

ABOUT PERITYPHLITIS.

Something About the Malady from Which the King of England Was Recently Released.

Perityphlitis, the malady that prevented the coronation of Edward VII., is an inflammation of the parts around the beginning of the large intestine, which is inflammation of the little pig-tail-like pouch attached to and opening into this part of the bowel. In this country, states Youth's Companion, surgeons generally advise an operation for the removal of this inflamed and seemingly useless appendix before the disease has ulcerated through its walls and excited inflammation of the parts around it. In England, as was shown in the case of the king, the practice is usually to let the inflammation go on until the abscess has formed around the appendix, and then to open this abscess and let the matter out. Instead of interfering with nature's work, and taking away the inflamed part before it has a chance to do any harm, they let nature do her share by forming the abscess and eating away the appendix, and then, by a more rapid and, on the face of it, less serious operation, they remove the debris and let the abscess cavity heal. This would be well enough and very commendable if nature always worked in the right way, but she does not. Sometimes she bores a hole in the appendix too quickly, and sets up inflammation in the general abdominal cavity before there has been time for the formation of the sac which is to limit the abscess. In such cases it would have been better to perform the more serious operation and remove the appendix before it had worked this irreparable mischief. Appendicitis, with its consecutive perityphlitis, may be caused by a number of conditions, such as the lodgment of a small seed or other insoluble body in the appendix; the retention and hardening of a little of the ordinary intestinal contents, which then act as an irritant as the seed acts; an ordinary catarrh of the intestine extending to the lining membrane of the appendix; the poison of typhoid fever or of dysentery; rheumatism, or a new growth like cancer. The least frequent cause, perhaps—contrary to popular belief—is the lodgment of seeds in the appendix. The disease is very common, and few people have not had it more or less severely. Usually the attack is mild and recovery natural. When it is severe, operation is necessary, either early to cut short the appendicitis, or later to remove the abscess of perityphlitis; and in the interests of the patient the early operation is the one usually advised by American physicians.

ENEMY OF BEES AND BUGS.

The Blossoms of the Common Milkweed Lure Many Insects to Their Death.

Honey bees and insects and bugs of less degree find pitfalls and often death in the beautiful blossoms of the milkweed, otherwise known as the Virginia swallowwort, says a writer in Nature. If these flowers are examined any sunny day one will be pretty sure to find them decorated with a miscellaneous assortment of struggling or dead insects with their legs fast in the pits of the peculiar blossoms. The pollen of this common plant, instead of being a powder, as in the case of most plants, consists of sticky, waxen masses hidden within the blossom. When a visiting insect thrusts a proboscis or leg into the opening of such a flower some of these masses stick to it and the natural course is for the insect to fly off to another flower and fertilize this with the adhering pollen. All insects, however, are not strong enough to extract their legs from the sticky places, and then ensues the slow torture of hanging there until death or a helping hand releases them from misery. Besides being beautiful, it could be quite a useful plant if we could develop its virtues. Thus its milky juice contains caoutchouc; brown sugar has been made from the flowers; the silky hairs of the seeds are serviceable in the manufacture of textile fabrics, as cotton is, and a fiber of good quality for ropemaking may be extracted from the stalk.

Hedgehog Worsted Viper.

M. Guignat, a French scientist, contributes an account of a fight which he recently witnessed between a hedgehog and a viper. The two enemies knew very well at first sight who was who, and eyed each other as if they knew a moment's inattention would be fatal. The viper was the first to get tired of gazing and it began to glide away. Just then the hedgehog rushed for the viper's tail, and having nailed it fast with its teeth it rolled itself up. The hedgehog was very careful, however, not to cut the tail off. The viper curled back and delivered furious assaults on its aggressor, wrestling and rolling with the curled-up hedgehog all over the place. At length the snake, wounded in a hundred places, died. The hedgehog began its repast on the tail of its victim and was careful not to eat the head.—Nature.

What a Horse-Power Is.

A horse power is the force required to lift a dead weight of 33,000 pounds one foot a minute. To find the horse power of an engine multiply the area of the piston in inches by the average steam pressure in pounds per square inch. Multiply the product by the travel of the piston in feet per minute and divide that product by 33,000. If an engine is rated at 75-horse power it will raise 33,000 pounds one foot 75 times in one minute.—Industrial Journal.

A LAND OF GHOSTS.

