# Miscellany.

## A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

Five little baby fingers,
  Outstretched in eager glee;
Five little rosebud fingers,
  A pretty sight to see,
Opening and shutting in rapt
  Grasping a sunbeam bright,
Striving in vain to capture
  The ray of sparkling light.

I glanced at the face above them
  So happy and full of play;
Blue eyes as bright and sparkling
  As the dancing sunbeam's ray;
And a prayer arose, unbidden,
  That my child might always find
The rays that are often hidden
  By the world's rough stones and wind.

If we could always gather
  The sunbeams in our way,
The rays of hope and mirth and love
  That shine on our darkest day,
Our faces would grow brighter,
  Our hearts grow warm and glad,
Our burdens all seem lighter,
  And life not half so bad.
—Detroit Free Press.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE MYSTERY.

"My man, do you want a berth?" said he.

"Aye, aye, cappen," said I. "I want one badly. I'm half starved and half frozen."

He made no answer, but just a sign to follow him, and he stalked away and I pegged after him. He kept close along the shore as we walked, and for a while he said nothing. At last, however, he turned and pointed seaward.

"You see that?" said he.

He indicated a lighthouse on a lonely rock.

"I'm the keeper," said he. "I want you to cook my meals and keep my bachelor's hall for me. Now and then I shall want you to row in and buy provisions. The work won't be hard. I think the pay will suit you. Do you know why I chose you?"

"No, cappen," said I.

"Because I saw that hope was at an end with you," he said. "It's only a man who had come to that who could live with me in a lighthouse."

"I was on a desert island once," said I. "After that I shan't be afraid of a lighthouse."

I'd been in a lighthouse before: it was no new thing to me, but after I'd been there a few hours I wondered what my master hired me for. It was like being pensioned off; there was nothing to do. But, mark ye, when it came night, and the wind began to moan about the lighthouse, and the lamps were lit and all outside was black as pitch, and all the sound we heard was the swash, swash of the waves, my master mixed some grog and called me to sit along with him. That looked sociable, but I can't say he did. He sat glowering over his glass for a while, and opening his mouth as if to speak, and shutting it again. Then said he:

"What's your name?"

"Ben Dare," said I.

"Would you mind calling yourself Brace?" he asked.

"I've no reason to be ashamed of my name," said I.

"Look here," said he. "I am a gentleman born and bred. I never came to earning my bread before. I'm ashamed of it. This is what I mean. If any strangers come out here and ask for William Brace, why, you can say you are the man. You claim to be lighthouse keeper. It's easy. I don't suppose much company will call, but I choose not to see them, if they do. That's what I hired you for."

"Well, it's shamming," said I, "but after all, what does any one care what my name is, and what shall I call you?"

"Call me nothing," said he. "Call me captain, as you did when I met you, but never speak of me to any one."

Gentleman or no, he wasn't lazy. He didn't care how he worked. The lamps were as bright as jewels. There wasn't a speck of dirt in the whole tower. But let any boat come nigh us, away he went and hid himself, and came out with a white, scared face and a shaking hand. At night he was afraid to go up to the lamps alone, and he'd look over his shoulder and turn white as we stood there together. At last he took a new turn. He sat staring at a corner for a while. Then he spoke to me in a low voice:

"Brace, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I ha'n't considered the question," I answered.

"Well," said he, softer than before, "look into that corner," and he pointed. I looked.

"Don't you see anything?" he asked.

"No," said I. "No, cappen."

"Ah," he muttered; "very well, very well; I'm glad you don't."

But that wasn't nothing to what happened the very next night. We slept in two bunks nigh each other, and naturally when he woke up with a yell I woke too. He was shrieking and shaking and wringing his hands.

"The woman! the woman!" he said. "She stood here just now, all red with blood. It dripped down the white ruffles. It dripped on her hands. Stop her! stop her! She has gone to call them. Stop her! stop her!"

"Where did she go?" I asked.

He stared at me with wide-open eyes, all the whites showing, below and above.

"She couldn't have been here," said he. "It was a dream."

"Lord love you—a nightmare," said I.

