

FLY NETS FOR SADDLE HORSES

And Fly Riding Whips with Which to Bid a Horse of Insects Are Now in Vogue. Fly nets for horses in harness are sold as the "hills," and a driver in horse equipments, reports the New York Sun, "but saddle fly nets, for middle horses, are something comparatively new. They are made to fit around the cantle of the saddle, from which they extend back over the horse's haunches. The net is made of leather cords, commonly in russet, sometimes in black, attached across the parallel lines to five bars or tapes running lengthwise of the horse's back, the free ends of the cords hanging in the usual manner at the horse's sides.

DISCOVERED BILL NYE.

Western Man Who Claims to Have Early Appreciated the Famous Humorist. Col. Bill Root, of Laramie, Wyo., is probably entitled to the credit of having "discovered" Bill Nye, the humorist. Root now has charge of the Indian village at the pan-American exposition, and tells the following story of how he first met the writer: "Bill Nye," when he was a young man, wasn't much; in fact, folks in Laramie wondered whether he would eventually dry up and blow away or just die of plain starvation. Things never would come his way, and that same way led through many rocky places. Everything to which he turned his hand seemed to wither under it, and he began to think that he was a "hoodoo."

NOT DEXTEROUS AT FORTY.

It Is Said Men's Hands Lose Their Cunning When They Reach Two Score Years. Long after a man's hands have ceased to do the bidding of the mind that directs them, his mind retains its full measure of vigor. Instances are numerous of men who have reached the allotted age of life continuing in the activities of the world as long as those activities are of the brain and not of the hand. But the mechanic's highest skill is shown when he is between the ages of 30 and 40. After the latter age his hand loses its cunning, but if the brain has been taught to work he can continue to labor and may even surpass the earning power of his hand. After 40 the muscles do not respond nearly as certainly and readily to the orders and the willingness of the brain, says an industrial authority.

FISH FLEE FROM THUNDER.

It Is Known to Fishermen That They Seek Refuge from Storm in Deep Water Away from Coast. Fishermen along the Atlantic coast know the peculiar effect of thunderstorms on fish, and save themselves unnecessary work because they do know it. Of the army of 40,000 fishermen that occasionally or regularly wet lines in the waters contiguous to New York, 25,000 never think of going ashore after two or three days of thunder and lightning. They know better. The other 5,000, hopeful and imaginative, with nothing better to do, take a chance at it any way, and come home with fisherman's luck. The highest authorities among bay men say that thunder drives the fish into deep water off shore, and that vivid lightning so disturbs their sleep that they take a day or two off for rest and recuperation.

Thus it happens that on the third day after a hard storm with fulmination and pyrotechnics, the catch is phenomenal, whereas on the first or second day after there is no sport except sailing over the bounding billows or gazing on a ground swell.

Biggest Pumps.

The biggest pumps ever used were made to pump out Lake Haarlem, in Holland. They pumped 400,000 tons daily for 11 years.

AS GOOD AS A SEA SERPENT.

A Large Meteorite Falls in a Swampy Summer Resort and Believed the Monster. The sea serpent has failed to put in his annual appearance at the coast resorts this summer, but a substitute has been found, as an eastern exchange, Atlantic City was startled the other day when an unusually loud clap of thunder, accompanied by a blinding flash of lightning and a slight trembling of the earth, occurred shortly after four o'clock. At first it was thought that the bolt had struck a large building, but this was found to be incorrect.

UNENVIABLE DISTINCTION.

Disgraceful and Deplorable Death of the Worst Defeated General of Modern Times. Gen. Oreste Baratieri, who died in the Austrian Tyrol recently, at the age of 60 years, achieved five years ago last spring the distinction of being the worst defeated general of modern times, reports the New York Mail and Express. He was the commander in chief of the ill-fated Italian Abyssinian expedition. With an army of about 44,000 men under him at the beginning of the fighting Baratieri was utterly routed, and the greater part of his force killed or captured, by the brave and mobile Shoans, who were fighting for their independence.

