

RED-HOT "CHEELY."

A Mexican Dish with a "Tendency to Promote Digestion."

How It Led to an Encounter Between Two Old Neighbors—The Judge's Decision at the Trial.

[Arkansas Traveler.]
Some time ago Col. Millbank visited Mexico, and upon returning, declared that the Mexicans are the only people in the world who know how to cook. "Why," said he to his wife, "their dish of 'cheely' is excellent. You take a handful of bird peppers, mix in a little meal and stew 'em up. Of course it's hot and especially with a stranger, seems to be composed of three parts fire and one part torment, but after a man gets used to it, why there's nothing that has such a tendency to promote digestion. It undoubtedly prolongs life, keeps the mind active, and tends toward a general promotion of good feeling. I have brought home a sack of these peppers, and at every meal after this, I shall expect my favorite dish."

Bird peppers entered into the colonel's daily diet. No one thought of sharing the dish with him until several days ago, when old Uncle Sam Blackmore, of Red Fork township, came to the city and called at the colonel's house. The old man, while at dinner, noticed the host dipping into what appeared to be cooked tomatoes, and, during an animated discussion, into which the subject of a literal place of torment in the world to come entered strongly, he reached over and helped himself to a spoonful of stewed pepper.

"Now," said the old fellow, lifting a good-sized blaze on the point of his knife, and holding it near his mouth until he should reach a semicolon, "I'm a little quar in my belief and don't hesitate to say that the wicked will be roasted like a possum!"

He dropped the knife, wiped his tongue on his coat sleeve, and, without speaking, he "hailed off" with a sauce-bottle and knocked the colonel down. The colonel, being resentful and impetuous, arose and denounced old Blackmore's familiarity, by hurling his favorite dish into the visitor's frank and open countenance. A hand-to-hand encounter ensued, resulting in the defeat of the colonel and the subsequent arrest of the old man. The case was taken to court and tried by an eminent justice of the peace, a jurist whose idea of justice rarely meets with reversal, except when it chances to fall under the severe gaze of a judge who knows the law.

When the lawyers had closed their arguments, the old justice killed a horse fly with a paper cutter, and said:

"This court is ready to deliver its opinion. The court holds that the defendant had a right to visit the land of the Montezumas and Cortezes, and that while there had a perfect right to form a taste for the dishes prepared by the inhabitants of that country. This court furthermore holds that the defendant had a perfect right to prepare the dish and eat it under the American flag; in other words, he had a right to put it on his table."

"Then I understand," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "that you have decided in our favor?"

"Just wait, if you please, until this court has concluded the decision. In order to be thoroughly prepared to judge the case wisely, this court ordered and tasted a sample of the stuff brought from the depraved land of the Montezumas, and this court is prepared to say that a man who wouldn't knock a fellow down for placing such a hidden mine of explosive compounds within his reach, ought to break out with the rattle-trash, and be deprived of the right of suffrage. This court would advise the plaintiff to keep out of the defendant's way, but will say that if the defendant don't catch him and maul the eternal pain out of his disposition, he will lay himself liable to a fine and the odium of being considered a blamed fool by this court."

American Belles Abroad.

[London Cor. Chicago Tribune.]
Among the American women who have attained a high position in London socially is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, nee Miss Fanny Carter. New York society people will well recollect Miss Carter as one of the most beautiful girls of her day. After several years of pronounced marital unhappiness Mrs. Ronalds separated from Mr. Ronalds, quitting America with her three little children. I suppose there are few lives more full of incident and romance than that of this still beautiful and wonderfully fascinating woman. During the reign of Napoleon III she was one of the belles of the French court. The emperor is said to have thought her the most beautiful American he had ever seen, and frequently went purposely to see her skate on the ice at the fashionable "rink," which she did, according to my informant, "divinely." After the fall of the empire Mrs. Ronalds went to Algeria and for several years was lost to the fashionable world. Rumor from time to time said she was living on a sheep ranch. She was even credited with the management of a vast estate herself, and one story went so far as to paint her superintending countless acres armed to the teeth, feathers, though the only white woman within miles.

