INVENTORS HAD LAST LAUGH.

Steel Making by Bessemer Process Was Ridiculed at First.

The so-called Bessemer process of making steel by injecting air blasts into molten iron was discovered first by an American named Kelly, and known as his air boiling process.

After the iron workers had seen it done, they still would not believe it. "Some crank'll be burning ice, next thing," they said. Some of his customers, when they heard about it, wrote Kelly that they wanted their iron made either in the regular way, and not by any new-fangled method, or not at all.

When the first blast was so strong that it melted the iron, the spectators roared with laughter at what they called "Kelly's fireworks," and laughed for ten years at his "folly."

When Bessemer introduced his process to the British iron makers, they, too, roared with laughter at the "crazy Frenchman," and would not allow the "silly idea" to be mentioned in their records.

The steel rail proposition excited only derision. "Bosh! Stuff! Humbug! Nonsense!" said the railroad directors when it was proposed to them. But after one road had tried it, the steel mills could not keep up with the orders sent in.—The Sunday Magazine.

WAY TO TELL A DIAMOND.

Useful Hint for Lovers of These Beautiful Stones.

The jeweler made a small dot, like a period, on a piece of white paper with a lead pencil. Then he held a large diamond over the dot.

"Look through this," he said.

Through the diamond the dot looked precisely the same as before.

"Now look through this," he said, taking up another stone.

Through the second stone the dot was transformed to three dots.

"There," the jeweler said, "is an easy way for the average man to tell a real diamond from an imitation. A dot on a piece of paper, looked at through a real diamond, is the same as before; but, looked at through a fake, it shows double or triple, or it appears blurred, scattered."

Beggar's Ready Explanation.

Eugene Higgins at a dinner on his yacht Varuna described a winter he had spent at Nice.

"But the Nice beggars!" he said, laughing. "The splendid, sun-drenched Promenade des Anglais, with its ivory white villas on one side and the blue Mediterranean on the other, is always haunted with these beggars. One of them accosted me one morning as I came out of the Cercle Mediteranee, the fashionable French club.

"'Monsieur,' he said, 'one little sou, for the love of heaven. My poor wife is starving.'

"'Why, look here,' said I, 'only last week I gave you some money to bury your wife and now you tell me she is starving. How can that be?'

"'But, monsieur,' said the beggar, 'I have a new wife now.'"

Dissuading a Tempter.

A pompous Chicago merchant, arrogantly carrying the signs of his prosperity about him, accosted an acquaintance of his who conducts a successful rescue mission, and said:

"James, I'd like to attend one of your meetings."

"Certainly," rejoined the minister, "but leave your watch and diamonds with the hotel clerk."

"What!" asked the merchant in astonishment, "are not the men of your mission converted thieves?"

"True," answered the mission leader, softly, "but, George, you look so easy and wholesome. Really, I don't want my men to regret that they promised me never to steal again."

Unfortunate Mistake.

Collin Butler was an old colored ditch digger on the farm of a well-known land owner in Virginia. One morning, after having been at work only a few hours, Collins was seen approaching the farmhouse with unusual rapidity, and with a peculiar limp to his usually dragging gait.

With a moan and a sob he exclaimed: "Lor', massa! I fought I see de biggest turkle haid I ever did see befo' in my life, wiggling fro' de mud, an' I took de spade an' whacked dat haid, an' I done cut off mah big toe."

The Rarest Autograph.

"Shakespeare's autograph is the rarest," said the dealer. "There are only seven in existence, and three of these are doubtful.

"The best is in the British museum, in a translation of Montaigne. It cost $15,000, and would sell readily for $25,000. The two next best are in conveyances of property. Three are in Shakespeare's will, but two of these are doubtful, and there is a doubtful one in the folio edition of his plays."

The Supreme Test.

"I have here a letter from a man saying that he was anxious to be loved without his sweetheart's being influenced by any knowledge of his circumstances, good or bad.

"Well?"

"So he wrote me an anonymous letter asking me to marry him."

