

HAS A HARMLESS AUTOMOBILE

A Washington Man Has One That Turns on Its Back When It Runs Away.

B. H. Warner, of Washington, made rather a peculiar and what might have been a most disastrous visit to a big sewer now in course of construction in the capital city. He recently purchased a locomobile to aid him in investigating different sections of his district.

One morning, says the Star, he went out to pay his respects to Andrew Gleason, an old friend of his, who is constructing the big sewer referred to. He was accompanied by his son. They soon reached the banks of the James Creek canal. As the road was very narrow and said to be impassable a little farther on, Mr. Warner endeavored to effect a backward motion on the part of the horseless carriage, and in so doing caught his sleeve in the wrong valve, and in an instant the vehicle flew like an eagle over the big wall bordering the James Creek canal and plunged the two occupants into the air, both making somersaults. Mr. Warner came down in a channel just large enough to hold him, which had recently been dug through the mud to carry off surface water. The locomobile turned a complete somersault and knocked the dashboard, side bars and top rigging into a thousand pieces.

The whole incident occupied only a few seconds, and when Mr. Warner recovered from his surprise he found himself under the locomobile, which was turned bottom upward, with the engine still in motion and the wheels revolving at a rapid rate, while his son, who had landed on his feet, was surveying the situation with solicitude.

MUSICAL SNAILS.

Strange Discovery of a French Naturalist Who Claims Much for the Mollusks.

A German scientist recently pointed out that snails were able to draw immense weights, and now a French naturalist claims that there are few, if any, animals which have a higher appreciation of music than snails, says the New York Herald.

This naturalist is M. S. Jourdain, and his views on the subject are expressed at length in a paper which he has addressed to the French Biological society.

Place some snails on a pane of glass, he says, and you will find that, as they move over it, they will make musical sounds similar to those which a person can produce by wetting his finger and then rubbing it around a glass tumbler. Complete airs, he points out, have been played on tumblers in this way, and he expresses the opinion that quite as good results can be obtained by using snails instead of fingers.

It is a curious fact that at least half a dozen scientists are now carefully studying snails. The reason, according to one of them, is because these little animals are extraordinarily sympathetic and intelligent. Indeed, so highly gifted are they supposed to be that a writer did not hesitate to ascribe to them a few months ago the honor of being "the precursors of the wireless telegraph system."

President Barrows, of Oberlin, believes that the "rage" for athletics will be overruled for good; that we'll form the outdoor habit, and be the healthier for it. "If I had the ear of the leading business men of America," he says, "I would whisper in it as the wisest counsel I know to men over 50 years of age: 'Golf first, business afterward.' This means longer-lived, more successful, happier and better American citizens."

There are over 50 persons in Chicago who possess more than the usual allotment of fingers on their hands or toes on their feet, according to Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, and these individuals are to be the special subject of investigation by the well-known professor of anthropology.

Gen. Gomez says the Cuban patriots who are talking the loudest are the ones who never smelled powder.

Visitors to Mount Vernon.

Last year, according to the records of the Ladies' Mount Vernon association, 85,829 persons visited Washington's home on the bank of the Potomac.

A German professor declares that a poor man in a hospital is better off than a rich patient in his own home, and he hopes that this fact will help to overcome the prejudice against hospitals.

A Boston lady describes the United States as a land "flowing with ink and money." It is hoped that the Boston lady has not inadvertently gotten acquainted with a coterie of counterfeiters.

Stones in the Dark.

The diamond if laid in the sun and then carried into a dark room shows distinct phosphorescence.

AGE LIMIT FOR CARRIERS.

End of the Period of Activity as Set by the Post Office Authorities.

We notice with interest and satisfaction that it has been decided to raise the age limit established by the civil service rules for the admission of applicants for employment in the postal department as clerks and letter carriers. Heretofore no applicant for employment as a letter carrier who had passed the age of 40 years has been received, but this will not be the case hereafter. It was the opinion of the postmaster general, an opinion in which his associates in the cabinet concurred, that it was not reasonable to restrict admission to the service in the capacity of letter carrier to persons of 40 years of age or less, and it was accordingly decided that both for clerks and letter carriers the age limit should be extended to 45 years, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It was a judicious and discriminating conclusion. There has of late years been a marked tendency to close the door of employment against men who had just reached or who had barely passed what is considered middle age. There are many corporations who will not take into their employment anyone who has passed his fortieth year, and this disposition threatened to extend until the middle-aged man who for any reason found himself obliged to secure work in some field of activity would be unable to get anything to do. The step which has just been taken in the case of post office clerks and letter carriers indicates the inception of a reaction against this movement. We hope that it will extend. A man who is in the forties is still in the prime of life, and in most cases he continues capable of valuable service for at least a decade longer.