So we went to sleep again. But I heard of the woman so often after that that I grew used to her. The cappen, as I called him, got to be worse and worse every day. I wanted to go ashore and fetch the doctor, but he would not hear to it. He raved if I tried to leave him.

At last there came a hot, hot night in June. It was burning hot all day and a dead calm at night. About dark the cappen went to sleep, and I went and sat where I could see the water and the lights ashore. It was so clear that I could hear the sailors in a Spanish ship moored not far away singing in their foreign lingo. And I was sort of quiet and dreamy like, when something happened that waked me mighty wide and sudden. Something was standing on the steps below me, something white. Something came toward me. It was a little slender figure, with long hair all about its shoulders. I couldn't see its face. I don't think I really saw it plainly at all. But it went past me softly while I looked, and I knew it was a woman in a white ruffled gown, and that she had gone to the room where my master lay. I shook too hard for a moment to move; but as soon as I could I started up to go to him. Just then a voice cried:

"Lighthouse, ahoy!"

I answered "Aye, aye," and stopped a bit. Duty first of all things with a sailor.

A boat lay at the foot of the steps, and four men jumped out of it.

"We want William Brace, keeper of this lighthouse," said one, a big man in a linen overcoat.

"I'm one that answers to that name," says I.

He swung a lantern over my head.

"Search the place, my men," said he.

There was no use saying anything, but I did try to stop them.

"I've got a sick friend aloft," says I. "Don't disturb him. I'm afraid the woman will skeer him, anyhow, he's so low."

"What woman?" said he.

"The one that came aboard with you, sir," said I.

"No woman came with us," he snarled. "Stand aside. Men, do your duty." They went up stairs. I followed. I saw them walk into the cappen's room. I heard them cry out and stand still. When I got to the door they stood in a row looking down on the bed. I looked, too. Man nor woman couldn't frighten the cappen more. He was dead.

"What had he done?" I asked the officer.

"Killed his wife," said he, "that's all. No doubt she deserved it; but it's not allowed by law when they do."

"God help him," said I.

### Taken at His Word.

When William Hyde, who afterward became postmaster of St. Louis during Cleveland's first term, was managing editor of the Republican, in that city, he threw down the gauntlet in an editorial on some question of local importance. It was immediately accepted by Editor McCullagh of the Globe-Democrat, and a warm debate was precipitated between the two able editors. The intensity of feeling grew apace, and, as often happens in controversies of that kind, drifted into one of scathing abuse between the editors. It was fun for the readers of the rival papers, but disagreeable to the friends of the participants, who expected that serious trouble would result, both men being courageous and daring.

Finally the vitrolic paragraphs of Editor McCullagh stung the other editor with such force that he dispatched a personal communication to McCullagh, telling the latter that the city of St. Louis was not large enough for both of them to live in at the same time, and that one or the other had to leave the city immediately, and since he himself did not contemplate an early departure McCullagh should govern himself accordingly.

The cool and calculating editor of the Globe-Democrat replied by the same messenger that he would answer the communication the next morning in the editorial columns of his paper. And, true to his word, the editorial appeared over the signature of "Mack," his war nom de plume. The editorial, which was double-leaded, declared that he had received a communication from Mr. Hyde the day previous, in which the latter had stated that the city was not large enough to hold them both at the same time, and that Hyde or McCullagh must leave town. Following this came a lavish expression of deep regret on the part of the Globe-Democrat in having to announce the sudden and untimely departure of Editor Hyde of the Republican; that Mr. Hyde was a man who in his long residence in St. Louis had earned the esteem and respect of all who knew him, and that in his leave-taking the city would suffer a distinct and irreparable loss. The editorial then concluded with a long biographical sketch of Editor Hyde, as if he had died on the previous day. The satire was even more pungent than had been the editorial paragraphs previously published. It was effective, too, for it ended the controversy, and both editors pursued the even tenor of their way within a stone's throw of each other without further trouble.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Gen. Nettleton's Joke.

