

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

THE REMARKABLE RAPID GROWTH OF THIS NOVEL CRAFT.

Business Possibilities—The Cunning Boat A Used Chiefly as Auxiliaries of the Large Yachts—The Cost of an Ordinary Twenty-Five-Footer Per Hour.

Naphtha launches appear to be established facts, so far as the purposes for which they are designed are concerned. Few inventors have been met with deeper prejudice against them and with quicker acceptance at the same time. At first everybody was afraid that they would explode, for naphtha in its various uses has been on record as a terrible destroyer in cases of misapplication or improper treatment. The method, however, by which naphtha is made to serve as a fuel precludes any possibility of explosion. That, at least, is what the inventor and the manufacturers say, and experience thus far has confirmed their statement. That the yachting public generally has accepted this is evidenced by the fact that nearly 600 naphtha launches are now in use, and that manufacturers are crowded with orders months in advance.

The inventor of the naphtha motor is Mr. August W. Ofeldt. The launches made under his invention, wherein naphtha is the exclusive motive material, are not now in his control, for he sold his inventor's interest in the patent. Mr. Ofeldt was born in Sweden about fifty years ago, and he gained his scientific and mechanical education there. He came to this country twenty years ago. It was while he was working with gasoline that the idea of utilizing naphtha as a motive agent occurred to him. That was ten years ago, and for five years he studied and experimented before he constructed an engine that satisfied him. That engine is still in use in New York waters, and generally appears at events where naphtha launches are likely to be seen. It is set up in a small black boat that looks as if it might once have been a rowboat, and its name, painted in conspicuous white letters, is "The Original No. 1."

When J. A. Bostwick, Clement Gould, John J. Amory, Edward V. Cary, and others with capital took up the invention, they began making boats specially designed for the naphtha engine, and eventually they acquired Mr. Ofeldt's interest. The inventor says that there is still room for improvement in the engine, and that he proposes some day to bring out one that will open a new era in pleasure navigation, and possibly lead the way to the use of naphtha in larger marine enterprises.

At present naphtha launches are used almost exclusively as yachts, though there are ferries here and there over which passengers are carried on them, and some of the larger steam yachts have abandoned steam launches for naphtha boats as tenders. People who are not familiar with them are often astonished to see a trim little boat, with a bright brass funnel in the extreme stern, scooting speedily about, emitting a rapid, sputtering cough, but showing no sign whatever of smoke or cinders. The funnel is apparently all there is to the engine, boiler or coal bin, if the term may be used.

If one could look down at the bottom of the boat, beside the base of the funnel, one would see several small wheels in a complex arrangement, a gauge, a pump handle, and on a bar running across the boat four cocks. That is all one could make out of it unless one were an expert mechanic, and all one would need to know about it in order to run the boat, except that the supply tank of naphtha is under the forward deck, connected by pipes with the gauge, pump and cocks. The celebrated inducement set forth by another concern might be modified by the naphtha launch manufacturers into "You turn the knob and we do the rest." The amateur needs only to know what will be the effect of turning each cock and when to pump in order to be captain, crew, stoker, engineer and pilot of his launch, for steering also may be done at the engine, so simple is the task of looking after it.

It takes five minutes to get up "steam," to use another misnomer, on a naphtha launch. Then all that is necessary is to work the pump a stroke or two, apply a match to an opening in the surface of the funnel, turn a cock, and let her go. From that time the launch will go continuously for fifty hours. Then the supply will be exhausted, and the forward tank will have to be replenished. The engine may be stopped at any instant by shutting off the supply of naphtha, which is equivalent to turning out a gas jet, and the engineering may go home at once, with no cleaning up to do and no fires to rake down.

These launches are from eighteen to fifty-three feet long. The draught varies from eighteen to thirty-eight inches. Six to ten persons may be carried safely in the smallest boats. The most popular style of launch is the twenty-five-footer, in which there is room for twenty passengers. It costs fifteen cents an hour for the power necessary to run a boat of this size.

A curious use to which naphtha engines have been put recently is as auxiliaries to sailboats. There are five or six yachts on the sound, yawl rigged, that have naphtha engines and screw wheels. They are so constructed that the wheel does not impede the progress of the boat, and the power may be turned on, when once started, at an instant's notice. The utility of this device is apparent in case of calms, when the engine will send the boat along at six miles an hour. The engine is also used in putting about, this maneuver being accomplished with remarkable celerity when the power is applied. The speed of ordinary naphtha launches is about seven miles an hour with a four-horse power engine. Some launches with six-horse power engines have made a record speed of ten statute miles an hour. The speed might be increased by putting in engines of greater power, but this would add so considerably to the expense that the manufacturers have not as yet deemed it advisable to construct such boats.—New York Sun.

