

BEEBLE AS A SCENT SACHET.

Insect of Borneo That Exhales Most Powerful Perfume.

The beaux and belles of Borneo do not have to distill perfume for their hair or handkerchiefs. They have only to take a walk until they find a mimosa in blossom. Clinging to the flower-balls is found a magnificent beetle of brilliant emerald green shading to a bright bronze on the wings, and touched with gold on the head. This living jewel emits a powerful scent of attar of roses, perfuming the air for many yards around it. A number of them placed in a house will fill it from top to bottom with delightful fragrance. Young girls roll the insect in a bit of cotton cloth and braid it in their black locks, and young men suspend it around their necks like an amulet or an Egyptian scarab. The fragrance gradually grows fainter as the beetle loses its vitality, and dies with it. The beetle lives in captivity only a few hours, and as the scent expires with it, no way has so far been found to extract or preserve the exquisite odor. The scented beetle appears only when the mimosa is in flower. Neither birds nor lizards will destroy it, and it is protected even from the voracious woodpecker by its powerful perfume.

CHARITY OF LITTLE SERVICE.

New York Health Commissioner Makes Moral of Incident.

"If charity," said Health Commissioner Darling of New York, "were really as fine and serviceable as we incline to think it is, disease would almost disappear."

He shook his head and smiled. "Too much of our charity," he said, "resembles that of the Norwegian woman. A tramp, on a gray and freezing day, presented himself at her back door."

"Madam," he said, "my feet are nearly frozen." He pointed to his shoes, a tangle of string and strips of leather and holes through which his bare feet showed. "Have you got an old pair of boots you could give me, madam?"

The woman, after rummaging in her closet, returned to the tramp and said feelingly:

"Poor fellow, I know you must suffer terribly without shoes this bitter weather. I have none to fit you, but here is a pair of my late husband's skates you can have."

Big Wages Must Be Earned.

A group of feminine wage earners was discussing a news item the other day, one which told the public that the private secretary of the greatest financier of his time is a woman who receives \$20,000 a year. There was envy in their voices and bitterness in their words, and nobody seemed to grasp the pith of the story, which was a recital of the secretary's duties. There was a woman who had to be on duty many hours, and possess not only a marvelous memory, but inflexible tact and patience. More than that she had to possess marked executive ability.

She has probably been in training for years, and undoubtedly earns every penny of her salary. The girls who envied her could not do the work, because they were not fitted for it—probably they would not under any circumstances, because they were not the hard-working kind. All they could see in the story was the salary, and that made them envious.

A Gladstone Bull.

Mr. Gladstone was once guilty of an amusing blunder in a debate on the question of disestablishment. Dilating on the hold held on the affection of the people by the Church of England, he said: "When an Englishman wants to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants his child baptized, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants his child baptized, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go? To the parish priest."

Brain Too Fond of Crow.

A new version of "eating crow" has been furnished in Center county, Pennsylvania. One evening recently a farmer of Curtin township set a bear trap near his home, baiting it with a piece of meat, as is customary. After the trap had been set a crow, tempted by the meat, was caught, and that night a bear happened that way and ate both the crow and the bait. The farmer set the trap again next evening, and on the following morning the bear was in the trap, having come back during the night for another meal of crow.

A Monster Loaf.

Bakers in Germany are fond of making odd experiments, the following being reported from Dulsburg in Westphalia. At a children's party recently held in that town there was exhibited and afterward cut up and distributed among the youngsters a twist which for size at least has surely rarely been equaled. Weighing no less than 180 pounds, it had a breadth of 1.70 meters and a length of 3.20 meters, and was thus found sufficient to supply a satisfactory afternoon collation to as many as 500 boys and girls. Bakers Weekly.

A Perfect Clench.

"My suit case is still intact, but badly scratched." "That's the most easily remedied thing I know. Paste a few of labels over the scratches."

GOLF TRACED TO MOSES' DAY.

