

WRITES IN TRANCE.

IGNORANT OF TONGUE WOMAN FORMS GREEK WORDS.

French Woman Astonishes Psychologists of Europe by Remarkable Power—Scientists Believe Her to Be Sincere.

London.—Under trance influence, writing Greek, a language which in her normal state she has not the slightest knowledge of, is the accomplishment of a Frenchwoman who is astonishing the expert psychologists of Europe.

Prof. Richet, the eminent investigator of physical phenomena in France, lectured on this remarkable woman, whose identity he did not disclose, before the Society of Psychological Research and an audience including Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. Barrett and other noted students of this subject.

Prof. Richet said that observations, authentic or unauthentic, in which acquaintance with a foreign language was found in people who could not by normal means have any notion of that language, were not very common.

The person who had written these Greek phrases in a state of somnambulism or of half-consciousness was a lady 34 years of age, who was not a professional medium. He would call her Mme. X. He first saw Mme. X. in Paris, in November, 1899, their common friend, Frederic Myers, having arranged the meeting.

On that occasion Mme. X. almost lost consciousness, and in a state of trance, her eyes closed, wrote with difficulty in pencil a sentence in Greek.

Some days afterward, being again in the same state of trance, Mme. X. wrote some more Greek words, signifying "Greeting! I am the all powerful!" by name Antoine Renouard.

Give thanks to God." The name of Antoine Renouard was the name of M. Richet's great-grandfather, Antoine Augustin Renouard, publisher and bibliophile in Paris (1770-1853), who had published several editions of Greek authors.

Subsequently Mme. X. sent him a communication written in Greek, in four parts of unequal length, and in characters of unequal size. It was discovered, almost by accident, that the first phrase was a translation of a passage in "Paul et Virginie." It was impossible to find a Greek translation of "Paul et Virginie," so he addressed himself to Dr. Vlavionos, of Athens, telling him what he wanted and why he wanted it.

Prof. Richet expressed himself as being absolutely convinced of the good faith of Mme. X., but, apart from that, it would have been impossible for her to deceive, even had she been capable of doing so. Her MSS. were in modern Greek, of which, as of ancient Greek, she was entirely ignorant.

A QUEER GLOWWORM.

Smithsonian Institution Is Asked to Classify Insect Found by Conductor.

Bessemer, Ala.—Conductor Gleason, of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, captured a peculiar worm on Red Mountain that no one has yet been able to class, and he has sent it to the Smithsonian Institution to have it examined and named. The worm is about two and one-half inches long, of a dark color, no fur or hairs, but a shell-like back, there being 11 joints and at each joint a yellow streak across the back.

On each side where the worm comes in contact with the ground are yellow dots, ten on each side. At night these streaks and dots are as bright as an electric light, and when crawling the worm looks not unlike a trolley car with many lights on the sides. It is not of the glowworm order, for the lights are steady and bright, and when first seen by Mr. Gleason the ground for some distance around the worm showed a steady, continuous light as bright as electricity.

FEAST FOR BLACKSNAKES.

Between Them They Manage to Devour One Hundred Chicks, Killing Fifty More.

Glassport, Pa.—Before he retired recently Eugene Carpenter of this place, went to his chicken house to make sure that a brood of 150 little chickens was safe. Then he locked the doors of the place and went to bed in peace. When he again visited the chicken house he found 50 chicks lying on the floor dead, while the others were nowhere in sight.

TEA UNDER MICROSCOPE.

Revelations Which Are Hardly Palatable to the Devotees of the Soothing Brew.

"Have a look," said the histologist. And he rose from the beautiful, delicate microscope and his companion took his place, states the New York Herald.

There was a little fiddling and adjusting of tiny screws. Then the tyro said: "Ugh! Ghastly! What have we here? A railroad wreck?" "You are looking," answered the histologist, "at a part of the remains of a Ceylonese caterpillar."

He withdrew that slide and put another in its place. "Another tragedy?" the tyro asked. "The remains of a beetle," the histologist replied.