At the Paris exposition a medal was awarded The Teacher, a journal first issued three years ago by Miss Mary B. Hargrave, a teacher in the public schools, and then 22 years of age. This young publisher has not only ceased to teach, but has transferred the business of her magazine to other hands, having her time wholly employed in editorial duties.

Kind Treatment.
"How did the wind treat you?" asked a farmer of the field as it rustled to the ground.
"Oh, very well. Just blew me off," answered the last.—New York Herald.

A TORPEDO SHOOTER'S STORY.

The Things He Thought of During a Flight Through the Air.

Not every day does one meet with a man who has been blown seventy-five feet through the air and lived to tell of it, but such a man is John McCleary, who lives in a comfortable home in Greenpoint with his wife and two children, and drives a custom house truck down town for a living. He was at lunch near by when one of the steam-heating explosions at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street took place, and so was a reporter. The atmosphere was conducive to explosive story telling, and McCleary told of his experience to an interested group, and produced a number of newspaper clippings to verify the extraordinary occurrence. One of them was from the *Eldred* (Penn.) Eagle, and it called McCleary the hero of the nitroglycerine explosion at Haymaker Park, Pa., in 1880, and said that every stitch of clothes had been stripped from his body during his flight of seventy-five feet through the air.

McCleary explained that he was what is known as a torpedo shooter. In describing his sensations he said: "When the explosion took place I was probably twenty feet from the stuff. I saw a blinding flash as if the world had suddenly taken fire. I knew that I made an attempt to run from the derrick. I felt that I had made a minute to live, and I remember resolving to occupy that minute in running. All at once it seemed to me as though in the attempt I had taken a fearful leap, and that I was going down—as one in a dream. I knew intuitively that the explosion had taken place, but I had not heard the report, strange to say. Everything looked blue, and I began to wonder if the explosion had killed me and if I was dead. I calculated how many others were dead. I could hear their widows crying and I witnessed their funerals. I suppose it took me ten seconds to be thrown to where I was found, but it seemed to be ten years, and I had time to think of a thousand different things.

"Finally I lost consciousness, and that was when I struck the ground, I suppose. I was badly broken up, and finally gave up shooting wells for good and came to New York. No, now that I realize the great risk, the hazardous life, the almost daily danger of death, I would go back to it again for a farm."—New York Times.

No Evidence to the Contrary.

A young Catholic priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish, received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."
A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.
"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the howly state of matrimony?"
"Shure," began Biddy glibly, "'tis a sayson of torment upon which the soul enters to fit it for the blissful state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and mortified: "to the foot of the class wid ye, Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're after givin'."
But here the old priest interposed with a quizzical smile. "Not too fast, my young brother," he said restrainingly—"not too fast. For aught you and I know to the contrary the gurrul may be perfectly right."—Harper's Magazine.

Feminine Qualities in Great Men.

Furthermore, I believe that in the highest minds a certain intermixture of this feminine element of intuition with the masculine element of pure reason is always present. Great wit jumps; that is to say, they are essentially intuitive. They see at a glance what plodders take years and years to arrive at. There is in all genius, however virile, a certain recrudescence of the best feminine characteristics. I am thinking now not merely of the Raphaels, the Shelleys and the Mendelssohns, but also even of the Newtons, the Gladstones and the Edisona. They have in them something of the womanly, though not of the womanish.

In one word, the man of genius is comprehensively human. As he always results from a convergence of many fine stocks upon a single point, so also, it seems to me, he often results from a union or convergence of male and female qualities.—Grant Allen in Forum.

Heart Failure, So Called.

"Heart failure" is interpreted at the health office as meaning heart disease. Dr. McShane, assistant health commissioner, who is acting health commissioner in the absence of Dr. Robe, says that heart failure is no disease itself, but a result of a disease, and simply means "died for want of breath." Heart disease itself, the doctor says, is an indefinite term as well as heart failure, for there are many kinds of disease of the heart. There are no medical works which give heart failure as the cause of death, as the term simply means a failure of the vital powers from whatever may be the cause. The term heart failure is used of late years because the doctors have nothing else to say, and in many instances it is assigned as a cause when a physician has not made a proper diagnosis of a case.—Baltimore Sun.

Cities of Russia.

