

AWAKENED BY THE KAISER

Emperor William's Descent Upon a Subject Whose Hearing Was Poor.

During the last maneuvers of the German army the Kaiser rose one morning at daybreak in order to get a general impression of the disposition of his troops. So, followed by his entire staff, he made for a distant hill that commanded an extensive view, relates the London Chronicle. There was a village on the hill, and the clattering of the horses' hoofs on the cobble brought most of the inhabitants to their windows. The one person who slept through the din was a deaf old chemist, whose flat-roofed residence was perched right on the summit. The roof was the very place for the emperor. So he called a halt, and one of his staff was sent to claim admission. The officer knocked and knocked, but in vain. At the third onslaught, however, steps were heard descending the stairs, and the voice of the old chemist demanded: "What silly fool is that?" The staff continued its laughter, for the emperor had heard. But without showing any sign of annoyance his majesty uttered the one word, "Wilhelm!" "Wilhelm who?" demanded the chemist. "Wilhelm von Hohenzollern!" thundered the emperor. The shivering chemist, covered with confusion, flung open the door, doubtless expecting the German equivalent to Siberia, but the emperor strode past him without even giving him a look. When he was leaving, however, he called the man to his horse's head and placed in his hand the largest coin which bears the imperial likeness. "There!" he said, "accept this portrait of a silly fool!"

EXECUTION OF SPIES.

Men Who Are Selected to Do the Shooting Are More or Less Affected.

The ceremony of disposing of a condemned spy in the English army always follows a definite precedent, says the New York Herald. The unfortunate man is surrounded by a detachment of infantry, and after he is provided with a pick and shovel, he is marched off to a selected spot and ordered to dig his own grave. This done, the tools are taken from him and his eyes are bandaged. The attending chaplain reads portions selected from the burial service and from the ranks of the escort 12 men are selected at random by the officer in charge. These men, having stacked their own rifles, are led to where 12 other rifles are awaiting them, six of which are loaded with blank cartridges. One of these is handed to each man, so that no one knows whether the rifle he holds contains a bullet or not and none can say for certain that the shot fired by him killed the prisoner. The firing party then marches to an appointed position. The commands "Present!" "Fire!" are given and almost before the last word rings out the volley is fired and the spy falls into the grave he has dug. Nearly every man is more or less affected on being selected to form one of the firing party and many men have been known to faint away on being singled out, while others are so overcome as to be scarcely able to pull the triggers of their rifles.

THE ARMY ENGINEER.

Does Not Perform Deeds of Valor, But His Services Are Invaluable.

Some idea of the "general utility" services of the army engineer may be gained from the following remarks made by Capt. Nicholas Ivanovich, of the Russian army, as reported by Richard Henry Little, war correspondent in the far east in his article, "Loafing Around with the Engineers" in the Technical World Magazine. "We have not done the things which bring to one the St. George cross or even the Stanislaus and puts our names in the paper and brings the message from his majesty," said the little captain, as he came back to me black with powder. "We have not charged the enemy or captured many guns or saved the position. We have but made a road over the mountain. That is all. Yet five men, they are dead; six are wounded. We have not fought a battle, yet still, it was not the child's play, and some day when the grand battle is raging, and they, the Japanese, are pressing hard down that valley over there, and it is wanted to save the day that many troops and many guns be pushed to that position over there at the head of the valley, then this road we have builded will save the day because it is the straight line and will be wide and smooth. What say you, my friend?"

Domestic Revolution in India.

Within a few weeks a son of Keshub Chunder Sen, the famous organizer of the Brahmo Somaj of India, has married the widowed daughter of a rajah. That is an extraordinary rebellion against an ancient rule in India, and the beginning of a domestic revolution which has the support of many advanced Hindoos who do not themselves care to more than speak in its favor.

One on the Poet.

Office Boy—There are two men out there, sir, who want to see you; one of them is a poet and the other a deaf man.

Editor—Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor.—Tit-Bits.

Where His Advantage Lay.

