A BIG SALT MINE.

Development of a New California Industry.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the "Crystal Rock Salt Mining" of San Francisco, with a capital stock of $500,000, of which $227,- have been subscribed by Chas. G. Lee, Sanford Bennett, Meyer Jacobs, Julius Reimer, S. Lewis, L. Lewis and Ben Lewis.

The Crystal Rock Salt Mine is situated in San Bernardino county, and produces a salt of superior quality, according to analysis made by Taylor L. Falkenau, of the State Mining Office in San Francisco, is found to be chemically pure. At the instance of Dalton, Teller & Roden, and other San Francisco houses, a number of tests were made, with the result that the salt produced from this mine has been found to be equal to the best English salt in the market for butter making, table use, and for meat and fish packing, milling and dairy purposes. The lump stock salt from this mine is preferred by the large cattle companies to any other salt, by reason of purity, dryness and solidity; also because it is the most economical for stock feeding. Owing to its firmness and purity it does not deliquesce when put out on the ranges.

The company controls over 1,000 acres of mining ground in which the salt is mined from large deposits, as clear and transparent as crystals. The mine is connected with Salt Rock Station (Danby) on the Atlantic & Pacific R. R. by a road extending thirty-two miles, especially constructed by the Baldwin Engine Company, and upon which the company successfully operates a train of traction engine and cars, constructed by the Best Manufacturing Company of San Leandro, Cal.

The company is about to commence the erection of extensive works at the mine, and upon their completion will be enabled to supply the purest salt produced for butter-making, table use, meat and fish-packing. Lump salt for stock-feeding and milling purposes are now being shipped.

The buildings at the mine are composed of salt, and the company is about to erect an office building at the railroad station out of rock salt, which will attract great attention. Passengers on the train passing this station are now in the habit of getting off the train for the purpose of securing crystals of salt as keepsakes.

In the sunlight a building constructed of this salt appears as if it was covered with diamonds.

A remarkable instance of the impartial administration of justice is said to have occurred some years ago in a court of Texas when a young Mexican, charged with having stolen a pistol, was arraigned. He proved beyond all doubt that the pistol was his own, and that it had been in his possession long before the alleged theft occurred.

The case went to the jury at 12 o'clock, the usual hour of adjournment, and the jury, who did not wish to be kept until the court opened again at 3 o'clock, hurried to give in their verdict. The foreman, who had been reclining in a peaceful attitude suggestive of slumber during the hearing, turned to his companions, saying:

"Well, boys, what do you think? Reckon we better give him two years?"

"All right," responded a juryman. "Fine him through, or the judge will adjourn."

"Go ahead," said another. "We don't want to stay here till 3 o'clock. Carry up!"

"But is he guilty?" inquired a thoughtful old gentleman.

"Well," exclaimed the foreman, after a tone of astonishment at this view of the matter, "if you think he ain't guilty, let's clear him!"

A verdict of "Not guilty!" was speedily rendered, and the jurymen cheerfully repaired to the noontide meal.—Youth's Companion.

Muscat.

The interior of Muscat is particularly gloomy, the bazaars are narrow and dark, and roofed over with palm matting. They offer but little of interest, and if you are fond of the Arabian sweetmeat called halwa, it is just as well not to watch it being made there, for niggers' feet are usually employed to mix it, and the knowledge of this is apt to spoil the flavor. Most of Muscat is now in ruins. Fifty years ago the population must have been nearly three times greater than it is now. There is also wanting in the town the feature which makes most Moslem towns picturesque—namely, the minaret. The mosques of the Ibadhhieh sect are squat and uninteresting. At first it is difficult to recognize them from the courtyards of an ordinary house, but by degrees the eye gets trained to identify a mosque by the tiny substitute for a minaret attached to each—namely, a sort of bell shaped cone about 4 feet high, which is placed above one corner of the outer wall.—Contemporary Review.

A DEAF MUTE ROMANCE.

Became Engaged by Correspondence and Confirmed It on Sight.

Miss Lillie E. Divvens of Pittsburg and Jonathan Haney of South Bethlehem, Pa., have just been married at Pittsburg. Both are deaf mutes and belong to families of good standing.

Mr. Haney and Miss Divvens became attached to each other before they had met or even seen one another. A mutual friend who knew both well thought that their likes and dislikes were not dissimilar, and he believed they would appreciate an acquaintance. Over a year ago he urgently requested Mr. Haney to write to Miss Divvens, which the young South Bethlehemite did. Miss Divvens answered the letter, which did not reach her unexpectedly, and the correspondence became warm. Mr. Haney proposed by mail, making the fulfillment of the obligation conditional upon the mutual satisfaction of one with another.

He went to Pittsburg last October to see his intended bride, and when they met and had seen something of each other, both were well satisfied to have their acquaintance lead to the altar.