White-Robed Specters Walk Abroad Undisturbed on the Island of St. Thomas, West Indies.

"I have just come from a country where ghosts are part of the population and don't count," said a young woman who has been at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, writes the Detroit Free Press. "I went down there with a friend and she found accommodations for us in an old stone building perched on the cliffs, so near the sea that the waves shook it. We had separate rooms, but nobody said anything to us about ghosts. Indeed, there was hardly time for that, because on the very first day, and not very long after I had unpacked my things and settled down to rest a moment and enjoy the view, I had my first visitor of the uncanny sort. As is the custom there, the door of the room was not locked, but to prevent too sudden intrusion by callers (they never think of knocking), a screen is set up in front of the door. I was sitting by the window (the sun was shining brightly at the time), when, from behind the screen, very quietly walked a nice-looking young girl of 18 or 19, dressed in white, and with two long braids of very black hair hanging down over her shoulders in front. I did not notice further particularly, thinking she was a maid, as I had not yet become acquainted with the household. She stood at the foot of the bed, just away from the screen, as if awaiting orders and I asked her what she wanted. She did not reply, but turned and went behind the screen again, and, thinking it rather strange, I went to see what she was doing. There was nothing behind the screen and the door was shut. I had not heard it close, and, somewhat surprised, though not thinking of ghosts, I opened the door and looked out in the hall to see where the girl had gone. A maid was sweeping some distance down the hall, and I asked her if she had seen anyone go out, and she said she had not. That made me a little nervous, but I kept my own counsel. I was not going to start a ghost story for a beginning, anyway. Later in the afternoon I wanted a Bible and went to the landlady for it. She told me I would find one on the shelf in my room. I went after it, and in getting it down, as I had to climb for it, I dropped it and a photograph fell out. I picked it up, and much to my surprise I saw that it was a picture of the girl who had visited me. I went right away to the landlady. "Who is this?" I asked, quite carelessly. "It's a picture of a young lady who died in that room three months ago," said the landlady, taking it from my hands. "Died?" I almost screamed at her. "Why, I saw her in my room only this afternoon." "Oh, yes," smiled the landlady, quite unconcerned; "we have all seen her about the house, but she does no harm." "I was in a quandary. I didn't want to show the white feather, and I didn't want to live in the same room with a ghost. I didn't care if she was harmless. I didn't do that way with ghosts at home, and I wasn't used to it. At the same time, if the people in the house were not afraid, why should I be? But I was, just the same, and still I made up my mind to stay in that room. I confess when dark came I was decidedly nervous, but I reasoned that possibly a ghost which visited in the daytime stayed away at night; and as far as I could see, my reasoning was correct, and I got to bed without seeing anything. I hadn't been there, though, more than a few minutes when I felt something pull at the cover on the bed. I thought it might be a dog, and spoke to it, but received no answer. I got up and lighted my candle, but saw nothing and went back to bed, blowing out the light. Again I felt the tug at the covers, and they went down to the foot of the bed. I pulled them up, and I don't know how many times it was repeated, but I vowed and declared that I would not be chased away by a ghost. And I wasn't, for I was there in the morning, though I had not slept much, and was feeling very uncomfortable. I was out all that day, and when night came I still felt like holding the fort against my uncanny visitor. I went to bed as usual, but I guess my nerves were overwrought, for at the very first pull on the covers, as had happened the night before, I just could not stand it, and making a flying leap from the bed, I went with a wild rush to the room of my companion further down the hall, and, bolting right through mosquito netting and everything else, I landed on the back part of her bed, with her between me and what I had left behind, and there I stayed until morning. Next day I changed my room and there the ghost did not come. The landlady laughed at me, and so did others who were used to St. Thomas ghosts, but nobody could explain the mystery, and nobody seemed to care enough to bother about it. One man, who had had some experience, did say that the vibrations of the walls by the sea had something to do with it—loosened up the ghost, I suppose—but his explanation was very unsatisfactory, and I gave up my investigation. There were ghosts everywhere, apparently, and I accustomed myself to them as much as I could, but I never went into that first room again, and I never saw the girl in the white dress and the two braids of coal black hair.

JAPANESE COSTUMES.

There is Nothing More Charmingly Negligé for Home Wear Than the Kimono.

