

PAID TO SMOKE PIPES.

Men in London Who Color Meerschaums Have a Good Living by Smoking.

Coloring meerschaum is a long and delicate process, and unless a man likes to do a difficult feat there is no reason why he should set himself to the task of putting a beautiful shade on his costly pipe. This is a business in itself, and an experienced smoker knows, or can learn, the location of establishments to which he can take his pipe and have it smoked until the desired color is obtained. Such an enterprise exists in the outskirts of London and makes a fine competence for the proprietor, an Austrian, says the New York Press. It is a large house that used to be the country seat of an English gentleman. Bitter come every day a score of young men who are the experienced employes of the house. They pass upstairs to the business room in the rear of the house, seat themselves in arm-chairs and forthwith begin their day's work of coloring meerschaum pipes. Each one knows the art of smoking steadily, neither too fast nor too slow. The tobacco they use is a special blend of the proprietor, for he knows it is only rarely that the right kind of tobacco is used for that purpose. The bowls of the pipes which these young men smoke are covered with wash leather, so that they cannot by any chance be harmed or improperly stained. The highly accomplished among these young fellows can get away with four ounces of tobacco a day. They are paid well, and they have their regular holidays. Some of them have been with their employer for five years. But it isn't a business in which one may stay a lifetime, for though they appear to be able to smoke for years, night and day, without hurting them, when they get to be old men their occupation has made them too nervous to be useful. The proprietor himself smokes not at all except when he is teaching an apprentice how to go about it. The new hand receives a cheap pipe, and after being told how to go ahead is left to himself to show what he can do. There are prize competitions, and these 30 newly arrived young men, who are on an upper floor, when they become proficient are graduated to take their seats with the notables on the second floor back. This kind of work as a rule takes all the time and attention of the men, but some of them are so perfect that they can devote themselves to designing shapes and figures for new pipes, special attention being given to the possibility of producing quaint effects in the coloring. The best meerschaums, it is said, come from Turkey, and the designs are worked out and cut upon the meerschaum in Vienna. Probably the class who are the best buyers of those colored-to-order meerschaums are collegians, who want to show fine pipes, but who have neither the patience nor the skill to produce the effect themselves.

THEIR LUNGS KEEP SOUND.

According to This Account Butchers Are Immune from Consumption in Any Form. "Butchers never die of consumption." The big man with his sleeves rolled up wielding the cleaver at the block said this as he threw a beefsteak on the scale, relates the New York Mail and Express. It sounded more like a trade superstition than a fact, but so far as diligent inquiry has been able to discover it is true, although not generally known outside of the meat chopping craft. Butchers are no longer lived than men in other walks of life. They are subjected to all the other ills that human flesh is heir to, but consumption they do not have. So far as a reporter was able to learn not a single case in the record of a butcher in this city being afflicted with the incurable wasting of the lungs which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims annually. The fact is well known among butchers and has been often the subject of their comment, although none of them can give a reason for it. "No," said a man who has swung sides and rounds in Washington market for the last 20 years, "I have had rheumatism and typhoid fever and lots of other things, but nothing has ever been out of gear with my lungs and the same is true of every other butcher in this town. I know nearly all of them and I never heard of one of them having consumption. They don't drink blood or take any especially good care—of themselves either. I don't know why it should be so, unless it's because the continual inhaling of an atmosphere of fresh meat is strengthening. "I have often thought when hearing of consumptives going to Colorado and Egypt that I know of a climate nearer home that would do the business just as well. If they would stay in this stall for awhile and swing meat they would get well quite as quickly as they would on the top of Pike's Peak."

REDEEMER OF KIAM CHILDREN.

At the age of 47, Mrs. Smyly, a well-known philanthropist, has just died in Dublin. More than 1,000 children are maintained in homes established through her exertions. While still a very young woman she founded a little school for poor children in a hay-loft in a Dublin street. She collected not less than £12,000 per annum in the cause of the destitute children of Dublin. As the result of her labors seven homes and four free day schools have been established in the city, and in cooperation with the Irish Nest at Kingston, have turned many thousands of hopeless, stum children into good and useful citizens of the British empire.—N. Y. Post.