Miss Divvens is 22 years of age and prepossessing. She was educated in the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Edgewood. She spent seven years in her mental training, leaving the institute about five years ago. Her home is at 55 Pride street, Pittsburg. Mr. Haney is 24 years old, and employed in the Bethlehem Steel works. He was educated in Philadelphia, under the Rev. A. U. Mann, general missionary to the deaf in the United States, who interpreted the marriage ritual to the couple.

Professor Brallabough, a teacher in the Edgewood institute, does not disapprove of marriage between deaf mutes. He says as a rule their children possess unimpaired faculties. — Philadelphia Press.

HOT DROPS.

Newspaper Issued In Manuscript by an Indiana Convict.

Hot Drops is the name of the newspaper printed within the walls of the Indiana state prison, South Jeffersonville. Its editor is a convict, but his paper is as bright as any comic weekly in the country. He is known as Joe Bush. The prison record gives him the name of George Henderson. Neither is correct. No one knows his real name.

"Joe Bush serves the purpose," said the man who selected the name when he dropped his right one to conceal from the world his disgrace. Bush is a tall, sparely built man, whose black, short beard gives him the appearance of a Hebrew. The editor and proprietor of Hot Drops describes his paper as "perhaps the only regularly issued manuscript paper in the world published exclusively for the amusement of the editor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MEANS OF GRACE.

Michigan Preacher Fills His Church With Barbers and Tools.

The Rev. M. H. Ford, pastor of the Methodist church at St. Louis, Mich., recently preached a sermon especially to barbers. Many of them were present.

The feature of the evening was the decoration of the church, about the walls of which all kinds of tonsorial articles had been neatly arranged. Razors, scissors, hair dye, brilliantine, bay rum, towels, cups, soaps, strops, bottles, mirrors and washes were arranged about, while in the pulpit a big barber's chair served for the pastor's seat.

The sermon was replete with barber's terms, and the preacher drew lessons in life from the various articles on view. In the past Mr. Ford has preached to firemen, G. A. R. veterans and blacksmiths, with his church appropriately decorated on each occasion.—Chicago Tribune.

LUCKY CHICAGO.

Her University One of the Richest of Educational Institutions.

It is rather hard to keep track of the gifts to Chicago university, so fast they follow. As we figure it, the latest million dollar donation raises the university's endowment fund to $8,000,000, which, with $2,000,000 in land and buildings, gives it property worth $10,000,000.

Miss Culver's gift also secures one of the $2,000,000 gifts from Mr. Rockefeller, which he promised to give as soon as like sums were raised elsewhere. This will give it property worth $11,000,000 at once, and with the $2,000,000 still coming will make it the richest institution of the kind in the country.

Of this sum Mr. Rockefeller has already given $5,425,000, and the $2,000,000 additional he has pledged will raise his donation to $7,425,000.—Boston Herald.

A Boy Court Martialed.

An 11-year-old Cuban boy whom the Spaniards captured on Nov. 19, having been wounded on the road leading to Cartagena shortly after the engagement with Aniceto Hernandez's band (according to La Discussion of the 14th inst.), was tried at Matanzas by court martial on the 12th and sentenced to life imprisonment and perpetual chains.—New York World.

THE BRITISH WARCLOUD.

Now tell us all about the war,
And what they'll kill each other for.

Brethren, don't let's go to war with England or any other country. Haven't we colonels and captains enough now?

The war comes on apace.—Exchange.
Wrong. It comes on the water.

"What do you think of the warcloud, major?"

"Well, sir, I think it'll snow!"

"What will you do, colonel, in case of war with England?"

"Can't say for certain; but—how high is your barn?"—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

GIFTS.

It was not for your heart I sought,
But you, dear, foolish maid, have brought
Only your heart to me.
Ah, that so rare a gift should be
The gift I wanted not!
I asked a momentary thing,
But 'tis eternity you bring,
And with ingenuous eyes
You offer, as the lesser prize,
This priceless offering.
Oh, what, in love's name, shall I do,
Who have both lost and captured you?
You will but love me; so
Since I, too, cannot let you go,
I can but love you too.

—Arthur Symons in Academy.

A TEMPTATION.

When Leander Clarke married Mabel Thorpe, he had no expectation of ever being a rich man, but as his affairs appear at the present time he is on the broad highway to future wealth. It all arose from the fact that he took time by the forelock, the only way poor mortals have of ever getting even with him of the scythe and hourglass.

Now, Mabel Thorpe did not expect her hero to swim the Hellespont of life with all his armor on, but she did demand from him, as she had a right to do, a high moral standard, for she had not married him until she had seen, as she believed, his whole past life laid open before her as a book. There is no time when a man is as weakly sentimental and as religious as when he is trying to live up to the standard of a pure young girl's ideal, and Leander became almost an angel.

