

## MISS LEITER'S PAPER CROWN.

When a Child the Lady Said She Would Be a Queen Some Day.

That is very interesting story which relates how Mrs. Curzon, when little Miss Leiter, was seen strutting up and down a room wearing a paper crown while she remarked: "I will be a queen some day." The lady who tells the story, says the Chicago Post, adds significantly that "many a truth is spoken in jest." All of which is undeniably true, but at the same time we have no special reason to believe that the prediction has been verified or is likely to be verified, or that little Miss Mary prophetically gave utterance to a sparkling truth. We suppose there has never been a little girl in this big city of Chicago who has not one time or another adorned herself with a paper crown and announced that she was going to be a queen. Little girls have a weakness for this sort of thing, and yet we have no recollection that any young woman of our town has ever ascended a throne, save for temporary and unimportant purposes. Somebody has said that all American women are queens. Of course, not even the women themselves believe such wild hyperbole, but it is a gallant remark, and if it makes them feel good for the time being there is no objection to the phrase. Let the little girls play with their paper crowns and under their mock solemn predictions, for we are making history nowadays, and Cuba or Hawaii or the Philippines may yet ask her a queen.

## READY TO BE THRILLED.

The Narrowing Experience of a Western Girl While Sightseeing in Boston.

Not many days ago a bright girl from a neighboring state stopped for a short time in Chicago while on her way home from a lengthy stay at the Atlantic seacoast. This was her first visit east, and she had gone there prepared to be thrilled by all sorts of emotions evoked by historic memorials. She came back considerably disillusioned and merrily tells several good stories at her own expense. When Boston she went sight-seeing under the guidance of her sister-in-law, and declares that while in the Copp's Hill burying ground she had the thrill of her life. The old cemetery is, of course, a good place for arousing patriotic emotions, but when that idea is suggested to this western girl she just smiles.

"As soon as my sister-in-law and I got into the place," she said, "I found myself almost stepping over a grave with an inscription on a queer little iron-covered sort of tomb. I jumped back, feeling the way you do when you step on a grave, and read the inscription, just three initials, no name or date. It isn't pathetic? I said to my sister-in-law. 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered, 'B. W. W. means Boston water works.' Oh, I had a long thrill there for about five seconds, but it was the last. After the awful prosaic shock administered by my sister-in-law I believe I could stand at Adam's grave without a quiver."

## WEATHER SIGNS IN THE SOUTH

When the Forecasting Was All Done by the Darkies and the Poor "White Trash."

"The prediction of Ezekiel Bouy, of Maine, the forecaster of winter weather by the goose bone, stirred up some weather recollections of the time when I lived in the south," said a former resident of a Dixie state the other day, says the New York Sun.

"We got our forecasts then from the darkies or from what was called the 'white trash.' When the cat in the corner washed her face the housemaid assured her mistress that 'it was going to rain.' The severity of the winter was foreshadowed by the industry of the squirrel. If it stored up nuts early, that meant an early freeze and an early snow. If you have ever sat in front of an open fireplace where wood was burned you may remember the different sounds made by different varieties of wood while being consumed. There was one variety which made a noise like the dripping of water from a roof. When a darky heard that he always said: 'It's gwine to snow. Gwine to be snow druppi' in de hot mornin'."

"Cornstalks that grew no tassels means something." Ears of corn which were irregular, or peculiar, were a sure forecast of a hard winter."

"If the smoke from the old chimney went straight up, good weather for the next day was predicted from the cabin."

## He or She.

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom back to the Greeks, who called all ships by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is a veritable sweetheart. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chain, watches and dozens of other feminine qualities.

## Lightest of All Liquids.

Additional experiments by Prof. DeWitt have shown that liquid hydrogen is by far the lightest of all known liquids. Its density is one-fourteenth that of water, and curiously enough this happens to be the same ratio of density that hydrogen in the gaseous state bears to air. Heretofore the lightest liquid known has been liquid marsh gas, which possesses about two-fifths the density of water.

## DEEP SEA LIFE.

Submarine Animals Have Been Adjusted to the Pressure of the Water.