RECORDS LIGHTNING

A Priest's Device Gets Every Flash Within a Hundred Miles.

Unique Invention of Father Odenbach of Cleveland and Some of Its Remarkable Features.

A very important achievement has been added to the recent developments of electrical and meteorological science by Father Odenbach, of St. Ignatius college. This Cleveland priest has long been recognized as occupying a foremost place among American scientists, and his latest invention will be noted with great interest both in this country and in the scientific circles of Europe, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. In the meteorological observatory on the tower of the college building in Jersey street, Father Odenbach has set up an instrument which records every flash of lightning within a radius of nearly 100 miles. The apparatus is extremely complicated and not easy of comprehension to one who has not a scientific education. The theory, however, is the same as that of the Marconi wireless telegraphy. The electric waves, coming from a great distance or from near at hand, are collected and brought through a series of delicate appliances to a recorder, which notes each impression with a distinct click, similar to the click of a telegraph instrument. The tower of St. Ignatius college is roofed with plate copper. This forms an excellent "collector" for the electric rays. Connected with this copper roofed tower is the lightning rod, which is a copper cable. When Father Odenbach first conceived the idea of working out his theory he noted that the tower was just suitable for his purpose. He accordingly had the lightning rod cut off and directed through the observatory instead of leading to the ground. On this rod he fixes his delicate recording instruments, and was highly pleased to note that they worked exactly as he had expected. Father Odenbach was not entirely satisfied, however, as in case of a bolt striking the lightning rod it would be conducted directly through the observatory, destroy all the apparatus and probably kill whoever was present. He accordingly reset the lightning rod, and conducted only a small thread cable through the receiving and recording apparatus. He found that this worked exactly as well, and also obviated all danger of accident. One day lately Cleveland was visited by its first electric storm of the season. Hours before the storm broke, when the sky was absolutely clear and no sign of lightning anywhere to be seen, the instrument was busy clicking off its record of flashes from distant clouds. During the approach, duration and recession of the storm the record continued accurate and unbroken, every flash being instantaneously recorded, and the record continuing after the flashes had become too distant to be visible. All day the instrument was busy with its recording, although scarcely a flash was visible. Father Odenbach's invention is absolutely unique in America, and the first lightning recorder ever devised or set up on this side of the Atlantic. An Italian named Roggio has worked out a scheme for the same purpose, but in practical working the instrument of Father Odenbach's is far superior in every respect. Father Odenbach believes that a lightning recorder will become an important instrument for meteorological offices. It will enable observers to note with certainty the approach of thunderstorms and squalls, local disturbances which it is impossible for any forecaster to predict with accuracy. The instrument as at present arranged records by sound only. Father Odenbach is at work upon a mechanical appliance by which the record will be automatically placed on paper, thus rendering it unnecessary to watch the instrument in order to get continuous observations.

SCULPTOR OF GREAT MEN.

Hamo Thornycroft is a sculptor of heroes. He is at present engaged on the statue of Mr. Gladstone, which is one day to adorn London. The Cromwell statue at Westminster, which, in spite of the controversy over it, is one of the finest monuments of the metropolis, is also his. Gen. Gordon in Trafalgar square is Mr. Thornycroft's work, and the statue of Earl Granville in the houses of parliament was carved by his hand. John Bright at Rochdale is another of Mr. Thornycroft's statues, and his work is known, indeed, all over the kingdom and the empire. There are a Gordon statue from his studio in Melbourne, a statue of Sir Stuart Bayley in Calcutta, and others in several towns in the United Kingdom.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PLAIN ENGLISH IN DECISIONS.

Some of the young gentlemen now busy over their books in the law schools or law offices will be delivering the opinion of the court long before the clock strikes 1900. This is an additional reason why all those young gentlemen (since the wisest of us cannot pick out the future judges now) should be incited and required to study two or three (at least) of the John Marshall decisions, for the style no less than for the matter. He said what he had to say in simple, straightforward English every time. The ability to do that is worth having, and it is much rarer among the eminent occupants of the bench than it ought to be.—Harford Courant.

