

A JUSTIFIABLE CRIME.

I.
"Splendidly—splendidly," he cried, as he ran his eyes over it. "It's worthy of Bill Sikos himself. I'll send it off this very minute." And he thrust it in an envelope with a 45 note.
"You'll let me know how it answers?" I said, as he took his hat.
"Oh, yes." And then, with a tawny good-night, he went flying down the stairs to catch the post.
The following morning it happened that a matter of business took me in the vicinity of Debenham's chambers, and, having half an hour to spare, I determined to call and see if he had heard anything in connection with his plot.
As I was about to enter his sitting room, however, I heard the sound of voices, and a hasty glance showed me that he was engaged. A young lady was standing by the table, facing Debenham, who looked as guilty as any schoolboy caught in an orchard.
"I got it back this morning," the girl was saying. "A man who is employed on the railway picked it up as he was on his way to work."
"—I am very glad," Debenham murmured, nervously. "He must have been an honest fellow."
"Yes," she said. "But the strange part of it is that by this morning's post there came a letter from a—a thief, inclosing a 45 note. You can read it if you like."
And she handed him the precious missive I had conceived.
He read it in feigned astonishment.
"I never heard of such a curious thing," he murmured. "It's positively isn't it, you know?"
Of course, this childlike attempt at deception didn't deceive the girl.
"Mr. Debenham," she said, "you wrote this letter—you sent this note."
"—I Really, Miss—"
"—Oh, yes, you did. It's no use denying it. No one else knew of our loss."
"Never mind the mouth," I interposed, hastily, seeing that he was about to indulge in an extravagant flood of rhapsody. "It was an ideal mouth, I haven't a doubt."
"She sat down next to me," he went on. "There wasn't much room, and she thanked me when I moved. She had the sweetest voice."
"Well, there's nothing curious about that, I believe you said—"
"—I'm coming to it if you'll only give me time," he returned, in an aggrieved tone. "You're no patience. It was when the conductor came round for fares. Then she felt for her purse; she found it was missing. At first she thought she must have dropped it, and I searched the floor and under the seat. However, it wasn't there. Poor girl! I never saw any one so distressed in my life. It seemed she had 45 in it, and it was evidently quite a fortune to her. Well, I paid her fare for her, and we got out together."
"—I don't think you need tell me any more," I said dryly.
Debenham stared.
"—Why not?"
"—Because I know the rest."
"—How the—"
"—Yes, I do. You lent her the 45, of course. My dear fellow, you've been had."
"—I didn't do anything of the kind!" Debenham retorted hotly. "She wouldn't let me. That's what I came to ask your advice about. I thought that as you were a lawyer you might be able to suggest something, but I wish I'd never mentioned it to you."
Of course I hastened to soothe his ruffled plumes, and in a little while he went on with his tale. It appeared that he had seen her home, and that he had known her name. It was Charney-Kate Charnley. She was a dress-maker, and lived with her sister.
II.
"—And you want to help them, eh?" I said, after a time.
"—Yes, but it'll be a difficult matter. They're clergyman's daughters, and very proud. I don't see what I can do. It's awfully piling, you know, Kennon, to have a pile of money and not be able to do a little good with it once in a way. It's a shame that this girl should have to slave at a sewing machine all day while a great strong beggar like me lounges around killing time."
"—I suppose you want to refund this 45."
"—Yes; I can't do more, but I don't even see how I can do that."
"—Well, you might order a gown of some sort from them."
"—Don't be an ass; men don't buy gowns."
"—You could say it was for your sister."
"—But I haven't got a sister, and if I had she'd never let me choose her gowns for her; besides, she'd have to be fitted on and all that, you know."
"—I was obliged to admit the force of these arguments, and a fresh period of silence intervened. Debenham had risen, and was pacing the floor in a state of perplexity.
"—How would it be if I inclosed the money in an envelope and sent it anonymously?" he said at length.
"—You might do that, certainly," I replied, after a little consideration.
"—But she'd be sure to know who sent it."
"—Well, that doesn't matter, as you are not likely to see her again."
Debenham stopped and turned his eyes full upon me.
"—What's that? Not see her again? But I must see her again! I—I feel that my fate is—er—linked with that girl, Kennon."
"—Oh, very well; then that squashes the idea entirely, unless— Look here, why not assume the character of the thief yourself, and send her a letter saying you have repented and return the money?"
"—But I don't want her to think that I'm a bad lot."
"—Well, she needn't know that you went it. You can pretend to be an ordinary pickpocket."
"—So I can. I never thought of that. By Jove, it's a grand idea! Where's the pen and ink? What shall I say? Give us a lift, old chap. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing."
"—I took up my pen, and, after a little thought, dashed off the following letter:
"—Dear miss: This is from me, the bloke who took your purse! I s'ns the money but because yer father was once very kind ter me when I was down on my luck, an I n'ns yer needs it a sight more than I does, yer humble servant, "BILL NOKES."
"—How will that do?" I said, as I tossed it across the table.

