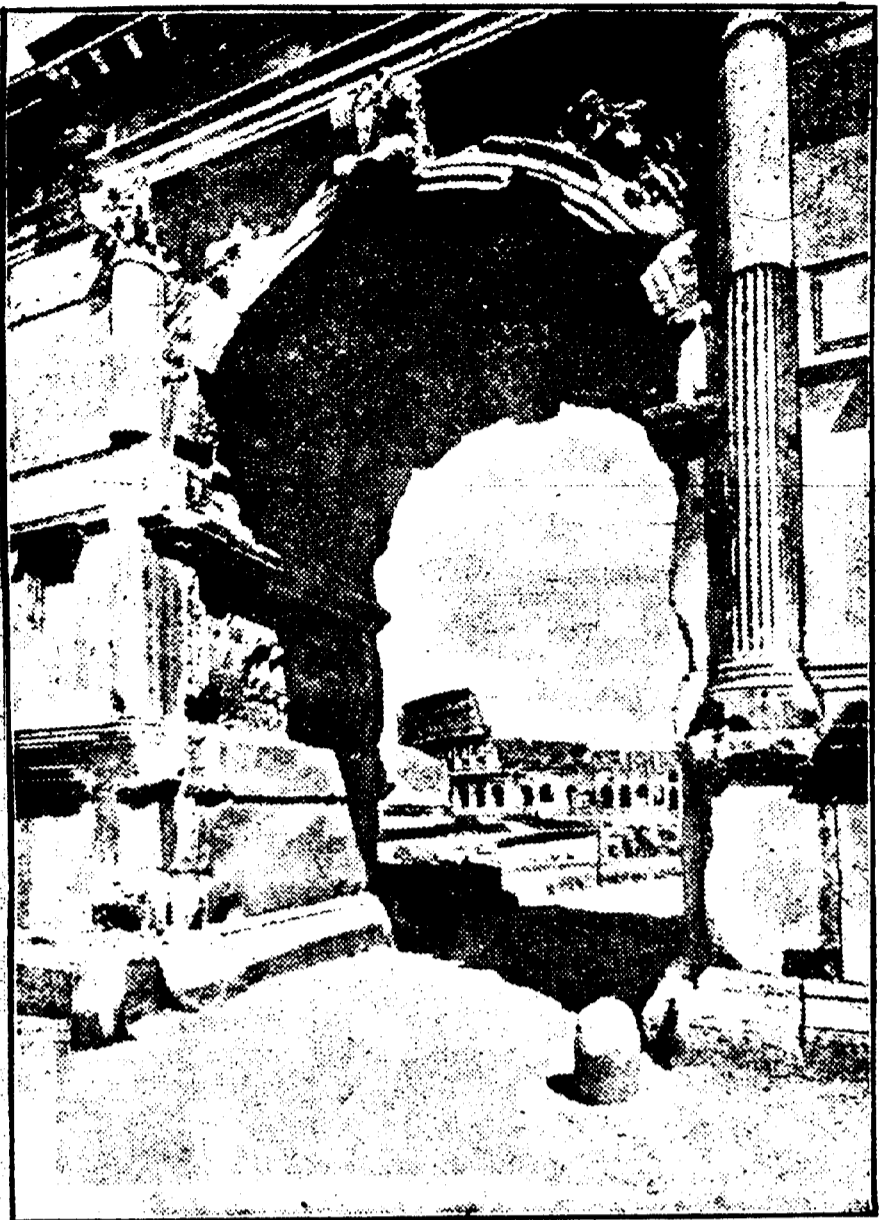


SCENE IN ANCIENT ROME



The Arch of Titus in the city of Rome commemorates the destruction of Jerusalem, the triumph of the emperor being recorded in the bas-reliefs adorning the sides and passageway. The Coliseum, with its memories of Christian martyrs, gladiatorial combats and wild beast fights, is the greatest monument of Roman civilization.