The pure milk question is becoming of such importance that it has been taken up by the courts. Several cases have occurred in Iowa under a law of that state prohibiting the addition of water or any other substance to milk offered for sale. The courts hold that the law is constitutional. They declare further that if the substances mixed in the milk are not deleterious, even if they are used only to preserve its sweetness and without intent to defraud the dealer who is guilty of offering the sophisticated milk for sale must pay the penalties of the law. Statutes against the sale of impure or even diluted mixtures as milk cannot be too rigid and cannot be too rigidly enforced.

A woman of New Britain, Conn., maintains that mosquitoes have brains and reasoning powers; that it is "outrageous" to kill the "little harmless insects," and that all that is necessary is to reason with them. She says: "If a mosquito is troubling you just speak to him kindly and say: 'Look here, my friend, you leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone.' Then believe that he won't bite you! Even if he does his sting won't hurt. I have done this for years, and now enjoy having the pretty little things around and listening to their musical buzz."

The people of a Kansas town are laughing at a dumpy little pair of married folks who live in that city. The fire bell rang in the middle of the night, and the husband pitched out of bed and ran to the scene without stopping to change his night shirt for anything more clothful. But scarcely had he reached the crowd, which already had gathered, when his wife came breathlessly after him, carrying his trousers, which she urged him to put on—she herself being clothed in nothing more tangible than her robe de nuit.

"It was all the devil's fault," says a defendant in Pennsylvania, charged with stealing a coat. "The rose before me in the shape of a dark form and whispered to me: 'Take that coat.' I immediately became his servant." A simpler defense would have been to say that the defendant, being a follower of the new fashion, had merely borrowed the coat long enough to get dinner at a hotel.

Henry Watterson was talking about his lecturing experience a night or two ago, says a Washington correspondent. "The best introduction I ever had," he said, "was given to me in this city by the late Frank Hatton, who was the editor of the Washington Post. I was going to speak on 'Money and Morals.' 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Hatton, 'I take great pleasure in introducing to you the celebrated editor and orator, Mr. Henry Watterson. He will speak to you on "Money and Morals." He represents the money and I represent the morals.' And that was a good joke both ways," said Watterson.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent, if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense, says Prof. William Mathews, in Success. But, unfortunately, this is the one thing which the workingman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard, to every half dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus, in the first financial crash, when mills and factories "shut down," and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

One of the clerks in the Philadelphia post office found in a bundle of mail, on a recent morning, a postal card which had been sent from Morrisville, Pa., on February 11, 1878. Morrisville is a little more than 23 miles from Philadelphia, so the clerk announced that the postal had made about a mile a year on its way and had therefore broken all records in slow transit. No one knows where the card had been during the many years, but it is not believed that it has been outside of Pennsylvania, and from its appearance it does not seem to have been shelved. The clerk said it looked as though it had been undergoing many exciting experiences during its travels. The postal card was addressed to Charles B. Horner, a nurseryman of Mount Holly, N. J. It was sent by the Glenwood nurseries, of Morrisville. A clerk accidentally read the card. He says it said: "Please come over and see us as soon as possible."

Three ships at New York are now used as sea hotels. Each evening they put out to sea and are back at the wharf at 6:30 a. m. The charge is \$1, with an additional 50 cents for a table d'hote breakfast. Bunks line the upper deck, which is protected by a watertight awning. During the day the bunks are converted into seats. On the main deck there is a handsome apartment for women and a smoking room for men. A tug tows the ships to sea and back. State-rooms with bathing facilities are provided for those who want them. This novel fleet has been organized by Mr. John Arbuckle, who will devote the profits to charity. The Saturday evening boats remain at sea until Monday morning. In case a passenger is disorderly he is taken to the tug and confined.

Assistant Secretary of State Adee, who is very deaf, has a unique device for appraising him of the intrusion of a visitor. He has a teapot slung over the back of his chair by a string, the end of which is tied to the doorknob. When a visitor enters the door, swinging open, raises the teapot to a level with the assistant secretary's head. As the visitor advances, the door, closing, lets the teapot swing down till it touches the floor with a crash. The visitor usually gives a leap of surprise and fear, and the assistant secretary state, apprised by the crash, looks up with a glad smile, extends his hand, and says to the unnerved visitor: "What can I do for you?"