In 1885 there were throughout the immense empire of Russia, with a total population of 108,787,235, only thirty-six towns containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, and only thirteen with more than 100,000. The latter, in descending order, were: St. Petersburg (861,293), Moscow (738,469), Warsaw (454,293), Odessa (240,000), Kiza (176,832), Khar-kov (171,426), Kiev (163,561), Tashkent (139,015), Saratov (122,829), Tientsin (121,410), Kichenev (120,674), Loda (113,413) and Vilna (102,845).—Exchange.

Thunderstorms.

As a result of experiment and research, Mr. William Marriott, of the English Meteorological society, claims that thunderstorms are not of an erratic nature, as generally supposed. He describes them as consisting of "atmospheric whirls" following laws similar to those of other cyclonic disturbances.—London Public Opinion.

Babies Have No Passion.

Babies don't cry for the sake of crying, or to make others uncomfortable. They know no such thing as passion, and hence cannot cry from anger. A baby cannot swear, scold, rant or vent his displeasure by box-punch or any other means, kicking the dog or indulging in any such antics which so relieve an adult's pent up feelings.

PETROLEUM'S RISE.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND GROWTH OF THE OIL FIELDS.

The Land on Which the First Well Was Found Was Traded for a Cow—Many Men Were Ruined Before Fortunes Were Made—Names of Some Early Wells.

Very few people are cognizant even in western Pennsylvania of the rapidity of development in the petroleum business from the time, thirty-seven years ago, when it was known as Seneca oil. Active operations began in 1838, when Col. Drake, of New Haven, was employed to sink an artesian well for Bissell & Evelett, who had leased the Titusville oil springs in 1834 from Brewer, Watson & Co., paying them \$5,000 for a ninety-nine year lease. A few years before the land had been traded to a man named Chase for a cow. At first Bissell & Evelett had trenches dug, which filled with water and oil, and this was pumped into vats. The well drilled by Drake struck oil at a depth of 69 feet. It September it pumped forty barrels a day, which sold at 50 cents a gallon. It began to hurt the coal oil distilleries which made oil from shale and canal coal.

Operations spread down Oil creek, and in December, 1839, a well was struck at the Buchanan farm, near Roseville, but it was a small one. Mr. Harper states that the first crude oil delivered in Pittsburgh was from the Albion well, on the Allegheny river, owned by Phillips, Frew & Co. This well made fifty barrels a day. The oil sold at 30 cents a gallon, with the provision that the barrels be returned. The machinery, supplies and men necessary to drill the well were shipped in the old canal packet *Crystal Palace*.

When Wells Multiplied.

In 1839 the petroleum trade began to be recognized as a business worth something more than cursory mention, but its magnitude had not impressed itself, for the people feared production of crude in gullies and not in barrels. There were no oil exchanges to rouse public attention. Some big wells made their appearance, but not many. The Hamilton-McClintock, two miles above Oil City, started off at sixty gallons a minute, and was worth 25 cents a gallon at the wells. The Economies began to rake in shekels at Tidoute, and redmories began to spring up in various places. Crude sold in this city at 60 cents a gallon.

Women have their own ways of keeping their consciences clear and their minds freed from all uncharitableness.

One woman when she encounters a disagreeable person goes off into a corner and counts off on her fingers the agreeable people she knows. This she does not in effect, but literally as she might tell her beads, and she keeps on doing it until the image of the disagreeable one is effaced.

Another woman in the presence of an unusually annoying circumstance was observed to unhook and rehook her gown. The rehooking unhooked several times to her great impatience. She was asked why she had so hooked and unhooked her gown, and she replied that she was not in the mood to be hooked and unhooked. She was half through and one side came out ahead. So with that, she strained upon your fingers, you were naturally exasperated, and as they were only hooks and eyes it didn't much matter what you said. With the chance to free your mind other disagreeable things seemed almost pleasant.

It will be observed that it occurred to neither of these women, who were both religious, to fall on their knees and ask in the old fashioned way to be delivered from anger and ill feeling. This was not because they distrusted the efficacy of this method, but simply because they hadn't at the moment, and seldom had, the time or place. Also, both being scientific minded the one knew that in thought as in physics two beings cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and so prided on one thought with another; while the other, by simply transmuting her angry force from an incorporeal offense to hooks and eyes, had the relief of its expenditure without its sin.—New York Evening Sun.

Such a Romantic Affair.