A third slide was placed beneath the lens. "This," said the tyro, "should be a battlefield."

"It is only," returned the scientist, "a commingling of the desiccated fragments of a fly, a centipede, a moth and a slug."

The tyro yawned. "Histology is interesting," he said, in a bored voice. "Where did you get these specimens?"

"Out of a packet of tea," "A packet of tea? What kind of tea?" "Ordinary tea."

"Heavens! I am a tea drinker. Explain yourself!" The historian, smiling, said: "Tea grows on bushes. The leaves are plucked by hand. Imagine yourself stripping rosebush after rosebush, miles on miles, of their leaves. Well, that is what tea picking is like."

"The native pickers work fast. They pick as many as 25 pounds of leaves in a day—a bundle bigger than a man."

"Now the tea plant is the prey of a hundred insects, and the picker in his haste doesn't pause to brush off each leaf or to wash it, for he works, so we say, by piece work."

The picked leaves are dried on charcoal fires. They shrivel under the heat, and the insect larvae and chrysalids among them change to dust. This dust looks, to the ordinary eye, like leaf fragments. But under the microscope, it looks, as you remarked, like an insect railroad wreck or a pigmy battlefield. It tastes like—but you know as well as I do what it tastes like."

"To-morrow," said the other, "I am going to bring some of my wife's tea here to examine with you."

TOLD IN MUSICAL PHRASE.

The Opera Editor Graphically Describes the "Movements" of a Prize Fight.

Owing to a severe condition of short-handedness on the staff, relates the Detroit Free Press, the music editor was sent to cover a prize fight, with the following result:

"An entertainment of unusual novelty attracted a large masculine audience at the armory last night. The chief number on the programme consisted of a duet between two well-known artists and the work was divided into ten short movements. Both of the chief artists of the evening were becomingly attired in a novel and striking costume consisting of something like abbreviated bathing suits, shoes and heavy stockings. The first movement started about andantino, but went sempre accelerando to a molto vivace at the end. There was some rapid staccato work on the part of each performer throughout the movement and when a large gong rang at the end of a short interval, both walked to a corner of the roped-in platform. At the beginning of the second movement, there was a strong tendency to pianissimo work and the soft pedal was used with much effect on both sides."

"Shortly before the end of this movement, one of the artists was carried away with excitement and struck the other, sforzando, con due pedale e molto piu vivace. The compliment was returned, con amore, and both subsided again as the gong rang."

"At the opening of the third movement, the original theme was resumed and was treated with great freedom throughout. The straight-arm motif was introduced, molto placivo, and the rendition became so fast and furious as to hinder accurate observation. The composition suddenly assumed the characteristics of the unfinished symphony, one performer being overcome by his emotion and failing to continue. The applause was furious for the other artist, who was made the recipient of the most frenzied demonstrations from the audience. The composer of the unfinished composition is reported to have been the late marquis of Queensbury, little known as a musical writer."

Laughs at \$5 Each. "Insulting behavior" is a very elastic charge in Australia. It may cover anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Its latest application comes from Bendigo. In that golden city, where the late marquis of Salisbury tried his luck as a digger, the authorities of a Methodist church decided to suppress juvenile gigging. They introduced a policeman in plain clothes, and he detected a couple of small boys laughing during the evening service. The boys were brought into court on a charge of "insulting behavior" and fined \$5 each.—London Chronicle.

An Object Guaranteed. "Do you feel sure of finding anything in your arctic expeditions?" asked the unscientific person. "Certainly," answered the ardent explorer. "There are always remains of previous expeditions to be found."—Washington Star.

WILL BREED BLOODHOUNDS

State of Mississippi Needs Better Dogs to Run Down Escaping Criminals.

New Orleans, La.—Several recent failures to run down escaping criminals with bloodhounds and some mistakes made by the hounds in tracking the wrong persons have convinced the Mississippi authorities of the necessity of improving the breed of hounds.

There are no state hounds, and the authorities are compelled to depend upon such packs as the sheriffs or fanciers may offer. These are far from satisfactory, for the local business done by the hounds is not sufficient to justify any considerable expenditure in raising or maintaining them.

