

AFRAID OF MADNESS.

A Horror Often Entertained by People with Healthy Minds.

"You would be astonished," said a well-known Fourth street physician to an Enquirer man the other day, "if you only knew the number of perfectly sane and mentally robust people who live in mortal terror of some day going mad."

"One evening last week a man came in here with a desperate sort of look on his face, and asked me to make an examination of his head. 'I believe I have always been sane enough, so far,' he said, 'and there is no trace of madness anywhere in the family. But I am constantly haunted by a fear of going out of my mind one of these days, and for five years I simply have not dared to marry the girl I am engaged to on this account. You must tell me the worst now; I can't stand the suspense any longer.' He was, of course, absolutely sane."

"Another case is that of a lady patient of mine. For years her life was rendered wretched by a so-called 'presentiment' that she would suddenly lose her sense and go mad. She suffered a good bit from nervous depression, but otherwise was as right as you or I. A long sea trip finally cured her completely, and she has never been troubled by a return of her old horrible anxiety."

"A servant maid came to me about three years ago, and told me that she had left no less than four good situations in as many months because she thought she was going mad, and she was afraid of her mistress finding it out."

"The fact is that a person who imagines himself to be going insane never becomes so. I have never met a case in my life where a madman had any sensible warning of his malady beforehand."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER FIGHTING.

Fish Out of Its Element and the Hawk Won.

Persons in the vicinity of Kirkwood park one afternoon witnessed a battle in mid-air between a fish-hawk and a large carp which the bird had taken from the water. For a week or more regular visitors to the park have noticed the hawk come up the Brandywine every afternoon on a fishing excursion. He was always successful, but usually caught small fish, which soon perished in his talons.

The hawk on this day caught larger game than he expected, and there was a terrific battle, which lasted 20 minutes and was witnessed by a large crowd. The bird was first seen flying gracefully through the air. Suddenly it dived toward the water. It came up with a large carp in its claws and the fish was fully as long as the bird and appeared to weigh about six pounds. The bird, with its prey, started up in the air, but the fish objected, and then began the battle.

First the bird had the advantage and then the fish would appear to be on top. The bird repeatedly sank its beak into the carp, but the carp, but full of fight. It twisted and squirmed and all the hawk could do was to poise in the air and peck at the fish. Finally, with one mighty effort the fish gave a big twist and escaped from the bird's talons. It fell toward the water and the hawk dived after it. When the fish struck the water it was so badly injured that it could not get away before the bird was upon it. This time the hawk got a better hold on its prey, and after sinking its talons deep in its body picked it with its hooked beak until the fish was apparently dead. The bird then flew down the stream and disappeared in the direction of the Delaware river.—Washington News.

First Person Photographed.

It was in 1842 that John Draper, then a professor in the University of New York, made the first portrait photograph. The subject was Elizabeth Draper, his sister. Prof. Draper had the idea that in order to produce distinct facial outlines in photography it would be necessary to cover the countenance of the person photographed with flour. This seems a strange notion now, and it proved not to be a good one then, for all of Prof. Draper's early attempts were failures. Finally he left off the flour and was then quite successful. This so delighted him that he sent the picture to Sir William Herschel, the eminent English astronomer. Sir William was in turn delighted, and made known Prof. Draper's success to the scientific men of Europe. He also sent Prof. Draper a letter of acknowledgment and congratulation, which has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Draper family.—Philadelphia Press.

Franks of Nature.

On the Philippine islands coconuts trees sometimes bear pearls; and the bamboo yields opals. The mineral matter which composes them is obtained from the soil.—Every Where.

A Foolish Negligence.

It has never been known to fall from the coast of Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea.

FOUND A SHIP.

It Was Loaded with Anthracite and Richly Provisioned.

It was early in the eighties, I believe, that Smiley, then serving as engineer upon a tug employed by the Chilean navy, sat sunning himself on deck one day in the anchorage off Punta Arenas, when he observed a vessel coming down with the current, without tow or sail, and behaving in a most incomprehensible manner. Fetching his glass Smiley saw that both her masts were gone, and that her rigging was hanging in a disordered mass about her decks. There was a small dory hitched to the stern of the tug, so Smiley, prompted by curiosity, dropped over into her and pulled away toward the mysterious ship, and thus he made his fortune.