"Gen. George H. Nettleton, who died at Kansas City the other day," said an old-time acquaintance, "was one of the quietest practical jokers I ever knew. A good many years ago, when Gen. Nettleton was the manager of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, he sent a telegram that attracted more attention than any other message ever sent over the line. One day in the early summer Gen. James Craig, then the president of the road, went to Chicago on his private car accompanied by Mrs. Craig and a party of ladies. Gen. Nettleton wired ahead to all the important towns that Brigham Young was on his way east with a crowd of his wives. At every station crowds gathered about the car, and when the train reached Hannibal the throng was immense. It took Gen. Craig a long time to take in the situation. It was with difficulty that he made the newspaper reporters in Chicago understand that it was one of Nettleton's jokes. When they did understand it they wrote up the joke quite as extensively as they would have written up the item they thought they had."—The Sunday Republic.

### A Dog's Expensive Meal.

It is said that more remarkable things happen in Southern France than in any other part of the world, chiefly on account of the wonderful imaginations that the people there have. But now and then these remarkable things are not dependent on the imaginations of the inhabitants; one of them has recently come out through a lawsuit at Narbonne, the proceedings of which are reported in the Paris papers.

The complainant in the case made oath that he was one day dining on the "terrace," or open-air space fronting on the sidewalk where French people are wont to take their meals in summer. He had just begun to eat his soup when it occurred to him to count some money that he had a short time before received. In counting it, he accidentally let fall a hundred-franc bank-note into his soup.

Instantly he fished it out of the plate with his fork, and sent the soup away; but the bank-note was saturated, and he laid it down on the tablecloth to dry.

He was going on with his meal when a little gust of wind blew the bill off the table. Its owner jumped after it, but a wandering dog which had been hungrily watching the meal was quicker than he, and seized it. The taste of the soup on the paper made it an edible thing to the animal, and it was swallowed in an instant.

And then the man who owned the bill, was, though bursting with rage, reduced to the humiliation and insincerity of saying, "Good doggie! Come here, nice doggie," and to the employment of smiles and wheedling ways, in order to get near enough to the animal to read the name engraved on his collar. But he succeeded; and when he had made a note of the name, he assisted the "good doggie's" rapid departure.

Next he brought a suit against the man who owned the dog for the restitution of the one hundred francs; and the court at Narbonne, after hearing the evidence and the pleas at great length, decided that the owner of the dog must pay the other man the money.

### Quaint English Customs.

There is scarcely a manor in England where some queer old custom dating back to the feudal times does not survive, recalling the former prestige and glory of the "lords of the manor." Thus at Broughton, on each Palm Sunday since time immemorial, the so-called "gad whip" manorial service takes place. The lord of the manor, leaving his pew in the chancel, advances to the steps thereof and cracks a heavy carriage whip three times, while the rector is reading the first lesson. At the beginning of the second lesson he approaches the parson with the whip in his hand and a purse with gold pieces tied to the end of the lash. This he waves thrice in the air and then holds the whip so that the purse hangs directly over the priest's head, until the conclusion of the chapter, when the priest takes possession of the purse and reverently places it on the altar. Volumes might be written about these queer manorial customs, the origin of most of them being lost in antiquity.

### Sow Elections.

In olden times the mayors of Leicester, Eng., were elected by a sow. The candidates sat in a semi-circle, each with his hat full of beans in his lap, and he was elected mayor from whose hat the sow ate first.

The really happy women in the world are those so situated that they are independent of a man or a hired girl.

We were sitting on the front steps. I loved him passionately and ill concealed it, I fear. We were talking in a desultory fashion, which is inevitable among people of undeclared intentions who see each other very frequently. I know that I felt terribly nervous, trembling almost, and weak. Suddenly he blurted out the old commonplace question: "Do you think that we will be friends always?" "Friendship, love, hate, indifference, some one of these the future certainly holds for us!" I said. "Let it be love," he answered softly, as he reached out and took my hand. The word marriage never occurred between us that evening, but when he left me our understanding of each other was complete. Five years elapsed before another lover came. This time he was 30 years of age, but mature in manner, the result of business cares. He came to see me often, but not at close intervals, and I had not yet come to regard him as more than an entertaining friend. One night we went to the theater, and came home. As I gave him my hand at the door he thanked me gallantly, saying: "You have made me very happy to-night." "A most pleasant task, I assure you," I replied. "Would you care to assume it permanently?" he asked straighforwardly, and I said: "If it would please you, yes." He kissed my hand and left, saying he would return the following night. I floated upstairs in ecstasy and lay down that night with the most satisfied feeling I have ever experienced in my life. But he died, dear old fellow, and left me to tea and cats.