It Had Been There Before.

"Hello, Rummel, I hear you had your watch stolen the other day?"

"Yes, but the thief is already caught. Just think, the fool took it to the pawnshop and there they immediately recognized it as mine and detained him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

PRIZE MONEY NEVER CLAIMED.

British Admiralty Has Sums on Hand for Destroying Slave Ships.

The days when prize money was looked upon in the navy as an ordinary source of income are recalled by a notification from the British admiralty of money waiting to be claimed—the proceeds of bounties for the destruction of pirates and of the sale of slave ships.

There is a sum of $25,000 from the sale of slaving vessels captured in the '60s awaiting claimants, also a goodly amount of naval prize money and bounty for the destruction of pirates which nobody applies for.

Some of those to whom money is due are, no doubt, still alive, but if they are dead they probably left descendants who if the names were advertised would be forthcoming to substantiate their claims.

As it is, there is little demand for the money in hand. During 12 months dealt with in the statement issued from Whitehall under $40 have been paid out.—Court Journal.

DAYS OF MALE DANDIES.

Feminine Display Outdone by Duke of Buckingham.

Until the last century, in variety and magnificence, the human male followed the rule of the lower animals that the male shall predominate in brilliance. No woman has ever ruled through pure modishness; there has never been a feminine counterpart of Beau Brummel. All varieties of exquisite are male, whether dandy, macaroni or beau—and not because they are exceptions to a general rule of sobriety, but because of a superior originality and more forcible and distinguished expression.

In the point of extravagance there never has been (until the last century) any difference between male and female costume. The duke of Buckingham took 27 suits of clothes to Paris in 1625, one of white uncut velvet set all over with diamonds, worth £14,000. He also wore a diamonded feather and diamond buttons and earrings. A curious fashion for men prevailed in 1612 of ornamenting the ear with strings of black velvet ribbon, also of placing a rose behind the ear.

Old Man Made a Guess.

Prof. Brander Matthews, along with his belief in spelling reform, believes in short words and in simple constructions. The simplicity of his prose style as it is manifested in his books is only equaled by its grace. Apropos of simplicity, Prof. Matthews said the other day: "In my youth I once passed the summer in the country. One of my friends, an elderly farm hand, visited New York during my country visit and on his return I said to him, employing a word needlessly complex and long: 'Well, Jabez, how did you like the metropolis?'

"'Wot say?' asked the old man.

"'How did you like the metropolis?' I repeated.

"'Twa'n't open,' said he."

Ignorance at a Premium.

Education, according to commander Gambier, was not valued in the British navy in the '50s. The future commander began his life at sea aboard the Retribution with an education which included Greek, an acquirement of which "our second master, who had joined the navy straight out of a merchant ship," made light. "'We don't want none of this here kind of hogwash at sea,' said my friend." I also quickly discovered that to know anything about music—beyond being able to sing a comic song or play a hornpipe on a tin whistle—was likewise an offense; while the crowning infamy was to be able to talk French or any foreign tongue."

Safety in Coupling.

A new and useful invention is now being tested on the railroads and tramways of Belgium, which promises to do away with the most prolific cause of accidents during shunting.

The apparatus is in two parts, the first an automatic coupling arrangement, and the other an automatic brake whereby if a coupling snaps the detached vehicles are at once brought to a standstill.

On a trial trip in which nearly all the chief railway officials participated all sorts of tests were made and the arrangement was declared to be a complete success.

Effect of Jealousy.

"It's such a good joke on the Pittsburgs," says the first lady.

"What is? That they are on the verge of separation?" asks her friend.

"Indirectly, yes. You know each of them has engaged a private detective to watch the other, and day before yesterday their two detectives put in a whole afternoon following them in an auto while they were riding in another one. It costs them $40 apiece to learn that they had taken an auto ride together."—Judge.

Bristles.

"Say," sneered the bulldog, "you don't know much about scientific fighting, do you?"

"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine. "If you want to try a little bout with me, however, I think I can give you a few points."

