

IRISH BELIEF IN FAIRIES

The Story of a Lost Child Who Was Found Recently by Smoking Out the Sprites.

In a village in the west of Ireland a few weeks ago a child wandered away from the country and was lost. Its anxious parents, after a weary and unavailing search, reported the matter to the constable in charge of the village. After carefully questioning them he told them that any further search for the child would be useless without certain preliminaries, because it was clear to him that the poor child had been carried off by the fairies, according to their well-known custom. The constable told them to make a fire and burn in it as much of a certain herb as they could find. They did so at once. Then, according to his instructions, they went again in search of the child. He had declared that the smoke of the burning herb would force the fairies to bring the child back, and, sure enough, on going over the ground they had previously searched, they found the little boy asleep beside a stream, says the New York Sun.

The reputation and authority of that constable have now increased a hundredfold in all the countryside, and very few householders in those parts now have the temerity to offend the "good people," as they call the fairies (much as the Greeks used to call the furies, the "Eumenides," or well-wishing ones), by omitting to leave out every night the traditional bowl of milk and the griddle cake for their benefit.

The constable himself believes his charm brought the child back. Yet, like all the Royal Irish constabulary, he has had to pass a fairly stiff examination in order to be received into the service.

THE PEANUT ROASTER.

An Invention That Is Used Everywhere and Thousands of Them Are Sold Annually.

The peanut roasters of black iron, such as are commonly seen in the city streets, are likely to have a capacity of 20 quarts. Such roasters are sold in sizes ranging from ten to twenty-eight quarts. Peanut roasters are made to hold three bushels, which makes a roaster as big as a barrel. Such a peanut roaster would be set up at a public resort at the seashore, or perhaps at fairs, says the New York Sun.

There are combined peanut roasters and warmers made in various sizes, the warmer having glass sides and a hot water reservoir below. Separate peanut warmers are made of various materials or combinations of materials, including tin, iron, steel and copper, and they are made in a variety of shapes and sizes, and equipped for heating by charcoal or oil.

SPAIN'S RIFLE SHOOTS HARD.

Fires a Small Caliber Bullet But It Kills Quickly or Else the Wounded Quickly Get Well.

Army surgeons have been looking into the effect of the small bullet which in the modern rifle attains a fearful velocity. The reports in the bureau of information show that the Spanish government uses a Mauser rifle, model of 1892, of caliber .276 inches. It has a knife bayonet and throws a shell of 398 grains weight, and 100 of these shells are carried by each soldier. The bullet is covered with maillechort or copper, and is cylindro-conical in shape. Smokeless powder is used. The initial velocity is 2,285 feet per second. There have been campaigns in Africa with these small caliber rifles and the British surgeons have furnished reports of the effects.

Our own surgeons say that the Spanish rifle will kill more men than the old-time weapons and that the effect of the modern bullet is to kill quickly. Men who are shot in the head or abdomen will die on the field. Those who survive a battle will rapidly recover. The bullet has the effect of perforating a bone without fracturing it, and those who are shot in many parts of the body and in the arms or legs will suffer very little and will soon be ready for duty again. There need be few amputations, and the lasting effect of wounds will be reduced to a minimum.

The principal advantage of the modern rifle and its swift bullet is that those who ought to die will be killed immediately. Most of those who go to the hospitals will live.

NEW DYNAMITE GUN

Invention of a New Jersey Man Proves a Great Success.

A Smooth-Bore Gun and Throws Powerful Dynamite Cartridges of Sixteen Pounds Over a Mile and One-Half.

"Built for business," is the inscription written on the Breath dynamite gun now at Keyport, N. J. This invention is calculated by its inventor, William L. Breath, of Orange, N. J., to be the most effective piece of ordnance in the world, designed to throw dynamite from smoothbore guns by a charge of smokeless powder.

A partial test of the new gun was had the other day. The inventor cleaned the gun carefully, locked the wheels of the ordinary field mount on which it is set, and then set a dummy projectile sailing through the air. It could not be seen until it struck. After getting the range Mr. Breath had an ordinary oil barrel set adrift, and when it was about 800 yards away he quickly charged the gun with a real projectile and pulled the lanyard.

This shell was plainly discernable in its flight. It passed over the object some 12 feet, but struck properly, head down. There was a muffled sound, followed by a great cloud of water. The next shot struck its mark, and splinters showed there had been a barrel.

It is a three-inch gun, 11 feet long, weighing 225 pounds exclusive of its mount. This weapon ejects a projectile weighing 16 pounds, the propelling charge of which is slow burning, smokeless powder, made by Mr. Breath, the pressure being regulated by the method of loading. Through this method the muzzle velocity of the projectile is unusually high, a gradually increasing pressure being given as the projectile moves toward the muzzle. This is a new idea in dynamite gun construction.