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I SEARCHED THE FLOOR AND UNDER THE SEAT.

DEATH OF A DESERTER

THE TRAGIC RETRIBUTION THAT CAME TO CORPORAL HAZE

Officer in a California Regiment Becomes Madly Infatuated with a Filipino Maid, and Is Killed While Fighting in Rebel Ranks.

When the news came that the First was going to the front California went half crazy with pride and patriotic frenzy. The men of the First were like madmen in their enthusiastic delight. They grabbed each other around the shoulders and did wild war dances. They sang, they shouted, they laughed and some of them cried. And Corporal Haze danced, and sang, and shouted, and laughed, and cried with the best of them. When the ship went down the blue bay and past the island, past the Cliff House, black with people, and out through the Golden Gate into the Pacific, Henry Haze stood on deck with his comrades. He lifted his cap. "Boys," he said, "we'll make California proud of us."

Corporal Haze reached Manila with the command. Good soldier, well skilled in arms, he had been lifted from the ranks to command a squad. Manila is a strange town, strange even to the world wanderer, Corporal Haze. Many kinds of women are there, Japanese, Spanish, French, Malay. There was more. There was one who was part native, part Spanish, part French. She was neither yellow nor black nor white—she was brown, like a shining brown leaf in autumn, and she flirted with the eyes, like the Spaniard, and with the fan, like the Japanese.

It wasn't long until Corporal Haze was only at the camp at duty hours. When the men of the First got around and grumbled at the climate and found fault with the rations and wondered how long they were going to be caged up there to stare at the moon, Corporal Haze was never there. Then came great news. The general wanted volunteers to go to Holo. D company was going. Every man who was going sang at his packing and every man who was not going sat about and grumbled because he could not go. All but Corporal Haze. He turned as white as death when he heard about Holo. Some of the men looked at him anxiously and one of them began to whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the doleful time of a dead march. Corporal Haze turned and looked at the man and his eyes were like the eyes of a maddened tiger. The tune died and the whistler's lips.

On the 3d of January, 1899, company D of the First Regiment of California Volunteers embarked, among other companies, from Manila on a transport bound for Holo. When the transport was ready to sail it was discovered that Corporal Haze of company D was not in his accustomed place. Search was made for him. He could not be



found. The transport was delayed while a corporal's guard went ashore to extend the search.

The troops sailed without Corporal Haze, and the soldiers that stayed at Manila spent all their spare time trying to get news of the deserter and to find him and to bring him into camp and to blindfold him and to shoot him for a coward and a disgrace to his uniform and to the country. But they never found him.

The soldiers who stayed at Manila began to be busy. There were riots and rumors of riots. And one day the Filipino came out of the swamps and swooped down on the American lines. The California First was in the thick of the fight. The regiment went whooping and cheering into its first charge. "Hurrah for God's country, boys," shouted a beardless boy of a lieutenant.

"Give 'em a taste of California shooting," yelled a little pink-faced captain. The Filipinos scattered like chaff before the wind. But the Californians were then lying dead in rows and huddled heaps. There they found a white man in a pool of water. He had the charge. He wore a ragged uniform of a lieutenant of the Filipinos.

One of the Americans stooped to look at him. The white man opened his eyes and tried to sit up. Something rattled in his throat, he waved his hand in a foolish gesture.

"He's trying to sing," said the boy lieutenant.

"It's the deserter," said a man from company D.

The white man laughed a little and then he grunted, and then he lay very still.

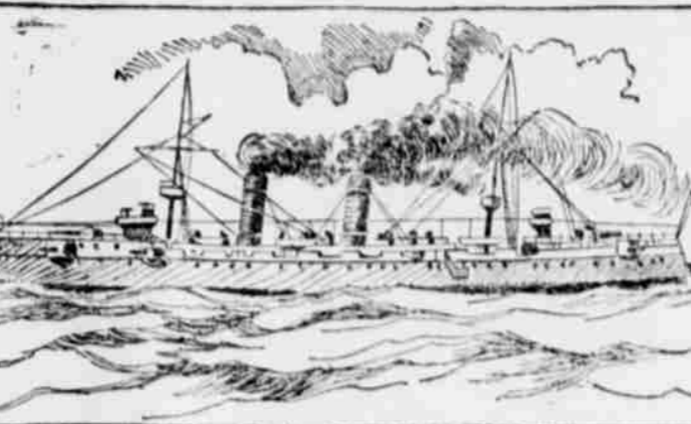
"Dead," said the little lieutenant.