The Single Test.

"Why should a bachelor make the best public candidate?"

"I suppose because he is so single-minded in all his principles."—Baltimore American.

PARIS HAS BALLOON FAD.

New "Sport" a Favorite in the French Capital.

"It is impossible, on a fine day, to look up into the sky above Paris without seeing two or three balloons, like red or green moons, afloat against the blue."

The speaker, a member of the Aero club, resumed:

"On a September Sunday, standing by the Arc de Triomphe, I counted nine balloons afloat above my head. They were beautiful in color—scarlet, blue, gold, green, white—and nobody watched them, for they were an ordinary spectacle, like a horse or a peddler.

"The balloons, keeping together, floated past the Eiffel Tower. Then a gust of wind seized them, and they rushed with incredible rapidity towards Montmartre. You could see them dropping sand. It looked like a rope made of cloud, a rope that quickly melted against the blue sky.

"Ladies run balloons in Paris. Children go up in them. But for the expense, I believe that every Parisian would take a Sunday balloon ride."

THE DEMAND OF LABOR.

Request That Seemed at First to Savor of Extortion.

It was formerly the custom of a paper mill in Massachusetts to pay the workers semi-monthly; and, the operatives having found the practice somewhat inconvenient from their standpoint, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, rather well known for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the "boss," who said: "Well, Michael, what can I do for you?"

"If ye plase, sor," said Mike, "I've been sint as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymint of our wages."

"What do they want?"

"Sor, it is the desire of mesilf an' of ivery other man in the establishmint that we resayve our semi-monthly pay every week."—Lippincott's.

So Unreasonable.

Two pretty girls about 16 years each were confiding to each other their views upon life in general, and upon affairs of the heart in particular. The blonde had evidently been recently receiving some maternal advice, for she remarked, with a slight pout:

"I think people are just too unreasonable."

"Of course they are," the other readily agreed. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, kissing."

"Who is unreasonable about kissing?"

"Why—er—everybody. They only begin to think it's wrong for a girl to let herself be kissed when she begins to get old enough for it to be interesting."

Love and Life.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret."

These words, written by the English poet years ago, sum up the truth that love, even more than friendship, can be marred and finally lost from carelessness or cruelty.

For friendship is more equable and steady, it is a matter at once of more reserve and stability; when one loves, one gives all, and so suffers utter shipwreck if things go wrong.

Love is hurt with jars and fret, and when two people come into possession of this most precious heritage they should resolve that let come what may, ill temper, harsh words and disagreements should not occur between them.

"Heat Veil" for Firemen.

One of the gravest perils which fire fighters are constantly facing is the fierce heat. After successful trials, a newly invented "heat veil" has been introduced into practice at Cologne, Germany, where 200 men have been supplied with the appliance. The veil is made after the principle of a safety lamp, with double windows. It is composed of fibers of cane, which possess the peculiar property of retaining water for a considerable length of time. The veil is made damp before being fastened to the fireman's ordinary brass helmet.

Revival of the Bridegroom's Price.

As if the millions of evils from which the Brahmin community is suffering are not sufficient, a new evil of a very formidable and demoralizing character, in the form of a varadakshana (bridegroom's price) has appeared among us. The rich and the poor who have the good fortune of having sons have been shamelessly extorting money and concessions from the parents of the brides, irrespective of the means and circumstances of the latter, taking unduly mean advantage of the Shastraic injunction that girls should be married before they attain puberty.—Indian Review.

A New Idea.

In place of the tiny cards used to announce the little one's advent, "christening boxes" have now come into favor. They at least have the quality of novelty and are as dainty as one could wish. The boxes are about five inches square, and covered with white satin. Embroidered in the right hand corner is a bunch of forget-me-nots, and in the lower left-hand corner is the baby's monogram done in silver.

The box is filled with pink and white sugar-coated almonds, over which is a dainty lace napkin.

SIGN WELL PAID FOR.

One Thousand Dollars a Word for Railroad Crossing Warning.