Within the last few years Mrs. Ronalds has returned to London, and now holds a position in society second to none. Her only daughter was married a short time since, making a brilliant match, and, a friend tells me, the wedding gifts included one from the prince and princess of Wales, the duke and duchess of Edinburgh, and several other members of the royal family. Last Sunday Mrs. Ronalds had the three American beauties with her during her reception hours—Miss Chamberlain, Miss Windsor, and Mrs. Beach-Grant's lovely daughter. There were also several artists present, among them Miss Gray, Mr. Bret Hart's niece, whose successful debut at Covent Garden a few weeks since has so gratified her friends and admirers.

Friendly Advice.

[Wall Street News.]
A Boston man, who left Virginia City a few days ago for home, notified the conductor of the train, when a few miles out, that he desired to send a telegram to the hotel regarding a package of papers he had left in his room.

"Valuable papers, of course," queried the conductor.

"Why, there are \$20,000 worth of stock in the Henry Clay silver mine, \$15,000 in the Desert Emigrating company, \$10,000 in a plumage bank, and about the same in a new hotel for tourists."

"Yes—'nt say?"
"Well?"
"It will cost you 25 cents to telegraph back. Don't telegraph. You will be 25 cents ahead if you don't."

The Bostonite concluded to wait until he got home, and then invest in a 2-cent postage stamp.

Louisville Courier-Journal, Van Motre has a cold, absconding, mysterious manner. He is doubtless trying to think up some scheme for restoring Prince Bismarck's departed hair.

MECHANICS WITH SCIENCE

Destined to Effect the Chief Revolution in This Country.

[Gath & Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A great trouble with the southern states to-day, as mercantile customers, is their indifference, except in certain districts, to the tastes and aspirations passing over the rest of the country. The manufacturing and artistic spirit is kept alive by the extravagance, so to speak, of the people. That is to say, if a man buys a carpet instead of whisky, and spends his money in ornamenting his house instead of betting it away on a race or a cotton option, he becomes a better customer in proportion as he is a better citizen.

Nothing will civilize so like the manufacturer. Wherever they have gone another spirit has come over the society. We are too early for art to affect us much, and I observe in those countries where mere art has flourished that the great body of the people are still ignorant. Mechanics with science are destined to effect the chief revolution in this country. Out of science and manufacture have already come the phosphates and other organic manures which have brought up poor soil and made it possible to cultivate cotton to the base of the Allegheny mountains.

When slavery passed from the surface of the ground the fossils of fish and other beings under the surface reached out their bones as if to say, "Here is your slave who will work for you and you cannot abuse him." Much of the want of civilization in the old mountain portions of America arises from the entire absence of money as a circulating medium. There are families in the mountains of West Virginia, and I suppose of Kentucky and Tennessee, who, before the war, hardly saw a real dollar from the beginning of the year to the end. Their business was exclusive barter, selling what they had to the merchant at his price, and taking in return what he had to offer also at his price. The merchant seemed to have an interest in bringing up the quality of the people. Beautiful things, refining things were not among his wares. The people got coffee and tobacco and sugar, and hardly a spelling book. It is true that they were happy, but so is the fox.

In the older times religion reached into those hills and implanted that spirit called piety, which is next to worldly ambition. The war seemed to paralyze the preachers in the south, and flung them back upon the crude people there, not turning their faces toward the light of the cross any more, but toward the darkness of the Gethsemane. Devoured in the politics of slavery, religion has ever since been to a large extent a kind of passive force, like that of the Jews, who assemble in the waiting place in Jerusalem to howl about the pass. The new preacher has come with the fire on his brows and fire in his eyes. It is the much derided, the throbbing, the screaming, the evangelist locomotive.

Walking on the Water.

[New York Letter.]