When he reached her he found she was drifting with the tide, which runs very strong down there. He hailed her, but got no response. Making the dory fast to some of the gearing he clambered over her side and found a fine, stanch vessel, which had evidently gone through a tempest a short time before, for everything above decks was torn and smashed to fragments by the force of the wind and water. Below there wasn't the slightest damage. Everything was as fine as a fiddle. The hold was filled with the best grade of anthracite coal. The lockers were well provisioned for a long voyage. There was even ice in the refrigerator, with fresh meat, vegetables and beer, and not a living thing on board but a cat, worn almost to a skeleton, which pitiously whined as Smiley opened the cabin door.

The consequence was that on a fine summer day Mr. Smiley found himself, by a strange shift of fate, captain, first mate, cook and crew of one of the finest vessels floating, loaded with valuable cargo, and no man to dispute his title. He cleared the helm, guided the ship as she slowly drifted up the channel toward the town, hailed some sailors he knew on a man-of-war to come aboard and assist him, and with their aid finally let go the anchor at a favorable place, where the ship still lies, with Mr. Smiley still in possession, and is used for the storage of coal, which he sells to passing steamers.

It was learned upon inquiry that the ship had sailed from Cardiff many months before with a full crew and a cargo of coal for Panama, and was never heard from again until she came calmly into the port of her own sweet will. It is believed that her captain and crew were washed overboard, or deserted in the terrible storm through which she had passed, for they haven't turned up, and, by the laws of navigation, Smiley became owner of the ship and her cargo.—N. Y. Cor. Chicago Record.

PARROT DISEASE.

Outbreak in France Among Owners of Pet Birds.

An infectious disease of parrots which communicates to man is receiving the attention of Surgeon General Wyman. There have been two outbreaks of it in Paris. Marseilles has had it, and it was attended by considerable mortality during the present year. In the latter city the outbreak occurred in the neighborhood of a bird store which made a specialty of East India parrots.

People who catch the disease are those who make pets of parrots, giving them food from their mouths and warming them in their clothes. French experts have made a study of the disease. They have found in the marrow of the wings of parrots a bacillus of extreme virulence to parrots, to mice, to guinea pigs, to rabbits and to pigeons. They have traced the bacillus to blood in the heart of the human being dying of the disease. The bacillus has some resemblance to that of typhoid fever. The disease, when communicated to the human being, is something like typhoid fever, but has less of the abdominal symptoms and more of the nervous and pulmonary phases. The opinion is expressed that this is a special microbic disease frequent among parrots with fatality. Much emphasis is laid on the danger of handling sick parrots.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The King on the Card.

The picture of the king in a pack of playing cards was originally intended to be a portrait of Timour, the great mogul of Tartary, who is better known in history by the name of Tamerlane. Timour was a mighty conqueror. He surpassed Alexander the Great in the extent and success of his warfare and in the number of nations he subdued. At the height of his power he was the sovereign of almost the entire known world. His dominion extended from Hindoostan to the Bosphorus, and from the Indian ocean to the Arctic sea. He ruled all Asia, except the Chinese empire, and died while on an expedition to subdue China in 1403. His splendid tomb is near the track of the Trans-Caspian railway in Turkestan, and can be seen from the cars.

It is often easier to lie a little than to make the necessary explanation.

RUM IN COLONIAL TIMES.

Sixty-Three Distilleries in Massachusetts in 1750.

The power of rum as a commercial factor in the colonies was at its height about 1760. That year the royal treasury report gave 63 distilleries in Massachusetts turning molasses into rum. This formed the store for about 900 vessels engaged in various branches of trade—400 in cod fishing, 200 mackerel fishing, 100 whalers, etc. Newport kept pace relatively with Boston. Refuse codfish paid for much of the molasses.

Connecticut attempted to prohibit distilling, because it made molasses scarce, but the prohibition was very hastily stopped when the citizens found that business went where rum could be obtained. Rum proved the best New England commodity in all trading operations. Rum was the Indian's choice, in fact, his only acceptance, as payment for his peltries; it was chosen with equal eagerness by the Virginian or Carolinian in exchange for his tobacco. The Newfoundland fishermen wished it in return for codfish, and, most important of all, on the Guinea coast New England rum entirely vanquished French brandy as a medium for acquiring slaves. The commerce in rum and slaves afforded all the ready money that paid for any merchandise in England. It was the driving power of all commercial machinery. The circuit was powerful at every step. The Yankee vessel laden with home-made rum sailed to the African coast. The rum was bartered to great advantage for negroes. The negroes were carried to and sold at a large profit at the West Indies, and its distillation in Newport and Boston started afresh the round of New England money making. Sometimes trade was so brisk that the market was stripped of rum.