First Man—How do you do?
Second Man—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me.
First Man—Yes, I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WINE AGED BY A SPIDER.

Description of Method by Which Prices of Liquors Are Doubled and Trebled.

Whisky 15 years old is made oftentimes in 15 minutes, as was discovered by Prof. Wiley, of the United States agricultural department, when he was selecting liquors for the Paris exposition, and when we stop to consider how quickly the process is accomplished and how many times the price is doubled and trebled upon what would otherwise be very cheap wine the only surprise is that there is any new wine to be had in the market at all.

Credit is due to a small black spider which haunts tenement rafters and abandoned places for the aging process. The working spiders are not picked up by chance. They are saved from day to day and are fed with care and system, and the cobweb workers have discovered when the supply of freshly killed flies gives out spiders will thrive on a gelatinous mixture of meat jelly, thickened with a little sugar. Choosing a sufficiently aged label is the first step in producing old wine. So the labels are printed on a small hand press kept especially for the purpose, and the aging establishment has a collection of a dozen blocks to simulate a dozen varieties, some of them very clever forgeries of the well-known brands. Next they are printed in cheap ink that will soon fade. But this is not trusted alone, as a bottle of 1756 wine may have to go to the table within 24 hours after it has been draped in cobwebs. The labels are all dipped in tobacco water and hung over a stove to dry.

The mellowing effect of the process is wonderful considering its simplicity. The labels are pasted on the bottles, then dipped in a bucket of water and set down to drain, and the finishing touches are in the shape of dusting them over with sawdust. As a result the bottle catches and holds a light film, such as would be acquired by years of cellar life. And now the final act is performed by the spiders. The bottles are at last placed in a narrow basket and two or three energetic spiders put in with them. The dusty surface of the bottles offers an excellent beginning for the weavers. In a few hours the bottle looks 200 years old with its cobweb draperies. It developed during Prof. Wiley's researches that nine-tenths of the whisky sold over our bars had never seen a distillery, but is what is known to the trade as synthetic whisky, that is to say, a sufficient quantity of water, spirits, coloring matter and flavoring to give the natural appearance of age needs only the process named to deceive the public. The alcohol is furnished by high-proof spirits known as "high wine."

THE BLUEBOTTLE FLY.

Is Valuable as a Scavenger and Is a Very Energetic Insect.

One of the most familiar winged scavengers is the ubiquitous bluebottle, that energetic insect which appears in greatest numbers towards the end of summer, and refuses to be shut out of our houses, says a writer in the People's Friend. Commonly regarded as a nuisance, it is really a benefactor, unconsciously offering to make the world a little cleaner and more wholesome if we only leave it to its own devices. It has been blessed with a fine nose for tainted meat toward which it flies unerringly. Undisturbed it lays its eggs either on dead creatures in the open air or on the cold joint in our larder. These eggs presently hatch out into tiny, worm-like creatures, popularly known as maggots. The maggot is in reality a larva or immature bluebottle, with an enormous appetite for carrion. Born in the midst of decay, it proceeds immediately to devour as much of its environment as possible until it reaches the second period of its existence, when it becomes a pupa. Then it eats no more until, breaking out into full-blossomed insect manhood, it wings its way hither and thither, seeking in turn a suitable spot for the reception of its own eggs, which mean the ultimate removal of some more animal garbage.

It would be absurd, of course, to conclude that bluebottles or any other of nature's staff are scavengers from disinterested motives. One looks in vain for much genuine altruism in the natural world. These creatures simply obey their instincts, the great law of their being, but by so acting they do something for the good of the world in general. Their motive, if indeed they are guided by any conscious motive, is selfish; its results, however, subserve the wellbeing of more than themselves.

In the Black Hills.

Hold-up Pete—Shoot me for a catamount, but them tenderfoots in that coach have nerve. They don't seem a bit skeered of guns.

Bad Bill—They ain't skeered of nothing. That's a bunch on their way to the divorce colony.—Puck.

Put Upon Him.

Every man has troubles of his own, but they are not all his own troubles.—Judge.