Scotchman Tells of Famous Game at the Red Sea Crossing.

That the game of golf is of more ancient origin than generally supposed was made clear recently to the members of the Arsdale Golf club, who assembled in English's hall, East Orange, N. J., for their annual dinner, says the New York World. President Angus Sinclair, whose name is evidence enough that he came from the land where golf is next to religion in the hearts of the people, was the man to lay the history of the game before his hearers.

"A few days after the Israelites finished their toilsome tramp over the rocky bed of the Red sea," said Mr. Sinclair, "Moses and Aaron went out for a friendly game of golf on the sand banks along the seashore."

"A fisherman's house happened to obstruct itself between Moses and the first green. The great law giver was not rattled, however. He grasped his masher with a firm hold, sending the ball over the house directly into the hole. Then Aaron turned in wrath and exclaimed: 'Look here, Moses, golf is golf, and I didn't come out to see your miracles.' Caddie, come away! we cannot stand that kind of play."

"That historical incident proves that Aaron doubted the skill of his famous brother, a sentiment that finds no place among the members of the Arsdale Golf club respecting the skill of their fellow members."

WATER SIMPLY HAD TO FALL.

Would Have Been Considerably More Remarkable If It Had Not.

Bradley Martin, Jr., who has married Miss Phipps of Pittsburg, has a dry humor that has been likened to Mark Twain's. On his last visit to America the young man went to Niagara for the first time.

He was accompanied on his tour by a Harvard instructor who admires nature profoundly. The instructor hoped to see Mr. Martin impressed almost overcome by Niagara's grandeur. The young man, for a joke, was determined to disappoint his friend.

"His first view of the falls was by moonlight. The great water was beautiful under the pale light of the moon, and the air was filled with deep, sweet music. Mr. Martin really was moved, but he yawned, lighted a cigarette, and said:

"Let's be going." His poor friend was thunderstruck at such indifference.

"Why," he cried, "where are your eyes? Aren't you amazed? Aren't you impressed? Aren't you transported?" "Of course not," said Mr. Martin. "What is there here to make such a fuss about?"

"Look," cried the Harvard man, "look how that mighty river pours over into that deep abyss."

"Well," said Mr. Martin, "what is there to prevent it?"

His Saturday Night.

The pretty, broad-faced, blue-eyed woman was telling how it happened that her husband came home so late of a Saturday night.

"When he goes to get shaved for Sunday," she said, "he waits so long for the line that gets there before him that he goes to sleep in the chair while he is being shaved. Then the barber, who is a friend of his, lets him sleep as long as he likes after he has finished with him. But I don't see how he can fall asleep with a dangerous razor scraping all over his face. I couldn't. Could you?"

"It isn't the most plausible excuse I ever heard," said one to whom the question was put, "but it ought to pass on account of its originality."

The Fitting.

"Neath the street lamp's flicker she stood and wept softly. A gentleman approached her.

"My good woman," he said, "perhaps I can help you if you are in trouble."

"Trouble," said the good woman, between her sobs; "it isn't the word. Everything—everything's against us—even the moon."

Australian Barmaids.

It is telegraphed from Sydney that the American sailors were "much attracted by the novelty of pretty barmaids." The barmaids of Sydney and Melbourne are the prettiest in the world. They are mostly recruited from Tasmania, the insular state of the commonwealth, which has been christened the "Circassia of the Colonies," on account of the surpassing loveliness of its daughters, several of whom have found their way into the select pages of Dod and DeBrett.

Not Rugged.

The Doctor—Your son is too delicate to attend college. The Father—Don't you think his studies might be regulated so that he wouldn't have to work too hard? The Doctor—Oh, his studies won't hurt him. But he couldn't live through a fraternity initiation.

Might Be Called a Hint.

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her? Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again. —Stray Stories.

VIRGINIA CITY BUT A MEMORY.

The Gold Seekers Have Gone and the Town Is Dilapidated.