In the year 1752 Isaac Freeman wanted a cargo of rum for the African trade. He sent to Newport, where there were then 30 great rum distilleries in full blast. His correspondent wrote that he could not have it for three months. "There are so many vessels loading for Guinea we can't get our hogheads of rum for cash. We have been lately to New London and all along the seaport towns in order to purchase molasses, but we can't get one hoghead."

The shipmasters were not above watering the rum, to make it go as far as possible. Old Merchant Potter instructed his captains to "trade with the blacks, worter ye rum as much as possible, and sell as much by short measure as you can."—Brookton (Mass.) Times.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

Vessel Owner's Tale of the Much Maligned Thirteen.

That boat, said the old vessel owner, I bought on Friday, the 13th day of the month, and in the dark of the moon. She was as slick a craft as you ever see and without a weak spot in her. I made a payment down of \$13,000, and the first crew I put on her consisted of just 13 men. The only pet they had on board was a green-eyed black cat that slept in daytime and tore around the riggin' at night.

I loaded the barge at Grand Haven for Tonawanda with a cargo of green lumber. The shovers began at five o'clock in the morning and were just 13 hours gettin' her ready to clear. Friday morning she encountered a fearful blow in upper Lake Michigan. Every one of the crew of 13 was swept overboard, ship and cargo being left to the mercy of wind and waves. The cat was the only living thing aboard. Terrible, wasn't it?

Might have been worse. The 13 people were picked up alive. When the storm subsided we found the ship tossing around in a dead sea, but not very seriously damaged. The cat was sitting on top of the deckload washing his face, and there wasn't enough lumber lost to build a hen coop. She made the trip and 50 others without an accident. I never allowed her to clear except on Friday, the crew remaining at 13 and the cat was the mascot.

But one night the captain got smart. He left the harbor before midnight on Thursday. One of the men had failed to appear and the cat was foraging ashore. The weather was fine, no collision was reported, but I've never heard from her since.—Buffalo Courier.

Danger in X-Rays.

Paris doctors declare that X rays produce violent palpitations of the heart. Drs. Seguy and Quenisset have experimented on their students and on themselves, and declare that when continued the palpitations are unendurable. They stopped them by placing a metal plate between the heart and the rays. They advise people who are not in perfect health to keep out of the way of the X rays, or, at any rate, to protect their vital organs against them.

Dentist's Good Customer.

A Madras dentist has, it is announced, received a sum of £700 for supplying his majesty, the nizam of Hyderabad, with a row of false teeth.

ANT HOUSES.

Where Millions of the Insects Live in Perfect Amity.

Onemoundin particular, a groined columnar structure, was 18 feet high. This was not far from Port Darwin. The discoverer believed that originally the mound was conical in shape. The sides were smooth. It has evidently been in use for many years and the columnar effect noticeable, he believes, is due to the fact that the ants incessantly traveling the pathways leading up and down the mound produced the grooves that are seen, and resulted in giving the effect of a columnar formation. The entrance to the mound, examination showed, had varied in location, for there was distinct evidence that apertures of this sort had been walled up in several instances.

The interior of the mound referred to showed as much as anything the remarkable instinct of the ants. It was divided up very much after the fashion of the tall buildings which are now becoming so common, with an immense court within the structure itself—that is, there were hundreds of tiny cells built in from galleries, which were terraced one above the other. The galleries were connected by paths of stairways, each of these being constructed with architectural exactness. The cells were almost uniform in size and reminded one, the explorer said, of the cell of a monk. The earth in each instance was as hard and smooth as marble and bore evidence of long continued usage. A portion of the ground floor or basement of the mound had been divided up into storerooms, and here it was evident the ants had packed away the provisions which they had secured from various points about.

While naturalists and students of the intelligence of insects and animals have long been inclined to believe that the ant exceeded in at least keenness of instinct all other creatures of its kind, it has never been conclusively shown until demonstrated by the just-made announcement of Saville-Kent.—San Francisco Call.

TROWN ON THE WORLD.

Widows and Daughters Paying for the Sins of Others.

A visitor to one of the government offices where women are employed in one of our cities was conducted by the superintendent, an old man of large experience. The last room inspected was filled with women at work.

The visitor remarked: "This is a higher class of women than that employed at the same work in some other kinds of business. These women have been educated, and have refined faces and voices. I should judge they are not used to manual labor of any kind."

"They are not," was the reply. "In almost every case they are the widows or daughters of men whose income died with them, but who, while living, gave to their families luxuries beyond their means."