On the other hand, the greater freedom granted the convicts because of the system of state convict farms, renders some better provision for their recapture necessary. The beginning of a state pack has been made by the purchase by the state of the bloodhound, Robin Hood, said to be the finest in Mississippi.

Robin Hood will be used in running down all escaped convicts from the state farm at Rankin county, under the direction of Sergeant Poney. He will be used also to improve the breed of dogs at the several state farms.

Robin Hood came from a kennel at Lexington, Ky., and has made a fine record in tracking fugitives in southern Mississippi, where he was owned by a man who is now a trusty convict. At Wiggins, in Harrison county, he took up the trail of a murderer 24 hours old and ran the criminal to earth. At Pica-yune he was equally successful with a 12-hour-old trail, and so far he has made no mistake or failure.

He is a light brown, has a massive jaw that will bring the stoutest fugitive to the earth, and has the striking dull red eyes of the thoroughbred bloodhound. He is so dreaded among the negro convicts that his very presence on the Rankin county farm will reduce the number of convicts who break for liberty.

BOY SLEEPS EIGHT WEEKS.

Child of Six Suffering with Spinal Meningitis Comes Out of Coma After Long Period.

New York.—A six-year-old boy in Yonkers, attacked with spinal meningitis, was in a deep sleep for more than eight weeks. He has lost the sight of one eye; his weight has fallen off from 67 to 35 pounds; he is fed artificially and has been sleeping on an ice pillow, yet there is a chance that he may recover.

The boy who has gone through all this and has excited the interest of physicians all over the country, is Joseph Canopi, the son of a contractor. Several months ago he ate a hearty supper and shortly afterward complained of feeling ill. His parents sent for Dr. Edward Duffy. The little fellow became unconscious. Dr. Duffy pronounced his ailment to be cerebro-spinal meningitis. From the time the boy lapsed into unconsciousness until recently he has not once been awake. All efforts to arouse him from the stupor have proved futile.

Dr. Edward Hernandez, of Yonkers, has also attended the boy. Dr. Parlington, of the health board, is greatly interested in the case. He declared that it is unparalleled in medical history. There have been numerous instances of persons remaining in a state of coma for many days, but none so prolonged as the case of Canopi.

Physicians account for the condition of the boy on the theory that a blood clot has formed on the brain. His spine is covered with an ice coil and his head rests on a pillow filled with ice. It is hoped that the clot may be absorbed or reduced. It is the remarkable vitality of the youngster that has kept him alive so far.

GERMAN CHILD DEATH RATE Mortality for Fatherland Heads List—Statistics Which Prove Teuton Fierce.

Washington.—Infant mortality among the industrial nations of the world shows some surprising results. Figures have recently been compiled which show Germany to have a mortality among infants less than a year old more than twice that of France and nearly twice that of the United States. The question has been raised whether the industrial growth of Germany has contributed to this result, and the conclusion is drawn that if it has, Germany is purchasing her industrial progress at a great cost. It is pointed out that while the United States has advanced industrially even farther than Germany, high wages and the abundance and cheapness of food have materially contributed to the welfare of the inhabitants.

Deaths among children under one year of age in Germany in 1901 numbered 420,223, while in Austria the number was 200,906, in Switzerland 13,312, Italy 175,856, France 121,684, Great Britain 167,976 and in the United States in 1900 199,325. The percentage of total deaths in those nations among children compared with the total deaths of all ages, was as follows: Germany 36.8, Austria 31.8, Switzerland 22.2, Italy 24.6, France 15.5, Great Britain 26.6, and the United States 19.2.

New Potatoes at All Seasons. New potatoes every day in the year, raised without any vines or outward visible sign of their growth, is the accomplishment of a Great Falls (Mont.) inventor. He has been in correspondence with a Chicago man, who states that if the experimenter makes good his claim he will give \$100,000 for the controlling interest in the invention.

aiding THE BLIND.

EDUCATION ADVANTAGES PROVIDED BY UNCLE SAM.