Virginia City is indeed a strange town—a living skeleton. In the height of its opulence it boasted a population of 30,000. Today there are less than one-tenth that many. Dilapidation and ruin are seen on every hand.

The chief streets terrace along a great hillside. Further up the slope are wastes of sagebrush growing in stunted clumps that half hide the earth with their gray twigs and foliage. Down below is a valley where the mines have dumped vast heaps of waste.

The entire region is a wild upheaval of hills and around the horizon are seen ranges of snowy topped mountains. The only trees are an occasional gnarled scrub pine or dwarf cedar a few feet high.

The town streets are rough and dirty and as I walked about I was constantly encountering old tin cans and getting my feet tangled up in wires from the baled hay. Buildings in good repair are rarities. There are tottering fences and ragged walls and broken roofs and smashed glass and many windows and doors are boarded up.

The search for gold has resulted in tearing the country all to pieces! Everywhere the hills are dotted with prospectors' holes. From any height, you can see dozens—perhaps hundreds. They suggest the burrowing of woodchucks or prairie dogs. The region along the Comstock lode abounds too in deserted shafts.—Outing.

ALARM THAT WAS GROUNDLESS.

Report Must Have Made Timorous Individual Feel Small.

Says the Allahabad (India) Pioneer: "A gentleman of Madras recently received in his morning 'dak' a very mysterious looking parcel. Suspecting a bomb, he handed it over to the police unopened. An officer, told off to investigate, made this report: 'I have received the suspicious parcel and on careful examination find it consists of two metal cylinders wrapped in pink paper bearing some English printed matter and purporting to come from Hunsur. On carefully opening one tin it was found to contain a brown powdery substance with a very aromatic smell and pungent to the taste. This on being placed in water was slightly soluble. Some of the powder was placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, but apparently with no ill effects. A portion was then placed in the fire, but no explosion occurred. On further examination by an expert in these matters it was ascertained that the powder was a substance well known throughout India and in fact in most civilized countries, and in common use in most households. Its usual common name is coffee powder. The approximate value of the sample is two rupees (25 cents). I propose to keep it for myself.'"

Signs of Life.

"Mechnikovoff will perhaps increase man's life to 200 years by feeding him on curdled milk, and Doyen, with his old age serum, may add another 50 years to that. The signs of long life and short life, though will still hold good, and the delicate-skinned man will be prematurely cut off at 120 or 130, while the man with the tough, coarse hide will round out a generous 250 or 265."

The speaker, a physician, and himself coarse-boded, resumed thoughtfully:

"The signs of a short life—and my medical experience has shown these signs to be true—are quick growth, a small head, white and frail teeth slightly separated, a very fair and soft and beautiful skin, early corpulence, a small mouth and fine, soft hair."

"The signs of a long life are a coarse, rough skin, strong, yellowish teeth, coarse hair, a deeply furrowed brow, wide nostrils and a large mouth."

Prophecies of Big Ben.

Big Ben has been stopped three times by snow freezing on the hands and jamming them. A curious episode in its history took place in December, 1861, just before the prince consort died, when, owing to the failure of an experimental piece of apparatus, the clock struck a hundred or more strokes without stopping. People who were unaware of the cause saw in the occurrence an omen of the great loss which shortly afterward befell the nation. Another sensational prank was played by the clock on April 9, 1866, when it stopped while Mr. Gladstone was making his famous speech in favor of home rule for Ireland. This was taken by some as an augury that the bill would not pass, and as regards the event the prophecies were justified.—From the Captain.

That's True, Too.

"Clothes aren't everything. The clothing-store was full long on dress, but short on brains, you know." "Short on brains, maybe, but at least it doesn't say such silly things as some of the 'rab'-rahs who dress like it."

He Discovered Why.

Mr. Oldboy—Why do you bring so much water, Tommy? I merely asked for a drink. Tommy—I thought you'd need more than a glassful, 'cause sister said you was the driest old stick she ever knew.

DEALING WITH LOCUST PLAGUE.