A tall, good-looking, brown mustached young man, with a jaunty step and a complacent smile, walked quietly over the pathway leading from the Manhattan hotel to the bathing pavilion, Coney Island, the other afternoon. He entered, paid for a ticket and shortly afterward reappeared on the beach, clad in a suit of resplendent tights and carrying in his hands a pair of objects shaped like snow shoes, but considerably thicker. Fitting these to his feet he waded into the water. He sank no further than half way to his knees. A crowd of nursemaids, children, policemen and idlers gazed at him from the pier, and the bathers all suspended operations to watch his movements. He walked out into deep water, balancing himself and shooting forward as though skating. The water was calm and he turned and wheeled about on its surface. The nursemaids said, "Oh, my," the children cheered, and the idlers looked awed and the policemen smiled in calm superiority.

The young man amused himself for a quarter of an hour. Then he revisited the bathing pavilion, and came out clothed and carrying the aquatic shoes under his arm. A crowd pressed round him and made inquiries, and a young man begged a trial of the shoes. He got them and, procuring a bathing suit, started out to experiment for himself. When he got to deep water he lost his balance. There was a wild yell, and the next moment the shoes were kicking wildly on the surface of the water. What was going on beneath was left to the imagination of the beholders. A boat pulled in and rescued the shoes, and a very much bedraggled and discomfited dandy crawled into the boat after them. When he got his breath he said he didn't know they were loaded. The crowd laughed and cheered him when he restored the treacherous articles to their owner. The inventor of the shoes is a naturalist artist by profession, and he proposes giving exhibitions at all the seaside resorts.

The Distiller and His Heir.

[New York Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

How little did I imagine when I knew Eccles Gilblender as an opinion distiller that his money-making efforts were simply to enrich a titled fortune-hunter. How little, indeed, did he imagine such a result! In those days Gilblender & Co. was a young and thrifty concern, and soon afterwards they began to deal in tobacco, which, being more profitable, gradually claimed their entire attention. Whisky and tobacco, the two most worthless of products, made Eccles Gilblender immensely rich, and he bequeathed the largest part of his estate to his widow. The latter went abroad, accompanied by her daughter, who, being a prospective heiress, became as is usually the case the wife of a nobleman. The wedded pair eventually separated, but the husband obtained almost complete control of his wife's mother, and induced her to make him her heir. This is one of the most surprising instances of undue influence, and the wife is also to contest the will. Should the latter be sustained the wealth which Eccles Gilblender's slaves so hard to accumulate will pass into the possession of the marquis of San Marzino. This being the first case of the kind, it excites deep interest in society circles and also in the legal profession.

A Sharp Darkey.

[Texas Siftings.]

Sam Johnson, having attended a night school for a few weeks, believes that he is the smartest nigger in Austin. He was a witness in a burglary case and created a sensation by his intelligence.

"Do you think you would recognize the burglar if you were to see him again?"
"Why, look, ob course I would."
"You are sure you would identify the thief if you were to see him again?"
"I tell you so ag'in. I've not one ob dese fool niggers what doesn't know nuffin. I could identify that man when I nebber seed him ag'in. I don't hab ter see him ag'in to identify him."

The Supply Equal to the Demand.

[Burdette.]

"What," asks a very tender writer, "what can take the place of babies?"—"Sh! Bend your ear a little lower and well tell you. Other babies. You didn't suppose this year's crop lasted forever, did you? Goodness, no, it will be clear out of apple in eighteen months."

IN THE BACKWOODS.

"Eetsy Hamilton's" Visit at "Old Miss Raincrow's" Cabin.

How She Named the Girls, While the Old Man Named the Boys—Training the Children.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
It was mighty high day, and the old 'oman made up a fire in the fireplace to get breakfast, and weuns all riz. She filled the hath plum full of sweet taters, baked some corn dumplings in the skillet, briled some meat on the coals and made some coffee out 'n parch meal. The little white headed, dirty faced chaps fretted and cried all the time, and the old 'oman scolded.