She was a convalescent from la grippe, and as she leaned back in the depths of her easy chair she played with the roses in her lap, which had been brought her by the first caller she had been able to receive, and smiled over some stories he was telling her of a summer at—well, we'll only say at a certain fashionable watering place on Narragansett bay. "One of the beauties whom I used to see at the casino," said he, "was a young married belle about twenty-three or four. I should think, and her husband was about sixty, and it was great fun watching them. There was such a good story, bona fide truth it was, too, about their engagement. He called at her home one evening and offered his heart, hand and fortune in correct style. Pretty Miss Bud said she 'must ask mamma,' and cooly tripped up stairs to mamma, who told her that every girl did not get such a chance as that, and of course she was to accept him.

"Down she went, picturing the ardent lover awaiting her return with anxious, throbbing heart and found the old gentleman comfortably asleep in the big, great armchair, while an occasional snore attested to the depth of his slumber." "I hope she didn't wake the poor old thing up," said the convalescent, when she got her breath again after her laugh. "Oh, yes she did. Catch her losing that chance! She woke him up and told him 'it was all right and she'd have him.'"—Boston Saturday Gazette.

French Fancies.

They recognize American celebrities in Paris after a truly French fashion. They invent something at which nothing imaginable could persuade the celebrity to look twice, and then they call it by his name and are happy.

For instance, the Buffalo necktie and bracelet, named for Hon. William F. Cody, are narrow bands of gold, whence depend fringes of crystal stones, and are sweetly called "Mexican stones" by the Parisians. Then there is the Edison trunk, a fat little box with a carved cover strapped down with ribbons, and with big rosettes set on wheresoever a rosette will cling, and filled with sugar plums, about as suggestive of Edison as a palm tree would be.—Boston Transcript.

One of Few.

Bjones—Do you see that man across the street? I tell you he is a public benefactor.
Bjones—How so?
Bjones—He keeps still when he hasn't anything to say.—Somerville Journal.

Explained.

"I gave McWattly notice to vacate my premises four months ago, and he hasn't gone yet," exclaimed an angry landlord.
"It's no wonder he requires so long to move," replied Galazy; "he's a chess player."—Harper's Bazar.

A Poor Man.

"What does your husband do now?" inquired the parson.
"Well," answered the heart broken wife, "he buys half a dozen different papers and tries to make money in their guttering contents."—Judge.

THE DECOLLETEE DRESS.

A Well Known Woman Condemns It to Very Pointed Language.

It is a fact, gloss it anyhow as we may, that decent women have never dressed so indecently in our country and our century as they do in fashionable life today. Would that some enterprising journal might take the moral course of this subject as a substitute for prize baby competitions. We should like to throw down the gauntlet to the women of America: "Defend these immoralities! Speak up for yourselves if you can!" I do not believe that two reputable women in the land would dare publicly to defend the styles of undress which more disgrace our sex. The time has now come for such a protest against this abomination as will suit women to the dust for shame. What is to be said? Enter any fashionable drawing room and look for yourselves. What is? Think of it, you high born ladies—think of it!

In the most decorous city in our country a lady representing what may be deservedly called one of the "best" families in the state, herself a middle aged, queenly, home loving matron, the wife of an affectionate husband, and the mother of grown sons and daughters, wears her dress—but my pen shrinks from writing what this high bred lady does. This case, which represents scores of others, is of importance, because the offender, herself so unacquainted of her offense, and so far in other respects above it. There is no life of concealed dishonor, no intrigue, no shoddy birthright, no fast and loose views of duty. The woman is otherwise immaculate.

How explain this ethical enigma? Are our ladies morally insane, or mentally? Do they know what they are doing? And if not, why not? How shall we characterize the too low courage with which they wear it? The lower bodies with no sleeves at all? Nudity covered by transparency? And what is known as the V-neck? They are below excuse, as they are beyond explanation. What moral mania blunts the sensibilities that ought to fix the standards of a nation? What dementia deters the "ever womanly" from "leading us on," at least so far that the simplest instinct of feminine modesty—which covers nakedness—may keep stroke with the moral development of the age? Let it be said that gay women always have dressed improperly. What of it? Is that any reason why they always should?—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Forum.

Women's Ways.

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PITILESS PARENTS.

CHILDREN MALTREATED BY CRUEL MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

Some Horrible Instruments of Torture. Cases of a Startling Nature Brought to Light by the Pennsylvania Society for the Protection of Children.

