

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.

Did she give a tender glance When thy tongue refused to speak? Let it not my bliss enhance. No further glances seek; One such look from maiden's eye Is to pledge of constancy.

MY GUIDE.

In the summer of 1899 I had occasion to visit the Rushmore Asylum for the Insane. The institution is, I believe, reckoned among the best of its kind in this country. The distinguishing feature in its system of treatment is that of according to patients all reasonable freedom—a system, I am informed, which has been followed with the most encouraging results. So far as practicable, the inmates of the asylum are treated like sane men and women; and, instead of being constantly reminded of their infirmity, they are led to forget it, if the power to forget it remains.

On the day of my visit I had purchased a case of medicines for one of the assistant physicians, who was an intimate friend. This I had done at his request, and it was to deliver these medicines that I made the journey to Rushmore asylum.

Ascending the massive stone steps, I was conducted by one of the attendants into the reception parlor. Here I was left to wait until my presence could be announced to my friend, Dr. Balcom. It so happened that I was the only occupant of the room, and to engage my mind while I waited I picked up a copy of De Quincey's "Confessions" and began to read.

While thus occupied, a voice accosted me, saying, "Did you wish to see any one, sir?"

"Looking up, I saw the speaker was a small, neatly dressed man, who had evidently addressed me in order to make his presence known."

"I was waiting," I replied, "to see Dr. Balcom."

"The doctor is engaged just at present on a very important case. Would you like to make a tour of the building?"

"I answered that I should be pleased to do so, and thereupon my friend conducted me out into the hall. I discovered that he was one of the attendants in the asylum, and he also informed me that he studied insanity for a number of years, with a view of fitting himself for a physician."

"Under so excellent a guide I was conducted through the building, and shown the numerous points of interest. Those patients whose cases possessed particular interest were also pointed out to me, and their idiosyncrasies fully explained."

"The man whom we just passed," said my companion, referring to a large, fresh faced, mild eyed patient, "is one of the most dangerous patients we ever had."

"Indeed!" I replied, "one would not think so from looking at him."

"No; but the appearance of all insane people is deceptive. There was a woman here some time ago—a pale, sweet faced, delicate creature—who we at first treated as a saint, and who acted as the angel of mercy in the asylum, and she then cut the throats of two of her fellow patients."

"Is there not danger," I asked, "in granting so much liberty to the inmates?"

HEXAGONAL POW.

WHY AND HOW CANNON POW IS RAMMED BEFORE IT IS USEL

It is Compressed by Hydraulic Machines Into Convenient Little Prisms—Something About the Press That Does the Work—A Complicated Process.

A large number of persons who visited the scene of the disastrous powder explosion of the Du Pont Powder mills carried away with them, as mementos of the explosion, little six-sided pieces of a black material which they generally supposed to be iron or some soft metal.

In reality these innocent looking mementos are lumps of concentrated explosive energy. They are prisms of explosive power. The name is doubtless owing to the peculiar shape given to each piece or block, which is that of a hexagonal prism.

This form is the result of intense pressure which the powder is exposed to in its passage through a powerful hydraulic press. It was chosen for the same reason that the honey bee chooses to make the cells in its comb hexagonal—economy of space.

The compression has put every possible ounce of force into the prism, the small size of the prisms enable the gunners accurately to measure the force of each charge, and the hexagons pack together without loss of space in the load chamber of the gun.

The concentration of power by means of the hydraulic press is so great that solid prisms of this powder loaded into a gun would probably burst it, and if not would be wasted by ejection from the gun before it was all burned.

The machines by which these prisms of concentrated power are manufactured are models of compact, strong and accurate working machinery. One of them stands about eighteen feet high and weighs about 50,000 pounds.

It is composed of two water cylinders and two rams, connected by four polished iron rods about four and a half inches in diameter, standing on a rectangular foundation. The cylinders and rams are at opposite ends of these rods. The rams work toward each other centrally with the rods.

Between the rams are four cast iron plates six inches thick, three feet two inches by four feet six inches, three of which move with the ram and one is stationary. This stationary plate is perforated with fifty-four round holes, about two inches in diameter, that have been partially filled with brass bushings.

Working directly over this plate is a similar one attached to the ram of the upper cylinder, and guided by the four polished iron rods which fit into a half round recess at each of its corners.

The power of these presses is generated in the cylinders simply by pumping water into them and behind the rams. The cylinders are 11, 12 and 13 inches in diameter. The upper one has two compartments—the ram filling the lower one, and above it is a cylinder with a lifting piston by which the ram is raised after its downward stroke in compressing the powder.

In operation the parts of this press are so adjusted that the plungers of the upper and lower plunger plates and the needles approach each other through the movement of the rams. The holes in the stationary plate are stopped on the lower side by the ends of the plungers, and the needles entering through the plungers extend up through the stationary plate. The hexagon holes are then filled with wet powder and the rams brought together, exerting a pressure of 2,500 pounds on the powder in each of the holes.

It doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple, and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil.

With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at \$500.

"I tell you, laugh as you will, Mr. Sofley has a clear head."

STRANGE ANIMALS.

It cannot be denied that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but certainly it would not be as available for poetry if called by some pretentious scientific term.

Two young men were studying, under the microscope, the bacteria found in ditch water, and one of them proposed that they should take their work home from the class room, after the usual hour for remaining there.

One of them, who lived with a maiden aunt, said that he was sure she would allow them to use her dining room table, where they would have plenty of light, and on arriving at the house he made his request.

"Why don't you look at your live things at school and leave them there?" she inquired, with manifest distaste for the whole subject.

"Because we've found such beauties today, we can't bear to stop looking," said her nephew. "Let us have the table, won't you?"

"Yes, you may have the table," was the somewhat grudging response, and the young men, wondering why auntie was so peculiar, set to work.

Presently she appeared again, this time holding her skirts gingerly about her ankles, that they might not touch the floor.

"Boys," said she, taking a careful glance in every direction, "do be careful of those things, won't you?"

"What, the bacteria?"

"Yes. Don't let any of the creatures get out, and hide about the room, so that you can't catch them."—Youth's Companion.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE SAID.

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and literati of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses no interruption whatever can be permitted.

It is quite a difficult matter to repair one's gloves so neatly and perfectly that it cannot be detected as a non-professional's work.

As the fly glides rapidly over a smooth surface every step presses out a supply of gum strong enough to give him a sure footing and to sustain him in safety if he falls.

Putge Sound lumber is the oldest, most profitable, and the most actively prosecuted industry of the sound, employing as it does a capital of over \$60,000,000.

Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

THE NEWSPAPER DEADEND.

A newspaper deadend is one of the nuisances the restaurant patron has to contend with. Let a man sit down to the table with the daily paper, and there is always some one near who is watching for an opportunity to get his news for nothing.

Condensing His Memorial. Among the many incidents connected with the building of the cathedral of All Saints is one which is indicative of the oft stated ability of the people of this town upon the shortest notice.

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THE CONDUCTOR'S DEED.

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MIRACULOUS.

Bro'er Johnson, does you b'lieve in miracles?

"Does I b'lieve in miracles? Suttently I does. Didn't I jest have one of 'em down at my house?"

"You! A miracle down at your house?"

"Yes, sah; dat's what I said. Dey was jes' fow chickens in my coop when I went to bed las' night, an' when I woked up dis mornin'—"

"Dey was eight?"

"Eight? No, yo' fool man! Dey was none. Done stole."

"Humph! Wha'd do miracle?"

"De coop was lef'."—Judge.

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