

SHOWS THE HUMAN VIBRATIONS.

Frenchman Who Thinks He Has Photographed the Emotions.

Dr Baraduc of Paris has been lecturing, says the Health Record, at the Theosophical society's room in London on human vibrations. He showed many photographs of those alleged vibrations by placing a sensitized film on one of the nerve centers.

He usually places the film at night and leaves it till morning. The vibrations of the subject throw the astral of silver on the film into a corresponding form of vibration, which is found registered on the film when developed, just as the light reflected from an object through the lens of a camera registers the form of that object.

Dr Baraduc had also many pictures taken in the ordinary way by means of the camera. In these various states of emotion are shown. Sudden anger appears as a sort of whirling shower of sparks and vapor. A state of high spiritual contemplation produces a misty globe of light some way above the sitter's head.

In one picture the etheric double of a woman kneeling in prayer is shown. According to the doctor the etheric cosmic forces are continually streaming into us and becoming individualized or streaming out, being disintegrated, mingling again with the general stream.

One photograph showed the vibration of telepathic communication—some had lines in ribbons of light, showing attachment. In one, taken as the doctor's wife passed away, the line or bond which had always appeared between them is seen for the first time broken.

GIVE THE BOY A MICROSCOPE.

Will Interest Him in the Wonders of the Natural World.

If you want to keep your boy out of mischief give him a microscope, not one of the elaborate, intricate, expensive affairs that the bacteriologists use when hunting for germs, but a common one, with two or three lenses that revolve on a pivot and fold into a cover, which protects them from injury when carried in the pocket.

There is no better way of interesting the boy in the wonders of the natural world than this simple contrivance which opens his eyes to a universe of which he knew nothing. See through the microscope the most insignificant flower becomes a thing of wonderful beauty. The interior of a nasturtium is a fairy cavern, showing a dozen different tints and hues of color, with dainty white stalactites and stalagmites, almost touching each other, midway between floor and roof.

He will find monsters, too, for the head of an ant, seen through a microscope, is a terrible object, and he can not help thinking what a awful aspect such a creature would present if it were as big as a horse. He has heard about the creatures that are to be found in water from a stagnant pool; he will find them for himself and show them to other boys, and all his crowd will become interested and bring things to look at and wonder about. He may not develop into a Darwin; but if he has any faculty of observation at all, it will be sharpened by what he sees, and he will learn that there is more in nature than what we discern on the surface.

Justice Was a Diplomat. When Jim Watson of Indiana was practicing law in Winchester he had a case before a local judge involving the ownership of a pig. Testimony was submitted and the justice reserved decision.

The justice was a candidate for mayor of the town, and Watson and the opposing counsel thought they saw an opportunity for a little fun. "See here, judge," said Watson, meeting the justice on the street one day, "unless I get judgment in my favor in that pig case I'm going to oppose your election as mayor." Opposing counsel met the justice and talked in the same strain.

A couple of days later they went together to the justice's office. He was out, but his docket lay open. Opposite the pig case was the entry, "Disagreed."

Paris Gets Acquisition. The American telephone girl has been transplanted to Paris, and according to reports she has lost none of the qualities which distinguish her in this country, but is quite as ready to break in upon her own private conversation to oblige a customer of the telephone at any time, and her replies to irate and disobliging people asking for connections are of the same temper and high class English she employs at home.

Psychology in Clothes. Dr. Thomas Clive Shaw of London, speaking on the subject of the special psychology of women, says that there is a psychology in clothes. It is useless to say that they dress as they do to please other women or please men. They dress simply because they have to in their own way and to their own satisfaction. The psychology of dress is that it appears to make you be what you profess to be.

Wouldn't Interfere. "As a matter of fact," said the man who was looking for an argument, "every man's life is his own. Now, if I took a notion to commit suicide, what right would you have to prevent me?"

Don't you think for a minute that I would, answered the coloratura party as he meandered on his way.

CHASED AWAY THE MASHERS.

American Girl's Wit Works Better Than a Strong Right Arm.

American girls, whose ideas of independence do not agree with those of the French people, are bothered by mashers whenever they attempt to go about unescorted in Paris. No French girl whose parents have a proper regard for her is ever allowed to do such a thing, and the idea has become implanted in the native mind that any young woman who appears alone is at least unconventional.

It did not take a young and attractive American girl long to learn this fact when she traveled around Paris as she was accustomed to in New York. All manner of men smirked at her, lifted their hats, tried to act as her escort and endeavored to begin conversations.