Aunt Nancy and maw sat and smoked their pipes. Aunt Nancy she lowed to old Miss Raincrow:

"Hit's monstrous hard on a body to take keer of so many chillin and keep 'em in vittles and clothes."
"Not so mighty," says she, "I haint got nary one to spar; I'd work the ends of my fingers off for nary one of 'em, bad as they is—keep out the fire, Sal; you'd get right in it if I didn't jerk you out. Sit down there, May Liza, you aint made out'n glass. No body cant see th' you. Put down that dog, Jefferson Davis, and fetch the baby here to me. Set down thar, William Henry Forney, and shet your mouth. Your tongue is alters agwine. Didn't I tell you to fetch me the baby, Jeff! I'll floor you with this here light'ood knot fust thing you know, and stomp you into the bargain; fetch it here to me this minute. Bless his little heart of it, murther wouldn't take a dollar for hit. Hit's worth the whole gang put together. Dar-den, honey, don't cry; murther'll give it a swell tater-quick as it's cooked—don't cry. Tell the ladies your name; it's most too big a name for hit's little tongue to wrap around. The old man named him after John T. Morgan, kase he was in his regiment in the war. Dar-den, honey, don't cry, and she sot him on the floor and shoved the yaller pup at him to play with, but John T. Morgan wouldn't hush.

"He named all the boys and I named the girls. The boys is all named after big, smart men that I don't know, nothin' about and never have saw. 'Alabama-Tetchom'—Not thar for my maw, and Missouri for his'n; but maw I fell out longer old Zeory, that's his mawmy! I called her 'Alabama Tetchom-Not,' kase she is so lutehy. She'll cry if you jist look hard at her. May Liza is name Mary for her Aunt Polly, and Liza is name for her Aunt Jane. May Liza is twin to Sal. Sal is jist named Sal for short. She goes by the name of Big Sis mostly, and her cousins all calls her Cousin Sis. Come here Sal and let me fasten your coat. She's outgrewed everything she's got. 'Gout yander, William Henry Forney, and tell Jabe Curry to fetch his-self here to me. 'Ary he is a twin to Robert E. Lee. They are next to Jefferson Davis—shet up your mouth, Charlie M. Shelley; nobody cant hear they serves talk for your everlastin whinin'. I cant give you the tater tel it's cooked. Here take this here piece of bread, and hush. Shelley he is jist a year older than John T. Morgan, and John T. has mighty high notch up to him in size—shet up your mouth, William Henry Forney. How many more times do you want me to tell you about your tongue? Go out thar this minute and tell Jabe Curry if he don't fetch his-self here to me and nuss John T. Morgan and shet him from yellin', I'll make his pap beat him into a frazzle."

But William Henry Forney instead of tellin' him to come to his mawmy, went out thar and sot up a fuss longer Jabe about a sweet tater.

"Mur-ther, mur-ther, make Jabe gimminy tater. It's my tater; I had it tase."

"Hit's not none of his'n no sich a thing. Mur-ther. Mur-ther, make William Henry gimminy my string. He took and took my string kase I snatched my sweeter wa-Tin-in, and it's none of his'n. It's my tater—it's my very tater."
Then she let in on Jabe with the hickry; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The "Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

I think it is Wordsworth who somewhere says, "I heard a little lamb say, Ba-a!" But Hawthorne was not a little lamb, and never said Ba-a! This is what happened: Hawthorne came in with a humorous smile in his eyes, and said: "Well, Sophie, my head is off, and I must begin to write a book. But what puzzles me is, how are we to live while the book is writing?" "Oh, wait till you see how economical I've been!" replied his wife. Whereupon she unlocked a drawer, and presented to her astonished husband a roll of bills amounting to \$100, being the accumulation of her savings out of the money he had from time to time given her for housekeeping. I have heard my mother tell the story a score of times. How they both would have laughed to read, "At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.'" Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The "Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

Suggestion for "Treating."

[Washington Critic Interview.]

"Why is it that it is only a drink or a cigar that your friends ask you to have? You never hear a man say to another when he goes into a hardware store, 'Have a pound of nails' or in a clothing store, 'Have a coat' or in a bakery, 'Have a loaf of bread.' It is always an offer of something you are better off without. I tell you it is the same of the times, and leads more young men to destruction than all other things combined."