At the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia, a young poet, licking his lips, said that Conan Doyle was paid one dollar a word.

"That is nothing," said one of the Reading railroad advertising men. "I know of a case where a man was paid $1,000 a word. Our line used to have at its grade crossings a very long and complicated sign that began: 'Beware of the engine and cars,' and then this sign went on with a lot of injunctions and warnings that would have taken five minutes to read. In a number of accident cases the claimants for damages declared that our long signs were not clear warnings. Therefore the line decided at last to get a new grade crossing sign, and Judge Paxson was engaged to write one.

"The sign that Judge Paxson wrote cost $1,000 a word, but it was a classic. It remains a classic. It has been copied everywhere. It is as well known among us as 'Father, I cannot tell a lie,' or 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

"But what was the sign?" the poet asked, impatiently.

"The sign that cost $1,000 a word, or $6,000 in all," said the railroad man, "was the famous 'Railroad crossing—stop, look and listen.'"

MIRTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Dissolves Gloom and Brings Sunshine, Says Writer.

Fortunate is the family where the mother is the first to see a joke and to lead the mirth. In too many homes her sole share in the merriment is a wan smile, accompanied, perhaps, by a dismal remark that she doesn't see much to laugh at.

Nothing helps a busy housewife through her press of cares like the ability to laugh long and heartily. A humorous rhyme, a conundrum, or a smart repartee cheers up a dull day wonderfully, especially when it comes from "mother," for it is she from whom the rest of the family are apt to take their cue.

The appetite for fun may be coaxed to grow with what it feeds on, until the housewife may transform her home into an abode of mirth and sunshine, the envy of dull and grumbling households.—Exchange.

Braved Danger from Sharks.

In Pacific waters commander Gambier met the great Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand. His missionary yacht, the Southern Cross, touched a coral reef when entering the harbor of Port of France, New Caledonia. It became necessary to examine her bottom, but the sharks were so numerous and so daring that nobody would venture into the water. "So the bishop, who held that if a man showed a bold front to a shark he would sheer off, went overboard himself with a long, sharp knife in his mouth for defense, and, diving under his vessel, ascertained the damage. He then came on board our ship, and we arranged to careen the yacht sufficiently to enable him to nail on some copper sheets, which he did himself, again spending a long time in the water. For some curious reason not a single sharkk hove in sight all the time."

Chinese Gambler's Penance.

A Chinese cook named Chin Kam had been engaged by a wealthy Chinese in Ho In street in Canton. All the money he earned has been lost in gambling. On one occasion his master paid him some money for the provisions he supplied. The cook lost all the money at one stake. Finding that his debts were acumulating day by day, on the twenty-fourth day he went into the kitchen and chopped off the forefinger of his left hand as a self-punishment and warning in order to relinquish this evil habit of gambling in the future. He became unconscious, through the pain, but was brought round again in a few minutes. —Singapore Times.

Absinthe Bonbons.

"Look out for absinthe in bonbons," says a Philadelphia candy dealer. "They are on the market and they are loaded. I doubt if any are on sale as yet in this city, but they have been offered to us and I have seen samples of them. I have no doubt they will soon be seen here. It's likely that their stay will be short, however, for the authorities and the temperance people will surely be after them. Four of the kind of bonbons that were sent to us would make a pretty stiff drink of absinthe, and an innocent customer might get laid out cold before he knew it. Those sent to us were from Europe, where, I understand, their manufacture has resulted from certain restrictive legislation concerning the sale of alcohol."

He Signed the Pledge.

Miss Eva Shonts, sister of Chairman Shonts, of the Panama commission, obtained samples of barrel house rum from Alderman Kenna's place on Clark street, and publicly burned it at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, says the Chicago American.

"I got the tip that she was coming here for booze," said the bartender at Kenna's, "and I sold her a quart mixture of kerosene and beer."

Miss Shonts said she would prove the poison in the liquor by setting it on fire. It exploded, boiled, hissed, turned red, blue and yellow, and then went out with a bang.