THE POPULAR POTATO.

It Is Regarded as Strange That Everybody Eats a Vegetable of So Little Nutrimant. One of the best known physicians in Worcester declares the potato famine a blessing in disguise, if people will replace the potato with substitutes of greater food value. He thinks, as we do, that there is none of the articles of food in common use that contain so little nutriment as the potato, and many others furnish more in smaller amounts at much less relative cost. He especially names shredded wheat, rice, raw cabbage and fruits as more nourishing than potatoes—and, in fact, all grain foods, says the Boston Budget.

Smell of the Black Beetle.

The disagreeable smell of the common black beetle is familiar in 100 many households. A French entomologist, M. Bordas, has minutely described the ramified, dichotomously branched glands that secrete the disgusting volatile liquid that provides the insect with an effective means of defense against its smaller foes. Tested by litmus paper, the secretion is shown to be strongly alkaline, as are the majority of similar pungent substances, with the object of repelling animal enemies. Its formation is continuous, though the approach of an enemy accelerates the process.—Science.

Lumber in the State of Washington.

Washington is the principal lumber state in the union. It has an estimated 200,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, an amount that would allow of cutting at the present rate for 100 years before its exhaustion. But the same wasteful methods prevail there which have denuded some of the older states of their timber, and there is the same lack of provision for the future.—Lumber Journal.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some people have to get up early in order to get in all their loafing.—Washington (La.) Democrat. Down deep in the heart of every so-called woman hater there is a longing to have some woman make a fuss over him.—Chicago Daily News. Miss Perte—"I wouldn't marry a man unless I could look up to him." Miss Olgylle—"Oh, well, Millie, you're young yet."—Somerville Journal. "Are all those beautiful white teeth her own?" "Yes, all hers. She told me only yesterday that at last she had the dentist all paid up."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Agent—"Is the lady of the house at home?" Mr. Wykins—"No; my wife is in, but my 18-year-old daughter is out riding on her bicycle."—Somerville Journal. Not Her Choice—"So May refused that young M. D.?" "Yes, she says she isn't quite sick enough of her maiden name to have a doctor."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. A Model Office Boy—"First of all," said the merchant to the youthful applicant, "we'll have to test your ability as a whistler. Suppose you try." "I'm sorry, sir," said the boy, "but I can't whistle at all." "Hang up your hat," cried the merchant, promptly; "you're the boy we're looking for."—Philadelphia Press. On the Rail.—She—"So you've been across?" He—"Yes, for the first time." She—"Ah! When you realized that you were on the broad bosom of the ocean did you not feel like shouting out with joy?" He—"I don't know about the joy, but I assure you I could scarcely contain myself."—Philadelphia Press.

ELECTRIC FAN EXPERIMENTS.

A Block of Ice in Front of the Whirling Wheel Produces Good Results. "During the present hot spell," said a gentleman who occupies an uptown office, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "I have been conducting an experiment with an electric fan and I have made some rather interesting discoveries. These fans are full of mysteries, in a way, and for a long time I felt very much intimidated by the fan in my office, and would almost do an oriental salaam when I approached it in any way. But to recur to my experiment.

"The office which I occupy is rather roomy, and in fact is almost as large as a hall. The fan had not been doing very good work in a cooling way, although there was a considerable amount of disturbance atmosphere locally in the room. The fan is a large one and of the most improved make. I put a thermometer directly in front of the fan, so that it would get the full benefit of the whirling member, but placed the bulb some distance from the fan. The result was surprising. Instead of forcing the fluid down the temperature began to rise. It rose several degrees. I soon figured the problem out. Really the fan was not cooling the office.

Some parts of the office might have been cooler, but taking the whole space of the office the same number of heat units might have been found in the room. The fan, in other words, had not forced any of the heat out. It had simply churned it up, so to speak.

