Stamps the People Never See.

A woman who has the craze for stamp collecting called at the Bangor postoffice recently and said she wanted to buy "some of the stamps which are canceled when postage is paid on regular publications." It is against the rule to sell these stamps, and the woman's remark led to an investigation by an inspector. According to a rule of the department, mail matter prepaid is receipted in a book, which is sent to Washington when filled. Stamps of a particular sort were placed on the receipts and canceled. As they were never allowed to go from the office they were of course of great value to collectors. The inspector found that the book had been taken by an employe, who believed it to be of no value. He sold them and found eager customers for them. Whatever he had on hand he gave to the inspector who called on him. —Springfield Republican.

Our Total Coast Line.

The Pacific ocean boundary of the United States has a greater extent of coast line than the Atlantic shore. The aggregate of our shore line on the Pacific is 12,734 miles, while on the Atlantic it is 11,800 miles, and on the Gulf of Mexico 6,843. It was the annexation of Alaska that promoted the Pacific coast to a higher figure than the Atlantic, Alaska having 9,850 miles of coast line. If the lake boundary is added it gives us a total coast line not very short of twice the circumference of the earth.—Chicago Herald.

Bones of the Aged.

An English chemist has shown that the brittleness of the bones of the aged is not due as is generally supposed, to an increase of the proportion of mineral salts with advancing years. From a section of a femur of fifty subjects of different ages no difference in the proportion of salts could be determined.—Boston Budget.

THE NEW ENGLISH RIFLE.

The Claim Is Made That It Will Hit a Man Point Blank at 500 Yards.

An official army order gives all the details of the mechanism of the new magazine rifle with which the army is to be supplied. The weight with magazine (empty) is nine pounds eight ounces, the new sword bayonet fifteen and one-half ounces, the scabbard four and three-fourths ounces, the magazine when filled with eight cartridges thirteen ounces. The length of the rifle is four feet one inch, and the sword bayonet one foot four inches.

The magazine consists of a sheet steel box inserted from under the body in front of the trigger guard through an opening in the body. It is held in position by a spring in the body engaging in a notch on the magazine. It will contain eight cartridges, and may be filled when in position in the rifle or when detached, by inserting the cartridges one by one. A spring at the bottom of the magazine presses upward a movable platform, forcing the column of cartridges also upward.

A "cut off" is fitted to the right side of the body, which, when pressed inward, stops the supply of cartridges from the magazine, so that the arm may then be used as a single loader. When the "cut off" is pulled out the lower edge of the bolt on being driven forward engages the top edge of the uppermost cartridge in the magazine and forces it into the chamber, and so on till the magazine is emptied. The magazine can be removed by pressing a small lever inside the trigger guard.

One magazine is attached to each rifle, being secured from loss by a chain link. A spare magazine is also issued with each arm. The stock, like that of the Martini-Henry rifle, is in two pieces, the fore end and the butt. Under the hinder part of the small of the butt is a projection forming a so called "pistol grip." The butt is secured to the body by a "stock bolt." The butt plate is fitted with a trap, giving access to the unoccupied portion of the stock bolt recess, which is arranged to contain an oil bottle and a jag.

The rifle is provided with two sets of sights. The foresight and the backsight are fixed in the usual position on the barrel. The foresight is a square block with a vertical cut through it, showing a fine line of light. Aim is taken by fitting this square into a corresponding square notch in the backsight, so that lines of light of equal width may be seen on each side of it, and aligning the central line of light on the point to be hit. The lowest or "fixed sight" is that for 300 yards. Using this sight, a head and shoulders figure can be hit at any distance between 375 and 150 yards, while a six-foot figure can be hit up to about 500 yards without in either case aiming off the figures. The highest graduation is for 1,900 yards. The rifle is also fitted with extreme range sights. The front sight, which is called the dial sight, is graduated from 1,800 yards up to 3,500 yards. There are two kinds of ammunition pouches, one holding forty rounds and the other fifty. The cartridge is made of solid drawn brass and is charged with ordinary gunpowder pressed into the form of a pellet, with both ends slightly rounded.—Manchester Guardian.

The St. Paul Ice Palace Plans.

The plans for the ice palace of 1890 were accepted today, and construction will be begun as soon as there is ice enough in the Mississippi. The castle will be 360 feet long, and will vary in width from 48 to 200 feet. There will be one large central tower 54 feet square and rising in the air to a height of 150 feet. Several smaller towers will be erected at different angles, their height ranging from 40 to 80 feet. The towers are almost purely Romanesque in design. Starting at the main entrance, either from the east or west side, the visitors will enter the main tower, looking to the right and left down long vistas to the royal apartments at one end and a large amphitheatre at the other. The apartments of Borealis Rex and suite consist of a banquet hall and the king's and queen's apartments, containing in all eight rooms. These are located at the east end of the palace. The amphitheatre is a large circular inclosure 100 feet in diameter, with a realistic scene at the extreme end and niches in the wall filled with statuary. The vista will be about 300 feet long and from 30 to 40 feet wide, and will be decorated with ice arches and sprayed evergreens intermingled with many colored electric lights. The cost of the structure will be $15,000. Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.

