

**WE ARE A PATIENT PEOPLE.**

**Verdict of Jerome K. Jerome After a Few Weeks' Inspection.**

Jerome K. Jerome, the English humorist, who recently lectured in Pittsburg, has been interviewed in Chicago on his impressions during his tour, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. First of all he indignantly denied that he pronounced his name Jerrum K. Jerrum. "Jer-oam, please," he said.

"A great deal of stress generally is laid on the fact that America is youthful," he commented. "I should go even further and declare America extravagantly boyish. You are like a big family of healthy, rollicking boys, working with all their might, playing hard, but undisciplined, restive of restraint and often unmanageable. You are learning how to behave properly by experience. You go along here for a generation or so allowing your bad boys, your grafters, as you call them, to plunder you right and left, and suddenly you wake up and say: 'Here, this isn't right. We've got to reform this,' and then you take ten minutes off to do the job. It's hard on the grafters, poor fellows. Here they have been going along with their plundering, thinking it was all right because every one else thought it was all right, and then suddenly they are called in and told they are naughty and are punished."

"Then you are such a patient people. Why, today coming from the railway station with our bags—there are never any porters to carry one's luggage—we were stopped fully ten minutes by a train on a crossing. I was fuming with indignation, but my fellow Americans seemed to be enduring the outrage with good natured patience. In England we should have made quite a row about it, written letters to the papers and had the railroad punished."

"Yes, you have the virtue of excessive meekness. The way the great majority allows itself to be bossed is surprising. I've never been so much surprised by men wearing brass buttons in my life. One can't leave his seat in the car or open a window without being bossed. One must wait until some one with buttons gives his permission to move. You meekly allow yourselves to be ordered about."

"Over in England we boss the cab drivers and the policemen, but here they boss you. That's why I say that the Americans are meek."

"How much of the ridiculous have you seen since you have been in America, Mr. Jerome?"

"Nothing."  
"Then we're not an amusing people?"  
"Far from it. You all seem to be fond of your mothers-in-law, and you never get drunk. As for swearing, why, every one swears so much that there's no humor to be derived from it."

**NEW WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.**

**Letters Distinguished by Musical Tones, Giving Increased Speed.**

In the presence of a hundred representative citizens of Scranton, Pa., a public test of the wireless telegraph system invented by Rev. Joseph Murgas was recently made between Scranton and Wilkesbarre, a distance of eighteen miles, says a special from Scranton, Pa., to the Washington Post. Several messages were received and sent with precision and certainty. Dr. Van Hoagt, representing the national government at Washington, was an interested spectator of the test and upon his report will depend in a great measure whether or not the system will be adopted by the government.

The system differs from other wireless systems. Instead of using the Morse code, or alphabet of dots and dashes, each letter is distinguished by a musical tone, which enables the message to be sent and received at a speed of eight to ten times greater than that attained by other systems. Father Murgas also says that his instruments are so delicately adjusted that they can intercept messages sent by other systems and says that he has intercepted several messages sent by ocean liners.

**WIND MADE ELECTRICITY.**

**Indiana Man Perfects a Device of Easy Adaptability.**

R. W. Wilson of Westfield, Ind., is lighting his house and workshop with wind made electricity through a device of his own, on which he has secured letters patent, says a special dispatch from Crawfordsville, Ind., to the Chicago Inter Ocean. A windmill is used in pumping water into a hydraulic regulator, built on the principle of a hydraulic lift. The pressure is regulated by weights, and the water is admitted to the hydraulic chamber, and it is discharged from it under seventy-five pounds pressure through valves working automatically.

The water is then forced into a generating plant and runs through a motor directly connected with a small dynamo. In this way there is a steady pressure, and enough electricity is generated to provide ample light. The cost of the windmill and electrical apparatus does not exceed \$200, and Mr. Wilson asserts that every farmhouse can be easily supplied. The plant once established runs comparatively without cost.