HAS RARE DISEASE

WOMAN'S BLOOD MADE DEADLY FLUID BY AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Nervous System Turned Into Active Poison Producing Plant—Case One Almost Unheard Of In Ordinary Practice.

New York—One of the most remarkable cases of that rarest of maladies, auto-toxic poisoning, is interesting the house staff and consulting physicians of the Fordham hospital in the person of Mrs. Ida Perazzo, widow of a steamship captain who perished in a marine disaster on the Mediterranean two years ago. Mrs. Perazzo, a slight, pale little woman, 31 years old, has two children, a boy, Lawrence, seven years old, and Florentine, nine years old. The woman's condition is extremely critical.

The strange feature of the case is that the other day was to have been the occasion of Mrs. Perazzo's second marriage, but apparently her unrest of mind was such that her hysterical condition and overwrought nerves converted her blood into virulent poison by auto-suggestion. To such an advanced stage had her malady progressed that she was seized with convulsions.

Tests for epilepsy, when applied at the Fordham hospital, failed to result in a confirmation of the first diagnosis, and Dr. Reilly, the house surgeon, concluded from various marked symptoms that the woman had been poisoned. Inquiry into the history of her case speedily convinced Dr. Reilly and his staff that they had on their hands one of the first cases of auto-toxic poisoning ever recorded in New York.

Investigation showed that Mrs. Perazzo came to this country from Italy three months ago. She was bowed down by incessant grieving over the tragic death of her husband, and in nightmares constantly saw him on the bridge of his sinking ship, the Regina, plying between Genoa and Marseilles.

From investigation of this woman's case and a consultation of the authorities on this disease—who are scarce, as there are so few recorded cases—I am convinced that this woman is a victim of auto-toxic poison.

Carl Mabrey of Forest lost one of his front teeth. He cut a piece from the handle of his tooth brush and with the aid of a file fashioned a molar, leaving a prong on the end which he pushed up into the gum. He says he is satisfied with the job.

The Annual Roster. "Do you know the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "Yes, indeed," answered Young Mrs. Torkins. "All I have to do to see the difference is to observe Charley at the beginning and at the end of a baseball season."

OLD WAR HEROES HONORED.

Veterans of Mexican Campaigns Give Medals by Texas.

San Antonio, Tex.—Two worn and battle-scarred veterans—Alphons Steele and W. P. Zuber—survivors of the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, addressed the Texas legislature a few days ago. Both of these men are nearly centenarians, and it was a picturesque climax when the state librarian entered the hall of legislation, carrying a stained and faded Mexican flag, captured by the Texans under San Houston in that memorable battle, and spread it over the speaker's stand, by which the two feeble old veterans stood and told their stories of that battle.

Mr. Zuber, who is approaching 90 years of age, told of his frantic efforts to get a good rifle after the battle began, his own having got out of order and would not discharge. He said that he offered Mr. Steele all the money he had in the world, \$10.50, for his rifle. Mr. Steele, who is 92 years of age and has 200 living descendants, gave a graphic description of the memorable charge made by the Texans early in the afternoon of April 21, 1836, which caught the Mexicans taking their afternoon nap and scattered them to the four winds. Medals of honor were granted by the legislature to these veterans, who played such an honorable part in the history of the state.

HAT MAKES WOMAN MISS TRAIN.

Big Box Has to Be Cut Away Before She Can Leave Street Car.

Fruitville, Cal.—An immense Easter bonnet caused a woman to miss her train, blocked the entryway of a street car and was removed only by the knife of the motorman of the car. All this came about when a boy with a huge box placed himself on the rear platform of the car. No trouble came until a woman passenger attempted to get by the bonnet and discovered that it could not be moved. The woman appealed to the conductor, declaring that she was in haste to make a train.

He advised her to jump over the obstacle, but she refused to attempt the feat. Finally the motorman was appealed to and he severed the strings about the bonnet. When the millinery creation which it contained was revealed the box was kicked out of the way. Released, the woman set out in frantic pursuit of her train, while the boy proceeded to deliver the hat without its bonnet.