Methods Employed by the Dwellers in Algeria.

Algeria and Tunis have this year suffered from an extraordinary invasion of locusts. The locusts arrive from the direction of the deserts in swarms so thick as to hide the sun. They cover the ground as with a yellow carpet, and sometimes render the railroads so slippery that the trains can hardly run. At this stage they are not voracious, being engaged principally in laying their eggs. But 30 days later the young locusts, not yet winged, begin to run about devouring every green thing, including not only leaves, but even the bark and tender shoots of trees. The hordes, advancing in a body, sometimes cover an area of several square miles. Barricades of cloth, surrounded with wax strips, erected in the line of march, arrest the progress of the insects, which are unable to crawl up the smooth surface. Passing along the line of the barricades, they fall into ditches dug for the purpose, where they are killed with corrosive liquids. Another method is to smooth descending paths, ending in poisoned ditches. The insects follow the descent, and thus go to their deaths.—Youth's Companion.

LONDON NOW HAS HOBBY CLUB.

All Hobby Lovers, Including Spook Hunters, to Be Eligible.

Viscount Moleworth and the Hon. George Scott have hit upon a novel idea for a club which will be called the Hobby club, the New York Times London correspondent says. Men will be admitted as members and women as associates on condition that they have hobbies, are amateurs so far as the club is concerned, and possess the ordinary requisites comprised in the term clubbable. The club will cater for a wide variety of hobbies, from gardening to curio collecting, and even psychical research, which at this hour seems to have received its proper classification.

An extensive library will be formed and intellectual salons will be held, at which men and women of similar tastes may confer. Experts have been engaged to give lectures and advice on various topics. The club has already an influential committee and is receiving hearty support from among others Lord Avebury, who is a keen advocate of hobbies.

Endurance of a Guide.

An Alpine guide, Philippe Allamand, of Bex, has gained publicity in the Swiss papers by a marvelous pedestrian achievement. He started on a Monday from Tersch and ascended to the Weisshorn hut, whence he returned to the valley to fetch a member of his party who had been left behind. There was time for only three hours' sleep after that, and then the Weisshorn had to be climbed. It was in bad condition, and the ascent took nearly 11 hours. No sooner had he reached the top than Allamand hastened down and proceeded to Zermatt to join another party who had engaged him for the Matterhorn. He overtook them in the hut at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, went up the Matterhorn at once, and did not get back until 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, having been 44 hours without sleep, walking and climbing all the time. Even then he took only a day's rest before leading a party up the Dent Blanche.

An Old-Fashioned Woman.

This is the tale of an old-fashioned woman. Her husband, who had accumulated wealth as the years went by and had begun to take life easy, worried because his wife worked as hard as ever. He hired a cook, and within two weeks found his wife waiting on the cook. Then he hired a maid to wait on the cook, and a short time afterward found his wife waiting on the maid. At one time he had hired four persons, a man, a cook, the maid and a scrub woman and found that his wife worked as hard as ever. (This is an explanation of why a certain man sits on the front porch and reads and smokes while his wife, who has earned equal right to rest, is scrubbing in the kitchen: She is enjoying herself in her way just as much as he is in his.)—Aitchison Globe.

A Busy Little Chap.

It has been ascertained that the mouse, when he is free to range about, sleeps only two hours in the 24, or less than any other animal known. During the rest of the time he is on the hustle and probably covers five miles in his running.

The honey bee sleeps from dark to dawn, and that old saying, "as busy as a bee," should be changed to "as busy as a mouse." In four days and nights a mouse will either eat or convey away a pound of cheese. He has always got his appetite with him.

Imparting Knowledge.

"What do you do in the college, Mr. Smitts?" Inquired the child of the hostess of the learned guest at dinner.

"I'm a professor in the college," returned the guest, magnanimously. "I impart my knowledge to my students."

"Then, if you keep on imparting it," declared the child, "pretty soon you won't know anything, will you?"

