

DIAMOND KING'S END.

MARVELOUS LIFE STORY OF BARNEY BARNATO.

He Rose from a Humble Hebrew Peddler in London to Be the World's Richest Man—His Tragic Death in the Ocean.

A Modern Monte Cristo. One of the most remarkable speculators of the century and perhaps at one time the richest, his fortune being estimated at from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000, passed away in a tragic manner when Barney Barnato, the famous diamond king of South Africa, committed suicide by jumping into the ocean from the steamer that was bearing him homeward to England.

Perhaps no career in history, certainly none in this century, approached that of Barney Barnato. The son of a poor Hebrew peddler in the East End of London, his early occupation in life



BARNETT ISAACS BARNATO.

was that of a cab driver. He next peddled second-hand clothing in Petticoat lane, and next was a billiard marker in a saloon. In 1872 he was given help by some immigration society to the Cape in Africa. His brother accompanied him, and by entertaining the passengers on the vessel during the voyage they earned \$100.

Barney Barnato was in many respects the most remarkable speculator of the century. Of all the Englishmen who have taken part in the development of South Africa, two only have secured a world-wide reputation. These have been Cecil Rhodes and Barnett Isaacs, more often and less re-



BARNEY BARNATO'S WIDOW, SISTER-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER.

spectfully styled Barnato. Barnato was an assumed name, a sort of stage name, for he began his life in South Africa by exhibiting a trick donkey some twenty-five years ago. Up to the point where his fortunes began to decline he made money by leaps and bounds, and, in 1885, when his good fortune was at its zenith, it was estimated that he controlled interests worth in the neighborhood of a hundred million pounds.

It was the fashion to call him the richest man in the world. At that time he was virtually the king of the London money market. In the autumn of 1895, at the boom in Kafirs, when his share of the comparatively new gold mines of the Transvaal, South Africa, was at its height, every man, woman and child in London with money to invest, invested it in "Kafirs." The craze was the last of those financial fevers which periodically attack conservative England, the "South sea bubble" being the first. For months it was the controlling passion in London, and it was scarcely less rampant in Paris and Berlin. The shares went to unheard of figures and fortunes were made in a day.

The center of this tremendous financial outburst was Barney Barnato, and he was conservatively estimated at that time worth between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000. Among his assets was a bank originally capitalized at \$12,500,000. In a very few months its capital stock rose in value to \$45,000,000.

Little is known as to Barnato's early life. He was a younger son and at the age of 20 went to South Africa, then a much more savage territory than it is now and scantily populated by Englishmen or persons of English descent, to seek his fortune. The Kimberley diamond mines were just beginning to be productive. With his few pounds of capital he began dealing in diamonds in a small way. He was clever and pushing. Everything he touched he made successful. In five years he had earned enough to purchase shares in the mines from which his merchandise had come. Before another five years had passed his holdings at Kimberley had become very large, and when the Transvaal gold fields were discovered he had profits to invest in them.

In 1888 Barnato was a definite money power in South Africa, and began to be spoken of as the rival of Cecil Rhodes. Unlike in temperament and even more unlike in personal ambition, the two men started in to be opponents, but in 1888 they reached the conclusion simultaneously that their respective interests could be best promoted by combining forces, and the Debeers consolidated mines were the result, one of the most valuable pieces of property of the kind in the world.

Although Barnato represented Kimberley twice in the Cape Legislature, he had little time to give to politics and little interest in that field of activity. Cecil Rhodes uses wealth only as a means to political control. Barnato aspired only to such control of

rich. His record in the Cape Legislature was quite devoid of incident. When the tremendous increase in his mining interest called for the establishment of a London branch this took the form of a Barnato bank. From that date he spent most of his time in London, living at first in Earl Spencer's town residence, but moving finally into a magnificent mansion overlooking Hyde Park.

When in Africa he married and had three children, two sons and a daughter. He always had, or professed to have, boundless faith in the future of the Transvaal, and his personal popularity among all classes of Afrianders was great. In London, where he was constantly besieged by flatterers, beggars and projectors of all sorts of enterprises, he finally became quite inaccessible to all except his most intimate friends.