Rightly made and rightly worn, there is nothing more comfortable or more luxurious looking in the way of a negligé than a kimono. But the kimono should have the requisite width of shoulder, the real long sleeves, the whole dainty finish of the Japanese garment, to be a thing of art. Just how to give the inimitable touch only the Japanese themselves know, says the New York Tribune. A visitor from the far eastern country recently came to this part of the world, equipped not only with a useful store of English, but with 30 or more bewitching native costumes, has been helping a new-made friend to evolve one of the attractive garments out of some queer blue and white Japanese materials. All Japanese girls are taught at home how to sew, by the way. Naturally, the little Japanese woman took the lead. It must all be done after a certain order—first, the two long pieces cut and sewed together half way to form the back, then left open for the front; next, a slash must be cut on each side where the seam stops, to form the neck opening—just so far; and a tiny bamboo measuring stick is brought into use for this and other dimensions; then two narrow strips must be added to the fronts, just how far up the little measure determines, and sloped off toward the neck; the sleeves, long and wide, set on square to the shoulders are imperatively next, and the folding collar last of all. There are certain inexorable "musts" of finish about a kimono. The sleeve front corners must be made square for a child and rounded for a woman. The front edges of the hem at the skirt's bottom must be turned in at an angle; the collar must be made to fold by trying three tiny drawstrings. When worn the kimono fronts must be crossed with the left side out, the two-inch wide belt or "kimo" must go around the waist twice and be tied in a square knot, with short ends, in front, and over this the more elaborate girdle or "obi," with a cushion-like bow behind. Because, forsooth, all this is as it was in the beginning. To one who has struggled, who has watched one's maid struggle, to pack a summer wardrobe into even capacious trunks there is something most appealing about a kimono wardrobe and the small space it occupies. Another "must": Kimonos must always be folded in one way, which produces a compact, flat result, about the size and shape of a linen sheet fresh folded from the laundry, and a dozen or more kimonos in flat piles require amazingly little space. And the cost of these unique garments? In Japan a charming silk kimono, silk lined and beautifully made, costs five or six yen, which equals \$2.50 or three dollars of our money. Other kimonos, in linen, silk and crepe, range in price from one dollar to four dollars or five dollars, crepe being usually the most expensive. Although the Japanese visitor dresses in conventional American costume by day, she is only too glad to appear at the evening dinner in native costume, as her hostess urges. "It is so much more comfortable," the dark-eyed guest answers, in her childlike voice. Her outside kimono is of finest soft gray or dull blue, striped silk or pale green crepe, one and all lined with delicate-toned silk; but underneath this rather sober outer garment are worn two, three or four silk or crepe kimonos, in exquisitely rich colors. "We are proud to have very beautiful our kimonos that do not show," the soft voice explains, they do not show, except for the bits of color which their ample sleeves reveal at the wrists. To the practical color and fabric-loving American all this hidden beauty seems an arrant waste. The dainty little foreigner is in her finest when she wears a delicate pearl-gem silk outer kimono with her family's crest inconspicuously worn in white at the neck and wrists; a pale heliotrope neckcloth, or "haori," just showing, a sumptuous purple silk obi around her waist and just a suggestion of pale green and of white silk kimonos worn underneath the gray. In voice, manner and movements she is gentle and winning; her little hands and shapely wrists would be models for an artist; she is daintiness itself.

Belled Dressing.

This is also nice for cold slaw or may be used with other vegetable salads: Mix a desert spoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, half a teaspoonful of celery salt, with a large tablespoonful of butter. Stir in thoroughly the beaten yolks of two eggs and beat all to a cream, then beat in a cupful of cream, sour or sweet (if milk is used add another egg). Stir and cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken. Remove at once from the fire, and when cold beat in two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. A little sugar improves this dressing; but do not make it too sweet.—Washington Star.

Brine for Beef or Pork.

Five pounds brown sugar, eight pounds salt, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful saltpeper, five gallons of water to 100 pounds meat. Pour on boiling hot. The meat can be used as fresh. The broth from beef, used for soup or gravy. Park killed in July has been kept with this brine.—Ladies' World, New York.

A Worthy Utensil.

Broadway—Van Astor lives a very unobtrusive life. Manhattan—Yes, indeed. You never saw his name in the paper except once a year, when he is swearing off his taxes.—Judge.

GEMS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Strange Results Obtained from Experiments Upon Diamonds of Different Colors.