The Provincials.

"Why does that man have such utter contempt for everything west of the Alleghenies?" "He has lived in New York for nearly 10 months."

SHARK AS TORPEDO DIRECTOR.

Odd Use to Which Inventor Would Have Put Sea Terror.

Fishes have been put to many queer uses while still alive; but probably the strangest was that suggested to the war department by an inventor. The propulsion of submarine torpedoes was the subject under discussion, and he proposed that a shark be imprisoned in a tube at the rear end of the projectile, its movements to be controlled by the active application of electricity. In case the shark attempted to swim away it was to be given an electric shock, and in this way kept on its course until the torpedo had reached its target.

Another remarkable use to which a fish has been put is as a barometer. The loach is very susceptible to atmospheric changes, and when retained in an aquarium is likely to throw itself out at the approach of wind or weather, or, if in a pond or stream, will sometimes jump on the bank. It has been kept alive in aquaria as a living barometer from the supposition that certain movements indicate particular changes that are about to occur in the weather. In Russia the dead body of Cottes going, the miller's thumb, is used as a weathercock. Hung by a single thread, it will point in the direction whence the wind blows.—Sunday Magazine.

PUT HIS ART ABOVE WEATHER.

Painter and Western Critics Split on a Question of Meteorology.

In a gallery there hangs a large canvas in an imposing frame. The painting shows a waterfall in one of the states famous for starting natural scenery. The picture has occupied its present place for several years.

"Does it belong here?" asked a visitor of the man in charge. "No more than the others you see?" "No more to me it should be in the capital of the state, where the scenery is," said the visitor.

"It was painted for the state," replied the man in charge, "but when it was submitted to the art committee they refused to accept it."

"What was the objection?" "You see, the sky is overcast. The artist put in a gathering storm like an impending calamity. The art committee said it was a reflection on the reputation of the state; that a storm such as is represented was unknown in that latitude."

"Couldn't the artist put in another sky one that accorded with the state's reputation for sunshine?" "I suppose he could, but he refused. He said that the rumors kicked up by the art committee warranted the storm effect on the canvas, and he refused to budge." He sent it here, and here it remains.

Sharp Eyes.

Some persons seem to have opened more eyes than others, they see with such force and distinctness, their vision penetrates the tangible and obdurate world of others, falls like a spent or impotent bullet. How many eyes did Gilbert White open? How many did Henry Thoreau? How many did Audubon? How many does the hunter, matching his sight against the keen and alert sense of a deer or a moose, or fox or wolf? Not outward eyes, but inward. We open another eye when we see beyond the first general feature or outlines of things—when ever we grasp the special details and characteristic markings that this mask covers. Science confers new powers of vision. Whenever you have learned to discriminate the birds, or the plants, or the geological features of a country, it is as if new and keener eyes were added.—John Burroughs.

Like a Fairy Story.

They were going to the theater. He had reached home at 6:30 o'clock, and an hour later was ready to start. There was just time to reach the playhouse by eight. She had had nothing to do all afternoon except to dress, yet it was 8:15 when she came from her room with her hat and coat on.

"I'm afraid we shall be late," she said. "You look so lovely," he replied, kissing her, "that it would have been worth waiting another hour for you."

"No, they were not bride and bridegroom. They had been married two years. But what is the use of wedding you any more? As you can see by this sample, you wouldn't believe it, anyway."

A Time Clearing House.

If I could only have a monopoly of time and sell it at auction I'd be a millionaire in a short time. Some men have more time than they know what to do with; the surplus is wasted. Others could use 48 hours a day if they had them. I would establish a time clearing house, or a time brokerage and commission house, and buy time of all who have it to waste and sell it at a great profit to such as are in need of more than nature has allotted. If men could buy time what a price some would give for it, and how cheaply others would let it go!—New York Press.

Among the Commonplace.

The way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable—the way I have learned something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries, has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighborhood where they dwell.—George Eliot.