THE COLORS OF SYRIA.

Marvelous Warmth and Depth Mark the Landscapes of That Country.

The crowning glory of a Syrian landscape, however, is its brilliant coloring. Before I left America it seemed to me that the vivid tints of Tissot's pictures must be exaggerated, but they fall short of the reality, says the World To-day. Of course, no artist can hope to reproduce the marvelous warmth and depth of the colors in an eastern landscape, or to imitate the vague, soft hues that are so characteristic of the Syrian atmosphere; but it would be almost as impossible for him to find tints that were overbright or to arrange them in an order too daring to be matched by the Syrian sun.

The very nights are full of color. The moonlight is so brilliant that it is easy to read a guide book, and, even on a moonless night, and in the wilderness, far from any city's glare, the starlight has been so bright that I could see the second hand of my watch and could find quite a distinct shadow cast by Jupiter. A moonlit scene at home gives only the impression of light spots and dark spots, everything is black or white or gray, but here in Syria the moonlight shows all the tints of the rainbow. The green of the trees and grain, the red of the tile roofs, the blue of sea and sky, and the white of the distant mountains are softer and more delicate, but hardly less distinct, one from another, than in the sunlight.

But the sunset colors are the best of all especially where the mountains come close to the sea. I hesitate to compare Beirut with Naples; yet we have as clear skies here, the sweep of the bay is much the same, and instead of smoky Vesuvius, there is the splendid range of Lebanon, culminating in Jebel Sunnin, almost twice as high as the Italian mountain, and for half the year crowned with dazzling snow.

RUSSIAN PARISH PRIEST.

How He Is Regarded by Peasants Over Whom He Wields Power.

"Our priest," says the young Russian peasant, who, through the mouth of Ernest Poole, in Everybody's, describes "The Night That Made Me a Revolutionist," "had been the priest to our grandfather. All of us children, and even our mother 40 years before, had been baptized by him. He was a tall, thin, hard-eyed old man, in a black gown; he had a long beard and stiff locks of gray hair down over his shoulders; his bony face was always tight and stern; his eyes were dull; his deep voice was slow and never had a glad sound in it. He had no friends, but just rode along the mountain roads alone; all of us children, and even the old people, were afraid of him.

"Once, when I was very small, I was driving a goat, with my little sister on his back. The old goat was so solemn that some rich, fat merchants driving by stopped and laughed. The priest was with them. When they laughed he, too, tried to smile kindly at us. That was the only time I ever saw him try, and the smile was just a grin, with no life in it. There was an old story that his wife had not been afraid and had bossed him, but even she got worn out and ran away. He never opened his mouth except for two things. Either he spoke to God, chanting prayers and masses, or else he spoke to the peasants, growling: 'Pay, pay.'"

MEN WHO WEAR SKIRTS.

In the Orient Wearing of Trousers Is the Exception Instead of the Rule.

If there is one thing presumably certain on this earth, in the opinion of most of us, it is that skirts are essentially feminine, and that the special feature of masculine attire is the furcated garment. But nothing is further from the truth, affirms the Buffalo Commercial, which proceeds to prove what it asserts. To this day the majority of the male element of the human race, so far as it wears clothes at all, is skirted. The man or woman who goes east will see skirted men everywhere—Arabs, Cashmeres, Punjabs, Burmans, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, to mention only a few. "The trousers of the western world, though they seem to the untraveled eye as fixed and unalterable as the Pyramids, are but a passing fashion in the history of male attire," says a writer in the Boston Transcript. "The fashions of the east endure, while those of the west are ever changing. That is true. Yet the bifurcated garment—the forked radish style—commends itself to the progressive Japanese of to-day. Men who do things in war, athletics and business in these days cannot wear skirts, blankets or kimonos. When the western races cease to hustle and sit down to meditate they may discard trousers and revert to the ancient oriental styles."

All Navies Growing Larger.