But every one faded suddenly when she gave him her anti-masher treatment, which worked better than a strong right arm. To each she extended her hand, palm up, with one of those minute bits of fractional currency that they have over there balanced on her palm.

"Poor man," she remarked in hesitating French, "I'm so sorry you're so poor you have to beg. Here's all the money I have."

No masher ever persisted after that.

BUILT INTO THE BIRDS' NEST.

Appropriate Place for Lace Intended for Coming Baby's Cap.

A young mother sat under an apple tree while the blossoms fell about her, listening to the glad twittering of a couple of song sparrows who were building their nest in the lilac bush which grew beside the fence. She was fashioning a tiny cap of softest lawn and lace, and smiling to herself while she sewed, after the manner of her kind. She was wondering what the little face would be like that would look out from the dainty cap of ruffles and frills. It was almost done except for one little piece of lace, which she could not find to finish it. She had to give up her search for it, though she knew she had had it when she put her work basket on the grass beside her and had gone into the house to get some forgotten thing.

In the fullness of time her mother heart was satisfied, for her child lay in her arms and slept upon her breast. She carried the babe out and sat again under the apple tree, now laden with fruit. She glanced into the lilac bushes where the birds had bulged their nest in the spring and found that the birdings had taken wing and it was deserted, but cunningly woven into it around the top was the lost bit of lace for which when making the baby cap she had searched so long in vain.

Beads. Beads are, perhaps, the oldest kind of ornaments in all countries of the world, and among savage races their value as a form of money is well known. The beauties of ancient Rome were very much in favor of wearing amber beads, amber having been introduced after the expeditions of the Romans to Northern Europe.

Glass beads were first made by the Egyptians, and the Phoenicians who traded with Cornwall in far-off times brought glass beads to the British mainland, and when some of the ancient "barrows" were opened quantities of glass beads were found, as fresh in coloring as the day they were placed there with the corpse, says Home Notes.

Venetian beads are world famous on account of their marvelous hues and designs and, among the many attractions of Venice, the glass factories at Murano should be omitted by no visitor to the "Queen of the Adriatic."

Opposes Women Judges. A writer in one of the Eastern papers says that it is a mistake to think that women judges could do better work in the juvenile courts. He is the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York and ought to be able to form an opinion on the subject, and his conclusion "from facts, not theory," he says, "is that girls would rather take a man than a woman into their confidence and a female judge in a juvenile court would be as unsuccessful as ornamental. Women in the constructive part of the work, he thinks, are not successful.

Making It Sufficient. "I tried to compliment that opera singer, but he seems offended." "What did you say?" "I said I considered him the greatest living tenor."

"You should have told him that he is the greatest tenor that ever lived and that after his death real music can survive only by means of the phonograph."

Cause of His Hate. Perambulating Pete: "Wot is youse runnin' for, Mike?" Meandering Mike: "De woman at de house back dere offered me a cake."

Perambulating Pete: "Well, wot wuz de matter wid it?" Meandering Mike: "Matter? Why, it wuz a cake y' soap."

A Woman's Eyes. "This paper," remarked Mrs. Bimberly, "tells of a woman in Kansas who has microscopic eyes."

"I guess most women have them," rejoined her husband. "Anyway, a mouse looks as big to the average woman as a trolley car does to a man."

OXYGEN USED TO CUT STEEL.

Little or No Finishing Required After the Operation.

A stream of oxygen is the knife that cuts metals. The operation is performed by means of a blowpipe with two nozzles, of which the first delivers an ignited jet of mixed oxygen and hydrogen, and the second is a stream of pure oxygen. The pressure is regulated by a gauge attached to the oxygen tank. The oxygen hydrogen flame and the stream of oxygen strike the same part of the metal, which, after being heated by the fame, is rapidly cut, or rather burned through by the oxygen, the temperature being raised to 1,300 or 1,400 degrees Fahrenheit by the combustion of the metal. The cut is as smooth as a sheared cut and requires little or no finishing. Armor plates can be cut in one-twentieth the time required for mechanical cutting; and the sharply localized heating probably causes less strain than punching and shearing develop. If oxygen costs two cents and hydrogen two-thirds of a cent per cubic foot, the cost of cutting an iron plate four-fifths of an inch thick is about seven cents per running foot, or about half the cost of mechanical cutting. Special machines are constructed for cutting various objects. Finally there is a universal machine, which can be arranged to make curved and polygonal cuts of any pattern in addition to the simpler cuts effected by the other machines. A special form of this universal machine is exceedingly useful in taking apart machinery and steel buildings. It operates by cutting off the heads of the rivets, which are then easily driven out.