The Ruling Passion.

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"Another coupon has been clipped off," said a gentleman to a friend.
"I do not comprehend," replied his friend.
"Be more explicit."
"I lost my youngest child, by death last night."
"Ah," said his friend, "I now understand you. A coupon has been clipped that was attached to your bond of matrimony."

Philosophy of Finance.

[North American.]

The man who economizes saves, and he who saves most can invest most, and he who invests most reaps most in the way of net profits. This is the law in a country where all roads are free to the citizen. All roads are free to the citizen in this country. Thrift is not the absolute creature of statutes, though statutes may afford the means of thrift.

Christian Union: Any man who wants to get possession of wealth which he has not produced by honest industry—industry of hand or brain, of action or thought—wants to rob his neighbor. Rob is a short word; but it is a plain word; and it expresses exactly what we mean.

SKETCHES OF SITTING BULL.

His Wives and Children—His Ways of Life.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]
Sitting Bull doesn't know where he was born, or when. He is about 47 years old, and, being a Teton, was probably born in central or southern Dakota. Four Bears, his uncle, says the place was near old Fort George, on Willow creek, near the mouth of the Cheyenne, on the west side of the Missouri river. His father was a rich chief, Jumping Bull. At 10 years of age the Indian lad was famous as a hunter, his favorite game being buffalo calves. His father had hundreds of pretty white, gray and roan ponies, and the boy never wanted for a horse. He killed more young buffaloes than any of his mates, and won popularity by laying his game at the lodges of poorer Indians, who were unlucky in the chase. At 14 he killed an enemy; his name before had been Sacred (for wonderful) Standshot. When he had killed his man and could boast a scalp, his name was changed to Sitting Bull, though why the old man doesn't know.

He has two wives, Was-Seen-by-the-Nation and the One-that-Had-Four-Robes. A third wife is dead. His children are all bright, handsome boys and girls, nine in number; one, a young man about 18, is in a Catholic school near Chicago. Sitting Bull himself is not a Catholic, as reported, nor is it likely that a man of his strength of mind will ever renounce the mysteries of his own savage religion, in which for so many years he has been a powerful high priest. One little boy, 6 years old, bright as a dollar and with eyes that fairly snap like whips, was with him at Buford when he surrendered. At the formal bow-wow the chief put his heavy rifle in the little fellow's hands and ordered him to give it to Maj. Broderick, saying: "I surrender this rifle to you through my young son, whom I now desire to teach in this way that he has become a friend of the whites. I wish him to live as the whites do and be taught in their schools. I wish to be remembered as the last man of my tribe who gave up his rifle. This boy has now given it to you, and he wants to know how he is going to make a living." Happily, Sitting Bull's anxiety for his children is being grandly met in the work of the Carlisle and Hampton schools and the gradually enlarging schools and academies planted by the missionaries throughout Dakota and the west.

Sitting Bull is a typical Indian. He is wide between the cheek bones, which are more than ordinarily prominent. His chin is sharp and long, and his mouth and dark eyes betoken great firmness of character. His dress is like that of any other half-civilized red man. He affects little silly ornaments that make his grim dignity very laughable. His voice is a deep, gruff bass. He shuffles along as he walks, stepping on the outer edge of the left foot, which was badly wounded years ago. The old man will live a good many years if smoking does not use him up. He got his first glimpse of civilization last winter, coming to St. Paul with Agent McLaughlin. The things that struck him most forcibly in his travels was the ballet which he saw at one of the theatres. This is not remarkable, as Indian women are never known to display their bodily charms as do the females of a superior race. This indecency, however, Sitting Bull looks upon as one of the supreme evidences of our greater civilization. Maj. McLaughlin says he would talk of nothing else in the way of home. His great ambition in life now is to get a white wife. He says he would give two ponies for a ballet girl.

A Story About Hawthorne.