One of the traits by which real gems can be distinguished from paste is their power of fluorescence. Having been exposed to a strong light of any kind, and then transferred to a dark place, they emit a faint glow. They give back luminosity which has been absorbed. That is what fluorescence means. Few substances possess that quality. Generally the test is made with natural light. Sunshine gives the best results, perhaps. But certain artificial lights, like that of the candle, also bring out the nature of a gem clearly, says the New York Tribune. Recent experiments have been made by M. Chaumet with the electric arc light to ascertain its efficiency for the same purpose. This light is particularly rich in violet rays, which are supposed to be concerned in the phenomenon of fluorescence. The Electric World and Engineer says: "Diamonds that sparkle most vividly are not always those cut in the most regular shape, but those which show the greatest amount of fluorescence when examined with violet light. While diamonds that are nonfluorescent when exposed to this light simply take a violet coloration, the most sparkling stones show a notable fluorescence of a very luminous and clear blue. Diamonds, whatever their quality, always offer the same transparency to Roentgen rays, so that it is impossible to differentiate them by means of radiography. In a jewel case in which are grouped diamonds of all qualities the gems when illuminated by violet light assume different tints, some showing a vivid blue brilliance, while others are of a somber violet. As soon as the electric lamp is put out, all degrees of phosphorescence are noticeable. The jewel case appearing to be studded with violet or blue glow worms, some very bright, others almost extinct; and the most sparkling stone will be found to be the best." "In the course of his experiments, M. Chaumet has observed a curious fact with respect to a yellow diamond with numerous facets which showed remarkable golden reflections in daylight as well as in artificial light. The violet light produced no fluorescence in this case, but gave rise in place to flashes of an intensely red color, particularly noticeable on the feather-edged sides. A violet pencil of rays was projected upon this yellow diamond for a few minutes, when the experimenter found to his surprise that the yellow color had changed to dark brown, the stone thus losing four-fifths of its commercial value, which, however, was recovered after some hours."

NEED NOT KISS THE BIBLE.

For This Reason, It is Said, Perjury Has Been Greatly on the Increase in New Jersey.

The repeal of the law requiring witnesses to kiss the Bible has been followed in New Jersey by a marked increase in perjury and a movement, it is said, may be started to restore the custom, reports the Baltimore Sun. Prosecutor William J. Crossley, of Mercer county, in which Trenton is situated, is quoted as saying that "since the solemn practice of kissing the Bible has been eliminated from the oath witnesses in criminal trials recklessly perjure." This is due, he says, to the fact that "the witnesses in criminal trials usually are from a class that is not given to truth-telling except when in fear of eternal damnation of the soul or in dread of 30 days in jail for being caught lying. Many of this class of witnesses were awed by the old form of oath, which included the kissing of the Bible." Mr. Crossley does not hesitate to attribute the failure of justice in two important criminal cases to the fact that the moral influence of the Bible upon witnesses was lacking. The criminologist, adds Mr. Crossley, who appeared before the legislature, said that when a criminal intended committing perjury "he usually avoided kissing the Bible by declaring he had 'conscientious scruples.' He would then raise his right hand and affirm to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." In the issue joined between the state of New Jersey vs. Peter Jones, defendant, the witness knew he was committing statutory perjury, of course, for which he could, and probably would, be punished if caught. But the criminal argued that he was not 'going' again' the Bible, though, so he willingly aided his pal with any sort of story and took the chances of being tripped up by the state. Thus it would appear that while this reform may have contributed to physical hygiene it has not, in New Jersey at least, if Prof. Crossley isn't prevaricating himself, contributed to moral health.

March of Refinement.

"Now that I think of it," remarked the passenger with the skull cap, "there used to be a little place on this line they called 'Kiss station,' but it must be something else now. I haven't heard the conductor call it out." "We're pretty near to it, I think," replied the passenger with the goatee. "But it isn't Kiss station any more. They've changed the name, but retained the idea. It's now—"

Happy Junction.

"Happy junction!" bawled out the conductor as the train slackened its speed for the next stop.—Chicago Tribune.

A Famous Fendium.

The French government has decided to install in the Pantheon, Paris, the famous pendulum by which Foucault, in 1857, demonstrated the rotation of the earth.—N. Y. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

The charity that begins at home covers the most sins.—Chicago Daily News.

"I understand he married a girl with money." "Yes, and that's what worries him. He thought he had married money with a girl."—Town Topics.

It is surprising how good a competent cook can make a cheap steak taste, and how poor the finest steak tastes after an incompetent cook has handled it.—Acheson Globe.