A Dog Coaxer.

"Dog Profit" Holloway, the tramp who was found a day or two ago in Connecticut, nearly dead from exposure, is well known there because of the fascination he exercises over dogs. He has been seen accompanied by as many as twenty-five dogs, and he always has from four to ten with him. Almost any dog will follow him with half an invitation, it is said, and when he coaxes no dog can resist him. Valuable dogs have been known to leave their masters to take up with Holloway, and, when brought back, would seek the first opportunity to join the beggar. Holloway has been so long a wanderer that he can claim no town as a residence, but, so far as can be learned, he was born in Foster, R. I.—Exchange.

Prompt Egress for Theatre Goers.

An admirable arrangement looking to the quick and safe emptying of the house has just been adopted at the Tremont theatre in Boston and is also in use in one theatre in New York city. At any time, by simply touching a button in any one of eight handy places in different parts of the theatre, seventeen sets of folding doors, leading to as many exits, open simultaneously, actuated by electrical apparatus. The expense of the improvements is said to have been considerable, but it is safe to say that the public will appreciate the advantage of being able to take their pleasure without any dread of fire or panic.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Railway Station in Russia.

The tracks of all the roads leading from the country palaces to the capital, over which the czar may travel, are patroled by soldiers, and one can see tents all along the line at intervals of a few hundred yards. This precaution is made necessary by the many attempts that have been made to wreck trains on which members of the imperial family have been or have been supposed to be passengers. There was one terrible danger from this source which will never be forgotten, as well as several escapes from lesser peril.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

Shooting for Life.

An Indian correspondent writes: "Our experienced and successful shikaree, Capt. L. L. Fenton, superintendent of surveys under the Rajasthan court, had some rather exciting sport in the Ghir during the last hot weather, and finished up with an exceedingly narrow escape for his life. A lion had been discovered lying down under a banyan tree. Capt. Fenton commenced to creep up within shot under cover of the jungle. He had reached within some fifty yards when a couple of sambar broke cover close to him and startled the lion, giving Capt. Fenton only snap shots as it broke away, half concealed by the underwood. The shots, as was subsequently discovered, took effect high up on the shoulder. The lioness, for such she proved to be, ran into a lot of Sepoys some distance to the right, where several shots were fired at her, one taking effect in the stomach.

"On Capt. Fenton running up very much out of breath, the wounded lioness was pointed out to him sitting under a tree some sixty paces off, and without waiting he went forward at once to finish her, keeping his puttywalla with a second gun behind him. He was considerably blown with hard running and heat, and so his aim was not so true as usual, and instead of hitting her in the chest, as he intended, the bullet struck her in the forearm, the effect of which was to increase her rage to the attacking point, and with a roar she came straight for her tormentor. At this point in the tamasha the puttywalla vanished, taking the second gun with him, and in the instant Capt. Fenton felt that his life depended on the remaining barrel. As the beast approached to within twenty paces he fired at her head. Then, without waiting to see if she were stopped or not, he turned and ran for his second gun, when the puggle, who had bolted to one side during the charge, came up to say the animal was dead. The shot was true enough this time."—London Standard.

The Elevator Autocrat.

One of these days some scientific man will win great fame by explaining what effect continual locomotion of an artificial order has upon the human mind. Everybody is familiar with the peculiarities of the men employed on the elevated railroads, and nearly every business man is acquainted with the manners of the elevator "boy." There is a striking similarity between them. There is a resemblance in their uniforms, in their habit of speaking a weird, strange language, in their habit of showing a pugnacious resistance to the stupid public, and in their power of taking up more room than any other class of men on the face of the earth. There is an elevator man in one of the towering down town office buildings who is a shining sample of his tribe. It is not likely that he would make his mark in any ordinary walk of life, but as the captain of an elevator he is a glowing success. He is about 30 years old, and has a guant frame and a dyspeptic cast of features.

"Come now, get a move on; wot's de use of plantin' yerself dere? Yer can't grow on marble."

In this way he hurries his passengers in and out of the elevator.

"Is Mr. Smith in this building?" you ask.

"Feeflurumsteen," he promptly answers.

"What!"

This remarks stirs all the gall in his system, and he fixes you with his eye and says with heaps of sarcasm:

"Fifth—floor—room—sixteen. Did yer hear?"

This elevator man has adopted, with a good deal of success, the pleasant habit of the elevated brakeman of luring passengers into a mad rush by keeping the door of the car open until the passenger is about to step in it and then banging the door in a highly humorous way.—New York Sun.