His responsibilities weighed heavily on his mind and he sought "solace" too frequently. His naturally robust constitution had been undermined by his laborious, exciting life and symptoms of softening of the brain manifested themselves. His family and partners became alarmed at the probable effect on his securities if this were known, as they were believed to be dependent solely on his personality, and friends intended to land Barney Barnato at Puncel for a month's rest. His mind showed signs of falling under the strain eight months before, on which account he was sent away from England. His condition became worse instead of better. He made a public exhibition of insanity at Johannesburg about six weeks before his death, but it was attributed to temporary causes.

Deafness. It has been stated that three persons out of every five in this country who have attained the age of 40 years are more or less deaf in one or both ears. A large proportion of this deafness is caused by catarrh, and medical treatment for difficulty of hearing is usually directed to the catarrhal source. In Europe, much of the deafness is hereditary. Dr. James Kerr Love, of Glasgow, recently read a paper on deafness before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, from which it appears that congenital deafness may be either hereditary in the direct line or in collateral branches, and that it depends on not one, but many anatomical defects. Inter-marriage of deaf persons perpetuates, but does not accentuate the tendency of deafness. The hearing brothers and



BARNEY BARNATO'S WIDOW, SISTER-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER.

sisters of deaf mutes are as likely to have deaf mute offspring as if they had been deaf mutes themselves. Congenital deafness of parents emphasizes family defects and in this way many cases of congenital deafness occur. One of the most singular points of Dr. Love's paper was the assertion that the state had the right to control the marriage of persons belonging to families badly tainted with deafness.

DEAN OF THE MASONIC ORDER.

Daniel Sickels, the Oldest Degree Mason in the United States.

Perhaps the most interesting figure at the session of the Masonic Grand Lodge was Daniel Sickels, or "Uncle Dan," as he is familiarly known. He is now in his eighty-third year and resides in Brooklyn. He is the dean of the Masonic fraternity, being the oldest thirty-third degree Mason in the United States. Tall and dignified in bearing, with shaggy hair and beard, he is held in the deepest reverence by his brother Masons. "Uncle Dan" received his first light in Masonry May 4, 1848, in Lebanon lodge, and in the following year was elected master. In the Ancient Accepted Rite on May 15, 1849, he was created a sovereign grand inspector general, the thirty-third and last grade of this beautiful rite, and was made grand secretary general of the holy empire. He was the creator of the present United Supreme Council of the



DANIEL SICKELS.

Northern jurisdiction, and was its grand secretary general for eighteen years. He was the founder and first president of the Masonic Veterans of the State of New York, and is the author of several text-books.—New York World.

A Convict's Theory. "I must say, dearest," said the young man, in a tentative way, "that you—er—make love rather—un-scientifically for a girl who never kissed another man."

"I suppose," said the young lady in the case, "that I must have had some practice in a previous incarnation. Don't you think so?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BICYCLE PATROL WAGON.

How a Texas Sheriff Wheels His Prisoners to Jail.

The bicycle has become an assistant deputy sheriff. Josh Messenger, deputy sheriff of Grayson County, Texas, is the man who has made it so. He arrests his prisoners all through his territory and brings them back to jail on his wheel. How he does it he tells himself in the following language:

"Some people think my way of bringing a prisoner in is queer, but that is because they do not know the circumstances. I have been in this business for four years, and after thinking it over, made up my mind to see what I could do with the bike. I rigged up a step on the back of the wheel just like the ordinary rear one, only bigger, and I was ready to try it. I weigh 175 pounds and my wheel weighs twen-



TEXAS' BICYCLE SHERIFF.

ty-five. That makes 200 pounds for me to pedal along, outside of the prisoner. I mean to say that I had a rear step on each side of the wheel, making two all together. I found that my scheme worked like a charm, and I had a number of instances where people thought the prisoner would get the better of me. Folks said they should

RUSSIA A PROGRESSIVE NATION.

Wonderful Stimulus to Industry Given by the Moscow Exposition.

The British consul at Moscow, in a report on the Nihil-Navigator exhibition, describes the industrial growth of Russia since the Moscow exhibition of 1882 as very great. The progress made in textiles is marvelous and many of the silk and print exhibits equaled anything that Lyons and Manchester could produce. The machinery section was full of good work, but agricultural machinery left much to be desired. In the mines section there were some wonderful pieces of iron work which would attract attention in any country, but although the constant remark was that every object was purely Russian, British and German foremen are largely employed in the iron works. Frenchmen in the silk and many of the print works, while British subjects have still very much to do with the cotton mills. The development of the natural wealth of the country is even greater than that of the manufactures. The production of coal has tripled in the last fifteen years.

