

IS A BOSTON DISEASE.

Nervous Complaint Known as "Shift" Attacks All Classes.

Has Its Origin in the Introduction of Street Cars in the Hub and Extends Even to Guests at Receptions.

The transition from omnibuses to street cars has been too sudden and too swift for Boston. It has been in a degree like the change from stage coaches to railroads some years ago, when Bostonians did not get over their nervous apprehensions of danger for years after the amazing engines went chugging across the commonwealth.

As is well known, Boston is a densely populated city for its size, and the streets are narrow and crowded. Therefore when street cars were introduced here a short time ago it was found that the cars became crowded to their utmost before they had gone many squares.

They never dreamed at the start of repeating the instructions of the conductor, but moved up to make room for one more, and when the next passenger got on they got the order once more: "Move up, please," and they moved up. Finally the seats are all filled so tightly that no more passengers can be squeezed into them.

It would not be so bad if the thing stopped here, but right there is where the trouble comes in. It did not. Riding up and down daily and being admonished so many scores of times to "Move up, please," and "Step forward, please," the Bostonians have acquired the habit of doing these things unconsciously.

So widespread is the complaint and so embarrassing is it to many thousands of Bostonians that there is a movement on foot to bring pressure to bear on the street car company to modify or abrogate its orders to the conductors and do away with the moving up and stepping forward. The doctors believe that if this is done the Bostonians will gradually recover their normal calm and the "Boston shift" will disappear.

Expert of Hessian Crab. Casual Hughes writes from Coburg, under date of June 20, 1901: A small freshwater crab, very much like a diminutive lobster, is largely imported into Germany and Austria from Russia.

Stray Foot Wrought Iron Pillar. The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high and weighs 17 tons.—N. Y. Sun.

HOME LIFE OF AN EMPRESS.

There is Much of Real Domestic Happiness in the Imperial Family of Russia.

The birth and christening of the fourth princess in the Russian royal family has called renewed attention to the ideal domestic life of the imperial couple. The empress is one of the most popular among European royalities, it is said, and was one of the favorite grandchildren of Queen Victoria, says the New York Tribune.

The marriage of Princess Alix to the czar was the climax of a pretty love story. Her eldest sister, Grand Duchess Serga, was aunt by marriage to the czar, who, when czar-witch, often met the princess at the house of her sister. They fell in love in the ordinary human way, but both families opposed their marriage, for various reasons.

Finally she was invited to England by her aunt, Princess Louke of Battemberg, and the czar-witch, too, received an invitation. He used his opportunity to such good purpose that the betrothal was announced at the wedding, the next year, of the grand duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Malita of Coburg.

The empress is greatly interested in philanthropic work, and is at the head of the association for relief of the poor. She is said to have read all the best works on the English laws relating to the poor. Everything in her home life is on the simplest scale possible, and she enjoys herself as any less active person might, in riding, rowing, swimming, tennis playing and sketching.

ODDITIES OF PRONUNCIATION.

Some That Are Especially Noticeable Among the People of London.

The American who believes, as thousands do, that to betray one's nationality is to invite overcharging and extortion in the West End shops of London is not only hard pressed to choose the peculiar words the English employ, but he has quite as many and as deep pitfalls to avoid in the methods of pronunciation, writes Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine. I will not refer to the false or ignorant methods of illiterate persons, but will confine attention to some eccentricities of pronunciation of gentlemen and ladies of education, rank and breeding.

A Mouth in the Bath. At Kawanaka, a tiny spring near Ikaio, in the province of Joshu, Japan, the bathers stay in the water for a month with a stone on their laps to prevent them from floating in their sleep; and the caretaker of this establishment, who is a hale old man of 80, is in the habit of remaining in the bath during the whole winter.—Albany Argus.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Fond Mother—"Tommy, you don't seem very well." Tommy—"No, maw, I ain't; I wish I had let sister eat that third piece of pie."—Ohio State Journal.

"I dislike ill-feeling. I hear Scadley says he owes me a grudge." "Don't let that worry you. He's never been known to pay anything he owes."—Philadelphia Times.

"I have a scheme that will make a millionaire of me." "Can't you let me in on it?" "Sure. It is to invent sky-scrapers and let them automatically clean the streets."—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Brown—"I've just been to see Mrs. Swellman's new place. She has stained glass all through the house." Mrs. Parvau—"The ideal! Her servants are too lazy to remove the stains, I suppose?"—London Answers.

Mr. Wunder—"I don't see why that man Timbers always puts L. D. after his name. Did any college ever confer that degree on him?" Mr. Tellit—"Oh, no. He uses the letters to indicate that he is a lumber dealer."—Baltimore American.

A STRANGE CITY FARM.

One in New York That is Operated by Chinese Who Sell Vegetables.