"But an interesting thing had happened, and this accounted for the fact that the bulb indicated an increase in the temperature of the room. The fan had banked the heat against the thermometer, created friction by its rotary motion, and a greater number of heat units had been crowded into a given space, and hence there had been a perceptible rise in the temperature. There had been, of course, a proportionate fall in the temperature in other sections of the room. But I made another experiment. I put a huge block of ice in front of the fan, just a few feet away. I left my thermometer hanging in the same place. In a short while the fluid began to fall in the bulb, and under the influence of the cold wave that was swept from the surface of the ice the temperature fell four or five degrees, and it was not long in doing it, either. It cooled the room, and was one of the most successful experiments I made. The force of the fan melted the ice very rapidly. The hot air was banked against the ice just as it had been banked against the thermometer in the first case. The concentration of heat units played havoc with the ice, but the room was cooled meanwhile."

Those of us who have lost interest in baseball by a prolonged residence away from the home country of the game should brighten their sense of pure sport and attend the games. Let us have a revival of the old game in Porto Rico.

England's Breakfast.

Breakfast is the name given to an annual dinner given by employers in England to their work people—possibly so called because beans or bean-goose figured prominently at the banquet. The breakfast was regularly in older times observed on Twelfth Night in England and also some places on the continent, and is a very old institution.—N. Y. Sun.

A FUTURE KING IN AMERICA.

Story of Louis Philippe, Then Duke of Orleans, and His Life in Philadelphia. Jane Marsh Parker traces in Century the footsteps in America of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans and his brothers, the Count of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais who came hither a century ago. October 25, 1794, the following item appeared in the New World of Philadelphia, and that without any flourish of head lines whatever: "Among the passengers of the ship America was L. P. de Orleans, eldest son of the cl-devant Egalite, and distinguished in French history as lieutenant-general at the battle of Jemmapes."

Louis Philippe had been provided with a Danish passport at Hamburg, and passed himself off on the voyage as a Dane. A gruff old Frenchman, the only cabin passenger besides the duke, complimented him upon speaking French so well for a Dane, and promised to correct any blunders he might hear him make. Baudouin was in the stateroom, where his master who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, chose to spend much time in chatting freely with the poor emigrants, one of whom, a shopkeeper in Kouen, was awarded, years after, to receive a gold medal from King Louis Philippe—a souvenir of their voyage together.

Upon landing in Philadelphia, he threw off his disguise, and was known as "Mr. Orleans." We hear of him first as the guest of David H. Conyngham of the "American," 94 Front street, where he stayed for several days. Then he had rooms in the lower part of a house "next to a church in Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth, owned by the Rev. Mr. Marshall." There he impatiently waited for his brothers, who arrived in the Swedish vessel Jupiter from Marseilles (with "90 Americans redeemed from Algerian slavery"), after a voyage of 93 days, having embarked November 5, 1796. We are told that the reunion took place at the home of Marcus Hook, on the Wilmington road.

BASEBALL IN PORTO RICO.

The People of the Island Are Becoming Interested in the American Game. The American national game of baseball is taking a firm root in Porto Rico. The recent activity in baseball circles, the formation of a league, the frequent games revive a sport which is not only now familiar and interesting to our American residents, but Porto Ricans are also becoming largely interested in this our national game, says the San Juan News.

It is an experiment we are making. We are introducing in a tropical climate a sport little indulged in in this latitude. The game is an old game, and some may say somewhat out of date, but its survival with undiminished interest for so many years is its best recommendation. There is no reason why the game is not adapted to a climate such as ours. While the exercise is violent on the part of some of the players, this violent exercise continues but a short time, when a resting spell takes place. The game is full of intense interest from beginning to end, and by its interest induces a most healthful exercise.

Not to Be Caught.

Sponger—What is that expression? Between the "what" of a dilemma? Kraft—No, you don't! You want me to say "horns," and you think that'll remind me to ask you to have one.—Philadelphia Record. Financial Formaldehyde. Milkman—Say, you paid me in counterfeit money. Citizen—Well, you've been bringing us counterfeit milk.—Detroit Free Press.