Bacon—"He named his motor car after his wife." Egbert—"How funny!" "Not at all funny. After he got it he found he couldn't control it."—London Answers.

Not Ready to Try It—"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor." "Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again." But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

"You can't say that fellow," said the barber, as the bald-headed customer left the shop. "Did you try it?" asked "next." "Yes. When you get into my chair I asked him if he wanted a haircut, and he said he didn't care if I cut both of them."—Indianapolis News.

Admiration—"You have a profound admiration for that philosopher." "I have." "And yet you say you don't fully understand what he writes." "That's true. But the fact that he understands it himself shows that he must be a wonderfully smart man."—Washington Star.

Right in Style—Friend—"What a perfectly lovely dress you wore last evening—the very latest Parisian style, too, only received two days ago. Your dressmaker must be wonderfully quick. Where did you get it made?" Miss Bangupp—"My grandmother found it in my great-grandmother's old trunk."—N. Y. Weekly.

COLLEGE SLANG.

Words and Phrases That Are Used at the Various Institutions of Learning.

President Thwing, of the Western Reserve university, presents an interesting array of college slang in an article in the Christian Endeavor World. "Different colleges," he says, "have different words and phrases, and a few words and phrases are common to many. Such are 'swipe,' 'soak,' 'spike,' 'josh,' 'ben-medie,' 'goose egg,' 'gring,' 'erib,' and many others, indeed. But there are other words that are used only at a few colleges. A student, for instance, in one college may 'bat' (make a perfect recitation) and may sit in a 'bear box' (the faculty pew in chapel). On going from church he may become a 'belt-chaser,' walking with a 'coed,' and going to his dinner he has a 'berry' (a good thing). In the afternoon he prepares himself for 'bib' (that is, for recitation in the Bible). It is possible that this 'belt chaser' walks with a 'bird' (a girl to the 'birdcage' is a dormitory for women students). It is also possible that the 'bird' may be a 'birdie' (one who is eager to make acquaintance with men without an introduction). He may prefer to call his walk a 'pike,' and also he may prefer to walk with a 'pluggie' rather than with a 'bird,' and while walking to talk about 'poleck' (political economy) or 'polit' (political science). A student may be a 'make' (an easy-going fellow), and in that case he is apt to be 'porkey' (very poor) in his work, and consequently gets a 'zip' (a zero in marks), and is in danger of being 'rusticated' (suspended). Of course, he must become a 'repeater' (one required to repeat a year's work) if he hopes ever to get his 'rag' (diploma). If the man is an 'elie' (a good student) he will probably get the reputation of being a 'whale' (a phenomenal student), in case he 'bones' (studies) hard and 'poles' (prepares a lesson by hard study).

FOND MEMORIES.

They Were Country Cousins and Went to the Old Town Pump. But It Was Dry.

They were cousins, born within frog-singing distance of each other, in a pleasant Acadian spot. They hadn't met since they were toddlers together. One was visiting the other at a town some distance from their birthplace, and when the former announced his determination to revisit the old place, the latter said he would go also, and that they would again traverse the familiar places, retrace the Detroit Free Press. But the train seemed to travel awfully slow, and at the first town of importance they decided to alight and see the sights. What the cousins saw would take a book to tell. They managed to catch the train the next (or rather, that) morning, however, and finally arrived at their native town without being charged up as excess baggage. "Now," said one, as soon as the train stopped, "let's go and take a drink of water out of the old town pump that we used to patronize when we were kids together." "All right," said the other, complacently. The worthy pair advanced upon the old town pump. The old dipper that they remembered so well was not there, but that did not matter—all they wanted was a drink out of the old town pump. So one of them started to work it. He might have been exercising still if the veteran photographer (he's been taking pictures there for 20 years or more), had not stepped up and observed: "You chumps—that pump hasn't been working in ten years." Then the cousins went down to the lake and took a swim.

Medicine Not to Blame.

"Troubled with dyspepsia, are you? Did you ever try any of my medicine?" asked the druggist.

"Oh, yes; but that wasn't that that gave it to me. I had it long before I took any of your stuff."—Yonkers Statesman.

Easy to Mistletoe.

"Well, Smythe, if your building is so old and toothless, I don't see how he can bite those dudes that call on your daughter." "Oh, you see, they are such soft young men."—Chicago Daily News.