Made Tooth for Himself. Bellefontaine, O.—The man who can shave himself is common and novel, but a man who has no knowledge of dentistry but can make his own teeth and place them in his head is a genius.

Discovers Two New Planets. Paris.—The astronomer, Gailiot, has announced before the Academy of Sciences that he had discovered two new planets situated beyond Neptune, which is the outermost known planet of the solar system. M. Gailiot stated that he had used the methods which had enabled Leverrier by mathematical calculations to assign to Neptune a position within the boundaries of a certain region, which permitted of its discovery in 1846.

SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON.

Thoughtful Wife Had Provided Husband with a Sample.

He stood irresolutely in front of the woman's stocking counter for a few minutes, then with a determined expression on his face he elbowed his way between two women shoppers and accosted the saleslady.

"Have you any light blue stockings?" he said; "you see I—"

"Gents' furnishings, third counter to the left," drawled the girl, as she reached for a box on the upper shelf. "No, I don't want them for myself," said the man, getting red. "You see, my wife is in the country and she wants me to get two pair of light blue silk stockings for her."

RESTFUL TO EYES AND NERVES.

Green is One of Nature's Cures for Worry and Fatigue.

"If the whole of London were painted green it would have a wonderful effect upon the health and spirits of us Londoners," said one of the leading specialists to a Mirror writer. "Eyesight and health are most closely connected, and among town dwellers eyesight is steadily deteriorating. Green is one of nature's cures for worry and fatigue. Watch a man who is worrying or tired out and see how often he will wander to a window from which he can gaze on a tree in leaf. Instinctively his eyes seek the restful green of the foliage. A great deal of the good obtained from a visit to the country is from the incessant environment of the green fields and green lawns."

A green room, too, is a splendid thing. I know of a case of a popular actress who could never understand why it was that in a certain room in her house she could always rest so much better than in any other one. She mentioned the fact to me one day, and I pointed out to her that the paper and furniture were entirely green."

See Dictionary and Get Light.

The chap who patronizes cheap restaurants picks up numerous ineradicable wrong notions which he persists in repeating to such acquaintances as sit at his feet and swallow his ipse dixits. "Now," he will spout, "everybody knows that 'rabbit' is vegetable, while 'rabbit' might be either flesh or fowl. So we have Long Island rabbit—a hare, and Long Island rabbit—a fowl. A restaurant man is lucid if not right." But he doesn't tell where the toast, the ale, the cheese, the sauce and the baking powder come in! Nor does he tell why this delectable dish is called "Welsh." There are famous Welsh hares, the finest of hunting; but why should cheese and toast, etc., make a Welsh rabbit? Why not a Scotch rabbit? Why not a Texas rabbit? Why not a jack rabbit, the noblest animal of his race? More light, more light! This thing is hazy.

Puzzle for Cupid.

A young man named Jamie had been calling quite often where there were two sisters of nearly the same age. It was a sort of joke to the girls as to which was the attraction, as he invariably asked for both, and divided his attention impartially. One evening when he called only one of the girls was at home—by arrangement—but, as usual, he asked her to sing, as they were all fond of music. In a spirit of mischief she sang, "Take Me, Jamie, Dear," which left him rather breathless, but smiling. A little later the other sister came in, bright and bewitching, and upon being requested to sing she sat down at the piano willingly and sang, "What Jamie Asks Me to Marry Him What Shall I Say?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Civility of Cornish Folk.

Here let me record how pleasant it is to travel about in the country districts in Cornwall. Few of the people you meet cross your path without passing the time of day. If you ask the way you are invariably answered civilly. You are not told to go straight on and then ask again. No, you are directed with great minuteness of detail as to the proper course you should take. As likely as not, so I have found it, your casually picked up friend will say after an elaborate explanation of the right way that you will never find it alone and set off with you to the point you wish to gain.—London Anti-quer.