There is one kind of farm in New York that is not at all common, that has never existed in any other city so far as I know, in ancient or modern times. It is situated, oddly enough, in about the center of the 317 square miles of New York, so well as the center of a boot-shaped area can be located, says Scribner's Magazine.

Cross Thirty-fourth street ferry to Long Island City, which really does not smell so bad as certain of our poets would have us believe; take the car marked "Steinway," and ride for 15 or 20 minutes out through dreary city edge, past small, unpainted manufacturing, squallid tenements, and sad vacant lots that serve as the last resting place for decayed trucks and overworked wagons.

At short distances are the other huts crumpling at the foot of big trees, with queer gourds hanging out in front to dry and large, unusual crocks lying about, and huge baskets, and matings—all clearly from China; they are as different as what could be bought on the neighboring avenues as the farms and farmers themselves are different from most Long Island farms and farmers.

They have only three houses among them, that is, there are only three of these groups of rooms, made of old boards and boxes and covered with tar paper, but no one in the neighborhood seems to know just how many Chinamen live there. The same sleeping space would hold a score or more over in Pell street.

Being Chinamen, they grow only Chinese produce, a peculiar kind of bean and some sort of salad, and these large, artistic-shaped melons, seen only in China or Chinatown, which they call something that sounds like "moncha," and which, one of them told me, bring two cents a pound from the Chinese merchants and restaurateurs of Manhattan. For my part, I was very glad to discover these farms, for I had always been perplexed to account for the fresh salads and green vegetables, of unmistakably Chinese origin, that can be found in season in New York's Chinatown.

A Saw-Sign. McJigger—"What makes you think he isn't a gentleman?" Thingumbob—"He insists that he is."—Philadelphia Press.

PINE FORESTS BY BOTTLE.

Essential Oil from the Needles Makes a New Medicine from Which Much is Expected.

The balmy and invigorating odor of pine forests may now be bought by the bottle, says the New York World.

With the aid of this new product, one may enjoy in his own home many of the advantages of life in the forests. The new medicine, for which many virtues are claimed, is known as the essential oil of pine needles. A large factory for preparing it has been established recently in Oregon. The oil is claimed to be a cure for insomnia, besides being excellent for throat and lung troubles.

It takes 2,000 pounds of the pine needles to make ten pounds of the essential oil. All the virtues of the forests are said to be condensed in this potion.

It is well known that people troubled with insomnia have been cured by sleeping on beds of pine needles, and that weak throats and lungs have been healed and strengthened by merely breathing the odor of the pines. The new medicine is supposed to have these valuable medicinal qualities in condensed form.

An inferior quality of this oil was made in Germany before the American factory was started. The German government, however, will not allow the factory to use any but the pine needles which have fallen to the ground.

The needles which grow in Oregon are 20 and even 30 inches long, while the German needles are but two inches long. The American product is far superior to the German, and great results are expected of it.

There is already a great demand for the American oil. Its manufacture has been discouraged by the government until recently, but all legislative restrictions have now been removed. The forestry department has been investigating the work for some time. It was at first believed that the forests might suffer from losing the needles, but it was finally decided that since the main object of the forests was to raise timber rather than foliage, the work would be more beneficial than otherwise.

The needles are gathered in two crops every year. The first crop is taken in April and the second in October. Of the two crops the first is the lighter. The leaves of the young trees are preferred, as they seem to yield a better class of oil.

The needles are stripped from the trees by women and men, who are paid for their work as the hop-pickers are paid in the east. The average price paid by the manufacturers is 25 cents a hundred pounds. The pickers make on the average \$1.50 a day.

The needles are first subjected to a mild crushing and are then boiled, and the oil is finally distilled. The by-product of the process is also very valuable. The fiber which remains after the oil has been removed may be utilized in several ways. It is elastic and strong and can be woven. When mixed with other substances it makes excellent material for mattresses and pillows, since it still retains the odor of the pine forests.

STORY OF THE ROYAL SAVAGE

Old Wreck of the Schooner in Lake Champlain is Searched by Divers.

Recent recovery by a Chicago diver of various relics from the wreck of the schooner Royal Savage, in Lake Champlain, south of Valcour island, is a reminder that the beautiful lake was a scene of naval warfare long before Commodore MacDonough won his famous victory on its waters in August, 1814, says the Buffalo Commercial.

The Royal Savage dates back to 1776, and belonged to an expedition under command of Benedict Arnold. After an attack by the British she was grounded and abandoned by her crew. Then the boat was set on fire by the enemy and sunk. The hull is still intact, but no one supposed that it contained any relics of value, until the diver the other day brought to the surface several gun carriages, a large number of ten-pound solid shot, grape-shot, buttons from officers' uniforms and other articles.