USED 'PHONE TO BRING THEM. Minister's Successful Method of Gathering Congregation.

One of the most difficult propositions that a new pastor has to face, when he takes charge of a church that has fallen off in attendance and generally gone to seed, is to fill the pews and build up the membership anew. Not long ago this problem was solved in a Brooklyn church. Before taking hold the new pastor had planned a scheme which he thought would work moderately well, but which, in the end, far exceeded his hopes in its results.

A few days before the eventful first Sunday he called upon a dozen of the "pillars of the church" and asked them each to call up on the telephone early on Sunday morning a half dozen at least of their friends, and not only ask them especially to come to church that morning, but also to telephone the same request to as many of their own friends as they could. They all promised to do so, and when the clergyman reached his church that Sunday he found it packed. He had prepared a rousing sermon and every one went away well satisfied.

This method of getting a congregation was continued along practically the same lines for months. As a result of the "drumming up" by telephone the size of the congregation increased enormously and the membership is greater than it ever was before. As there is not room for more in the old church they now are talking of building a new one, and the pastor's salary is \$2,000 a year, bigger than it was when he took hold.

Women Fishermen—Flemish Style. On the coasts of Holland, Belgium and northern France, the fishermen are a familiar sight with their great hand nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognized anywhere. Those of Maria-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose blouses, while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional crab or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.

How to Place Your Pillow. You have probably been accustomed to sleep since your childhood on a pair of pillows lying broadwise to your head. Sometimes you cannot sleep, however. Just try lying on their placed longwise, so that the lower ends will touch your armpits. You will find the amount of repose you get is double what you derive from them when placed in the ordinary fashion, which really leaves nothing for the base of the neck to rest upon. A properly constructed pillow should rest the head, neck and shoulders. The one most in vogue rests only the head.

Natural Deduction. Peckem: "I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week." Mrs. Peckem: "Why, do you consider it lucky?" Peckem: "I must be. Few people get married on that day."

A Happier Moment. "All of us used to be happy when we were going to school." "That's so, there was only one time we were happier." "You mean when we were in love?" "No, I mean when we were going away from school."—Houston Post.

Making It Right. "Who was that blooming idiot I saw you with this afternoon?" "Sir, that was my brother!" "Pardon me, please—I might have known it."—Cleveland Leader.

REMEMBERED ONLY TOO WELL.

Farmer Used Well-Learned Phrase at Unfortunate Time.

A certain wealthy farmer, who owned broad acres in an aristocratic section of the Bay State not so far distant from Boston, figured among his neighbors as something of a diamond in the rough. One of his strongest predilections was to exploit his rather stiff opinions of persons in terms that could not be mistaken. His two daughters had social aspirations, in the interest of which they had to give frequent lectures on the social usages of the community.

"When you find that you simply must let out your opinions of the people you meet," the doting parent was instructed, "please always preface your remarks with the qualifying clause, 'present company excepted.'"

It happened that the aspiring daughters were giving a dinner that same night at which they fondly hoped to give the family a big social boost. Papa got a severe drilling as to his table manners, and sat at the head of the family table with no little indignation. Under the inspiring influence of the wine, however, he thawed out perceptibly, and soon was unburdening his soul of all the opinions that had accumulated in the course of the dinner. Incidentally he gave a vivid account of all that impressed him the day before when he attended the county fair, which was something of an event in the countryside.

"Yes, sire," went on the loquacious family head, "I sent things that was with gold miles to see. And one thing I see was the best pen of hogs I ever see—present company excepted."

The speaker could not understand how it was that none of the guests enthused over the live stock display—not until his daughters got a chance to tell him.

How to Become Plump. The fat-producing foods are principally milk, cream, eggs, butter, olive oil; the sweets—sugar, honey, sweet desserts, jams, sweet fruits; the starchy vegetables—potatoes, peas, beans, corn, wheat, wheat bread, rye, cereals of all kinds, rice, sago, etc.