It hardly seems possible that a man with the figure of an athlete and the strength of a Samson would deliberately strike a child of six years full in the face with all the force of his brawny fist, and as if to make it further deplorable, the poor, defenseless little creature, his own offspring. But such brutes exist, and in the annals of pitiless deeds that come under the notice of the Pennsylvania Society for the Protection of Children from Cruelty.

At the society's new home Mr. Crew, the enthusiastic secretary and prime mover in all the good work done, in a conversation yesterday unfolded experiences such as would appear to belong to the times when torture was a recognized mode of punishment for old and young. Some of the cases would put to blush even the most cruel practices of those olden days, and yet they are occurring daily here in Philadelphia, and the victims one and all are children. To the parents who regard the treasures in their homes as the most priceless boon that heaven ever bestowed, and whose every thought is for the care and comfort of their little ones, this society peculiarly appeals.

How a mother's heart will bleed if through accident or disease a little son or daughter must endure the pangs of suffering, and if punishment must be inflicted it falls more heavily on the parents than on the little offenders. Yet there are mothers, and fathers, too, who somehow seem to have been given the children, but the love that comes with the first weak cry has never found a place in their hearts. To them they are a burden, a constant source of annoyance, and only fit to slave and toil, and as their reward receive cuffs and kicks, scars and bruises.

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

In their new building the society has secured a long felt want. Supplied with every convenience and many comforts it must appear a veritable haven of refuge to the little waifs that are rescued from the streets or out of the clutches of the inhuman monsters they call father and mother.

In a room set apart for the purpose is a collection of straps, whips, bludgeons, knives and chains, an assortment worthy of a chamber of horrors, yet each one has been taken from the hands of some fiend in human form, and bears a history that seems almost incredible in this city of homes. A heavy chain, thirty inches long and weighing from four to six pounds, with links strong enough to secure the neck of a frail little boy, around whose head had been reported to whose case had been reported to the society by outsiders, who heard the child's cries at the torture inflicted. His little sister, frightened at the terrible punishment, attempted to escape by crawling under the table. The inhuman father ceased from beating the boy and turned his attention to the little girl. He dragged her out by the arm, then holding her by the ankles he thumped her head up and down on the floor until the child became unconscious. When the officers of the society arrived at the house it was discovered that the child's wrists and ankles were broken and she had to be at once removed to the hospital.

AN INHUMAN MOTHER.

Another case in which a woman and a mother figures is one of the most heartless instances on record. A long, cruel knife elicited the history, and for cool, hard hearted indifference it has no equal. A woman with three children, living in one of the worst sections downtown, revelled in all sorts of vice and wickedness and regarded her little ones as obstacles standing in her way. Of a very excitable and ungovernable disposition at all times, she was, when under the influence of drink, a veritable fury, and had frequently beaten them with heavy clubs, bludgeons of wood with protruding nails, and, in fact, anything she could lay her hands on, until their bodies and faces were in the most fearful condition.

Not content with this, she turned them out in the streets one bitter winter's day insufficiently clad, and too terror stricken to attempt to return. Neighbors saw them and warned her that unless she speedily gave them shelter complaint would be made against her. Owing to this threat she took them in, but only to vent redoubled fury on the already half dead children. That night one little chap, worn out with the trials of his lot and exhausted by lack of food and ill treatment, fell into a sleep only to be rudely awakened by heavy blows because he breathed too loud. The final act which brought her before the magistrates was that of stabbing her little girl because she asked for a piece of sugar.

On being brought up for examination she expressed no regret for what she had done, but said she hoped the child would die, as it would only take fifteen dollars to bury her, and she would be through with "the brat."—Philadelphia Times.

Not the Spelling.

A solid young fellow who had been writing a letter with a pencil got up from his seat in the Erie depot for a stroll around, leaving his unfinished letter on the seat. A man came in, took the seat to wait for his train and in an absent way picked up the missive. He held it in his hands when the young man returned and said: "That's my letter, mister."

"Well, you can have it," was the reply. "Did you read it?"

"N-o. That is, I glanced over a few lines of it, and noticed that hardly a word was spelled correctly."

"Is it a letter to my girl?"

"Yes."

"Gee! I'm going to marry."

"And I don't care a coked hat about the spelling. What I want to impress on that girl is, l-u-v-e, and lots of it, for there's sixty acres of land and a sawmill behind her."—New York Sun.

Mrs. Gibbs' Annual Charity.

Mrs. T. B. Gibbs, a resident of Newport and a lover of little people, gives a July fete every year to which every small boy and girl in the city is welcome. At the last fete the poor little ones were entertained in a pink and white tent big enough to cover a circus, and there were music, recitations and games, and each youngster received a small flag, a big red cake, a box of ice cream and a box of candies.—Newport Letter.