CULTURE IN MAINE.

It Has a Singular Effect on the Laundryman, the Housemaid and the Cook. "The next time I go to Maine," said the girl, pausing to chat while she unpacked her trunk, "relates the New York Sun, "I take with me a complete celluloid outfit, so as to snap my fingers at laundry agents and the like. With water, water everywhere on the coast of Maine, you'd think it would be easy to get your washing done, but it isn't."

"On the island where I was staying the first week all my things were shipped off miles and miles away to Portland, or Boston or Bath. The laundry agent was a most obliging and delightful boy, a son of an American ambassador or something equally imposing, and a true, thrifty Yankee. He was putting himself through some university by this cleanly summer pursuit. And it was a pursuit, if pursuit means hunting for lost things."

"Well, he took my things Monday, called at the cottage in person, disencased affably the social news of the island, partook of the ginger ale our host brought out and then went off with our bundles under his arm. Saturday he brought back what there was. It was a very meager display. A lot of my things didn't turn up at all, and all the hooks had been ripped off one of my waists, in an excess of zeal, for fear they would rust. The agent was very sympathetic. I described the things I was shy on. It did seem funny, but he never cracked a smile; he just jotted down descriptions of the missing things in his little memorandum book and promised to look them up."

"You see he went everywhere and I met him at every tack and turn. I ignored his laundry carrier at dances and clam-bakes and such places, but I am told there were girls who tackled him boldly during the pauses of the Boston dip, or when they were tipped up on the edge of a catboat with him, or anywhere, about things trimmed with Hamburg and others ruffled and edged with tulle. He would come up to me on the wharf, bareheaded, his eyes beaming and his teeth gleaming."

"Good morning, there's a petticoat just in, looks like yours," he would say; or "I've had a letter about that stock, it's been found. It will be along in a day or two."

"Once he came up very confidently to know if I had pink ribbon run in anything, as there was a corset cover seeking an owner and he thought I might be she, although he remembered I never sent things without taking the ribbons out! Nice as he was, though, I couldn't patronize his old laundry, so I tried various other evils. "Speaking of the polite little laundry agent makes me think of the lot of people down in Maine who work at anything during the summer to go to college during the other nine months. The man who ran the trunk delivery business was a senior at some university, a terror in Latin and Greek, I suppose, and he certainly was a wizard with the trunk. He didn't look at the checks until he got to your house, and then he generally would find he had mixed things. I used to moralize to myself sometimes as to whether educated service is as good as the plain straight kind. "For instance, the housemaid at the cottage where I stayed knew a lot you didn't expect her to know, but from one to two things my hostess let drop I fancy Ida fell short in the things she was expected to know. One day at dinner one of the children asked her father the French for crumb. He couldn't tell her, although he was educated abroad. We all tried but none of us could recollect the word. After dinner Alice, the little girl, came out and asked her father if miette was not the French for crumb. "That's the word I was trying to think of," he said. "Who told you?" "It seems it was Ida who knew. She got hold of Alice after dinner and said: 'I wanted to tell you at the table, Miss Alice, but, of course, I couldn't speak then.' Ida had studied French for four years and German for three in some New England high school and had aspirations to teach modern languages. "The cook, we discovered, went in for pure English. We overheard Ida one day describing a man's appearance to the cook. "He's a short, fat man, unburned, and generally he wears a cap and white pants," he said. "Trousers," the cook said, in a really horrified tone, and Ida learned straightway that pants is a vulgar contraction, and one which the cook hated to hear anyone use. "But culture and pure English didn't hurt the cook's art. I wish you could have tasted her lobster Neufburg, or her blueberry cake, or her—other things," said the girl, rising and resuming her unpacking with a smile of pleasing recollection.

MINE MULES PUZZLE.