NO REAL INDIANS IN CUBA.

But a Race Hitherto Unknown Has Recently Been Discovered on the Island.

Stewart Culin, curator of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Art and Science, returned recently from a trip to Cuba, where he investigated reports of the existence of savage Indians in the interior of the island, reports the Philadelphia Press.

Although there are no wild red men there, Mr. Culin found several bands of so-called Indians who intermarry only among themselves, possess Indian characteristics, straight black hair, copper-colored skin and high cheek bones, but have no tribal organization. They have few customs which differ from rural Cuba generally, and retain little more of their own language than is the common property of the natives.

Concerning the so-called Indians and Cuba representing the aborigines, Curator Culin said: "There has been an importation of Indians into Cuba from Yucatan by way of San Domingo since the middle of the last century, which complicates the question of the survival of the aboriginal inhabitants of Cuba. From the evidence I procured in Barracoa there is little doubt that the Indian settlement at Yara dates back to the period of the Spanish conquest. The native houses are of Indian design and many of the prevailing customs are of Indian origin. Men in the rural districts of the island, have simply reverted to a state which with recent wars is unhappily not far removed from savagery. At the same time the cordial hospitality of the people, their gaily and lively interest and curiosity do much to compensate for the wretchedness of living."

Visiting the interior of the island, the curator said he saw the so-called Indian Almarraes who says he is 112 years old. He has few Indian characteristics, and no special traditions. The Indians of Yateras, said the curator, differ from the Cuban country folk generally only in physical appearance, although they are said to be lazier, a trait which is not attributed to the rural inhabitants.

In other expeditions Mr. Culin procured some Indian skulls in caves and also obtained fragments of pottery, an art now lost to the so-called Indians.

THREE LITTLE ORPHAN BEARS.

Pathetic Sight in Michigan Pineria That Pictures the Horrors of Animal Slaughter.

"You get a pretty good idea of the other side of the wild animal question by reading Ernest Seton-Thompson," said a gentleman who has just returned from a northern trip to a group gathered in a West side drawing-room the other night, relates the Chicago Record-Herald. "You see the wonderfully sympathetic side as you are never shown it by the writers of the usual adventure story. But it takes an actual experience to bring home to you the real horrors of the slaughter of the dumb things. "When I was in Michigan a few weeks ago I had just this experience. I was passing through Harmon City, which is in a pretty wild sort of country. A couple of men from the village were doing some work on the outskirts when they caught sight of bear tracks. They followed for awhile, and then set a heavy trap. Later they returned and they had a bear, sure enough. She was a large brute, with dumb, beseeching eyes, from which the tears rolled as they might have rolled from a human being. I went with others and was a witness of the tragedy. The men simply shot her to death as she lay there, with her right forepaw held in that awful grip of steel. "Then the men waited around until the old bear, her husband, came in sight. He wasn't trapped, but he was killed just as expeditiously. The poor beasts had no show. But the most pathetic sight, to me, was the three little cubs which had followed their mother to the scene of her death, and which whimped like sorrowful babies over the killing of their parents. "When the big bears were killed one of the little cubs, about the size of a small shepherd dog, climbed to the branch of the tree on which their bodies were suspended and looked down in wonder at the still, dead faces. Another little bear sniffed feebly at the swaying body of his mother, while the third put his paws, trustingly and pathetically, upon the knees of one of the men whose rifles had done the work. I'm not much of a sentimentalist, but those three little orphan bears kept me from talking out loud for half an hour."

HAVE YOU MET THIS WOMAN?

Her husband is all right—but he is so fat! Her little boy is all right—but he is growing so spindling! Her home is all right—but the paint is too light! Did she like the last lecture at the club? Liked what he said very much—but his hair was cut so short—like a prize fighter! Her new tailor suit is all right—but Mrs. Xyz has her coat a trifle, the merriest shred, longer, and it's much better! Her new hat is elegant—but if that ribbon was a shade darker, now!—Boston Herald.

EXTENT OF HIS MARKSMANSHIP.

Hoax. Jones does a lot of talking about being a sportsman. I wonder if he ever shot anything. Joax—Well, he was up on the St. Lawrence once, and I believe he shot the rapids.—Philadelphia Record.