There are very few of us capable of making human angels of ourselves. Good and evil are as persistently present in our moral nature as light and darkness are in our atmosphere, and one serves as the complement of the other. To banish night we use the light of science, to counteract wrong we invoke divine help, but so largely is our worldly nature in excess of our spiritual powers that we are constantly in danger of erring to be forgiven—in other words, sinning and repenting.

Mabel Thorpe believed in an inflexible uprightness. The command to do evil that good may come was to her a perverted text. She was not aware that there are sins of omission as well as of commission, and that her unrighteous condemnation of sinners and her severe judgments were in themselves of a sinful nature. The self righteous are often harder to live with than the sinner.

Leander Clarke had been a good son, and he intended to be a good husband. He was both proud and fond of his wife, but certainly regretted that he could not give her all the luxuries that she could appreciate, not even the grand piano that her musical talent deserved. But he went to work with a will to make her happy and hoped in a few years to be able to add all other needful things.

Among the wedding presents of the young couple was one that far outshone all the rest—a superb set of diamonds sent by an uncle of Leander's who was near to death and gave the residue of a large estate in this extravagant present. Leander himself was genuinely sorry that such an undesirable gift had been made, but he argued that his wife was a sensible woman and would turn them into something more suitable to their condition in life—a piano, for instance, which was a necessity rather than a luxury. What was his surprise when his bride said:

"I never was so pleased in my life. Diamonds represent to me the crystallization of everything beautiful in art and nature. I never dreamed that I should possess such magnificence."

"But these have no associations," said her husband. "They are not heirlooms."

"They will be. All diamonds were new at some time. And are they not associated with the dear old man who gave them?"

The dear old man had been a terror in the family and had only given the diamonds to Leander's wife because he hated that nephew a little less than the others, whom he hoped to make horribly jealous and angry and had succeeded.

When Leander asked his wife to keep her diamonds in the bank, she promptly declined.

"But you surely will not wear them, dear?" he suggested.

"Why not?" she asked.

"It would injure our prospects and not be consistent with our position."

"They were a gift to me. Surely I have the right to do as I please with my own."

"The right, yes. But I thought my wife had more discretion. I did not know you cared for gewgaws, Mabel."

So the first cloud came on the horizon of their love, but Leander was good tempered and Mabel satisfied, and it disappeared. The truth was that Leander had expected a handsome sum of money from this very uncle, who was a bachelor and very old. But age had not mellowed an ugly disposition to thwart his relatives, and after raising the young man's hopes he took a malicious pleasure in disappointing them.

The young couple began life in a pretty furnished cottage on the modern plan of a chafing dish and hand painted china, and it worked like a charm. Mabel presided over the dainty cuisine, the butler's pantry, the parlor, and really did wonders. Leander fell in love with her over and over again. But for the diamonds they would have been as happy as larks.

Did they hear a sound at night—it was a burglar after those precious gems. They were afraid to leave the house alone lest thieves break in and steal, and one or the other of the two was compelled to be the hiding place of the jewels when they went out together. Mabel did not care to adorn herself with diamonds when she went to market or to church, but she could not listen to a sermon in peace if the gems were not about her. And somehow it did annoy her to carry concealed wealth like a brigand or a smuggler.

But when Leander had a chance to buy shares in the Little Catawba Lumber company and to make as much in three months as he would in a year by his clerkship Mabel would not listen to the suggestion that the bank would advance enough on the diamonds to enable him to make the investment.

Then Leander discovered that his wife could be a very obstinate woman. It was in vain that he laid before her the benefit that would result from a transient disposal of the gems. She replied, not without logic on her side, that the Little Catawba might be a failure, and then her precious securities would be forfeited. Leander, man fashion, grew angry, and after some hot words reached the penultimate of passion.

"I wish," he said in tones of invective, "that burglars would get the hateful stones. They might at least be of some use to them!"

It is said that curses, like chickens, come home to roost. After Leander had asked forgiveness for his rudeness and Mabel had sweetly extended the olive branch of conciliation he suggested that she be doubly careful of her cherished possessions.

"The town is full of burglars, and they know the people who have fine diamonds, and if they once set out to get them they'll succeed."

Mabel did not sleep with the diamonds in the same room. Womanlike, she thought if she secreted them in some place where they would never be detected they would be safe. Neither the ash barrel nor the ragbag entered into her calculations, but places just as inconsistent did.

* * * * * *

One night there was a crash in the room below. Mabel shook her sleeping husband and whispered in his ear:

"Burglars! Get your revolver and go down stairs. The diamonds are in the bottom of the clock."

Leander was startled and confused, but as the noise continued he hurried on his clothes, and taking his revolver ran softly down the stairs. Mabel remained where she was, shivering with fear.