Not to Be Endured.

If the Federal government desires to stamp out the lottery evil, there will be little opposition on the part of the people and the press; but, if it gives irresponsible underlings the power to stamp out the press when it exercises its right to discuss the law, the result will be not only opposition, but indignation and trouble all along the line.

Just now the papers are having a good deal to say about the arrest of a Wisconsin editor because he published a clipping from an exchange questioning the validity of the anti-lottery law. If the arrest was made for nothing more than this, then it is putting it mildly to say that our government has become Russianized, so far as its treatment of the press is concerned.

This policy will not work. If lotteries cannot be destroyed without also destroying the freedom of the press, the people will be in favor of letting the lotteries alone. We cannot afford to yield our right to speak and publish fair criticisms of public measures. If we yield the right in one instance, we may expect to be forced to keep silence whenever it suits the government to demand it.

Fortunately it is no easy matter to bulldoze the newspapers of America. The menace of fine and imprisonment will intimidate very few. No matter what Federal officials may hold, the newspaper men of the country will not change their conviction that an honest criticism or discussion of the provisions contained in the anti-lottery law cannot with any show of justice be held to be a violation of that law. If they are mistaken in this belief, then the law will have to be repealed or modified. In this Republic the government cannot array itself against the press and have the support of the people.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Styles in English Shoes.

To be smartly gowned avails us nothing if at the same time we are not smartly shod, and as shoes vary so little in their style, almost everything depends upon their shape. Mr. Moykopf, in the Burlington arcade, is a professor in the fine art of elegant foot dressing. Of the two sorts which he especially recommends, one is black cloth with patent leather foxings, and the other is the Louis XVI shoe. These last are made in undressed or glace kid, and have either buckles or buttons in cut steel.

George III stock buckles in fine Marquisates are used on garden party shoes. A carriage boot of the finest glace kid, with patent leather foxings, is smartly brogued and has high heels. Brown shoes and boots are really only suitable to country wear. I have always been doubtful of the good taste—not the prettiness—of the gold shoe, but in this matter, as in many another, it makes all the difference whether the quality is the very best. Five o'clock tea shoes are usually made to order to match the tea frock, which differs from the tea gown in being short and quite tight fitting.—London World.

ARSENIC AND AMMONIA.

Remarkable Contrast in the Effect of Two Poisons on the Complexion.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivory-like appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Many people are slowly absorbing ammonia poison without knowing it. The use of ammonia in the manufactures has greatly increased of late, and it is unquestionably used as an adulteration in certain food preparations. Official analysis has plainly shown its use even in such cheap articles of every-day consumption as baking powders. The continued absorption of ammonia in even minute quantities as an adulterant in food is injurious not merely from its effect upon the complexion, but because it destroys the coating of the stomach and causes dyspepsia and kindred evils.

Prof. Long of Chicago is authority for the statement that, if to fifty million parts of water there is one part of ammonia, the water is dangerous.

Neapolitan Respect for the Dead.

In Naples All Souls' day is regarded as a holiday, and the visit of the families to the churchyard for the purpose of decorating the graves degenerates into a pleasure party. Metal garlands are chiefly used for the purpose, and, though they are more durable, they hardly possess the charm of real leaves and flowers. They may, however, be regarded as symbolic of the behavior, if not always of the feelings, of those who offer them. On the way to the cemetery a decent sobriety is observed, and the various families usually remain separate; but on the return general sociability and mirth are the rule. The roadside is lined with inns, which are better filled on this than any other day in the year, and from all of them the sound of singing and dancing may be heard. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for a young Neapolitan to say to a friend: "We are going to visit our mother's grave to-morrow, and on our way back we shall stop at such or such an inn;" which means, if you like to come there you can dance with my sister. To an Englishman no celebration of the day seems a better thing. If we forget our dead we do not make their memory the excuse for a jollification.

It is not, however, in this point alone that a difference of sentiment exists. The whole way in which the Neapolitans treat the bodies of the dead fills us with disgust. To exhume a corpse a year or two after it has been buried, to have the skeleton taken to pieces and the bones carefully cleaned, would seem to us a wanton outrage; the wealthy Neapolitan who neglects to have this done for his kindred is regarded as heartless. To carry about the prepared bones of a pet child, and to place them in a sealed casket on the drawing room mantelpiece, seems to us simply shocking; in southern Italy it has been regarded as a most pathetic expression of sorrow. But the height of what appears to us grotesque horror has been reached by a widower, who has the embalmed corpse of his wife dressed anew once a year in fresh and gorgeous apparel, and seizes the opportunity to present it with a new ring or bracelet.—Saturday Review.

Tolstoi's Physiology of War.