"That young girl by the window was in fashionable society in New York two years ago. Her father, with a salary of \$5,000, lived far beyond his means. The woman in mourning is the widow of a physician whose income averaged \$6,000. He probably spent \$8,000."

"That pale girl is the daughter of a master builder, who lived comfortably among his old friends until he was seized with political ambition. He moved into a fine house, had his carriage, servants and gave balls. He died, and his daughter earns \$12 a week, on which she supports her mother. There is hardly a woman here who is not the victim of the vulgar ambition which makes a family ape its wealthier neighbors in its outlay."

"That is an ambition not peculiar to us Americans," said the visitor.

"It is more common among us, because in other countries social position depends upon birth, while here it is usually fixed by money. How many families in every class do you know who are pretending to a larger pecuniary wealth than they have?"

The visitor passes on the question to the reader.—Youth's Companion.

Titles in the Scotch Church.

The moderator of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland has officially proclaimed the titles which shall be applied to ministers. Moderators of presbyteries are to be "reverend," those of synods "very reverend," and the single moderator of the general assembly during his one year of office, is "right reverend," like an Anglican bishop.

Singular Effects of Cold.

A bar of lead cooled to a point about 300 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, according to the experiments of M. Pictet, gives out, when struck, a puresmusical tone. Solidified mercury, at the same temperature, is also resonant, while a coil of magnesium vibrates like a steel spring.

When a girl gets married she thinks nearly all the available young women are gone.—Washington Democrat.

HUNGRY BIRDS.

Their Behavior During a Famine Denotes Their Character.

There are no conditions that I know of that give the look-on so authentic an insight into the characters of birds as their behavior during a famine, notes a critic. But it is noble to see the robin tourney at him and peck him full on the middle of his gray skull; to see the hedge sparrow ruffle itself up, and hear it with a squeak tilt straight into the burly braggart; to see the tiny marsh tit, its head feathers all on end with pluck, drive at him.

The sparrow seldom retaliates except upon his own kind. Even the polite chaffinch, always ready to give place and never coming forward without a "by your leave," gets out of patience with the sparrow and dabs it on the back when it hustles it. But the sparrow has a fine street-boy sort of revenge upon them all, and, from observation, I am almost certain that one trick it plays is deliberate.

The birds are all feeding, ten or 20 sparrows to one of any other kind, and suddenly they all rise together. Whirr-r-r! All the other birds are frightened and fly to long distances and there wait for a catastrophe that never occurs, or some danger to pass by that never threatened, and lo! the sparrows are all back among the food again.

They had only flown up into the tree overhead or on to the wall behind, and had hardly alighted before they returned. But the other birds are too sincerely perturbed to come back for a long time; some of them never come back at all.

These panics among the sparrows are so careless and so advantageous to themselves that I am convinced they are a nuisance. A blackbird among them is a nuisance; he bullies them. So up they get—whirr-r-r!—and where is the blackbird? Gone so far and alarmed so thoroughly that he will not be back for an hour at least.

But the sparrows are all there again within five seconds, and going on with the crumbs just where they left off. Dogs, we know, practice this "swike" regularly and of plain pretense. One dog has a bone which the other covets. The boneless dog suddenly rushes out of the room barking excitedly; the other follows him. Back comes first dog and carries off the bone. Enter second dog. Tableau!—Contemporary Review.

"INITIALS."

New Game Which Will Be In Vogue at Summer Hotels.

A game that is likely to prove a boon to the summer boarding place this season is called "Initials." Any number of persons may play it, and also any kind of a person, from the fussy old man whose snoring in the veranda hammock after dinner drowns out the voice of the mosquito to the small boy who steals the wrenches out of the other boarders' bicycle kits. The summer girl and the summer man will find the game admirably suited to their needs, as it admits all sorts of treason being talked about without a suspicion from the crown. The manner of playing the game is as follows: All the players save one sit in a circle, the excepted one being seated in the middle with a list of written questions in his hand. These questions read something like this: "What are you?" "What is your favorite book?" "Who is your favorite actor?" "What is your pet ambition?" and so forth, and they are put in turn to each member of the circle. The point lies in the fact that each must give his answer in words beginning with his own initials. For instance, to the question "What are you?" a man intitled "W. P. B." might answer "Willing, patient bicyclist," a woman with the initials "M. C. D." could reply "Merry, contented damsel." Of course the zest of the game and the wit of the players is brought out by the aptness in spirit as well as in letter of the answers, and also, of course, there is nothing very erudite or esoteric about any of it. But it may serve to relieve the deadly torpor that all too often seizes the occupants of the summer hotel.—Buffalo Express.