Harry Glag, a Chinaman, signed the pledge at once.

FOR FLAT-BOTTOMED EELS.

Only Kind Suitable for River, According to Humorist.

James Montgomery Bailey, the Danbury News man, in whose employ the writer had the good fortune to be, was the possessor of a fund of ready wit, which had a way of cropping out at the most unexpected times in his daily life as well as in his writings.

One day he received a call at his office in Danbury from a stranger who was contemplating buying some property in Newtown, eight miles from Danbury, and abutting on a small stream. This brook had been spoken of by the owner of the property in glowing terms to the prospective purchaser, who asked Mr. Bailey several questions about it, particularly in regard to its size.

"How large a river is it?" asked the stranger.

"Well," said Mr. Bailey, contemplatively, "to the best of my knowledge, that river, from the comb factory to the railroad bridge is easily navigable for flat-bottomed eels."—Boston Herald.

TELL OF COMING DEATH.

Omens Implicitly Believed in by Old English Families.

It is not in superstitious Ireland or Scotland only that omens are supposed to warn an old family of death. Whenever two enormous owls perch together on one of the battlements of the house of Arundel and Wardour death is at the door. The ancient family of Clifton of Clifton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, is supposed to be forewarned of death by a sturgeon forcing itself up the River Trent. The apparition of a Benedictine nun is said to warn the ancient Yorkshire Catholic family of Middleton of the approach of death. Camden in his "Magna Britannia," in speaking of the antiquity and dignity of the Brereton family, says: "This wonderful thing respecting them is commonly believed and I have heard it myself affirmed by many, that for some days before the death of the heir of the family the trunk of a tree has always been seen floating in the lake adjoining their mansion."—London T. P.'s Weekly.

His Pertinent Query.

"If you haven't got anything to do—and you don't 'pear to have"—grimly said the Old Codger, addressing the most paltry citizen in the village, "and no sense—and you don't evidence any symptoms of having—and no honesty—and you've never been accused of being cursed with any—and no self-respect—and there's no indications of it—and no ability to do anything but loaf and lop and lally-gag around—and you are clean up into the thirty-third degree at that—why'n'll don't you run for the legislature? You are amply equipped for the position; look at the fun you'd have, with all the Toms, Dicks and Harrys in the community hooraweing for or against you, and if you should happen to be elected the dishonor wouldn't especially hurt you, and you've got no family to be disgraced. What say?"—Puck.

No Help for the Dying.

The extreme callousness of the old English gamblers, or gentlemen, as they were then called, is illustrated by the following account which Horace Walpole, the celebrated letter writer, gives of a curious occurrence at White's coffee house in London.

In one of his epistles to Sir Horace Mann, under date of September 1, 1750, he says: "They have put into the papers a good story, made at Whites. A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed and said it would affect the fairness of the bet, and they stopped their efforts."—The Sunday Magazine.

Sees Rare Indian Rites.

Edward A. Curtis, the famous photographer of Indians, to aid whose work J. Pierpont Morgan gave $75,000, and whom President Roosevelt selected to take pictures of Alice Roosevelt's wedding, has been initiated into the Order of the Snake by the Hopi Indians in the state of Washington.

He is the first white man to take the vows of that mystic order. For nine days and nights he was held in an illy ventilated underground cell with much fasting and many ceremonies, while the mysteries were explained to him.

He says that 150 snakes were used in the course of the initiation, none of which had the fangs removed. The Indians handled them with perfect immunity.

Much Virtue in Rice.

Much Li Wing says the Chinese are the healthiest people on earth, because they live solely on the three R's—rice, ragout and rennet. Chinese rice is cooked without salt and each grain stands to itself, and it is eaten without butter, gravy, pepper or any other condiment. Rheumatism and gout are almost unknown among rice eaters, yet our American physicians sternly forbid it as an article of d among victims of those diseases.

Suburbanite in Big Luck.