Of the fruits, peaches, grapes, bananas, prunes and figs are especially recommended. The only foods cut out of a thin person's diet are the condiments—pickles, pepper, mustard, curry, salt, etc.; the acids, including acid fruits, the vinegar in salad dressing, etc.; the stimulants, tea and coffee. It must not be forgotten that although the tissue-making foods, such as meats, fish, etc., are not fat-producing, they are required for their own special functions. Some of the green vegetables and fruits are not fat-producing, but they are needed for other purposes. The fat-producing foods should be indulged in principally, but not to the exclusion of others.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Delicious "Burgoo." There are few men living to-day who know how to make a genuine burgoo. There are those who have had the smell of the big wood fire in their nostrils, the sights and odors from the big kettle boiling away on top of the fire, who would give much to again experience the savory taste of his satisfying mixture of meats, vegetables, spices and condiments. How was it made? Well, you take half a dozen chickens, a portion of beef, bacon, veal, pork, all varieties of wild game available, put them in a 40-gallon kettle. Then add potatoes, celery, cabbage, parsnips, onions—oh, anything from the garden. Put in herbs and spices, salt and pepper. Boil for from 24 to 36 hours. The proportions of each ingredient? Alas! That's the secret!—Kansas City Star.

South Africa Becoming United. England's dream of a united South Africa is coming true. The premiers of Cape Colony, the Transvaal and the Orange River colony recently moved, in their respective legislative assemblies, the adoption of the resolution of the intercolonial customs and railway conference calling for an early union under the British crown. Natal is no whit behindhand and the resolution of the conference specially referred to the inclusion of Rhodesia in the great South Africa state at a convenient opportunity.

No Lie, Either. Mrs. McSwat—Billinger, how did you like the decorations at the church this morning? Mr. McSwat—All the decorations I could see, Lobelia, were worn by the young lady in front of me. I liked the grand sweep of the brim, the floral display and the general arrangement of the ribbons, but I thought the dead bird looked out of place.

The Cause of His Going. "Wow!" growled the old man, returning to the bedroom, "I stubbed my toe." "Well," replied his wife, "that's what you get for going down stairs in your stocking feet!" "That's so; if I hadn't gone down in my stocking feet that young man of Edith's might have heard me and got away before I reached him."

The Modern Way. "Advertisements on the scenery" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far." "It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow, don't we?"—Tit-Bits.

BOTH THINKER AND DRINKER.

Eminent Englishman One of the Most Biberous of Men.

The great Porson, librarian and Greek scholar, would sit up drinking all night without seeming to feel any bad effects from it. Horne Tooke told Samuel Rogers that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond buildings, and, as he knew that Porson had not been to bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee house in Leicester square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you," and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee house Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up 40."

Tooke used to say that "Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all." Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of embrocation, which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it as our hour," said Porson.—London's T. P.'s Weekly.

THE TROUBLE WITH "FRITZIE." Dog Was What Might Be Called an Artificial Dachshund.

It was a very little girl in an abbreviated scrap of gingham that originally must have been a pink frock. It showed neutrality of color that bespoke many washings and the probability of former owners. Grasped tightly in her grimy hand was a piece of twine, the far end of which was attached to the collar of a dog.

"Hello, baby; is that your dog?" bawled the youth fresh from preparatory school. "Yes, sir."

"Well, well, he was meant to be a dachshund, wasn't he?" "Seriously the brown eyes gazed into those of her questioner. Her quick sense had caught the long word and recognized that it was the right name for her elongated friend.

"You mean he's funny in the middle?" "That breed always is funny in the middle," laughed the boy, "but this one is curved up like a half circle," and he tried to illustrate the animal's defect with his hands.

"Oh, I know what you mean," cried the youngster, gleefully. "Fritzie chases all the cats, and when they stop and spit at him he jeez humps up like they do—and now I guess he's growned that way."

Names of Flowers. It is interesting to know how certain flowers got their names. Many were named after individuals. For instance, Puchsias were so called because they were discovered by Leon and Puchs. Dahlias were named for Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru. The camelia was so called for a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan, but his friends changed it to camelia. Magnolias were named in honor of Prof. Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful tree to France from America and Asia. Because they trembled with the wind is the meaning of anemones. The Latin word for wash is lavare, and lavender received its name because the Romans put the flowers into water when they washed to perfume their hands.

Thrilling Moment in Popular Fiction. The bomb went off with a dull and deafening roar, and Second-Story Bill, the Pious Burglar, gazed into the black recesses of the vault.

"At last!" he muttered, hoarsely, "my prayers are answered. Fortune is mine."

He went in, but in a moment he emerged, his face white with the rage of disappointment.