A "Perpetual" Lamp.

The "perpetual lamp" of Prof. Moles is a glass flask of gelatine supporting a colony of phosphorescent bacteria. The light is less than that of a candle, but is sufficient for photography, and germinating peas and lentils turn to it as a source of energy. Being without heat rays, it represents the much-sought cold light.

These Funerals!

"Speeder found his garage full of small boys last night, all drunk. They had been inhaling the fumes from his gasoline tank."

"What the doctors call auto-intoxication, eh?"

HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY TRUTH.

Why She Took Up Her Abode at the Bottom of a Well.

"I am naked," said Truth, and shivered. "Come here," said the Gaffer, "and I will dress you as you should be dressed." And so Truth was rigged out in the garments he provided for her. She presented a sorry figure, and many people took her for an emphy. Looking at herself in the glass, she discovered that something was wrong. And so she flung aside the garments and started forth once more.

"I am still naked," she moaned. "As if," cried the Scientist, "I hadn't been waiting all these years to show you just how you should be garbed." And so he caught her, and fitted her out with a complete wardrobe. It certainly looked alluring. Truth was fetching in the extreme. She looked so convincing that she was almost ready to believe she had now become, through the force of outward appearances, the real thing. But alas! Her colors did not wear. As fast as her clothes were made for her by this new tailor they faded. And so once more Truth stole away and denuded herself.

"Still naked," she murmured. A theologian came along. "And so," he said, "perhaps you will be ready now to believe that I can improve your appearance." And he promptly togged her out in surplice and stole and put a solemn mask on her face.

Truth stood it as long as she could. "I am suffocating," she exclaimed at last, and tore off the mask and the other robes and started to run away. "Come here," said Good Society, "and I will give you precedence over the mighty."

PUT ON TO A NEW WRINKLE.

City Salesman Learned Something About Regulation of Watches.

"After carrying a watch for 30 years I have just learned something new in watch lore," said the city salesman. "I don't know whether it is true or not, but an old watchmaker told me. I bought a watch of him the other day. It was a cheap watch. He said: 'What pocket are you going to carry your watch in—the right or left?'"

"I told him the left."

"Then," said he, "I will regulate it for the left."

"I asked what difference it made, and he declared that a watch runs faster on the left side than on the right, so to keep it from gaining time he regulates it accordingly. In fine watches the difference is hardly worth considering, but in watches of cheap make like mine it is very noticeable. I asked for a scientific reason for this variation. He could give none; said he only knew it was true, and then, whether he was faking or not, he pretended to regulate my watch for the left pocket."

A Legal Triumph.

A seasoned old lawyer was cross-examining a recalcitrant witness. The question at issue was the identification of an individual charged with assault and battery. For some time the lawyer endeavored to break down the attempt on the part of the witness to describe the guilty party, and at last, becoming irritated, he put the following question:

"You say the assailant had black hair?"

"I did," calmly replied the witness.

"What is the color of my hair?" continued the attorney.

"It is brown," was the answer.

Thereupon the lawyer rose to his feet, and snatching off his wig, which disclosed a pate as bald as an egg, belabored out as he glanced in triumph toward the jury box, "What is the color of it now?"—Harper's Weekly.

Jim Crow.

The crow is the cough and daw of Shakespeare, the raven of Poe, and the jackdaw, magpie and rook of English story writers. His inky highness is a remarkably cunning bird, and an ardent roguer, but superstitious withal, for, great crowd thief that he is, a common white string strung on poles around a field will keep him out better than would a tight fence a mile high. If you have a gun you can't get near him; otherwise you can. I have seen him steal a hen's egg out of a nest and fly off with it, and he did it by running his beak through the shell at one end, and holding the delicious morsel close to his breast by bending his neck, and so flying away.—New York Press.

The Lost Leisure.

Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack horses and the slow wagons, and the peddlers who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement; prone to excursion trains, art museums, periodical literature and exciting novels.—George Elliot.

A Wily One.

"While hunting in the woods I got on the track of a black bear, which I shot five times before he dropped!" "A hard one to kill, eh?" "Yes. Even after he dropped lifeless he was dead game!"—Bohemian Magazine.

HER SHARE IN THE OWNERSHIP.

Something Proud Young Father Seemed in Danger of Forgetting.

He picked up the baby, he hoped, just as if picking babies up were an every-day occurrence. In point of fact, he remembered that an elderly lady had told him in his youth that cats, when lifted, like to be supported with a hand held underneath, and he thought that this principle would work out with babies, and it did. And having awakened Louise, he handed her back, triumphant, to Constance, diffusing an air of competency, as though he could help rear any number of children at once. At any rate, she was comforted. Whether he knew much or little, he stood back of her.

It may be that John's success as a father led him to seem vainglorious when he was not. He certainly put on airs about the baby. It was not long after this that he lured two old friends ostensibly to dinner. His invitation did not include a visit to Louise, and, of course, it was merely an accident that she should have been awake at the time when they were there. As a matter of fact, she usually awoke at that hour, but the moon didn't know this—or perhaps they wouldn't have come. Men have a becoming shyness about babies, and these were bachelors.

John had arrived at that state of arrogance when he actually went over to the crib, and asking no one's permission, picked Louise up and displayed her to the two men, who were as embarrassed as a dog in the presence of a June bug. He laid her down again with an expert hand, and ostentatiously changed the subject, to show that he was not among those fathers who pushed their children down other people's throats. But his manner said:

"This is my baby, and when you fellows can show me anything as interesting you will be of value to society."

It was after they had gone that Constance came up, and put her hands on John's shoulders, and said: "After all, you know, it's my baby, too."—Woman's Home Companion.

REASON FOR THIS SLANG TERM.

Medical Men Say One Really Sees Blue When Fainting.

The use of the word "blue" to denote melancholy or terror, as in the phrases to "feel blue," "blue devil," a "blue funk," and so on, is not entirely figurative, if we are to credit a recent medical writer.

The class of phenomena that includes fainting, vertigo, nausea, etc., is controlled by certain brain centers that also bring about a sort of cramp of the external muscles of the eye. The resulting compression of the organ causes objects to look gray or bluish, and ultimately produces apparent darkness.

The use of the word, having a physiological basis, is common to many languages. The French say, for instance, "I see blue." A writer says that the French word *bleuissement* (giddiness) should be spelled *bleuissement*, and has the same origin.

The Perforated Joke Sheet.

The jokesmith displayed a sheet of paper, perforated, like a sheet of postage stamps, into five-inch squares, and gummed, like stamps, on the back.

"This is my new perforated jokesmith's joke sheet," he said, "patent applied for. Each square has my name and address on it, and on each square I write a joke. Then I send the full sheet to my best-paying editor, and he tears out the jokes he wants and returns the sheet to me, when I send it out again. This is kept up till the ink joke is sold."

"It's a good idea. The gum on the back? Oh, that allows the editor to affix each joke to a sheet of copy paper without troubling his own paste pot."

"The patent sheet will soon be on sale at a reasonable figure at all jokesmiths' supply stores."

Germs.

"All our diseases are due to microscopic animals—germs," said a doctor. "Every man Jack of us is a living world, inhabited by millions of races of germs, some harmless, some deadly."

"Medicine used to be a crazy, guess-work trade. You gave a drug—it did this or it didn't do that—nobody knew why. But medicine is now as exact as gardening. As the gardener treats his plants, killing off this insect with a spray and that parasite with a powder, and generally keeping the garden healthy, so the doctor does with his patients, spraying them, so to say, and killing the harmful germ parasites that swarm in their blood."

College Foolishness Barred.

"John," said the farmer. "I've given you the best education the college had in the shop."