"Did you hear of the servant Backlotz took out from the city him the other day? It's marv marvelous!" said Subbubs.

"Marvelous?" queried Cran. "She's going to stay, eh?"

"Oh! better than that! He iced her to buy the place for on few hundred dollars less than he for it."

WAS A DISTINCT SHOCK.

Two Young Women in Maine Describe a Scarecrow Who Retaliated.

Two Auburn young ladies have not yet recovered from the shock they received when out riding, the other day.

"Oh, did you ever see anything so funny!" exclaimed one to her companion, as they rode past a big farm. "I should think the crows would be scared anyway by that thing. That scarecrow is a good imitation of a human being, but, Oh! it is so stiff and angular, and did you ever see such outlandish clothes! That skirt is skimpy enough, I must say, and just notice the gawky lines of the waist, but, Oh! ye gods and little fishes, did you ever see such a hat!"

"Strange," interrupted her companion, "how they managed that hoe—the scarecrow holds it as natural as life—and, say, ca-a-a-ay! Oh!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't wear your best clothes if you had to hoe in a garden," shouted the very angry "scarecrow," to the great consternation of the Auburn young ladies and to the no small discomfort of the horse, for it was a hot day and he objected seriously to being urged so rapidly over the ground.—Lewiston Journal.

OLD CLOTHES HAVE CHARMS.

Comfort Not the Only Thing That Endears Them to Wearers.

Many men have a weakness for their old suits. And truly about some clothes there is an indescribable something—one might call it sympathy—which endears them to us.

"I have an old suit," said a gentleman who is a sentimentalist on this point, "that whatever mood I may be in, always makes me feel happy and prosperous when I put it on. It is like a part of myself. It is too old and shabby to wear out of doors, except in winter, when I conceal it with a long overcoat. I can't explain my affection for it. The fact that it is the most entirely comfortable of all my clothes is only part of the reason.

"I know many other men who have their favorite suits of old clothes. They are always old suits, and not suggests the some garments may in time, absorb some subtle magnetic quality from their wearers—something that renders them spirally congenial."

RIFLING AN EAGLE NEST.

It Is a Pretty Hard and Very Dangerous Act.

An Alpine hunter named Hess, living at Engleberg, in the Unterwald canton, has had a dramatic adventure with eagles. A pair had built their aerie in the cliffs about 800 yards above the valley, and it contained two eaglets, of which Hess determined to possess himself.

The climb was so difficult and dangerous that he had to leave his gun behind him, taking on a staff tipped with iron. As he approached the aerie the two parent eagles attacked him with great fury, and the hunter had a severe fight, with his staff as his only weapon, the risk of his being hurled to the bottom of the cliffs being very great.

Hess received many cruel scars but he at last succeeded in disabling the male bird, and in driving off the mother, secured the eaglets.

Women May Like to Work.

The increase the number of women in the trades and industry of America is alarming. Out of 305 "gainful occupations" umerated by the census of the United States, there are only eight which women do not appear. Pronour out of these eight occupations men are excluded by law. At the present time there are over 6,000,000 men at work in various trades and occupations in the United States. 1900, of every five American women over ten years of age, there was one who was going outside of her daily duties and who was taking part in the gainful work of the working world. At that time there were women civil engineers, 39 women mechanical and electrical engineers and three women mining engineers, besides 14 women veterinary surgeons.—Technical World.

Everyday Religion.

"I have so fixed the habit in my mind," said Stonewall Jackson, "that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing.

"I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward. I never change my classes in the section room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in."

A Reason.

Wright—Haven't sold those crazy verses yet, I suppose?

Penman—Yes, I have.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do; and I'll tell you a funny thing about it. There were only 30 lines and the editor paid me for 40."

"That accounts for it. The editor was seeing double the day he bought 'em."

Tossed.

"Bubley has an auto now and he doesn't seem to do anything else but chase around the country in it."

"Yes, he's very strongly attached to his machine, and—"

"He wasn't the last time I saw him on the road. He was about 20 feet above it."

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