HAN MUST MAKE HIMSELF.

You must put a man in the harness to get his gait. Pedigree doesn't go.—Atchison Globe.

SAFE-CRACKING A PAST ART.

Safe-Makers Ahead at Present in the Competition—Some Up-to-Date Burglar Devices.

It is declared at police headquarters that the notoriety obtained the other day by a Yonkers burglar by means of a supposedly brand-new electric dark lantern was not wholly deserved, says the New York Post. For at least five years, the police say, this lantern has been on the market, and has been in very general use by the more progressive class of burglars. In looks this device resembles a diminutive police billy. The electricity is generated from a dry battery in the butt of the lantern, and is thrown into a tiny incandescent bulb at the other end by means of a brass ring. By twisting this ring half round the stick the light is turned on or off at will.

In connection with this discovery it may be interesting to learn that safe-cracking is becoming a lost art. Not only do the police boast of this, but the best burglars sadly acknowledge it. One day recently in the detective bureau at headquarters one Pat Cody, a member of the old heroic school of crackmen and a past master in the art of solving burglar-proof locks and combinations, conceded not without feeling that there was no longer "anything doing." Cody is the inventor of a "vest-pocket burglar's outfit" that has yet to be equalled for compactness. The entire set of tools, consisting of drills, jimmies, and fuses to the number of 30 or 40, can be contained in a traveling medicine-case. In the same envelope with the photograph of Pat Cody—which the police say they will always cherish—there is a sample of this outfit which was obtained surreptitiously and without the inventor's consent. That it was made by a machinist of more than ordinary ability is shown in the skill and delicacy with which each instrument is fashioned. The threads on some of the smaller drills are as fine as those used in the bearings of a watch.

In the presence of this old-fashioned burglar one of the central office detectives explained to a visitor the reasons why safe-cracking as a fine art could no longer exist. He gave all the credit to the inventors and manufacturers of modern burglar-proof vaults and the old-fashioned burglar concurred in all his remarks. "The safe-makers have become too skillful for the safe-crackers," the detective declared; "there is not a bank vault constructed nowadays that could not withstand an over-Saturday-and-Sunday assault upon it. "There isn't a man living," added the burglar, "that's got enough Sundays coming to him to even make a start on one of them."

The visitor noticed that the burglar did not use the term "crib." "Isn't it professional to call them 'cribs'?" he asked. The ancient crackmen and the detective looked at each other and smiled. "The boy burglars say crib," explained the former. "Out west and in the south," the officer went on, "where the banks are either too poor or too shiftless to put in modern safes, there is still a field open for crackmen, but it is on a limited scale."

"The pickings won't pay car-fare," corroborated the burglar. "For those small jobs," the detective resumed, "an implement known as the 'Cody drag' is used with the best results. This method consists in drilling a hole, or several of them, through the door of the safe or vault; these holes are threaded, and a long screw-head is twisted into the holes and turned against the inner lining until something has to give. It is the same principle as jacking up a car."

INFANTILE CURIOSITY.

Katherine is 2 1/2 years old. Her father came home the other afternoon after working three days and nights under high pressure, with no sleep to speak of, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Within five minutes the battle of Manila bay would not have aroused him. Three-quarters of an hour later from the depths of his dreams, he heard a clear, small voice: "Father—father—father—father!" The sleeper stirred and sank deeper. "Father—father!" He stirred again and moaned. "Father—father—father!" He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When sight came to him he saw Katherine, smiling divinely behind his couch. "Father—father!" "What is it, daughter?" "Father, are you having a nice nap?"—N. Y. Sun.

SHREWD.

Mr. Timmins—What are you doing now, dear? Mrs. Timmins—I'm writing to the Smiths, asking them to dinner to meet the Joneses, and to the Joneses asking them to meet the Smiths. We owe them both dinners, you know. "But I've heard they've quarreled and don't speak." "I don't know that. They will refuse, and we needn't give a dinner party at all."—Boston Herald.

SLEEP-WALKING A MYSTERY.