The proprietor of the factory smiled, as he replied: "There is no secrecy there. I took you in the room because I did not want you to feel, after reading that notice on the door, that there was something there that we were not willing that you should see. It is one of our ordinary workrooms, and the prohibition of visitors is simply a time-saving precaution. As a rule, we are obliged to rush things constantly in order to keep up with our orders. Every hour counts, and, of course, we must be careful about losing time. Every time that a stranger steps in a workroom of that character the operatives are bound to look at him, and keep watch of his movements. Their minds are diverted, and naturally their hands fail to do their work properly. For every ten minutes that the stranger remains in the room each operative will lose at least four minutes of time. That is a low estimate. There are about 200 operatives on this floor. Take four minutes' time away from each one's work, and you see that the firm loses four times 260 minutes, which is 1,040 minutes, or more than 17 hours. In these hurry times we can't stand it often. But I do not consider the time consumed by your visit as wasted, for in the course of your literary work you will doubtless make good use of the lesson."—N. Y. Times.

NO VISITORS ALLOWED.

Why Proprietors Display This Legend in Their Establishments.

A distinguished Englishman, whose writings are as widely read in this country as they are in his native land, was shown through a very large carpet factory during a recent visit to New York. He manifested a great deal of interest in the various departments, and was permitted to inspect every nook and corner of the establishment, a privilege rarely extended to strangers. One of the features that puzzled the visitor most was this notice, which was posted at the entrance to each of two immense workrooms: "No Visitors Allowed. Positively no exceptions made to this rule." Naturally, the first glimpse of this formidable prohibition piqued the curiosity of the Englishman, and he experienced a glow of flattered pride when the door was flung open at his approach, and he was invited to enter the interdicted region. He looked eagerly for something out of the ordinary, expecting to see some intricate machinery, or at least an indication of a secret process in operation. But the spectacle that met his gaze was commonplace in the extreme. Several hundred men and women were engaged in sewing carpeting and rugs. Some were plying needles by hand; and others were using machines. The entrance of the visitors caused a temporary lull in the hum of industry, and several hundred pairs of eyes were turned inquiringly upon the newcomers.

After emerging from this uninteresting quarter, the Englishman inquired: "Why so much secrecy about that room? 'No visitors allowed,' etc. It did not appear to me that there was anything there that anybody would care to see."

The proprietor of the factory smiled, as he replied: "There is no secrecy there. I took you in the room because I did not want you to feel, after reading that notice on the door, that there was something there that we were not willing that you should see. It is one of our ordinary workrooms, and the prohibition of visitors is simply a time-saving precaution. As a rule, we are obliged to rush things constantly in order to keep up with our orders. Every hour counts, and, of course, we must be careful about losing time. Every time that a stranger steps in a workroom of that character the operatives are bound to look at him, and keep watch of his movements. Their minds are diverted, and naturally their hands fail to do their work properly. For every ten minutes that the stranger remains in the room each operative will lose at least four minutes of time. That is a low estimate. There are about 200 operatives on this floor. Take four minutes' time away from each one's work, and you see that the firm loses four times 260 minutes, which is 1,040 minutes, or more than 17 hours. In these hurry times we can't stand it often. But I do not consider the time consumed by your visit as wasted, for in the course of your literary work you will doubtless make good use of the lesson."—N. Y. Times.

THE JUDGE'S REPUTATION.

His Ability to Handle a Gun Was Never Questioned.

"I reckon he has sand," said the Texan as he pointed out the big venerable judge of the county who happened to be passing.

"Don't you know?" asked the traveling man addressed.

"Just among ourselves, I'll be darned if I do, and I've lived her all my life. The judge dropped down 'mongst us right followin' the wahn. He was ovah six feet, straight as a gun-bar'l, and in the prime of life. Sometimes it got whisp'd round that he was mighty handy with a gun and they made him sheff. Jest after he was sw' in a gang of cowboys raided the town while he was ovah to the cap't, and smashed things gene'y. When he came back we looked fo' him to o'ganize a posse and go at' em.

"But he sits down and writes a note tellin' the boys to come in an'ewt to the cou't. He puts big fancy cold seals on this note, and a ribbon an' send it by a deputy. Durned of them cowboys didn't worry over that the papeh, and talk 'bout it and get nervous till they jest mounted their ponies and rode in heah and paid them fines. Shef' jest stood 'round 's'uthin' had took place and not one of them cusses even opened his yawp. Aftah two tchma ashef' he was made judge, and judge he's been evah since. Am I'll bet you, suh, they hain't man, woman o' chile in Texas knows whether he could put a bullet in the side of a ba'n. Nobery evah see him unlimeh and shoot, and yet he's got a reputation fo' the sandiest man in Texas. That's a mighty strang thing in this country, sho'."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MOST IMPORTANT.

"I suppose that there are many problems which polar explorers seek to solve," said the unsentimental man.

"Yes," replied the intrepid traveeler, "a great many."

"What is the most important one?"

"Getting back."—Washington Star.

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