About half a century ago England took notice of one fleet only, the French. Now things have changed. Japan has revealed her naval power; Italy has a fairly good navy; Wilhelm II. rules over Germany and has announced that the country's future welfare must be sought for on the seas; the United States wish to have no rivals on the ocean and Russia is beginning to rebuild her fleet.

Fat, Meaty Part.

"Huzzah!" cried the first old man, smoothing the near sealin cuff of his overcoat. "I have a part that suits me perfectly as last."

"What is it?" asked the second heavy.

"It is the part of a recluse, and in the second act I have to cook and eat a mess of real buckwheat cakes and sausage."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE LARGEST NERVE.

WHAT VICTIMS OF SCIATICA HAVE TO ENDURE.

There Is a Mystery About the Affection Which Puzzles Physicians—A Word of Advice.

It is a singular thing that there should be a rheumatism of the nerves apart from rheumatism of the muscles and bones. We are accustomed to think of all pain as being located in the nerves, but in most cases the nerves are only the telegraph wires informing the brain of what is going on in the muscles and other tissues. When there is rheumatism in the nerves themselves we may confidently look for trouble, says the Chicago Chronicle.

The largest nerve in the body and the one most subject to rheumatism is the sciatic nerve, so called from a Greek word meaning the hip. It takes its rise in the sacral plexus at the base of the spine, and passes down the thigh on the outer side quite close to the surface. At the knee-joint it splits into two branches, one of which passes down each side of the calf of the leg. Rheumatism in this great nerve is called sciatica.

The pain produced by sciatica is different from the pain of muscular rheumatism in two ways. The pain of muscular rheumatism is felt almost entirely when there is muscular action. The pain of sciatica is aggravated by muscular action, but it is continuous, anyway, and may be accompanied by occasional paroxysms. Another difference is that muscular rheumatism is not aggravated by pressure on the muscles, but sciatica is intimately connected with pressure and greatly aggravated by it, if it is not in the first place produced by it.

When a person has a good case of sciatica on hand that is the only cure he has. He may be hungry, thirsty, betrayed and deserted by family and friends, bankrupt in business and ruined in reputation, society may be filled with abuses and the country be plunging headlong into destruction but the sciatica sufferer is oblivious of it all and has only one trouble—that infernal pain in his leg. Chalmers speaks of "the expulsive power of a new affection," but that is nothing compared with the expulsive power of sciatic pain.

There is one mystery about sciatica that physicians have never been able to solve, and that is that it affects only the left leg. There is a sciatic nerve in the right leg, too, but it is as well-behaved and harmless a nerve as there is in the body. Once in a century there will be a case of sciatica in the right leg, but it is such an unusual occurrence that it may be dismissed from the mind as a negligible danger. The habitat and stamping ground of sciatica is in the left leg.

The speculations of a layman on such a subject may be worth a great deal, but there is not a possibility that Sciatica prefers the left leg because the leg is habitually maltreated. Sciatica is almost always produced by pressure, especially against hard and cold surfaces, though it may result even from the internal pressure caused by constipation. This being known is it not likely that the disease is generally due to habitual exposure to cold and to pressure?

If so, there is a solution of the left leg mystery in the fact that almost everyone has a habit of sitting mostly in a sidelong position on his left side. Even in sitting at a desk to write a person will without noticing it sit for hours on his left thigh. No one would believe how invincible this left leg habit is unless he has tried to break himself of it. When the disease has once been set up there is no need to tell him to sit on his right side, because he cannot sit on any other—and live.

A sciatica patient need never hope to recover unless he absolutely ceases to sit on his left thigh or even to lie on it in bed. As to well people who are candidates for sciatica, the best thing they can do is to make a habit of sitting on the cold, hard seats of the street cars and the office and on the left thigh. The rheumatic season of the year is now with us, and rheumatism is within the reach of rich and poor alike. Who wishes to be served first?

English Emigration.