**Scented Mattresses.**

In Paris it is the fad, it seems, to seek repose on scented mattresses, says the New York Press. Bags of different colored silks are made and filled with violet, heliotrope or lavender and sewed on the sides of the mattress. These bags, which impart to the bed a delicious fragrance, are tied with satin ribbons. Some of the scented mattresses are most elaborate affairs, and, though the dealers urge that they are sold for a mere song, it strikes most women that they must be those "songs" which are sung by high class opera birds for society's edification.

**A WAGNER ANECDOTE.**

**How He Showed His Joy at a "Parsifal" Rehearsal.**

The following anecdote of Wagner is told by Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, who, as a pupil of Liszt, knew the composer of "Parsifal" personally.

"Wagner was always more or less self-conscious," says Reisenauer, "and only at rare intervals did his friends see him in moods that could be called anything but premeditated. In Balthus I saw him in a highly characteristic situation, and I never shall forget it. It was at a rehearsal of 'Parsifal.' The garden scene had just been admirably sung and danced, where upon Wagner, in his exuberant joy, hugged and kissed the artists, and then, quite beside himself, got down on all fours and barked like a dog, concluding his exhibition by throwing his legs in the air and balancing himself on his head."

"At this interesting moment Liszt and several of his pupils, including myself, walked on the stage. Quick as a flash, Liszt, who always played the role of Wagner's self-constituted defender, said grimly, 'Well, if that's a pose, it's the hardest one in the world to hold, by thunder!' For the sake of the master we tried to restrain our mirth, but the effort was not wholly successful. I firmly believe, however, that Wagner himself was secretly pleased at the sensation for which he was responsible."—Harper's Weekly.

**EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.**

**Man Bitten by Harmless Snake Believed He Was Dying.**

An English physician in India once told of an extraordinary case of the effect of imagination on the physical system. He says:

"Some time ago on visiting the hospital one morning I was told that a man had been admitted during the night suffering from a snake bite and that he was very low. I found him in a state of severe prostration; he was hardly able to speak and seemed to be in a state of great depression. He and his friends said that during the night in going into his hut a snake bit him on the foot; that he was much alarmed and rapidly passed into a state of insensibility, when they brought him to the hospital. They and he considered that he was dying and evidently regarded his condition as hopeless."

"On being asked for a description of the snake, they said they had caught it and brought it with them in a bottle. The bottle was produced, and the snake turned out to be a small, innocent lycodon. It was alive, though somewhat injured by the treatment it had received."

"On explaining to the man and his friends that it was harmless, and with some difficulty making them believe it, the symptoms of poisoning rapidly disappeared, and he left the hospital as well as he ever was in his life in a few hours."

**DOLL AVERTED WAR.**

**Kindness to Apache Child Prevented Trouble With the Indians.**

A doll once averted a war with redskins. An American general was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their own territory, from which they had persisted in breaking out, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

His men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down, just as any white child would have done. The men tried in vain to comfort her, but finally the agent borrowed a beautiful doll from an officer's wife, which had belonged to her little daughter, and promised the Apache girl that she could have it if her sobs ceased. She then fell asleep.

When morning came the doll was clasped in her arms. Eventually the little Apache girl, with her doll, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was hospitably received, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to its own territory.—New York Herald.

**A Venomous Retort.**

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Playman," said the young woman mockingly. "There are other girls, you know. There's Lil Gumpkins, Sallie Plimbom, Kate Isnoggles and Fan Billwink. Any one of them would make a better wife for you than I would."

"I know it," he said, swallowing a lump in his throat and turning to go. "If any one of those four girls had said yes, do you suppose I would ever have thought of coming here for a wife?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Facing It.**

"Are you ready?" asked the first man.

"I am," came the answer in a firm tone.

"Then come. We may as well know the worst."

Closing the door behind them, they resolutely descended the stairs.

When they rose from the boarding house table, however, they agreed that the meal had been no worse than usual.

**His Public Address.**

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—Only just missed! Charles has gone to address a public gathering. I didn't didn't know he was a speechmaker. Mrs. Littlewit—Nor I, but he has been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at my aunt time.—Swift.

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