[Julian Hawthorne in The Century.]
Before I leave the subject of the "Scarlet Letter" I will say a word about a sickly little story that has lately been going the round of the papers upon the authority of Mr. Maurice D. Conway. It reads as follows:

"One wintry day Hawthorne received word at his office that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.'" Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The "Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

I think it is Wordsworth who somewhere says, "I heard a little lamb say, Ba-a!" But Hawthorne was not a little lamb, and never said Ba-a! This is what happened: Hawthorne came in with a humorous smile in his eyes, and said: "Well, Sophie, my head is off, and I must begin to write a book. But what puzzles me is, how are we to live while the book is writing?" "Oh, wait till you see how economical I've been!" replied his wife. Whereupon she unlocked a drawer, and presented to her astonished husband a roll of bills amounting to \$100, being the accumulation of her savings out of the money he had from time to time given her for housekeeping. I have heard my mother tell the story a score of times. How they both would have laughed to read, "At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.'" Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. The "Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.

A Kiss.

[Bloomington Mail.]

A kiss is a proxymal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries respectively of a man and woman or two women. The younger the parties are the more proxymal will be the proxymism, and in case it is observed by the fond father of the proxymized young lady, there is also likely to be perigee between the proxymizer's pedicel junction and the phalangeal extremities of the metatarsus, tarsus and other brico-branc depending from the lower end of the old gentleman's right leg. The kiss itself is not the proxymism. It merely the vibrations of the superincumbent atmosphere resultant from the expulsion of sweetness from each of the pairs of lips engaged in creating it.

A Curious Procession.

[Chicago Herald.]

A curious historical procession will be organized this month in Belgium during the celebration commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of railways into the country. The procession will present all known means of transport, from the ancient Roman chariot to the modern electric railway, and will include the locomotive and coaches of the first train which ran in Belgium in 1825, manned by those officials and workmen engaged on the line who still survive.

MAKING TIN PLATES.

The Iron Several Times Doubled, Reheated and Rolled.

The "Black Plate" Put in the "Pickling" of Acid—How the Tin Coating is Applied.

[Scientific American.]

The following is the process at the Dyffryn Tin Plate works, Morriston, near Swansea, Wales:

In the first place we have what is termed bar iron, several feet long, about seven inches wide, and from one-half to five-eighths of an inch in thickness, rolled according to the plates required at so many pounds per foot. It is cut in what may be termed a jack-in-the-box or steam shear, say about nineteen pounds, to a piece which will eventually be rolled into sixteen sheets of twenty inches long by fourteen inches wide, and weighing when timed nearly 100 pounds.

This piece of iron is first placed in a reverberatory furnace, heated to redness, put through the chilled rolls, and rolled in what is termed thick six times; reheated, and rolled in singles twice; doubled, reheated, and rolled three times; doubled, reheated, and rolled twice; doubled, reheated, and rolled in eighths twice, until they are stretched out to the required length and thickness. The length of the bar exceeds by about one inch the width of the sheet to be made, so as to allow for the shearing process, and the bar is therefore rolled with its axis parallel to that of the rolls. Great attention is necessary in the construction and management of the mill furnaces, so that the heating of the bar and sheet for rolling may be affected with the utmost regularity, and without the formation of scale on the surface of the bars or sheets; for when scaling takes place from the draught in the furnace being too keen or the heat raised too high, the quality of the iron is injured; the scale, if subsequently rolled into the iron, leaves a rough surface on the plates in the after process of separating and pickling. The plates are then sheared, and the rough edges taken off. The iron of nineteen pounds or thereabouts makes sixteen sheets, which, being cut in halves, leaves eight sheets in a piece closely welded. Girls with small iron hatchets open or separate them. They are termed black plate. From one ton of bar iron about 1,675 pounds of black plate is made; the loss is termed shearing, and is worked up again in the forge fires. The plates are next sent to be pickled, i. e., immersed in heated dilute sulphuric acid, known as oil of vitriol.