There was a fearful commotion below, the noise of falling furniture, opening and closing of windows and the rapid firing of the revolver after some flying robber. Then regard for her husband's life compelled Mabel to hurry to his assistance. She found him lying on the floor, grasping his revolver.

She did not faint nor shriek, but, kneeling beside him, bathed his face and besought him to speak to her.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly as he tried to raise himself. "Are the diamonds safe?"

"Never mind the diamonds," said his wife. "Are you mortally wounded anywhere?"

"I don't know," answered Leander feebly, and, to her credit be it recorded, Mrs. Leander assisted her husband to a couch and sent off, or rather called for, assistance before she even thought of her diamonds.

Then the open door of the clock told the whole story. The diamonds were gone, root and branch! And they were the only things stolen.

If Leander had been surprised at the manner of his wife on receiving the jewels, he was astonished at the calm indifference with which she parted from them. She allowed the usual course to be taken to recover the thief or thieves to justice, but when no results followed she said she was glad of it; that the gems had been like an evil eye to them, and for her part she never wanted to hear of them again.

"I wonder," she said, "that I did not see it in that light before. I will never keep anything in my house again to tempt the cupidity of the wicked or unfortunate. To that extent am I my brother's keeper."

But the effect upon her husband was entirely different. Either he caught cold on that night of the burglary or his nervous system received a shock, for he was almost ill from the effects of his tussle with the burglar. And he could not endure to have the subject mentioned before him. Not even the success of the "Little Catawba," in which a friend had invested for him, gave him the peace and rest he craved.

A little incident that happened at that time did, however, help to restore him to his normal condition. His wife received a small package, accompanied by a soiled and dilapidated note, which, upon being opened, read:

HONORD MADEM—I gets no sleap sence I stoal yure dimons; no yure laidy an I am a retch if I giv them up pra fur me.

an unnone frend.

And in the package Mabel found her diamonds, exactly as she had last seen them.

She was pleased—where is the woman who would not have been?—and she at once showed her confidence in her husband by placing the gems in his hands for safe keeping in the bank.

"I wish I had taken your advice earlier," she said gracefully. "It would have saved us so much trouble."

Leander murmured something about all being well that ends well and at noon brought her a certificate of deposit.

There we leave them on the way to fortune and happiness if—if Leander's conscience does not upset the whole scheme. He would give a great deal to know, what no clairvoyant could tell him, how much or how little Mabel has discovered. My own opinion is that she saw through it from the first and holds herself equally guilty as accessory after the crime, and with that sweet fickleness which even an upright woman employs she will make herself a loving accomplice, for it is a foregone conclusion that Leander Clarke was his own burglar.—Detroit Free Press.

Profit in the Suez Canal.

The Suez Canal represents at present a clear profit income of over £1,000,000 a year, and this, too, means a saving to the commerce between east and west of over £2,000,000 a year. Its political and military value is somewhat problematical, since the sinking of a single ship or dredger would render it impassable.

The Source of Sunlight.

We can now understand what happens as the buoyant carbon vapors soar upwards through the sun's atmosphere. They attain at least to an elevation where the fearful intensity of the solar heat has so far abated that, though nearly all other elements may still remain entirely gaseous, yet the exceptionally refractory carbon begins to return to the liquid state. At the first stage in this return, the carbon vapor conducts itself just as does the ascending watery vapor from the earth when about to be transformed into a visible cloud. Under the influence of a chill the carbon vapor collects into a myriad host of little beads of liquid. Each of these drops of liquid carbon in the glorious solar clouds has a temperature and a corresponding radiance vastly exceeding that with which the filament glows in the incandescent electric lamp. When we remember further that the entire surface of our luminary is coated with these clouds, every particle of which is thus intensely luminous, we need no longer wonder at that dazzling brilliance which, even across the awful gulf of 93,000,000 miles, produces for us the indescribable glory of daylight.—McClure's Magazine.

"Do you call her complexion real?" "Decidedly. It has hardly a suggestion of the ideal school." The renaissance, fur-hermore, did not seem to be in it all.

Two Casual Gentlemen.

When Lord Longford came in, I escaped from cribbage and heard many entertaining things. One was of his meeting a man in the mail coach who looked as if he was gouty, and could not stir without great difficulty, and never without the assistance of a companion, who never moved an inch from him. At last Lord Longford discovered that this gentleman's gouty overalls covered fetters; that he was a malefactor in irons, and that his companion was a Bow street officer, who treated his prisoner with the greatest politeness. "Give me leave, sir—excuse me—one on your arm and one on mine, and then we are sure we can't leave one another." A worse traveling companion this than the bear, whom Lord Longford found one morning in the coach opposite to him when day dawned—the gentleman in the fur coat, as he had all night supposed him to be.—Maria Edgeworth's Letters.