Texas is becoming very gay. State Geologist Dumble has disclosed to the people of that state sources of mineral wealth that are astounding. He says that in one county alone, that of Cherokee, there are 60,000,000 tons of rich iron ore in sight, and that in east Texas, as a whole, there are 3,000,000,000 tons. And by the side of this ore lies all the coal necessary to work the ore into shape. The geologist makes the flat statement that "no country in the world has cheaper material for something iron than east Texas."

How California women keep so young has long been a mystery, but Mrs. Worthington, of Monterey, addressing a meeting of women, explained that she had celebrated her seventeenth birthday twice. This was better than celebrating up to 34 and then stopping.

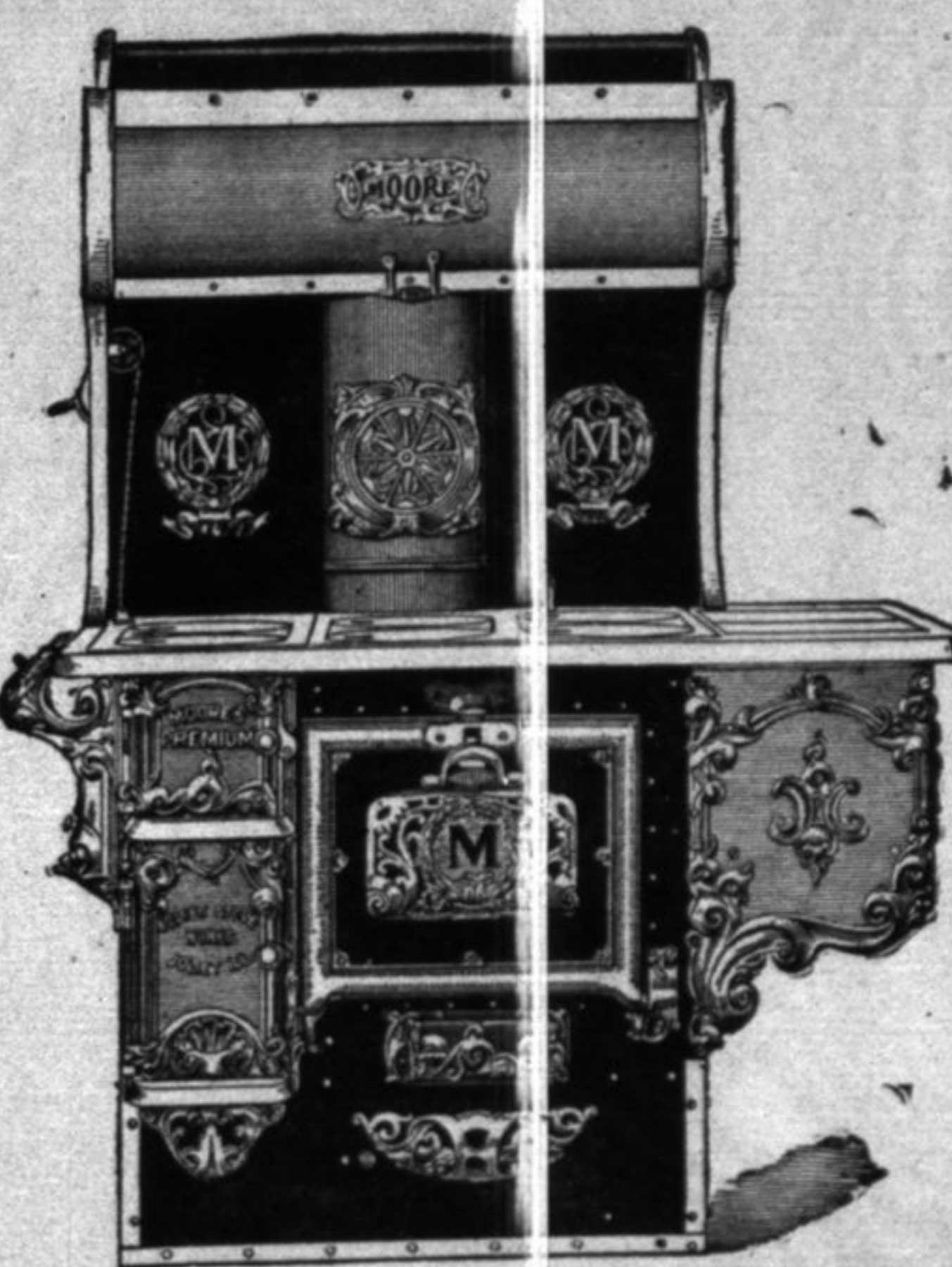


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