The plates are placed in a cradle or receptacle, lifted by a hydraulic, then dropped into a round wooden or lead tank containing the acid; the cradle is then made to revolve by means of steam power, to enable the liquid to rush between the sheets, which revolve in a circle, and are lifted again by the hydraulic, dropped into a tub, a little apart from the last, containing water only; the cradle revolving as in the last tub, so that the water washes away all trace of the acid; when taken up again the plates are clean and bright as silver.

The plates are next subjected to a bright red heat, which lasts from twelve to twenty-four hours, in closed iron annealing pots in a reverberatory furnace; they are well covered on the top to prevent the plates from being burnt, the heat is kept as high as it can be without softening them to such a degree as to cause them to stick so fast together as to prevent their separation when cold. They next pass singly through cold rolls, three, four, or more times, as may be deemed requisite. These rolls are highly polished, and must be set in accurate order to give the plates a perfectly flat and well polished surface. Again they are annealed or softened at a lower temperature than the first, as their surfaces would be damaged by being in any degree stuck together. Pickled again, as before, excepting that the liquid is considerably weaker than previously, placed in cast-iron troughs containing clean water renewed by a stream constantly flowing through—they are then taken in hand singly, and scoured if necessary with sand and hempen pads before being delivered to the tin-man.

Now comes the last process. The sheets are iron only so far. They next reach the tin house, and are placed in a trough containing clean water, ready for the tinman, as he is termed, who then picks them up and puts them singly in a greasy tin containing palm oil, to soak, and after being there for a short time, the tinman places the sheets in a large iron pot containing molten tin, with a covering of palm oil. Here it unites with the tin, which it has a strong affinity; when he has performed his part the plates are handled over to the next man, called a washman, whose pot contains pure molten tin; after they have soaked in his pot a little, he raises them with a tong on to the hob as he requires them, brushes the surfaces of both sides of each sheet, and after dipping them into another pot containing molten tin again, they are sent through rolls which work in a large pot containing palm oil, and the speed at which the rolls move regulates the quantity of tin to be put on each sheet. They are afterward raised from the rolls under which they have been passing by a youth called a riser, handed to two young women who rub them in lins or boxes containing bran, one after the other, which takes off the grease; another girl, called a duster, gives them a further polish with a skin duster, and takes them to the assorting room, where every plate passes inspection, and if not up to the mark is sent back for recondition. After passing through that ordeal, they are counted and signed and made up into boxes.

The growth of the tin industry for the next ten years, from 1870 to 1880, was enormous, but the percentage of increase was lowered. During this decade the number of establishments increased a little less than 2,000, there being 22,573 in 1870 and 24,328 in 1880. The capacity of the new mills, however, averaged large, so that the increase in capital invested in plants was over \$25,000,000. The number of hands employed was increased less than 1,000, showing the great difference in this respect between roller and stone mills, as well as the rapid improvement in methods of handling the grain and its products.

The wages paid in 1880 showed an increase of about \$5,000,000 over 1870, or about 30 per cent. The value of grain used had increased to the extent of about \$55,000,000, and the annual product showed an increased value of \$60,000,000.

The Fool's Paradise.

[Bill Nye.]

"Follet—What is the meaning of the term 'Fool's Paradise?'"
The fool's paradise is a place where the fool-killer buries his dead. As fools cannot be considered as responsible for their acts they cannot be punished in purgatory, and yet they cannot be admitted into Heaven. They are therefore consigned to a place fitted up especially for them, where they can ask each other, "Is this cold enough for you?" and all such little intellectual sparks as that. There is where those people go who breathe in the barrels of the shot-gun or light the kitchen fire with kerosene.

People who enter this paradise enter it with great rapidity, and generally in fragments. The outer court is used mainly for the purpose of assorting and classifying the remains.

This is also the home of the man who, during life, casually sat down on a buzz saw to think of a hard word.

Where the Currents "Mingle."

[The Hour.]

Nothing is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in the democratic country. If that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact, is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also, which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made the better for it. It should at least be a preservative against decadence and stagnation.

New York Star: It is time for the law to declare whether the emotional insanity, and voluntarily produced, is to be a barrier to the claim and justice-decreed sanity of the hangedman.