Cotton planting prospers in Tashkend and Erivan and the results in the new plantations of the southern Caucasus are excellent. Costly experiment near Baku has produced a Russian tea which is shown with much pride, and General Annenkoff is planting American vines in Turkistan; tobacco is also being grown from American seed near Samarkand. Generally speaking, every branch of industry has improved except agriculture, which grows worse year by year. Mr. Medhurst thinks that Great Britain should still be able to supply Russia with portable engines, high-pressure steam boilers, steam thrashing machinery, heavy iron plows, bicycles and machine tools.

Calico and kindred stuffs appear to be made sufficiently well at prices which are so low that they must affect British trade, but he thinks some years must elapse before Russia can construct satisfactory spinning machinery in sufficient quantities to affect British makers. He saw nothing in the hardware section to alarm our manufacturers of high class goods and, generally, he came to the conclusion that the trade in cheap goods is slipping away from us, but where high class articles of the best materials are required, it is admitted that the British stand first, except in Manchester goods. The consul says that when England first permitted the export of spinning and weaving machinery in 1842 there were 250,000 spindles in all Russia, which produced yearly 5,000,000 yards of yarn.

In 1855 there were 5,000,000 spindles and 200,000 looms at work, producing 101,300 tons of yarn and giving employment to 400,000 hands. British and German foremen are being gradually replaced by Russians and attempts have been made to supply British machinery by that made in Russia. Efforts to provide her own raw material have been more fortunate. In 1883 the total value of cotton goods produced in Russia was \$27,700,000 and in 1892 it amounted to \$38,470,000. The Russian silk trade has prospered since 1875. The woollen industry is not so prosperous. The best Russian cloth is made by an English firm, settled near St. Petersburg since 1841, which employs 2,160 hands.—Scientific American.

Paper Used in Oxford Bibles.

The papermaking for Oxford Bibles is a specially important and interesting part of the work. At Wolvercote, a mile or two out of Oxford, the university has a large mill for the supply of its own requirements. A good deal of the paper they turn out here is made out of old ships' sails, the materials of which, after battling with storms in all quarters of the world, come here for the purpose of being made into paper, printed in almost every language under heaven and bound up into volumes to be again scattered far and wide into all the uttermost ends of the earth.

This Wolvercote paper mill has much to do with the great reputation the Oxford has acquired in the production of Bibles and other devotional books. Twenty years ago and more the management hit on a valuable invention in papermaking, and ever since then India paper has been the envy and the puzzle of manufacturers all over the kingdom. There are said to be only three persons living who know the secret of its make, and, though the process has never been legally protected, and all the world is free to imitate the extremely thin, but thoroughly opaque and wonderfully strong and durable paper of the best Oxford Bibles. They only know how, all the world has hitherto quite failed to do so.

It is thin as tissue, but perfectly opaque, and so strong that a strip of it three inches wide has proved to be capable of sustaining a quarter of a hundredweight. Over 100 works and editions are now printed on this paper. This special advantage has very largely helped Oxford to retain the leading position, which it originally gained by being nearly the first to quit the first printer of books in the kingdom, and by the prestige of its name. Chambers Journal.

Without Fr Justice. Dick—And how did you proceed? Fred—Why, I just went up to her and asked her if she would marry me. Dick—Without first telling her how much you loved her and all that sort of thing? Fred—Of course, I did not want to prejudice her judgment.—Household Words.

A Man of Distinct on. "Yes, sir," repeated a man much given to talking, "I played with Irving for several years."

"Why," said his friend, "I didn't know you were ever on the stage."

"I wasn't," rejoined the gossip, "I played matches with him when we were boys at school."—Golden Penny.

An Old Acquaintance. "I didn't know you were acquainted with old Moneybag."

"Oh, yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About three years at 10 per cent."—Fun.

No Tell-Tale. Strawber—Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret?

Singerly—I had to tell the girl, hadn't I?—Scottish Nights.

AMERICANS MAKE ABSINTHE.

It Is Sold as the Genuine French Article in All Seasons.