A CITY IN MINIATURE.

The Curious and Remarkably Perfect Manufacture of a Retired Merchant.

Alois Peteler, of New Dorg, S. I., a former resident of the city of Heidelberg, Germany, has built a perfect "pocket edition" of the old German berg, in which he was born and raised. With numerous photographs, drawings and plans of Heidelberg, aided by a thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Peteler began the foundation of his little city, and now, sitting on his front porch, he can overlook the roofs of this town of Lilliput, and into the courtyard of the great castle, so rich in romance, tradition and folklore. Every detail of the original city is reproduced with the fidelity of the photographer. From the balcony it is easy to imagine that it is the real city, only dwarfed by a distance of a few miles.

Looking over the battlements of the miniature houses one can see the turbulent waters of the Neckar hurrying past to join the Rhine. The little city is made to endure. There are no makeshifts—no glue, pasteboard or carpet tacks—everything is stone, cement, gravel, brass and iron. The buildings are upon a platform of stonework, elevated from the ground four or five feet. The houses vary from one to five and a half feet in height, the tall towers running up from seven to ten feet. Mr. Peteler has reproduced with the greatest fidelity over 100 busts of the electoral governors, which are used in decorating the fronts of the palaces. Even the coats-of-arms and quarterings over the entrances are plainly cut. The old man takes pleasure in showing visitors a fac-simile of the famous Heidelberg tun.

It is really 26 feet long and 25 high. The little model is 12 inches in length and about 8 inches high. In another part of the grounds the sea water is let in by pipes, and forms an artificial lake in which the tide rises and falls. Upon a promontory which juts into the lake stands a model of the beautiful castle of Hohen-Schwangen. Its towers are nearly 10 feet high, and with its cluster of buildings is picturesque and beautiful.

Mr. Peteler is a retired confectioneer, with millions of dollars, thousands of which he has put into his miniature Heidelberg.—St. Louis Republic.

It Lacked Life.

Almost every little community contains at least one person, usually a woman, who appears to take a morbid pleasure in attending funerals. She goes whether or not she was intimate or even acquainted with the deceased person. It is enough for her that there is to be a funeral.

Such a woman lives in a little Connecticut town. She is known to all her neighbors as Aunt Hetty. In most respects she is like a good many other harmless and well meaning people, but those who know her well say that she counts that week as lost in which there has been no funeral to attend.

She had just returned from one of the other day looking rather downcast, when a neighbor met her.

"Been to the funeral, Aunt Hetty?"

"Yes, I went."

"She wasn't a particular friend of yours, was she?"

"Oh, no; I never spoke to her in my life."

"I thought she might be a friend, you looked so sad over it."

"Well, truth is, I couldn't seem to enjoy it, somehow. I don't know just what the trouble was, but there didn't seem to be no life to it!"—Youth's Companion.

Entertainment by Telephone.

In this country the Long Distance Telephone company makes a special feature of giving concerts and entertainments by telephone to large gatherings in towns where the long distance service is introduced for the first time. These entertainments are generally conducted from the head office in New York, from which office some of the numbers in the programme will be provided. Perhaps in the New York office there will be a string band, a quartet, a cornet soloist and an elocutionist. The artistic endeavors of these performers will be varied by switching on a line to a theater where some popular comic opera is being performed, or to the house of some favorite singer who has promised to sing a song at a certain hour. In this manner a large audience at some town 200 or 300 miles from New York is treated to a fine delectable variety entertainment.—Electricity.

Ants Like Human Beings.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that in Texas and South America, as well as in southern Europe, India and Africa, there are ants which not only have a military organization and wage systematic warfare, but also keep slaves and carry on agricultural pursuits. Nineteen species of ants with these habits have been already discovered and their modes of life more or less fully described. Indeed, nearly all the institutions and gradations of human race have passed through, and of which we find survivals among the different tribes of men, exist also among ants.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Right Color of a Pipe.

Colonel Wagstaff, of New York city, has a valuable pipe on whose bowl is carved the head of an Arabian. The colonel has used the utmost care in coloring the pipe, and stopped smoking it as soon as it had acquired the beautiful chestnut brown so highly prized by the smoker. Curiously enough the color is a very natural one so far as an Arab is concerned. Colonel Wagstaff is a well known collector of pipes, of which he has about fifty.—Collector.

An Invocation.