Brought Above Ground They Are Dazed by Daylight. So Long Used to Subterranean Dark the Mine Mules and Fields Are a Source of Wonderment to Them. At the time of the recent strike of the mine firemen in the anthracite coal fields hundreds of mules from the various mines were brought to the surface. Most of the animals had not seen daylight for many years, and some of them had quite forgotten all they ever knew about pure air, green grass, and blue sky, says the Philadelphia Press.

It was a pathetic as well as an amusing sight to see these animals turned loose to graze in the fields. The daylight dazed them, and it was with difficulty that they could be forced from the cage and driven to the fields, and there their antics were pitifully humorous. Crowds lined the fences each day.

The mules, free from the driver and the whip, stood for a long time seemingly afraid to move. To them the soft springy ground, so different from the ties and rails and rocks of the mines, was insecure. The air, the grass, the space, the unbounded room to move, bewildered them. They walked slowly and with hoofs tapping the ground many times before a step was attempted, and it was hours and sometimes days before they gained sufficient confidence to run and tumble and roll. But when they realized that the strange surroundings were harmless and actually enjoyable, they revealed in their new-found freedom, heaved, kicked up their heels, and gambled very much in the manner of the schoolboy set free after a long and arduous school term.

The grass was the greatest mystery to them. Instinct doubtless told them it was good to eat, smelled inviting, but it was so strange, so new that it was long before they gained courage to nibble and to eat it. Air and light made many of the mules study for hours before they knew that the novel world into which they had been raised was not a thing of mystery, and that they felt better by breathing and could see better after the novelty had worn off than they ever could see in the dark and narrow passages of the mines.

The extent of the fields, too, was a source of great wonderment to them. Here they did not knock their heads against the roof, for there was no roof; nor graze their sides against the ribs, for there was no rib; only space above and about them, unlimited, incomprehensible space, a new, strange thing, with which most of them had to get acquainted by degrees. Those who had enjoyed the freedom for a day, as they met the new-comers, bumped into them, to let them lose their balance on the yielding ground, rolled under their hooves, kicked up their heels, and played with them much as a boy swimmer will play with a younger one.

In the days which the strike lasted most of the mules experienced new sensations which they may never repeat, for they were hustled after their brief freedom down into the dark depths and narrow iron-paved passages where their only light is the faint flicker of the miner's lamp, the air the gas and smoky-stained heaviness of the mine, their food the hay and oats which taste little like the green, fresh grass, and their gambling confined to the narrow space of a five-foot stall.

GOOD WORDS FOR NEW BREAD.

French Loaves Not So Injurious to the Digestion as is Generally Supposed. A writer in the London Lancet disputes the commonly received opinion regarding the injuriousness of new bread. He says stale bread, when broken into gritty particles, which, if they were not softened with saliva, would be next to impossible to swallow, consequently man thoroughly masticates stale bread and in doing so impregnates it with saliva, which partially digests and adapts it to the absorptive action further on in the alimentary tract.

But new bread, being soft and pliant, is more apt to be swallowed without mastication, or, in other words, boiled. It is in this act, he thinks, that the injury exists and not in the character of the bread. Hot rolls would be just as digestible as stale ones if they were properly masticated. He refers in this connection to the dog as teacher of an important physiological lesson. This animal bolts meat, but eats bread, because the mouth parts are able to do little toward the digestion of meat beyond reducing it to a convenient form for swallowing. He, however, seems to overlook the fact that the dog's teeth are illy constructed for chewing, and that this is most likely the reason for his expeditious disposal of meat. Another curious fact which he calls attention to is that stale bread is not more dry than new. This is shown by submitting stale bread for a short time to a high temperature. Under such conditions it becomes soft and pliant, regaining its newness, and this despite the fact that some moisture must be driven off in the operation. He thinks this is explainable on the supposition that in new bread there is free water present, but that in stale bread, while it is still there, it is in a state of true chemical combination. In general, he concludes, it is a sound physiological plan to thoroughly masticate every morsel of food before swallowing it.