The manufacture of genuine French absinthe is the latest American industry. This is guaranteed to be the real stuff, straight from the boulevards. Franco-manics who frequent the cheap table d'hote restaurants of the upper east and west sides imbibe this stuff, which in an arrangement of complicated glasses is allowed to drip into a glass of water, where it acquires an opaque hue. The absinthe is previously a clear light green liquid. It is made from the common worm-wood which is found in many old New England gardens and from which a thick oil is distilled. It has been found by an examination of custom-house exports that sixty years ago large quantities of this American wormwood were exported from New York and Vermont to France, where it was used in making absinthe.

But so large has the home consumption now grown that we now use all the wormwood for our own production, as well as five times as much which is imported from Germany and France. The American wormwood is regarded as the best in the world. Another expensive herb that is grown here is saffron, which is worth from \$6 to \$8 per pound. Until quite recently the supply of saffron came from Vermont, but a severe drought there killed most of the plants and the price has increased in consequence. In many Western States, as well as in Mexico, it has since been artificially propagated.

In Michigan there are vast fields of peppermint, which is cultivated carefully and sells for a high price. Another medicinal herb grown in Michigan is sage, which is sold at \$140 per ton, in addition to which 100 tons of sage are imported into the United States every year at a value of \$80 per ton, most of it coming from Italy. In the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee bonset, pennyroyal and thorn apple leaves are cultivated, as well as mandrake, bloodroot and black cohosh, all of which are used in patent medicine. California and Cape Cod are the homes of horsemint, which makes a cough medicine.

This country raises a greater variety of medicinal herbs than any other, producing those that grow in cold and hot climates, as well as those that thrive on dry mountain tops and in the humid valleys. Burdock, angelica and bayberry are some of these roots and other herbs spoken of, uniform root, cascarrilla, cramp bark, hyeme and pigeon berry.—New York Journal.

The Queen at Loch Laggan.

There was a picture in one of the British galleries which has an amusing story connected with it. It is entitled "Loch Laggan," and was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer. It shows Queen Victoria in a plain gown beside her camp stool, at which she had a few moments before been sketching, by the shores of Loch Laggan, in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the center of the picture stands a pony with a deer on its back, its own owner, a stalwart Highlander, at its head with an expression of amusement and surprise on his face. Near at hand are the Queen's two young children, the Princess Royal, now the Empress Frederick of Germany—and the Prince of Wales.

The story is this: At the time when the scene which the picture represents occurred, Sir Edwin Landseer was in Scotland giving lessons in painting to the young Queen at Balmoral.

The Queen had gone out to sketch and to receive her lesson, when Sir Edwin, walking to Balmoral to give it, missed his way, and had to cross a difficult piece of country road. Coming across a Highlander with a pony, he bade him hurry on ahead and tell the Queen that he would reach her ere long. The man needed no second bidding, and jumped on his pony's back.

He had not proceeded far around the lake before he drew up in front of a lady, whom possibly he regarded as of ordinary appearance, and who, accompanied by two children, was engaged in sketching.

The Highlander doffed his cap, and said:

"Could ye tell me, ma'am, where I might possibly find the Queen?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lady, turning from her drawing. "I am the Queen."

The Scot looked again. This was too much for him. Putting his hands on his knees, and looking very much amused at what he regarded as an attempt to play a joke on him, he exclaimed:

"Gammon!"

By this time Sir Edwin, who had made as rapid time across the hills as the Highlander had made around the sand, arrived. He made a sketch of the scene with the overcautious Scot in the very act of expressing his incredulity.

Rabbit Nuisance in Idaho.

Jack rabbits have become so numerous and troublesome in Cassia County, Idaho, that the farmers are organizing round-up hunts to lessen the numbers of the pests. At a hunt of this kind last week by farmers living near Oakley, five thousand, one hundred and twenty-six rabbits were rounded up and killed, and two coyotes and a lynx were also caught in the ring. The method followed in these hunts is for the farmers and their help to spread over a large section of country, form a ring, and then all work toward the center, beating the intermediate territory thoroughly, and driving the rabbits into the center, where they are killed with clubs.

Street Daries.

An oddity of Chili are the milk stations. Here and there in all but the principal business streets is a platform upon which a cow is tied, and milked to order by a dairymaid whenever a customer calls. On a table near by are found measures, cans and clean glasses, and often a bottle of brandy, so that a thirsty man can mix a glass of punch if he likes. In the morning these stands are surrounded by servants from the principal houses, women and children, with cups and buckets, awaiting their turn, while as fast as one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform.

A Christian Spirit. "Janet, look at our neighbor's bairns enjoying themselves on the Sabbath day! Go and set the dog on their heels; the Lord must have vengeance one way or another."—Illustrated Bits.