Girls often, when discussing those among them who have been "out" a long time, without getting a husband, ask the question: "Can you tell me why it is that she is still unmarried? She seems to have had so many chances." Out of the plentitude of my experience let me offer a little advice. In the first place, do not be over-anxious, a fault to which I imagine many are prone. Don't flush your game too easily, or it is apt to get away. An old rule is to make the charm of your personality so penetrate his whole existence that life without you will become a blank. Just how to accomplish this most desirable result is another question. It can't be done by rules, and comes by nature of a dispensation which those who possess it are not aware of. A more practical rule is to be perfectly open, perfectly natural. These are a woman's most alluring qualities in a true man's eye. If the young man is willing but timid, you will only frighten him still more by attempting to make up the deficiency by an over-display of affection. All he needs is a little assistance. If he is not timid, but cursed with elusiveness, the quality of falling "out" of love gracefully, pursue him relentlessly if you can do it without alarming him or attracting the attention of others.—St. Louis Republic.

### AN OUTSIDE POCKET.

A kangaroo wears an outside pocket in his overalls. It is a sort of apartment arrangement in which he carries around his whole family, but this is really suggestive as to the use of outside pockets in the overalls of working men, who, in machine shops and factories, are subjected to sudden hurts and severe bruises. If a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil were stored away in some of these outside pockets, handy and ready for use when some of the sudden hurts and bruises take place, there would be hardly any loss of time in the cure of the worst of them. For the worst bruises it is known to be the best remedy, curing the tenderness and soreness of the spot very promptly, while in the process of curing, the discoloration disappears and the affected parts are fully restored.

### About Pepper.

"It has always amused me," remarked a botanical expert, "to hear people talking of their preference for black pepper over white, and the various explanations they give for the same. Little do they know that both black and white pepper grow upon the same shrub. Over the pepper seed grows a black covering. The seed itself is white, or nearly so. To make black pepper the seed and its external covering are ground up, while the white pepper is the seed alone ground up. White pepper is milder than black, the greater part of the pungency being in the covering. A pepper made of the coverings alone would be such, to use a slang term, hot stuff that it would burn the mouth. The black covering of the pepper seed contains the oil."—Chicago Inter Ocean

### They Didn't.

Sunday-School Teacher—Now, boys, speak right up and answer promptly. Who carried off the gates of Gaza?

Every Boy (promptly and in chorus)—Twan't me. I didn't touch them.—Household Words.

### A Theory.

Johnny—Papa?

Papa—Well?

Johnny—When you say a thing will happen in the long run, does that mean in a century run?—Brooklyn Life.


## Like An Old Clock.

### SET BACK TWENTY YEARS.

#### Dr. Williams the Instrument.

From the Republican, Fresno, Cal.

A case reported from Fresno county is that of a well-known former resident of Kingsburg, though now residing at Selma.

Mr. J. M. Purves is an old gentleman of 70, who, during his long residence in Kingsburg, was beloved alike by young and old, and he is equally endeared to the people of his new home.

It was about July 15, 1896, that a reporter of the Republican met Mr. Purves, and was astonished to see such improvement in his appearance. He looked ten years younger and much stouter than when he moved away from Kingsburg for the benefit of his health, and he was congratulated on his improved appearance.

"I was all run down when I moved away," Mr. Purves said; "something like an old clock that is worn out, but I have undergone such repairs as I think will keep me in running order for many years to come if no accident occurs."

"What was the agent that wrought the change, Mr. Purves," the reporter asked. "Was it Pink Pills? they seem to be doing all the healing in Fresno county."