When marine life began to command notice, the question of the depth to which life could extend divided scientific thought into warring camps. About 1840 it was generally believed that the bathymetrical limit was about 300 fathoms, and some strange ideas were current as to the physical condition of the water when under a pressure such as a depth of two miles would produce. It was thought that skeletons of drowned men or even heavy cannon and the "wedges of gold" that popular imagination places in the sea, floated at certain levels, beneath which is water so compressed as to be impenetrable. In fact, says the North American Review, water is almost incomprehensible, and the weight of a cubic inch of it at the depth of a mile is very little more than at the surface, but it was assumed that no living being could survive a pressure which at 1,000 fathoms is about a ton to the square inch. We ourselves live under a pressure of about 15 pounds to the square inch and are unaware of it. Indeed, we sometimes wake on a morning when the barometer has risen, say, half an inch during the night, and consequently find ourselves sustaining an increased pressure of several tons, not only without suffering, but with a positive feeling of buoyancy and good spirits. On the other hand, if the tremendous pressure under which we live be relieved as by a surgical "cup," severe injury may follow. Aeronauts suffer from this cause and marine animals dredged from great depth often reach the surface in a most lamentable condition, with eyes protruding and viscera distended.

## DIFFERENCE EXPLAINED.

There Is Considerable Between the Gases from Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Prof. Ihsseng, of the state college, Pennsylvania, gives an interesting explanation of the difference between anthracite and bituminous coal, so far as the gases are concerned, his opinion being based on the supposition of all coal beds having been originally formed on a horizontal or flat bed. The anthracite beds, he assumes, were placed under enormous pressure, or side pressure, by the contraction of the earth's crust during the cooling stage, thus forming the coal basins as now seen at the foot of the mountains; such an enormous pressure resulted in forcing the explosive and other gases out of the anthracite beds to the seams and crevices of the veins and to the fissures, seams and pores of the rock strata. This compression has been so great that gases in the anthracite region are sometimes found with the mighty pressure of 17,000 pounds to the square inch. On the other hand, the bituminous beds have not been subjected to such a disturbance and pressure, and the coal, therefore, retains its natural form and composition with first-class victorias and broughams. One car in particular, which has earned for itself the sobriquet of the "drunkard's car," by reason of its adaptation for alcoholists, attracted not a little attention. It is steered by a baton handle, which is kept slightly pressed down when running, but if the pressure is relieved or the handle is turned in wide and erratic fashion it runs off the pressing pin and the motor automatically stops.

The motor bicycle was also represented in the procession—a neat little machine, hardly distinguishable from the ordinary safety bicycle, except by the addition of a tiny petroleum engine attached to the handle bars, which is joined up by an endless band to the front wheel, so that it is both a front driver and steerer. In ordinary use the pedals can be used as foot rests, but the petroleum can be switched off and the machine driven by pedal and chain in the ordinary way at the rider's pleasure and the motive power restored when a steep hill is met. White Camp, Prof. Ihsseng shows, is produced by imperfect combustion while black damp is produced by perfect combustion, and destroys life by being devoid of sustaining elements.

## AUCTIONS AT HOME.

How the Daughters of a Western Millionaire Sell Their Clothes to Each Other.

"In a family of my town," said a western woman to a New York friend, "there is a little custom which is often amusing, and which is, I think, quite original. The father is a millionaire, and, unlike many rich fathers, he leaves his checks blank when he signs them, and never asks any questions. One result of this is that he is thoughtless expenditure. I won't say extravagance, because the daughters would not willingly disregard their privilege. But when one makes a purchase which she afterward regrets, instead of returning it, as most women would do, an auction is held in the household, and the article is sold to the highest bidder. The auctioneer is the original purchaser.

"Sometimes the auction is very amusing, and the manner of the sale shows a woman's cunning. When I was there last a dress which cost \$300 was knocked down to one of the sisters for \$15. There were no other bidders. The auctioneer was slightly disappointed, but she didn't know that the purchaser had entered into an agreement with her other sisters not to bid against them on other articles if they wouldn't bid against her on the dress."

## GOT EVEN WITH THE HOUSE.

How a Saratoga Waiter Turned the Balance of a Damage Account.

With summer hotels closed and winter resorts in the south still suffering on account of the war, there are hundreds of waiters out of work, and they spend their days in the various offices and resorts where people are likely to go when they look for a colored man servant, says the New York Tribune.

These accounts of summer experiences are exchanged, and landlords and head waiters' good and bad qualities discussed.

"I got the best of our boss last summer," said one waiter who had served his term at Saratoga. "We had to pay 25 cents apiece for everything we broke, and one week I had three pieces to pay for, and every cent came hard because the horses didn't come right for that week. It didn't make any difference if the pieces was a teacup or a saucer, it was 25 cents apiece, and on that day I just dropped a big vegetable dish for lunch. It made the 75 cents one dollar, but I got even with the boss."

## Conditions Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANKE MARQUEZ.

Sheriff Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

Shef Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.