FAMOUS WELL.

About Which "The Old Oaken Bucket" Was Written.

About twenty-five miles from Boston, in the little village of Greenbush, the man who was driving me to the railroad station stopped to point out the old home of Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," a poem which still lives, embalmed in every quartet in the land. Wherever the quartet habit prevails there you will find familiarity with every line and every verse of this ballad, and I confess that it was with genuine delight that I gazed upon the very scene that conjured up in the brain of the composer who went home one hot day and added his name to the list of immortals under the impetus of what would be called to-day a "craving jag." The man who drove me confessed to the quartet habit himself, and as he stopped to point out the house beside which the old well stood he intoned a deep, resonant note the lines:

"The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket,
The iron-bound bucket that hung in the well."

"There it is," he continued in his singing voice, "just behind the kitchen. So many people came to see it that the folks that own it now got a brand new paper bucket and a kind of patent arrangement to haul it up because the old bucket and well sweep are out of date. Well, some Chicago parties come along and didn't like the paper bucket, and so they promised to send them an oak one to put in its place. They did send it. 'Twas all fixed up with brass hoops. I believe there's a copper pump on the well now."

We continued on our way, and a moment later the chariot burst into song:

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
And all the loveliest scenes that my infancy knew."

"There they are," he said, and there, sure enough, was a bit of land skirting a broad mill pond that might well have suggested the line of description. "The mill that stood by it" stands there still, as it has stood for more than 200 years, and they are grinding flour in it after the same fashion that was followed when the Indians lived in the neighborhood and were apt to levy contributions on the inhabitants in the way of hair or provisions at any moment. It is an interesting spot, on the whole, and if the trustees of the village keep their business they will keep the mill and the pond and the wildwood just as they are, and see to it that no one is allowed to replace them with a canvas forest and an imitation mill, and then run excursions from the nearby Athens to look at them.—New York Journal.

Indian Children at Play.

Mrs. Alice C. Fletcher contributes to the Century an article on "Home Life Among the Indians." Mrs. Fletcher says: "The summer days are now too long for Indian children at their play. They mimic the occupations of their elders. Miniature tents are set up, and the mother's shawl is sometimes purloined from her pack to serve as tent-covering. If the boys are inclined to gallantry, they will cut tall sunflower-stalks for poles, and there will be fine sport with a tent large enough to creep into; no matter if feet and legs protrude, heads are under cover, and children are children all the world over in the delight of 'make-believe.' Boys and girls sometimes join in playing 'going on the hunt'; the play tents are taken down, and poles and bundles tied upon the boy poles, who are obedient or fractious as the case may be, obstinate when fording streams, and stampeding when attacked by enemies. Some boys carry their pony reputations through life. Women have laughingly pointed out to me certain elderly men who were in childhood their 'very bad' or their 'very good ponies.'"

The Puzzle Lock Bracelet.

A novel piece of jewelry is the puzzle-lock bracelet, the chain of which is secured by a lock formed of three revolving pieces engraved with figures or letters. Only by arranging these in some particular combination forming a private code can the lock be opened, and as the figures may make an immense number of combinations, the "open sesame" is well nigh impossible of attainment except by the owner. The idea of this device is that the bracelet can be taken off and used to chain a bicycle to the railings while the rider is in a house or store, or as a fastening to a traveling bag, and for many purposes of the sort. Most people would be apt to suffer qualms of anxiety in leaving it as a lock to a bicycle but for the maker's assurance that the bracelets, which are made in a variety of designs, are so strong as to render the length of time required for filing them through a risk which whoever the thief would not venture to incur, while it is impossible to break the lock or to open it in any other way than by the mysterious code.—Philadelphia Record.

Makers of Dwarf Trees.

Closely related to the Chinese farmers is the class of men who, with a taste for the quaint and artistic, earn a living as landscape gardeners. They delight in producing miniature copies of nature. Narrow walks wind in and out through dwarfed and grotesque shrubbery. They ponds are spanned by dainty bridges. The scene suggests a playground for the wee ones, either little children or fairies. To produce the dwarf trees, the gardeners either confine the roots within a small, iron-bound cask or the more rapid method is to select a vigorous branch upon the desired tree, and bind around it a band of leaf mold. This is kept moist until roots creep into the mold; then the branch is severed from the tree. Soon flowers and fruit develop, for their buds were formed by the parent tree.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Just the Thing.