"Curse them!" he cried in his wrath. "The receivers have been here before me." But he was wrong. The vault had contained the firm's collateral for speculators' loans, and the recent fall in the market had completely wiped out the margins.—Success Magazine.

Ethergram. Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a century ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a message conveyed by the new method. "Ethergram" has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

Warmth. A colored preacher at Easton, Pa., was asked by one of his church members to preach a sermon on hell and its punishments. After going over the matter very thoroughly he closed his sermon with these remarks: "Brethren, if you take all the wood in Pennsylvania and pile it in one place and on that pile all the coal in Pennsylvania and put the devil on top, and set it on fire, he would freeze to death."

"Aftermath." "Aftermath" is a persistently ill-used word. Early July is the time of the "mash," that is, the first mowing of the meadow. The short grass, with a sufficiency of rain—will grow again, and later will come the "second mow" or "aftermath." The phrase "the storm and its aftermath" seems a favorite with some story writers, but it is difficult to understand how a storm can have a second mowing!

HEARTACHES ON EVERY PAGE.

Pathos and Tragedy in the Lives of the Old Album.

On every page of an old album is written heartache, downfall, disillusion, loss. Here is the picture of the boy whose every waking hour outside of school was partly yours. So genial a fellow he was, so amiable, so brilliant. You saw him last year, and hardly recognized the shabby wreck that drink had made, hardly were able to see out half an hour's conversation with him. Here is the college chum with the fine head who was to do great things in life. Consumption. The blossom blighted ere the fruit was set. This other classmate with the face of Keats—the merest hair's breadth of misdirection in a furrow of his brain, first manifested in a comic oddity. After the fresh, our friend still lives; only his mind is dead.

And here is one whose every lineament shows forth engaging frankness and the joy of life—worse than dead. Embesment, guilty fugitive with a neighbor's wife. His broken-hearted old father, his wife, his children—all of us who trusted him, how much rather would we have followed him to his grave than have this come upon him! And then the long list of those with whom our lives were interwined, for whom we hoped, believed, expected—mere insipidities, trifles, failures, half-successes, living along somehow. And we ourselves. What we meant then to be, and what we are!—Sugar Wood.

HICKORY TREE IS A MONUMENT. It Marks the Grave of an Admirer of President Jackson.

In the Baptist graveyard at Canton, Pa., near Salem, lies the body of an old revolutionary soldier named James Sayre. A rude, unlettered sandstone marks his grave, but a more conspicuous monument is a large hickory tree the trunk of which three feet from the ground, measures 51 1/2 inches in circumference.

James Sayre was an ardent admirer of Andrew Jackson, so often called "Old Hickory" from the character of being so unbending in any cause which he believed to be right. Mr. Sayre always wore a sprig of hickory on his breast on training days, and before he died directed that a hickory tree be planted on his grave. This was done, and after the tree attained proportions deemed unsuitable to adorn a grave it was dug up. Another tree sprang from the roots left in, and this in time was also dug up.

When a third tree appeared, with a persisency in a good cause worthy of emulation, relatives of the deceased directed that it be not disturbed. Hence the tree of large proportions that annually showers its nuts over the grave of the deceased admirer of "Old Hickory."

The Essence of Government. Man, born in a family, is compelled to maintain society from necessity, from natural inclination and from habit. The same creature, in his further progress, is engaged to establish political society in order to administer justice, without which there can be no peace among them, nor safety nor mutual intercourse. We are, therefore, to look upon all the vast apparatus of our government as having ultimately no other object or purpose, but the distribution of justice, or, in other words, the support of the 12 judges, Kings and parliament, lords and commons, officers of the court and revenue, ambassadors, ministers and privy counsellors are all subordinate to this part of administration.—Hume's Essay on "The Origin of Government."

A Nomadic Piece of Land. Cape Cod itself is sand, and like everything of a desert nature is nomadic. Like the Arab, it is always silently stealing away, so that the appearance of the peninsula constantly changes. The prevailing winds in the winter being from the north, the sand is blown south; in summer it is blown to other way, but the winter winds being stronger, the land is gradually working south. Mosomoy at the lower end used to be an island, its extremity being called Cape Maibar, a name not used now. Why, I cannot say. This island of Mosomoy is rapidly growing toward Nantucket, it having advanced some five miles in the last 60 years.—Outing Magazine.

The Child the Hope of the Race. There is nothing in the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead; but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them.—David Starr Jordan.