Benedict Arnold's private papers were lost at the time of the engagement, and it is possible they may still exist somewhere in the wreck of the old ship. Should they be recovered they might prove a very peculiar contribution to revolutionary history, especially if they should tend to show that Arnold was even then plotting to betray his country.

The enterprising diver, however, appears to have struck a snag. The wreck lies in New York waters, and the United States officials at Plattsburg have been after him on a charge of violating section 5258 of the revised statutes of the United States, which provide for the punishment of every person who "plunders, steals or destroys any money, goods, merchandise or other effects from or belonging to any vessel in distress, or wrecked, lost or stranded, or cast away, upon the sea or in any other place within the admiralty or maritime jurisdiction of the United States."

He got out of range temporarily by moving his boat into Vermont waters. He claims, however, that the law has not been violated, as the wreck of the Royal Savage has never been reclaimed by the American government, and though it lies in American waters it long ago became public property. In any event, the government might well make an exception in this case and allow the explorations to proceed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There are 1,700 Indians in Arizona owning farms.

One bank in El Reno made \$23,000 by agreeing to give notice of prizes drawn in the recent land lottery, and then the newspapers gave the notice quicker than the bank could.

The thrift of the French may be inferred from the fact that one-fourth of the whole population are depositors in savings banks and that the amount of their credit is over 4,000,000,000 francs.

In all his business life, which he began at a salary of \$500 a year, Secretary Gage was never discharged and never sought a better position than the one he occupied. All his promotions came to him unsolicited.

Among the Romans an invincible ink was made with the milky juices of certain plants. Its manufacture was a state secret, death being pronounced on any who should disclose it, and all important dispatches from the capital to the provinces, or vice versa, were written in this ink.

Yu Keng, the Chinese ambassador at Paris, is quite an adaptable Celestial. His wife is only half Chinese, having had an American father. His children speak perfect English, and the family takes, in western style, to excursions, amateur photography, private theatricals and other fads.

In 1920 pens began to be made by Gillott, who manufactured them of steel finely tempered. The pen was hand-made throughout, and though very inferior to the machine made article of the present day, was still a great advance upon the iron-barreled pens that had been previously made.

On the British steamship lines the captains receive from £300 to £1,200 a year, without perquisites. If, at the end of the year, a British commander's boat has met with no accident he gets a bonus. The British lines think this system of reward has a tendency to make commanders more careful.

SEEDLESS WATERMELONS.

Colorado Statesman Experiments in Planting and Producing a Melon Without Seeds.

The millennium of the colored man has arrived at last. The seedless watermelon is a fact. The credit of the discovery is laid at the feet of a Colorado statesman, formerly a state senator there. His name is Swink, and down to posterity his name should go along with other benefactors of the colored race, says the New York World.

The news will undoubtedly bring joy to a population estimated at 10,000,000 in the southern states alone. To how many segregated colored hungerers after the red-lined luscious melon up north can only be vaguely estimated.

The news is true, however. Let it be disseminated throughout these United States. Now is the time, moreover.

It seems that ex-Senator Swink, the discoverer and propagator of the seedless melon, lives in Rocky Ford, Col. Here is the great melon center of the west. Water and musk melons are shipped thence by the thousands of boxes as far east as New York and westward to California. They are first choice in all high-class fruit stores throughout the country.

The ex-senator has been working for years on the seedless melon proposition. He saw not only the African's joy, but the pleasure of the Caucasian as well, and incidentally, a lot of money for himself.

Daylight often found him examining microscopically the seeds of the luscious watermelon, and his experiments in planting often kept him up at night, experimentally planting and digging up again melons.

Early one morning he rushed breathless into the house. "I've got it, I've done it!" he exclaimed, and he promptly fell over in a fit of joy, so his family says. They knew what he meant.

But they had to wait, just the same, for weeks and weeks until the young melons grew to rotundity and ripeness.

Only the other day was the discovery proven to be as true as the eminent ex-senator had prophesied. He came into the house carrying a 20-pound watermelon. With one slash of his knife he cut the big melon in two, and lo and behold, as it lay riven apart, not a single seed was to be seen.

Of course, Mr. Swink has not revealed the secret of his discovery, but he is satisfied that he can grow the seedless melon.

Raspberry Vinegar. Put a gallon of red raspberries in a large stone jar and pour over them one quart of strong vinegar. Keep it covered closely for two weeks, then strain, mashing all the flavor out of the fruit, and pour the vinegar over two quarts of fresh berries. Let them stand a week before straining again. To each quart of the fruit vinegar add 1 1/2 pounds of sugar, bring to the boiling point, skim, bottle and cork very securely, using new corks. Blackberries may be used in exactly the same way as red raspberries.—Good House-keeping.