"You have made fun of me a lot," said the sanguine inventor, "but this time I have a triple-plated club."

"What is it?" asked his friend, with very slight interest.

"A camera lens with wrinkles in it."

"What on earth is that good for?"

"To take poster photographs, of course."—Indianapolis Journal.

It may not do a poor man any good to abuse a rich man, but it cannot be denied that it is mighty comforting.

TAG WAS IN EVIDENCE.

And She Knew the Clothes Were Not Tailor Made.

He is the pink of neatness and propriety, he is violently in love with the sweetest girl in town, and, to add to the misery of these absorbing circumstances, he is at present decidedly poor. The latter condition is of recent date, however, and it was only last week that he donned the first ready-made suit which had ever graced—or, as he considered, disgraced—his wardrobe. He called his mother and sisters into the room, after getting into it, and turned nervously around before them.

"Does it fit decently?" he queried, in an agony of doubt. "Why-y-y, what's the matter? Oh, yes; a tag. I suppose all this sort of clothing is tagged, isn't it?"

Never before, surely, were garments tagged as were those, however; there was a tag on the hem of each trouser leg, one upon the left coat-tail, and another on the vest front, and still another on the sleeve. Even when he had done them good-by, after waiting impatiently while all the visible bits of flannel card-board were cut away, they called him back to remove still another. The result was that he finally reached the house of his tailor in anything but a peaceful frame of mind.

"She, too, was nervous, and they departed for the theater in haste. He noticed, just as soon as he slipped out of his topcoat, that her eyes sought his figure constantly and interestedly, but his inward uncertainty about that suit made him glower so that she said nothing, and the performance was half over before he gathered courage to speak of the subject himself.

"How do you like my new clothes?" he asked at last, with what calmness he could muster, and the girl blushed nervously.

"They're quite pretty, I think," she said, with an apologetic smile, "but—"

"I don't know whether they fit me very well or not," he interrupted, desperate with the fear that she had divided the secret of their origin, "for I tried a new tailor, and, although he gave me several fittings, and what's the matter?" he broke off to exclaim, wildly, as he saw the light of a dawning laughter in her eyes. "What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing," she responded, solemnly, although the laughter beneath her pretty lashes grew stronger momentarily, "only—only—there's a price-tag on your coat lapel!"

And so there was, a small but distinct legend, reading, "size 34; style 7; price \$13.50."

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as "a mess o' children." It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a Justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen.

"I want a purtee against William Davis," said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the Justice's office; "that is what I want—a purtee against William Davis. He won't keep his hens off o' my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's different with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy amongst 'em! So what I want is a purtee!"

A Hitch in the Proceedings.

There was a half-finished wedding the other day at Toddington, England. Everything went swimmingly until the bridegroom was asked to repeat the familiar formula, "I, George—, take thee," etc. At this stage there was a sudden pause on the part of the bridegroom, who, in a tone almost inaudible to the congregation, and quivering with emotion, declared that his name was not George but Charles. Everyone appeared to be in a dilemma; the bride grew pale, but fortunately did not faint, and the person stared with amazement. It was only then ascertained that the banns had been erroneously published. The bridegroom flew about and did his best to have the wedding go on that day, but it could not be done. The banns had to be published again the following Sunday, in proper form. But Charles is all right now, or flatters himself that he is, for the knot has since been tied.

How Sugar Is Made White.

The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. It was observed by someone that whenever the hen trod the tracks were sugar whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was the wet clay, which can be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way: The sugar is put into wooden jars shaped as you see the sugar leaves are. The large ends are upward. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Barbaric Chinese Music.

Chinese music is described by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine as composed of almost unheeded sounds to European ears. Chinese music has a sort of softness and melancholy in its tones that sometimes pleases, but it is so intolerably monotonous that if prolonged it becomes exceedingly irritating to the nerves. They have no semitones; indeed, they seem only to blow into the instrument or twang strings at random from the inspiration of the moment. However, it appears they have notes, though their compositions are not of much scientific value. You sometimes hear something like simple melody, not unlike that which runs through the chants of savages.

Shirt-Collar Holder.

A device to keep in position the points of a flannel or unadorned shirt consists of a circular wire passing under the turn-down collar, and provided at the front ends with V-shaped loops, which clasp and retain the corners in position.