"At the battle of Borodino Napoleon did not attack anybody or kill anybody. That duty was performed by his soldiers. He did not do any killing himself. The soldiers of the French army, in going to the battle of Borodino to kill Russian soldiers, were obeying, not Napoleon's orders, but their own impulses. The whole army of French, Italians, Germans, Poles, famished and in rags, worn out by the campaign, felt at sight of the Russian army barring the road to Moscow that the wine was uncorked and they had only to rush in and drink. If at this Napoleon had forbidden them to fight the Russians, they would have killed him and given battle; for to them a battle was necessary. When they heard the proclamations of Napoleon, which, in exchange for wounds and death, offered them as a consolation the homage of posterity, and proclaimed as heroes those who showed fight through the Muscovite campaign, they cried, 'Vive l'Empereur!' as they cried 'Vive l'Empereur' at sight of the child holding the terrestrial globe at the end of a bilboquet stick; and they would have responded with the same vivat to any nonsense proffered to them. There was nothing better for them to do than to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' and fight in order to reach Moscow, food, repose and victory. It was not at Napoleon's order that they undertook to kill their fellow men."—Tolstoi's "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign."

What Is a Professional?

I was singing at an afternoon party, and I was the only "professional" there. A little boy played the violin. I remarked to my hostess that the boy showed signs of great promise. "Is he a professional?" I asked. "Oh! no," said my hostess; "he's the son of a gentleman!" The dear lady meant no offense, she only meant that the father was a man of means; but that she should have put it in the way she did and made the remark to the only professional in the room was, perhaps, unfortunate. Nervousness sometimes causes people to blurt out most inconvenient truths. I arrived once at a house to sing at an "At Home." My host was a very nervous, shy man. I remarked: "You have two grand pianos in your drawing rooms, I see." Oh!—oh!—ye—yes!" said my host. "We hired the one that's open for this afternoon. My wife said, 'We can't let Corney Grain play on our best piano.' Ha! ha! ha!" I laughed a hollow "ha! ha! ha!" and went meekly to my hired companion for the afternoon. Sometimes ladies sidle up and say in an undertone: "Be merciful, Mr. Grain, our piano is a new one." "Oh! pray don't apologize," I reply, "it'll do well enough for my work."—Murray's Magazine.

Honor Enough.

Relative—And so you have graduated? Did you take any of the prizes?

Fair Student—N-o, but I got the biggest bouquet.—Good News.

Cleared Money on It.

A Missouri farmer recently learned that the grand jury was about to indict him for working on Sunday. He didn't try to evade the charge, but, on the contrary, had his four sons summoned as witnesses against him. He was fined $1 and costs, a total of $5. But as the mileage and witness fees of his sons amounted to $10.40, the family cleared $5.40 on the transaction.—New York Tribune.

Scorpions as Food.

An English traveler told a Balize (Honduras) newspaper man that he had eaten a "scorpion pie" while in Mexico, and that he liked it. The natives told him that young scorpions were frequently utilized for food for the lower classes, who dig them from their nests in hundreds, remove the sting and make omelets of them.—New York Evening World.

An Able Pulpit Effort.

Country Minister (to deacon)—So you think, Brother Jones, that my sermon this morning was an abler effort than that of last Sabbath?

Deacon—Yes, I do, dominie. Ye see, I timed 'em both, an' today's was nigh on to fifteen minutes shorter.—Philip H. Welch in The Epoch.

Magnifying Glasses.

Magnifying glasses seem to have been known in the time of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who died 478 B. C., for he wrote: "As we use a glass to examine the forms of things, so must we study antiquity to understand the present."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Melting Wrought Iron.

The temperature necessary to melt wrought iron lies between 4,000 and 5,000 degs. Fahrenheit, and even at that tremendous heat wrought iron is only rendered fluid by the addition of a small amount of aluminum.—Chicago Times.

"If there is one thing I like," said the forger, "it is a good name."

ALL REFORMERS

In Art, Religion or Science Since the World Began

Have at some time been called bigots, fanatics, renegades. And a people have stoned a prophet to whose memory the next generation has raised a monument for the greatness of his deeds.

Benjamin Franklin was the original lightning calculator.

OUR LITTLE WORRIES AND ILLS.

It is the little things of life, the worries of to-day and to-morrow, that make the crow's feet around our eyes. So the little pains of an hour or a minute break down the constitution. Look after the little ills.

For Poultry Raisers.—Feed your chickens at least a peck at each meal.

In a few weeks the cheerful idiot who writes it Xmas will make his next annual visit.

Revenue statistics show that most tobacco chewers throughout the United States prefer Star Plug, and when one considers that it is not only the best chew, but the most economical, every plug being a full sixteen-ounce pound, it is not strange. Consumers who study their own interests will take nothing but Star Plug.

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