Scientists Are Still Puzzled Over Many Phases of the Psychological Phenomenon.

"Sleep walking is something better understood now than formerly, but psychologists are not thoroughly agreed in regard to many of the phases," observed a well-known physician to a Washington Star reporter. "One of the recent cases, that of a young man out west walking ten miles to visit his father, and of an even more recent case, that of a young lady walking three miles on a cold night in her nightgown, without awakening, upsets many of the previously accepted theories. It had been thought that exposure to intense cold as well as intense heat would awaken the sleep walker, but in these cases, which are well authenticated, it appears that this opinion, while correct possibly in the main, is not always so. "In my early days when attending lectures at a medical college in Baltimore I, with some other medical students, witnessed one of the famous sleep-walking cases that is quoted in many of the standard books. One night we were passing along Lexington street where the Lexington street market is located. One of our party called attention to a moving figure clad in white on the roof of the market building. It proved to be that of a girl about 17 years of age. She had lost a canary bird the afternoon before, which was last seen on the eaves of the roof of the market-house. Darkness came on, however, before a thorough search for the bird could be made, and it was given up. The girl went to bed and during the night left her bed and returned to the market-house and climbed to its roof. This in itself was not a very difficult task, for there were a series of sheds leading to it. She walked the entire length of one side of the roof. At every step it seemed she would step over the edge, and had she done so she would likely have been killed. "Our party divided up and one, now the leading physician of Charleston, S. C., climbed to the roof and seized the girl. She woke the instant he touched her and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could keep her from falling, for while in her sleep she appeared to be very light, when she was a very poor climber, when awake. It was a clear case of sleep-walking and had she gone ten feet further she would have found the bird, which had roosted for the night in the rain gutter which ran along the roof, and where it was found a few minutes afterward. Sleep-walking is much more frequent than is generally understood, though as a rule it is confined to children. I have known of several cases of adults who would take walks in their sleep as often as once in a week."

HUMAN LIFE EVER SACRED.

Count Leo Tolstol, the Russian Writer, Holds That Suicide is Never Justifiable.

Count Leo Tolstol, the famous Russian philosopher and novelist, is not among those who uphold the right of a man to take his own life. In a private letter recently published in Russia, the count says: "The question 'Has a Man a Right to Take His Own Life?' is incorrectly framed. In this matter there can be no question of right. We can only ask if it is wise (and therefore, moral, for wisdom and morality are identical) to kill one's self. No, it is foolish, as foolish as it would be to cut the stalk of a plant that one wishes to destroy. The plant does not perish, but its growth becomes distorted. "Life is indestructible, it is independent of time and space and therefore death can only alter the form of life and destroy its manifestations in this world. But if I put an end to my life in this world, in the first place I do not know whether life in the next will be more agreeable, and, in the second place, I deprive myself of the possibility of winning for myself all that may be attainable in this world. "Besides, and this is the main point, it is foolish for me to kill myself because, by putting an end to my earthly life merely because it seems unpleasant, I show that I have a perverted idea of the object of life. "I assume its object to be enjoyment, while its real purposes should be the perfecting of my individuality (ego) and the service of humanity in general. Suicide is, therefore, immoral. Our life is given to us to be used until its natural end in the service of others. But the suicide enjoys life only so long as it seems pleasant to him, whereas in all probability its usefulness is just beginning when it becomes unpleasant. Every task is disagreeable at first."

FATAL SUFFERERS.

It is contended by physicians that if two-thirds of the body be burned badly the sufferer will die from the effects. The skin which has been severely burned is unable to throw off perspiration. The pores are, temporarily at least, closed, and the impurities of the body which should escape in this way are confined in the body. It is believed that if two-thirds of the pores be closed this poison will prove fatal. The disease is known as auto-toxication or self-poisoning.—N. Y. World.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Women generally love in others what they lack themselves." "So they say." "These accounts, then, for that fondness for cats. Cats aren't afraid of mice."—Philadelphia Times.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Marriage a Failure.—"Poor Matie, her marriage was a disappointment." "Was it?" "Oh, yes; she didn't get half the nice presents she counted on."—Boston Traveler.

