a century ago, put forth the opinion that the age of the earth might be anywhere from 20. 000,000 to 400 000 000 years, says the Christian World, but later in life, he cut his maximum estimate down to 40,000,000 years. Seventeen years ago, Doctor Walcott of the Smithsonian institution, reckomed that our globe was probably 70,000,000 years old. Professor Joly, 11 years ago, estimated the age of the sea at 80,000,000 years; while Solas quite lately reck oned that "old ocean" had rolled over its sandy bed for a period anywhere between \$0,000,000 and 150,000,000 years. And now our geological survey professors, having found the same problem of the earth's antiquity wholly beyond their skill, have resorted to "scientific guessing," like all of their forerunners. They "guesa" that this world of ours has been in existence somewhere between 55,000,000 and 70, 000,059 years.

Since the dawn of human reason four great problems have occupied the mind of man, viz: The earth; the heavens above; God the Creator and man and his destiny. These are still the master studies of the race. and each successive age gives us deeper insight into them. It is a fine thing when men of intellect take up such studies earnestly and with reverence. The more they investigate in this spirit, the sooner will they trace clearly the lines of agreement that exist between science and the less need will there be for a resort to "guesswork," such as that we have scen in relation to the age of the earth.

CAUSES FLOWERS TO GROW

Ether Given to Plants Quickens Their Growth, as Proved by Experiments in Copenhagen.

Anaesthetics used upon bulbs and plants while dormant and awaiting the touch of spring is one of the newest experiments reported from Copenha gen. Dr. Johanssen of the Danish capital has shown that numbers of flowering plants, annesthetized with chloroform or with other while in the dormant state awake to a remarkable activity of growth and to superexcel lence in flowering, after they have been removed to growing conditions out of doors or under glass, as the

case may be. In the matter of the Easter Illy, for example, the bulbs are incased in ar air-tight receptacle, while hanging from the inner side of the closed lic the chloroform or the ether is sue pended. The temperature should be kept as near as possible to 62 degrees Fahrenheit, and the dormant left to the anaesthetic for 45 hours They are planted under a subdued light for a few days, after which they appear literally to spring from the earth into abnormally vigorous, rapid growth. Lilacs, azaleas and illies of the valley seem especially benefited by the treatment. Azaleas, potted on February 25, were in full bloom on March 8, while untreated specimens in adjoining beds did not mature their blossoms until two weeks later. The expense of the treatment is almost nothing, and with further experimen Tation it is predicted that a distinctly mercantile proposition may be

Complaint Was "Incurable." A remarkable fraud has just been worked on the Institut' Pasteur in Paris by a negro hailing from eastern Africa. Alleging that he was suffering from the terrible malady of sleep ing sickness, the negro was admitted to the hospital to undergo treatment. His symptoms were diagnosed as perpetual hunger, coupled with profound drowsiness. The doctors at the hospital, believing the man's case to be a genuine one, took him in hand and lavished every conceivable attention on him. A fortnight was spent by the self-styled vistim of sleeping sickness in alternate sleeping and eating Eventually the negro's utter incapability to make any kind of physical effort aroused their suspicions, and without more ado he was discharged. Some days afterward the negro returned to the Institut Pasteur to thank the principal for the latter's kindness to him. It was then that the doctors realized that the negro's complaint was "incurable."

. Dickens Nearly Popular as Bible. Dickens' public passes beyond the bounds of the British Empire. There is America—with its eighty-five millions of people and its widespread, its fervent, regard for Dickens. There is France, where Daudet could write: "Little Nell and Paul Dombey came to me as a revelation of purity and in nocence." There is Germany, where as Bunsen said, "Dickens compels! tears and laughter amongst Germans. as amongst his own people." There is Russia, where Toistoi relates that he found the "Christmas Carol" is the cabins of the humblest serfs, and where "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" are read in seven different translations in the realms of the czar It is futile to multiply evidences of the universality of the genius of Dick ens. Next to the Bible and Shakes phare, his books enjoy the wides bopularity.—Strand.

Knicker-What is Summerman free ting about? Bocker-Afraid his wife can come

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Angeles en case funt for Etan in Sanfille and line in Commerce destinguistics and in the Commerce destination and in the Commerc Iss interesting the The parties of the second seco