"Pink Pills are the very things that have built me up," Mr. Purves answered. "I happened to read one of the advertisements of their healing qualities, and then read several more, and somehow there was something in the way the testimonials read that assured me they were true. One in the San Francisco Examiner especially impressed me, and I sent at once and bought some of the pills. I took them as directed, and I do not think I need tell you what they have done for me. I am quite recovered and set back in the journey of life at least twenty years. I have done more work since I have taken them than for a long, long time before. Indeed I may say since long before you were born.

"I took only two boxes in all, but I shall always keep them by me as long as I live, in case of relapse."

(Signed) J. M. PURVES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.


### Diplomacy.

His Father—If you marry old Stubbs' daughter you shan't have a cent of my money.

The Son—But, father, if I don't marry her I can't get a cent of old Stubbs' money.

His Father (with a grudge to satisfy)—My own boy! Marry her and render that old skinflint penniless.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.


### TWINS IN SIZE, SHAPE AND ACTIVITY.

This is what those important little organs, the kidneys, are when healthy. In disorder they may differ in all three particulars. Disease usually destroys them successively, not simultaneously, and one may be active while the other is semi-paralyzed. Give to both a healthful impulse, without exciting them, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which forestalls such dreadful maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Use the Bitters, also, for malarial, bilious, rheumatic, nervous, bowel and kidney trouble.


The Princess Henry of Battenburg, still deeply mourns the death of her husband. It was with difficulty that she could be induced to remain at Balmoral during the visit of the Czar.

Over ninety-five per cent of the vessels which passed through the Suez canal during 1895 used the electric light, so as to be able to continue the trip through the great waterway during the night.


The best way to buy anything is to borrow it first.

Get a package of *Schilling's Best* tea of your grocer. He pays you your money back if you don't like it.

That's our way of lending.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 613


# THE FARM AND HOME

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

**Deep Plowing Not Necessary to Rot Sod—How to Grow Potatoes Successfully—Competent Farm Help Always in Demand—Agricultural Notes**

### Breaking Heavy Sod.

Very deep plowing is not necessary or even advisable to rot sod. Three or four inch furrow turned while moist in early spring will rot more quickly and perfectly than the same furrow turned deeper. But an Iowa farmer thinks he has found a still better way. That is to plow two furrows, first throwing the sod to a depth of four inches, and following in the same furrow with a stirring plow, which thoroughly breaks up the soil below the sod, and then throws five or six inches of this soil over it. On land thus prepared he got a large crop of corn without a weed, and the next year the furrow to the entire depth of the soil stirred was as mellow as an ash heap, and without a trace of sod. In this case probably the under soil was vegetable mould and rich, and the season was also a moist one. We have seen many heavy sods made unproductive for two or three years by turning up too much clay subsoil with the sod. Sometimes, in a dry season, a spring-turned sod will be found unrotted at the bottom of a deep furrow, when clayey subsoil has been thrown over it. In such cases no crop could be grown until the old sod, entirely killed, though not rotted, was turned to the surface and exposed to air. It then decomposes very rapidly, but the deep plowing means a year's loss of time.

### Growing Potatoes.

A successful potato grower gives his method of growing potatoes as follows: Prepare the ground in the fall. Late in March spread potatoes in a warm place until well sprouted. When the ground is sufficiently dry, work it; when warm enough make furrows two and one-half feet apart with a horse hoe. Cut potatoes with one or two eyes to the piece, drop them sixteen inches apart, using care to have pieces with eyes up, spouts being unbroken. Then kick over a little dirt and strew phosphate around the seed, covering with a horse hoe not too deep. When five or six inches high cultivate, continuing this every week or so until the tops are too large. Corn may be planted between the rows after the last hoeing. After potatoes are dug, go ahead with the cultivation of the corn. The result will be satisfactory.