After the Dinner.—Dumleigh—"It was an awful trial for me to make that speech to-night." Milday—"Don't mention it, old boy; just think what the rest of us suffered!"—Boston Transcript.

"Are you going down to the church this morning? They are going to pray for rain." "No; I haven't time this morning. But I'll get out the lawn hose and do what I can to help the cause along."—Indianapolis News.

Not at All Common.—"I should think the Spink girls would feel their disgrace. Their father has been proved a common thief." "Nothing of the sort. Why, he appropriated nearly a quarter of a million!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Oh, sir, won't you go in and stop that man and his wife from fighting? Just listen to that!" "Who? Me? Not much, I won't. I remember too vividly the fate of the fellow who interfered between me and my wife."—London Answers.

Circumstances Altered.—"What an effeminate boy young Doodley is." "Yes, he's always smoking cigarettes." "His cousin Mabel is quite the other extreme, very mannish." "Is that so?" "Yes; she smokes cigarettes."—Philadelphia Press.

A Youthful Casuist.—"Harold, what are you and Reginald quarreling about?" called out the foad papa. "Why, Reginald swallowed the pen-nies out of his bank," answered Harold, "and now he says he has more cents than I have."—Baltimore American.

Rather Busy.—Breaker—"That young man you introduced me to must be a millionaire the way he spends money." Surfton—"Not at all; but you see he has to get rid of his year's salary at eight dollars a week in five days' vacation."—Ohio State Journal.

MOUSE FOILED A PLOT.

Small Rodent Upset Young Woman's Scheme to Defraud at Least Moment.

A leading oculist of Montreal, whose practice extends far outside the boundaries of the city, relates, according to the Syracuse Herald, that one day a young woman came into his office accompanied by an older woman, apparently the mother. The young woman wore colored glasses, which one might have assumed to be superfluous, as it was claimed that the girl was totally blind. What was wanted of the doctor was a certificate authenticating this claim of blindness, putting it beyond dispute; and it was frankly stated that the object in seeking this was to obtain certain aids and advantages of a philanthropic nature, impossible of access otherwise. The standing of the oculist was such that a statement from him would carry full weight wherever presented. On examination of the surface of the eyes gave no indication of any defect; but that might be so and blindness still exist. Applying tests of the strongest light, the girl professed herself to be absolutely unable to distinguish between light and darkness. Other tests were resorted to, trying in their nature, and some of them very painful, and these were all borne with patience and courage. The doctor was puzzled and baffled. Apparently the girl was stone blind, but he was unable to solve the problem of those eyes, to discover the cause of that blindness, or say just where the defect lay. The doctor was more than half-disposed to grant the desired certificate, when, as a last expedient, he hit upon a novel experiment. He dismissed his patient with instructions that she should come again at a certain hour the following day, and this gave the oculist time to arrange for the carrying out of his plan. When the girl came the next day the doctor had her securely blindfolded with a heavy bandage over her eyes. He then took a tiny mouse which he had procured and held the lovely little thing by its tail before the girl's face, though not touching her, while he ordered the bandage to be removed. No sooner was the bandage off than her screams rang through the place and her eyes were wide with terror at the harmless little rodent which had thrown her so completely off her guard and exposed the imposture. Of course she saw it or she would not have screamed. Needless to say the applicant did not get that certificate.

TEA CONNOISSEURS.

No faddists in the world are more particular than men tea drinkers. It is very well known that there are certain brands of tea, sold only to connoisseurs, that costs anywhere from \$18 to \$25 a pound. Very little of this grade of tea is allowed to leave China. It is kept there for the nobility. But there is a permanent guest at a Chestnut street family hotel who gets a quarterly supply of it, and he guards the tea as though it was so much gold. At morning and evening meals the one waiter who attends to him brings the tea caddy from his room to the dining-room. The man unlocks it, measures out a brew of tea with terror over it there and then. The pot does not leave the table until it is empty. Once, as a special mark of favor, the connoisseur gave the waiter a brew of his precious tea to take home to his sick wife. He said when he gave it that he would rather have parted with a dollar bill, but that the tea would do the invalid more good.—Philadelphia Times.