"There is a double stream of emigration from England," says a writer in the London Graphic. "Our poor emigrate to the United States or the colonies to improve their circumstances, but there are every year some thousands of comparatively rich families among us that remove to the continent to live cheaply. This second stream is growing in magnitude every year, for prices in England are continually increasing. It was from the ranks of the 'moderately rich' that we used to get most of our officers for the army; but the sons of these 'emigrants' now become acquainted with foreign languages, and find better employment in commerce and often on the continent."

AGE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Both Men and Women of the Upper Classes Are Growing Better Looking.

The golden age of English beauty is said to have arrived. Physiognomists, physical culture experts and the beauty specialists who congregate in Bend street see an extraordinary change for the better in the national looks. Day by day they say the people are growing more beautiful.

"Both men and women of the upper classes," said one of the leading beauty specialists in London, "are improving in feature, in contouring and in physique. Nowhere in the world can you see such handsome men and women as are to be met any morning in Piccadilly or Hyde Park."

"Women are attaching an increasing importance to the necessity of preserving and perfecting their looks. Powder and paint are out of date. Massage, electricity and muscular manipulation have taken their place. Complexions have improved because of the rage for fresh air, and the carriage has been immensely benefited by physical culture."

"Men are quite as eager as women to cultivate good looks. I have on my books an ex-cabinet minister who sought my advice concerning a little bald spot on the head."

"Not only is the modern man and woman better looking, but there is a determination to retain good looks as long as possible. A few days ago I removed a few superfluous hairs from the face of an old lady of 78."

THE PACKER OF WORDS.

Man Who Makes a Specialty of Reducing Long Messages to the Fewest Words.

Professional packers of furniture and household effects are common enough nowadays, but the professional packer of words is a man who has developed a new trade.

It frequently happens that a firm not accustomed to using the cable finds it necessary to send a long message to some agent or customer. Were they in the habit of using the cable frequently they would have some form of private code or one of the codes sold commercially. Not being provided with that sort of thing their only hope of saving on the heavy tolls is to take the message to a word packer.

The packer familiarizes himself with the contents of the message and proceeds to reduce it to the fewest possible number of words. Sometimes he is a former newspaper correspondent, accustomed to skeletonizing his dispatches; again he may merely have an aptitude for slipping out unnecessary words. In any event he is usually able to effect a decided reduction in a long message, and where the cablegram is intended for transmission to some distant point where a dollar or more a word is charged, his ten per cent. fee is no small sum. Even after the clerks have tried their prentice habits at the message before sending it to the packer he is able to cut it down by a third.

INCREASING EXPORT TRADE.

Special American Bureau Established by American Representative at Prague.

Under the above heading is seen this in Der Einkäufer, of Berlin: "The American consul at Prague, Urban J. Ledoux, has, on the pattern of a chamber of commerce, established a special bureau called the commercial intelligence department of the Prague consulate, affording every opportunity for the registration and examination of catalogues of all kinds, and so classified that importers and exporters can be posted immediately upon the possibility of their doing business. "The catalogues, prices current, discount sheets, etc., must naturally be so arranged that anybody seeking information can find it at once. Catalogues without prices or discount lists would be useless; moreover, the weights and measures should be reduced to the standards adopted in the country of their destination. Lists of references should also be added. "The catalogues and other printed matter are classed according to the different branches, so that the visitor may easily find what he wants. In order that the filing can be done effectively, it is necessary that parties sending printed matter should at the same time advise our consuls regarding the various specialties they handle, so as to save tedious searching and to facilitate registration."

German Temperance Worker.

In Germany there was recently celebrated the seventieth birthday of Ottilie Hoffman, who has been for more than 20 years one of the foremost workers for the cause of temperance in that country. She has been instrumental in establishing coffee houses in place of saloons and making them attractive as places of resort, and also in introducing into the public schools a certain amount of instruction about the injurious effect of alcohol upon the human system.

Century of Giant Strides.

Not a steamer on the ocean, not a railway on land, not a telegraph across the continent, not a cable beneath the seas had mother earth in 1866. One hundred years later she owns over 18,000 steam vessels, 500,000 miles of railroad, over 1,000,000 miles of telegraph, and more than 200,000 miles of ocean cable. The world's international commerce, which a single century ago was less than \$200,000,000, now near \$3,000,000,000.