### Learn to Farm Well.

The farm is about the only place where a complete trade can be learned. The mechanic learns now only a portion of a trade, but the farm laborer must know something about a great many things and how to do the work properly. It may be claimed that there is plenty of room on farms for competent help and at good wages. There are but few farmers who would not willingly advance the wages of one who knows what to do and is attentive to all the details without requiring the supervision of the employer, and the farm hand has an opportunity in "scientific" farming as well as the farmer, as it will open the door to a position for him at any time.

### English Bacon.

The bacon, which is one of the most popular nursery dishes in English households, is quite different from that usually eaten here. It is not smoked and is home cured, sweet and delicious. It is sliced very thin, cooked very quickly to be just done through, and is eaten hot, but not dried up on slices of bread. English physicians consider this the best of food for growing children, and as valuable as cod-liver oil in tissue building. A typical nursery breakfast in a well-to-do English household is oatmeal porridge with rashers of bacon, marmalade and cambric tea and coffee made with rich milk and very little sugar.

### Butter Making Is Profitable.

A ton of butter sold from the farm deprives the soil of about 50 cents' worth of fertility, while a ton of wheat costs the farmer ten times that sum. When the farmer sells an article that does not take a large proportion of fertility from the soil he is just as much the gainer as though he had got his price for the same, as the plant food in the soil is always prepared and stored as so much raw material for producing the next crop. In fact, when a farmer sells the fertility of his soil he is really selling the farm itself, as he is compelled to supply in some form to the farm that which he takes from it to be sent to market.

### Fruit Notes.

Large crops are not always the most profitable. Consumers desire large, strong fruit of a good quality rather than inferior grades.

A low tree is least affected by the winds and will grow better. Young trees can be pruned to any desired shape by judicious pruning.

If the young orchard is well cultivated until it is well established it will pay a much better profit and for a longer number of years than if left uncultivated.

Cuttings of quick growing herbaceous plants, like heliotrope, verbena, phlox, geraniums, root quickly, chrysanthemums soonest of all.

With grapes ground bone may be placed in direct contact with the roots without injury, but any other fertilizer should be thoroughly mixed with the soil.

If, as is claimed, the character of the soil has much to do with the keeping quality of apples, this should be kept in mind in selecting the site for the orchard.

### Odds and Ends.

If you find your icing is apt to run, sprinkle the cake lightly with flour.

Salt fish are most quickly and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

If you heat your knife slightly you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold.

Soda is an excellent article for cleaning tinware. Apply damp with a cloth; then rub dry.

A lump of gum camphor placed in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

A little borax in baby's bath will prevent the skin from chafing, and he is less liable to have rash.

If your hall is narrow, place a mirror opposite the parlor door. This helps out by reflection the very narrow space usually given to this part of the house.

A scorch mark, if not too heavy, may be removed by moistening with water and laying in the sun. Repeat the moistening two or three times, and the mark will disappear.

As a change from the more ordinary methods of cooking chicken, cut the meat into neat pieces, dip each into a little melted butter, season with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry until evenly browned.

Sunlight is a capital sanitary agent and promotes health and cheerfulness. Therefore, light should be admitted in large quantities into sick rooms, except in extraordinary cases. The light, however, should be softened and subdued, not glaring.

To restore the elasticity of the seats of a cane chair, turn over the chair and with hot water and a sponge wash the canework so that it may be thoroughly soaked. If the canework is badly soiled, use a little soap. Dry in the air, and it will be as good as new.

An inexpensive and simple plum pudding is made with rice as its foundation. A cup of ground rice flour, chopped suet, sugar seeded raisins and milk mixed together thoroughly and a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of soda added. The mixture is then boiled three hours and served with a lemon or wine sauce.

A cake of magnesia and a clothes brush are a frugal woman's best friends. After brushing a dusty gown, and then with magnesia rubbing both sides of any soiled spots, it should be hung away for a day or two, and then brushed again. The spots will be found to have disappeared. Care taken with dainty gowns is the secret of dressing well on a limited allowance.

## NO LONGER IMPREGNABLE.

**Modern Guns Render Gibraltar Less Valuable than Formerly.**

An article of exceptional interest, evidently written by a Spanish military officer, appears in a current number of the Memorial de Artilleria, showing that the extended range of modern artillery has completely revolutionized the conditions which have hitherto enabled Gibraltar to protect its own arsenal and dock yard and to afford safety for vessels at anchor under the guns of the fortress.