Not Parallel Cases. Mamma—I really believe you're the worst boy that ever lived. You keep me fretting all the time. Tommy—Well, ma, it was no fault of mine that I came into this family. With pa, now, 'twas different.—Boston Transcript.

Just as Bad. Bizzer—Did you ever have to wear a plaster cast? Buzzer—No, but I've worn flannel underwear guaranteed not to shrink.—Ohio State Journal.

TO MARRY OR NOT.

A Really and Truly Modern Novel Which is of the Sublimely Sentimental Sort.

She stood on the threshold. Geoffrey D'Odenard was sitting, or rather crouching, before a fire whose jets illumined his tall, bent figure. A covert coat was thrown across his shoulders; he held it together about his throat with one hand. There was something imposing in his attitude, and his solitariness, says the Washington Star. The room was dark except for the fitful flicker of the fire, and for a radiant moon which hung in the window pane, flooding the apartment from floor to ceiling. It drew strange traceries of cold light and weird shadow upon the floor and the yellow damask furniture.

At the sound of her footstep he turned; he looked dazed a moment. She noticed that he was deathly pale. He sprang to his feet, jerking the coat from his shoulders. It fell to the floor. She hesitated and wavered a moment on the threshold.

"Ah," he murmured, "I thought you would come to me, queen of my soul!" "Yes," she said, as if not hearing his words, "I have come."

"You see," he continued, "it was useless for me to continue to struggle. From the first I knew that I was yours. You see, I needs must feel that the worship I give to you has for an hour, at least, made our souls one. I sometimes think you must have seen it all on that first night. I knew that my soul had found its master in a tenderness illimitable. Ah, from the first I saw you as you are—angel and goddess. There is no act of self-repression, no act of self-immolation man may not commit for you—no fond and foolish thing one has read of, but has scarce believed. You bring exalting, elevating thought; why, you fill with joy the whole horizon of the world. Until I met you I did not live—I slept. But now I am awake. Yet I love you, you see, and would like to whisper it in your little ear. But I would not dare. All I would dare is to fall at your feet—looking up—mayhap you would be kind. I might catch the murmur of your low voice, listen to its music, and see love shape himself on your sweet lip. You saw it, did you not, darling, the very first time? You know that never before had I caught sight even of love's glittering garment. Why, it must have been so plain to your deep heart. If you doubted it, it would have been calumny—not to me, but to yourself, your lovelessness. You knew from that hour that all else, all else, all other—do you hear?—were chaff borne on the winds, from which I was lashed away to nothingness on the first breaker of a fathomless sea."

Bertha Debracourt Le Moyanensis stood motionless, clasping and unclasping her hands. In her whiteness she looked like a vision from some other world. Only on her face a strange glow was growing, growing up from her mouth, irradiating her low, broad, moon-touched forehead.

"Jeff," she said, slowly, calling him by the dear diminutive she always gave to him when he fell into one of his talking spells, "if you mean business, these things that I have said are plain English; but if you are just doing a language stunt, keep moving—you're hitting it up to beat the band."

BEDBUGS SPREAD DISEASE.

Said by Medical Authority to Be as Bad as Mosquitoes in Their Respect.

Acting Assistant Surgeon S. Hodgson, of the marine hospital service, believes he has discovered a valuable remedy to be used in yellow fever cases, says a special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Dr. Hodgson has been stationed at Progreso, Mexico, for two years, and he has made a thorough examination of yellow fever cases there. In a letter to Surgeon General Wyman, of the marine hospital service, he calls attention to the fact that while valuable work has been done in China in demonstrating beyond question that yellow fever can be and is transmitted by the mosquito, another insect almost as numerous, and certainly as pestiferous, which may be quite as active an agency in spreading this disease as the mosquito has been entirely overlooked, namely, the cimex, or, as it is popularly known, the bedbug.

"In the tropics," Hodgson says, "the bedbug is all-prevailing, and his stealthy movements are more liable to accomplish the desired end than the buzzing mosquito.

"Among the remedies used in Central and South America as an antidote for the stings of insects and bites of snakes, the zed, or bean of cedron, has been found to be a specific. A tincture is made from the grated or mashed zed, which is also made into a fluid extract. I made a tincture from the bean and used it as an antidote for the stings of insects and the bite of a snake, and found that the action was almost immediate and the relief complete. The antitoxic properties of this remedy were so great that I thought it might be of some benefit in yellow fever, and had opportunities to try it in several cases of that disease, and from the results concluded it is as specific for yellow fever as quinine is for malaria.

Dr. Hodgson says the cases he treated were in Costa Rica, when he was government physician at Jimenez, and while he kept no notes of the cases, everyone treated with the tincture of cedron recovered.

It relieved the headache, stopped the nausea, and in the cases where it was injected early in the disease there was very little congestion. He used the tincture by hypodermic injections of about 20 minims three times a day.