Ancient Survivals.

The five-pointed stars in our flag and the six-pointed stars in our coinage are odd survivals of medieval heraldry. When the designs for the United States flag were made France was a friendly power and the designer of the flag followed French heraldry in the use of five-pointed stars in the azure. The colonies already had a coinage which was copied from that of Great Britain. In British heraldry the six-pointed star was used and the colonial coinage copied this peculiarity from the medals and coats-of-arms of English royal and noble houses. Thus the stars of our flag are emblematic of France and those of our coinage of England. It should be noted, however, that the coin use of the star is not uniform, for even on the two sides of the same coin a difference is observable, the silver quarters having six-pointed stars on the obverse and stars with five points on the reverse.

THE DRESS SUIT CASE.

It Is No Longer the Badge of Affluent Aristocracy.

The passing of the dress-suit case is a subject which must now or never receive some sort of grave attention. It will not be worth while to shed tears for the dress-suit case when it has gone forever. It is not an object to inspire sentiment. Nobody loves the dress-suit case. It is not nearly as useful as an old-fashioned carpet bag which can be stuffed out of all shape. But the brief history of its decline and fall is worth considering for a moment.

Time was, and not so very long ago, either, when the dress suit was more than a badge of respectability; it was a symbol of social position if not actually of wealth. The habit of carrying one had not then been formed by any appreciable large number of men accustomed to wearing conventional evening dress on special occasions. It was the exclusive property of gentlemen who habitually wore dress coats every evening. When the conscienceless manufacturers and dealers began to put cheap dress-suit cases on the market, three years ago, we pointed out the danger. We acquit ourselves of any responsibility for the shocking result.

The dress-suit case is now the traveling companion of people who never wear swallow-tailed coats, and never intend to. It is used by women and children. It is stuffed full of calico frocks and copper-toed shoes. It abounds in the crowded districts of the East side. A man who feels himself better than his fellow man and desires publicly to express his feeling can no longer afford to carry a dress-suit case. When the Polish barber whose personal habits and social relations have been so freely enlarged upon lately by "the lever that moves the world"—to-wit, our enlightened, but yellow, press—went into new lodgings he carried a dress-suit case. The fact that he possessed one excited no astonishment. Neither did the alleged inference of the police that the undershirt he wore June 25 was the same he was wearing July 7.

We submit these two facts as indicative of the debasement of the dress-suit case, which is now as common as gout. Once the gout, too, was a sign of distinction. The presence of gout in a family was almost as surely a warrant of its descent from nobility as the bar sinister. But democracy has changed all that. Beer is almost as conducive of gout as the rarest vintage of Burgundy.

As for the dress-suit case, it cannot survive. The childish multitude which has thoughtlessly taken it up will soon abandon it for a more commodious and less rectangular article, while the elite are not likely to return to its use. Such is the way of the world.—N. Y. Times.

LATEST IN CHAMPIONS.

French Village Proud of a Snorer Who Is Heard at 300 Yards.

The superstition of the French people of the lower classes leads them into some strange proceedings. The inhabitants of a village near Marseilles were lately excited over a strange and terrible noise which was heard nightly in a certain neighborhood. Some said that it was the howling of a wolf, but a man who had heard wolves howl declared that this was not one.

It occurred with surprising regularity. It began each time with a sound like the wailing of a cat, but presently became more like the braying of a donkey. In many cases, however, it resembled the snarl of an enraged tigress, and sometimes developed into a noise comparable to the roaring of a lion.

After the inhabitants had been turned out of their beds several nights by this strange and awful sound, they induced a doctor who lived in a neighboring town, and who was well known for his sagacity, to investigate it.

He traced the noise to its source. It came from a little house, recently unoccupied, into which a man had lately moved. This man, who had been a baritone singer, was in the habit of leaving his windows open at night, and the terrible noise was more or less his snoring.

Before the doctor completed his investigations he had ascertained that the man's snoring could be heard at a distance of 300 yards.

The people of the village are now very proud of the new resident, for they regard him as the champion snorer of the world.—N. Y. World.

Greatest Diving Feat.

The men who were sent down to recover the treasure lost from the steamer Catharthur, that was sunk after going ashore off the Seal Rocks, N. S. W., Australia, worked at a depth of 75 fathoms and recovered every one of the boxes of sovereigns that went to the bottom with the ship. The names of the divers were Briggs and May, and they deserve to be known the world over; the men were obliged to work at times under pressures of from 70 to 75 pounds to the square inch, and this caused them great suffering.