When Gibraltar was taken by the English in 1704 the greatest range for artillery fire was only about 3,000 yards, so that a fleet under the batteries of Gibraltar was secure against attack from the Spanish coast.

It is now pointed out that with a comparatively small expenditure of money by the Spanish Government batteries constructed in the Bay of Algeciras, upon the ridge of mountains known as the Queen of Spain's chair, would actually command Gibraltar at a distance of 9,000 yards and would be capable of demolishing the whole length of the fortifications from the galleries to Europa point. These Spanish batteries would also threaten the entry of ships of war to the Moles. The plan would merely involve the mounting of some forty heavy guns of from 4.7-inch to 12-inch caliber and a similar number of howitzers.

At the present moment the strategical points on this part of the Spanish coast are entirely unfortified, and with Spain's present embarrassments in Cuba and the Philippines it is not likely, as the Broad Arrow points out, that the Madrid Government will take immediate action in the matter. But that these batteries may be constructed some day or other is far from improbable, and in view of the great importance to England of Gibraltar as a naval base and the renewed expenditure upon its combined arsenal and dockyard, the subject is beginning to attract the serious attention of naval and military authorities.—New York Herald.

### Alaskan Curiosities.

Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the University of Kansas, returned from Alaska on the City of Topeka, and left last night by way of California for his home. Prof. Dyche went to Cook's Inlet especially in search of natural history specimens. He ascended to the source of the Knik River with an organized expedition, which was a success, although the obstacles to be overcome were appalling. The native boatman stripped naked and with ropes pulled the boat up the turbulent river. Prof. Dyche obtained specimens of a new mountain sheep, twelve immense mooseheads, caribou, sea otter, birds and other small animals. On July 17 Prof. Dyche saw eight inches of snow fall, and on Aug. 11 six inches fell. He saw three smoking mountains and experienced an earthquake. He found large coal ledges, but the coal was so soft that it could be whittled with a knife. Prof. Dyche said

"That country is one-half made. It will be a good country when it is finished. The glaciers are slowly doing their work; the mountains are smoking and the rivers are vomiting out quantities of quicksand. It is a new country. Let it alone, and some day it will be a good country."

Prof. Dyche met Princess Tom, a famous Yakutat princess, wealthy beyond all other Alaska Indians. She has $15,000 in gold twenties. On her right arm she wears five bracelets, each hammered out of a gold twenty, and on her left arm she wears ten bracelets, each made from a $10 gold piece. She has hundreds of blankets, sea otter skins, etc., and owns a schooner and two sloops. She is 65 years old and has just obtained her fifth husband, a man 20 years old, for whom she paid 500 blankets. The Thlingit women manage the households and hold the purse. The relationships are traced back through the mother's side. It is, in fact, almost a savage realization of Lytton's "Coming Race."—Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Noise Making.

A means for preventing the noise made by trains in passing over iron bridges has been devised by a German engineer. He puts a decking of 2¼-inch planks between the cross girders, resting on 3-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges. On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connections with the girder a timber cover joint is placed on felt, and two hooked bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel cover the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes. A layer of felt is laid between the planks and the timbers they rest upon, and the ironwork in contact with decking and ballast is asphalted. The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge eleven feet wide, and costs 11½d. a square foot. It is water-tight, and has proved very satisfactory in preventing noise.

### Entertaining.

"Minnie has been in to see me to-day," said a little 5-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady."

"And I hope you did, too," said her mother.

"Yes, indeed, I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed."—New York Tribune.

### Mending.

To mend holes in the milk pans make the hole larger by inserting a fork tine, which will make the edges rough so it will hold a shot in place, then pound flat with hammer, resting the pan on a flat iron.


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"I suppose so," said Mrs. Hashcroft."

"And yet women will persist in wasting it by making pudding out of it. Please pass the prunes."—Indianapolis Journal.


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