Books and Music Provided by the Library of Congress for Instruction and Entertainment.

Uncle Sam has 65,000 blind children—children who on account of their affliction are unable to enjoy the pleasures and pastimes of their more fortunate brothers and sisters—yet they are not all unhappy, says the Washington Star.

The kindly old fellow has not forgotten the afflicted ones, but has done much to give them education and entertainment, comfort and joy. This he has provided not alone by the publication, through an invested sum, of such books as the blind can read, but in the library of congress at Washington.

To one of these blind children—Helen Marr Campbell—is given the credit of much of the advancement along educational lines and hours of pleasure that are afforded by the library of congress.

From its inception until the present date there has been a steady increase in the number of visitors in the reading-room for the blind in the library of congress. This is oftentimes the first place the daily visitor to the library wishes to see. One part of the room is reserved for the sole use of the blind who come to read, and another part is for visitors who desire to see what kinds of books are prepared for the blind who can read them, the writing machines, slates and other instruments provided for the accommodation of the blind who desire to write.

In accordance with an act of congress in 1879 \$250,000 was invested in permanent securities of the United States in order that the proceeds could be applied to the making of apparatus and books for the education of the blind, which have been distributed annually in the schools for the blind in the several states. There have already been prepared a large number of books from this fund, and the catalogue includes popular literature and technical subjects.

The reading-rooms for the blind are situated in the northwestern corner of the ground floor of the great structure, and are large and well appointed. The window sills are full of flowers and everything is made as cozy and attractive as possible, even though those for whom they are intended cannot see them. The walls are lined with book racks loaded down with books prepared especially for the blind. Then there are the typewriters that print raised letters and which are operated by persons who cannot even see the keyboard. There are periodicals and newspapers especially for the blind and all about the room one can see the visitors enjoying the stories as they read them by slipping their finger tips over the pages.

Every afternoon in the week there are readings by volunteers for an hour, and many blind persons attend them. Volunteers for this purpose are never lacking, and in fact there is always an abundance of talent at the disposal of the library officials. That the blind visitors appreciate and enjoy these daily treats is attested by the large number who are always in attendance each afternoon, "rain or shine."

One peculiar thing about the reading-room for the blind is the large number of people that are always grouped about the table containing the music made for the blind to read. One way of printing the music is by the use of raised notes on a raised staff, but this is not so frequently used as the one which the octave is numbered and each note spelled out by name and each phrase written as a paragraph, the notes for the right and left hands written separately. The blind musician as a rule memorizes the notes for the right hand and then those for the left.

Catching Wild Horses. The bronco is born for the saddle, but it is given to resisting his fate, and endeavors to make reciprocal the unpleasantness with which human beings are associated in his mind. Indians first captured him by the simple process of walking down through days and nights of wild dashes and short rests, of interrupted meals, thirst and anxiety, to final exhaustion. The white man's system of catching wild horses is essentially the same. Two or more men, with supplies and swift horses, work together. When a herd is sighted one man follows it for all he is worth, while the others make camp. When the horse of the first man is exhausted he returns and another takes his place. The herd, kept on the jump, with little chance to eat, soon becomes tired out, and is then easily driven to the corral. This method is practicable because the herd while fleeing returns to the same general locality.—Country Life in America.

Land of the Creeks. The valley lying between the Verdigris and Grand rivers in Indian territory, embracing a tract of land from 5 to 20 miles wide and 70 miles long, is one of the oldest inhabited portions of Indian territory, the Creeks having settled there 75 years ago. This valley has been entered lately by a railroad, the Missouri, Kansas & Oklahoma.—Kansas City Times.

An Unselfish Maid. He—I admire Miss Stillwell because of her unselfishness. She—So do I. She is one of the most admirable listeners I ever talked to.

THE SOUL OF PORT ARTHUR

Kondrachenko, the Russian, Whose Engineering Skill Contrived the Splendid Defense.