"Yes, sir."

"Never stood back for expense?"

"Never."

"You speak six languages?"

"Perfectly."

"So fur, so good. Now, listen: Don't swear at the mule in Greek; don't use no Latin terms to him, an' s'ing no French his way. Use the Georgy dialect that you an' the mule was raised to; it's my opinion that that mule won't stand no college foolishness!"

The Secret of Success.

"Picck," said the financier, "is the secret of success."

"Well," interrupted the shabby man, "I'll give you \$10 if you'll teach me your method of piccking."

HUSBY EFFECTED QUICK CURE.

Sick Wife Aroused by Contemplation of Her Successor.

"William, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," said she, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful William.

"Yes, William, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming widow Jones across the way. She has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear, she could never fill your place, but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"William Henry Brown!" exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered, as she partly raised herself upon the pillow. "If you ever dare install that red-headed, freckle-faced, squint-eyed hussy in my shoes, I'll—!" And then she fainted.

But the next day Mrs. Brown was able to sit up, and two days later she was downstairs.

HAD HER LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Woman's Tastes Not Satisfied with What Was "Good for Her."

A young society matron who gives one day a week to philanthropic work undertook a class for training mothers under my direction. In reality it was a class in cooking, for the young matron is an enthusiast upon proper combinations of wholesome food. The women came and listened, and then I suggested that the homes should be visited to see what had been accomplished.

One day she called upon one of her class in the early morning. The woman was frying cakes in deep fat.

"Oh, dear," said the young matron, "why don't you cook oatmeal for the children, as I showed you? You know the cakes are not good for you?"

"No'm," cheerfully agreed the woman, as she flipped the cakes upon a platter. "I know. I know. But I don't like what's good for me. I like what I like."

And the society matron has started a sewing class.—New York Times.

Misapplying Music.

"I went to a fashionable wedding the other day," remarked a man who has little time for such things, "and I was decidedly impressed by the character of the music that was played while the assembled guests were waiting for the wedding party to arrive. The principal number played by the orchestra was an air from one of the most modern operas. It marks the entrance of the heroine of the piece, who is coming on the scene to take part in a wedding of compliance with the hero, who is generally regarded as one of the greatest blackguards in the world of opera knows. Every character on the stage knows that the Buddhist wedding ceremony that is to take place is a sham and the marriage turns out to be a tragedy of the shabbiest sort. And yet that music was played in a church that stands for intelligence if any one congregation in this town does."—Exchange.

A Sad Case.

An Ateshian man has lain in an unconscious state ever since ten o'clock last night. Everything has been done to arouse him, but all efforts are unavailing. His friends are greatly alarmed; they fear he may never regain consciousness. It seemed that yesterday evening right after diner the man picked up his hat, put on his overcoat and, although his wife was sitting right in the room, she did not say, "where are you going?" He walked out of the house. At ten o'clock in the evening the man returned. He walked into the room where his wife sat and took off his hat and overcoat. She smiled at him pleasantly and did not say, "where have you been?" The man fell unconscious to the floor.—Acheson Globe.

Simple Arithmetic.

A Philadelphian of some scientific attainments was one evening porting over the wine list at his club, when his interest was excited by the prices shown.

"Barker," said he to the waiter. "I observe that the list offers some sherry at 75 cents and some at four dollars. Now, what is the difference between the brands?"

The waiter looked surprised. "Bark pedoo, sir," said he, with that blankness permitted an old servant, "but it does seem remarkable that such highly educated gentleman can't do a simple bit of arithmetic like that!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Weed That Steals Oysters.

A seaweed has invaded the oyster beds of France and carried off 400,000 oysters. It has carried them off bodily, as a thief would do.

The minute seeds of this weed float up the English channel in the current of the Gulf stream, they settle on oysters in the Breton beds of Morbihan, Quiberon and Belle-Ile, and they grow to the size of a duck's egg.