"SWEET HOME" NOT FOR PAYNE.

Writer of Song Frequently Without Place to Lay His Head.

The song we know so well as "Home, Sweet Home," was originally "Sweet Home," and John Howard Payne was formerly known as J. Howard Payne. The disillusioning process keeps on apace. It is well known that army bands in time of war are forbidden to play "Sweet Home" on account of the large number of desertions it causes. An officer with the fleet, writing to a friend, referred to the tune in these words: "We allow it occasionally at sea, where the men could not possibly desert without leaping overboard; but when on shore—never." Imagine what a powerful influence such a tune must have on a homesick man, thousands of miles from wife, mother, sweetheart, babies!

Howard Payne's life was one of remarkable vicissitudes. Of an evening he would stroll along the streets looking into the brilliantly lighted parlors. Once in a while he would see a family circle so happy and forming so beautiful a group that he would stop, gaze upon the scene, and with a sigh pass on. "How often," said he to an intimate friend, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing, 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sunk its ugly every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood."

WHALE MUST HAVE HAD ORDERS.

According to Showman, Leviathan Waited Long for Jonah.

The Bishop of Marlborough told a story in opening the St. Thomas sale of work at Exeter, to illustrate the difficulty which confronted church workers in days gone by, says the London Standard. Sixty years ago he made a strenuous effort to stimulate parochial life in the direction of amusement, but it was, he said, a bad failure. The only thing which he could recollect of the details now was that there was a supply made lantern which had been used at Haldon house, and was "taught hold of" by a young farmer as a proper thing with which to give an entertainment in the parish, but it was simply an exhibition of antiquity and the room being dark and the showman not first rate, it was a miserable affair. Suddenly the showman said: "You know, children, I am exhibiting the animals that came out of the ark." Unfortunately, the next thing he exhibited was a whale, and a little boy exclaimed: "There weren't no whale in the ark." But the showman was equal to the occasion and replied: "No, little boy, the whale wasn't there; it was waiting for Jonah."

Literary Pioneers.

Polite literature, so far as this country is concerned, undoubtedly has its fountainhead in the writings of Washington Irving; but the first literature to have the positive American smack and flavor were the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's novels were a revelation to the old world of the fact that in the new world a fresh vein had been struck, something that was as much American as Dante was medieval or Virgil and Cicero classical. It is not too much to call Cooper the Columbus of American literature. Charles Brockden Brown, a much greater genius than Cooper, approached in the subtlety of his intellect the greatest of the ancients, was prevented by his morbidity and introspectiveness from gaining the palm which passed to the author of the "Deer-slayer" and the "Pathfinder."

African Courtship.

Among some African tribes, when a man professes his love for a woman and asks her in marriage, she invariably refuses him at first, lest it should appear that she had been thinking of him and was eager to become his wife. By so doing she maintains the modesty of her sex, as well as tests the love and abases the pride of her lover. This policy is also intended to be of use to the woman in her married life—she should there be quarreling and the husband threaten to send her away, she can remind him of how he made repeated professions of his love and urgently pressed his suit before she consented to become his wife.

Don't Get Mad.

Our own anger, indeed, does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry; and we suffer much more from the anger and vexation which we allow acts to rouse in us, than we do from the acts themselves at which we are angry and vexed. How much more people, for instance, allow themselves to be distracted and disturbed by quarrels and family disputes. Yet in nine cases out of ten one ought not to suffer from being found fault with, if the condemnation is just; it should be welcome as a warning; if it is undeserved, why should we allow it to distress us?—Sir John Lubbock.

Greek Fire.

Greek fire was a combustible composition (now unknown, but thought to have been principally naphtha) thrown from engines said to have been invented by Callistius, an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria in the seventh century, to destroy the Saracens' ships (which was effected by the general of the fleet of Constantine Pogonatus and 30,000 men were killed). A so-called "Greek fire," probably a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of the carbon, was employed at the siege of Charleston in 1862.

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