Canine Precocity.

A dog limped into the London hospital one day recently, and holding up a cut foot to an attendant asked him in canine language to dress it. This was done, and the dog returned to the hospital daily for the remainder of the week to have the dressing renewed.

Two Statements.

Knox—Some people are saying that you made most of your money in politics.

Leader—But others are saying I made most of my money out of politics. So who are ye going to believe?—Philadelphia Ledger.

LOCAL LUTHER BURBANK.

New Yorker Who Emulates the Example of the California Wizard.

"I am now experimenting with a Japanese vegetable in my country place," said the prosperous commuter, according to the New York Herald, "and I expect that it will prove to be a new salad to tempt fastidious American palates. For am I alone in this belief, for the seeds of the udo plant were presented to me by scientific agriculturists who have noted its popularity in Japan and its many good qualities. I have reason to believe that Luther Burbank, the California wizard, is on the same trail. "The result so far obtained in my cultivation of the moyashi udo is already tempting me to think of exploiting it on a large scale as soon as I can find a good descriptive name for it. This exploitation cannot be monopolized and I advise truck gardeners to investigate its merits."

"The udo salad has the delightful crispness of celery, a flavor between pineapple and lettuce, and the appearance of asparagus. When served it is absolutely without fiber, white as snow and with an appearance like to glossy silk. So tasty is it that I have to stand guard over my udo patch in order to prevent my wife from devastating it in order to garnish the table. "However, I'm sure that its popularity could rest on the sole fact that it matures in winter time, although even at this season my moyashi udo is very palatable."

SHOOTS RATS FOR LIVING.

Baltimore Man Goes After Rodents Just as a Hunter Goes After Game.

There is a rat catcher who visits Baltimore periodically to rid hotels, among other places, of the rodent pests. Among the hotels he has two regular customers, and his advent is always the signal for the pleasure of the chase in a small way, says the News. This rat catcher is not a piper of Pan. He has no method of charming rats, but goes after them just as any hunter in the big woods would stalk his game. He does not sit down in front of a rat hole and tease the rodents forth with the sweet strains on a tin flute. Instead he carries a small air rifle, and it does the work. He makes straight for the basement, kitchen, baggage room and open plumbing, where rat holes will be found, if they are anywhere. Having located his rat hole, which he seems to accomplish almost by instinct, he lies in wait until his keen ear detects a scratching or a squeak. He cunningly locates his quarry by this sound, inserts his rifle at just the right angle, and fires. If he misses, out what's the use—he doesn't. He hits his man every time. Then, with a long hooked wire he probes into the hole and draws his victim out. Now and then he strikes a nest of young. In such cases it is usually an easy matter to hook the nest and all and drag the pests from their palatial residence. His is a peculiar calling, but has its uses. And it's better than killing rats with poison and having them die within the walls.

PURIFIED BY ELECTRICITY.

Noisome Waters of the Schuylkill River Cleaned by the Use of Ozone.

Philadelphia's notoriously bad water is now washed and made clean by ozone. Water from the Schuylkill river contains as much as 2,500,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter; but after a preliminary straining this noisome populace is reduced to 700,000, and after the ozone treatment to from 5 to 55, and these few survivors are said to be innocuous. The water is also deodorized and freed from color. It is all done in this wise: A motor generator, producing a current of 100 alternations, is operated by a current taken from the city supply. The current from the generator is raised by transformers and condensers to a voltage of 10,000. Voltaic arcs are prevented and sparks are limited by means of resistance coils and condensers, and the current in form of a pencil of blue light passes from each of some millions of metallic discharge points across a short air gap to nickel receivers. By means of a pump air is drawn across this gap, and in its passage is partially converted into ozone; it is then forced through a stand pipe in which it meets a current of water flowing in an opposite direction. The bacteria contained in the water are instantly destroyed by the ozone and the water is purified.