Apparently—and this has been the cry throughout the whole campaign, whether on sea or land—the Russian garrison lacked in the matter of leadership. But when a body of men are gathered together with the one determination of self-preservation, and it is found that the elected leaders are unworthy of the confidence placed in them, it has ever been observed that somewhere in the company a man will appear who, by superiority in intellect and moral courage, naturally usurps the position of leader. Such was the case in Port Arthur, says "Chasseur," in Blackwood's Magazine. Stossel, though he may have possessed many excellent qualities, was not of hard enough stuff to carry through without support. In the moment of emergency the best officers will come to the front, and we find in the ill-fated Kondrachenko the heart and soul of the splendid defense which the Port Arthur garrison made against perhaps the most scientific, persistent and victorious siege that has ever, in the history of war, been pressed against a beleaguered garrison. Until the unlucky shell entered the casemate in which Kondrachenko was issuing his orders, the garrison of Port Arthur showed a front which rendered the advent of the Baltic fleet a menace not altogether chimerical. But once he was gone, the whole fabric seemed to wither, and within a very few days the permanent enciente was pierced. We have then the pathetic incident of a surrendered garrison.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS. A Right Merry Jest That Was Turned Upon a Facetious American Traveler.

Among the reviews to hand from the Spanish newspapers concerning "Two Argonauts in Spain" we find one from Las Novedades. This journal devotes a column and a half to the book, speaking of it in high terms, says the San Francisco Argonaut. It closes by saying:

"Dos Argonautas en Espana makes an agreeable impression; it leaves pleasant recollections when you close it; it is one of the few books of travel which we have lately seen that may be read with pleasure."

"But we cannot refrain from commenting on a curious joke of this American traveler. He says: 'We were told that Spain is a land where everything is fried, where the gridiron has never been known except for broiling heretics.'"

"We will pardon us for pointing out to him that the custom of cooking human beings alive is no longer practiced in Spain, but seems to be highly popular in the southern part of the United States."

"Twas a right merry jest, but it seems to work two ways!"

WHERE WHISKY WAS USEFUL

Firemen Pour It Down Their Backs and Into Rubber Boots in Cold Weather.

In the coldest weather of last winter, while a big fire was in progress in the metropolis, the chief of a fire-fighting battalion was asked to have a drink, relates the New York Sun.

"I will have some whisky," he said, "but I won't drink it."

With the man who had invited him, he went to the back room of a saloon and ordered whisky. He did not offer to touch the glass to his lips.

"Pour it down the back of my neck," he said. "It soaks my flannels and does me more good than if I were to put it in my stomach, and it's a heap less dangerous."

"O this is no new wrinkle," he said, when questioned. "Some firemen put it down the back of their necks and some pour it in their rubber boots. Both ways are good, but I like mine on my back. It's an old trick of firemen when they get very cold. Of course all firemen do not take their whisky this way. It would be a better thing for them and for the department if they did."

Great Things Yet to Be. The world is only beginning. We have done nothing, said nothing, sung nothing. The history of the past is the history of one empire at a time; now several empires must compete together—among them, that miracle of conquest and greater miracle of slow becoming, set dispersedly about the world, but linked together, grasped and held by the embracing sea, our own ocean-state, "Imperial Britain, mighty and aware." The world will yet know greater men than Caesar and Napoleon, deeper passion and wider humanity than Shakespeare's, a music still more elemental than Wagner's, a sadder soul than Schopenhauer's, a more triumphant intellect than Nietzsche's, beauty more entrancing than Helen's.—London Outlook.

Boats on Nile. Besides the unique craft used by natives on the Nile, good weather sees hundreds of graceful white winged boats flitting over its surface. Sometimes there are so many sailboats that it is almost impossible to steer a safe course through the maze. The effect of seeing modern pleasure craft silhouetted against a background of ancient temples is one of the attractive features of a journey up the Nile.

Lesser of Two Evils. "I don't see why you asked Mr. Bohr to sing," said the popular girl's sister. "I hated to do it," was the reply. "but it was the only way to make him stop talking."—Stray Stories.

THE GARDENER COULD TELL

Phenomenon That Puzzled Scientists Was Easily Explained by Him.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, said at a dinner in Washington: "The simplest causes sometimes produce the most puzzling effects."

"Some years ago I spent the month of August at a friend's villa at Long Branch. My host, with six or seven of us, was walking through the garden one day after luncheon, when we came to a great glass globe, set half in the shade and half in the sun."

"Here's a strange thing," some one said. "The half of the globe that is in the shade is warmer than the half that is in the sun."

"Impossible!" we chorused. "But we touched the globe, and found that the glass actually was warmer in the shade than in the sun."

"Then everybody tried to explain this phenomenon, and the most remarkable theories for it were advanced."

"One said it was an effect of reflection, another that it was an effect of refraction, another that the exhalatory law—and so forth and so on."

"But I had spied the gardener cutting roses, and I called him over to us. 'Perhaps you,' I said, 'can tell us why the half of this glass bowl that is in the sun is cooler than the half that is in the shade?'"

"Why, yes, sir," said the gardener; "I think I can. You see, just before you came out, I turned the bowl around for fear of its cracking in the great heat."

SPORTSMEN FOR OFFICERS

Their Outdoor Life and Horsemanship Fits Them for Good Cavalry Service.

What we want in our cavalry are sportsmen, say the Nineteenth Century. Why was it the Boers were so good at scouting? Not because they were scientific soldiers, or were particularly well educated. They were neither. But because of the outdoor and sporting life they led. The cavalryman who can afford to hunt and play polo is, other things being equal, a more useful man in the country than the man who only plays cricket and lawn tennis, and never gets on a horse except on parade. He is a better horseman, and, what is even more important on service, he is a better horse master. He develops an eye for country, and is accustomed to making up his mind in a hurry. Some of the best scouting work in South Africa was done by the fox-hunting officers of the first contingent of yeomanry. We have the authority of the late commander-in-chief that these sports are the best training for cavalry officers, and this view is so strongly held in America that, instead of prohibiting polo, 40 ponies are kept at the public expense at West Point for the use of the students. Now, it is only men who are fairly well off who can afford to indulge in these pastimes, and, instead of driving them out of the cavalry, it seems to me it would be wiser to try and keep them, at any rate until we have something to put in their places.

BECAUSE HE COULDN'T RUN That Was Why Uncle Ned Thought "Marse Tom" Was Unfit for Soldiering.

There was some discussion at the dinner table as to the advisability of the army as a career for one of the younger members of the family, just coming to manhood, relates Youth's Companion.

Uncle Ned preserved his usual impassive silence as he stood behind the table and passed the dishes. But when the meal was finished he hastened out to overtake the young man whose career was to be determined, as he was making his way to the stables.

Uncle Ned had never unlearned the vocabulary of his youth. "Now, see here, Marse Tom," he impetuously, "doan' yo' do no sech a ting as dat—doan' yo' do it!"

"Why not?" laughed the other, good-naturedly.

"Kase, Marse Tom," and here the old man lowered his voice considerably, "yo's got a tech o' sumpin' dat's mighty like de rheumatiz, an' rheumatiz is death on runnin'. Marse Tom, an' what show's a sojer got what can't run when de time comes?"

Jersey Farmer's Thrift.

A thrifty Jersey farmer across the Hudson from New York has started a new industry. This farmer, who owns a large field not far from Fort Lee, and which abounds in dandelions, sits at the sole entrance to the field on Sunday and exacts a fee of five cents for each person who enters to pick dandelions. His sons and daughters keep a close watch for small boys who may seek to clamber over the fence. An alarm is at once raised and the intruder summarily ejected. One of his neighbors estimated that the field would yield a revenue of at least \$10 a Sunday during the dandelion season.

The Difference.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me five dollars and I'd lend it to you, it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so. Lorain—And if you returned it, that would be a miracle.—Boston Herald.

Bright and Timely.

The Senator—I'm due to turn in a thesis subject this week, and I simply can't decide on one. Her Sophomore Sister—How would the molecular energy of fudge do?—Puck.