"And good riddance," said the man from company D. And he was dead, riddled with bullets of his own command, from his own regiment.

And the men who had come from California with him went away and left him lying in the water, with his face to the tropic sun and with the black vultures circling over him.—Chicago Chronicle.

MULES ON THE BALCONY.
Ludicrous Incident that Did Not Amuse the Owner.
In the old days when mules were plentifully bred in Kentucky, and taken thence for sale to the plantation States, they were sent forth in droves, commonly under the leadership of a bellman, preferably white in color. In the course of a few hours the mules

JAPAN'S NEW CRUISER BUILT IN SAN FRANCISCO.



Japan's new cruiser, the Chitose, which is said to be the fastest of its class afloat, has been completed at San Francisco. The Chitose is a second-class protected cruiser. She is 405.2 feet in length, 40 feet beam and 17.75 feet draught. Her displacement is 4,700 tons and her engines indicate 15,500 horse power. Her armament is two 8-inch guns, ten 4.7-inch guns, twelve 12-pound and six 21/2-pound rapid-fire guns and 14-inch torpedo tubes. Particular care was taken in her construction, both by the Union Iron works and by engineer officers of the Japanese navy. The Japanese officers were with the workmen at all times during the building of the vessel and there was not a rivet or a bolt that went into the vessel that did not pass before their critical eyes.

would know their leader, and follow her with so little trouble that two men could conduct a drove of several hundred. Nevertheless, if the foremost mule turned aside, all the others would blindly follow her like a flock of sheep. "I recall an amusing instance of this 'follow-my-leader' motive," says Prof. N. S. Slater in "Domesticated Animals."

Engaged in survey work in Southern Kentucky, I was passing along a quiet road when in the distance I heard a thunder of hoofs, and in a moment saw a great drove of mules, the appointed leader of which, a man on a white horse, had fallen to the rear of the column. The creatures, thinking it their duty to overtake the missing master, were going on the full run.

Heeding the shouts of the troubled herder, I turned my wagon across the road, which, being at that point very narrow, was effectively barricaded by the vehicle. Although the rush was so wild that the brutes nearly overset my "outfit," they were brought to a full stop.

Unhappily, on one side of the road and one hundred feet from it was a comfortably built Southern house, with a broad gallery extending along the front, while in the door of the mansion were some women whose attention had been attracted by the tumult. No sooner had the mob of mules been brought to a stage of surging quiet, than one of the creatures jumped the picket fence, and started for the open house door.

In much less time than it takes to tell it, a hundred or more mules were on the gallery, the floor of which gave way beneath their weight; they quickly broke down the columns which supported the roof, so that the whole structure at once became a heap of wood and mules.

The unlucky proprietor of the drove,

birds we shoot.

The Partridge is a Mixture of Nervousness and Courage.
The partridge is a singular combination of nervousness and courage. Its natural fear of mankind and its incessant dread of the assaults of such blood-thirsty enemies as stoats, weasels, foxes and hawks are, of course, well known. Yet few creatures are more truly courageous. During the pairing season the male partridge is one of the most pugnacious and determined of all birds, and the courage and devotion shown by both the parent birds in defense of their young is, in its way, almost unequalled.

Why does the partridge tower? That is a question once hotly debated, but now set completely at rest. A towering bird has been so hit that it suffers from an escape of blood into the lungs or windpipe. It chokes, and in its piteous desire for air flies upward and upward until it can fly no higher. Then it falls, rocket-like, to earth, and is found stone dead, usually on its back.

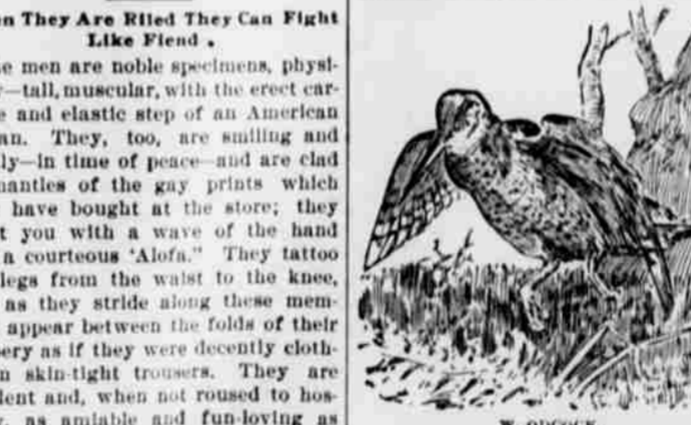
In spite of the coddling with which the modern pheasant is so unduly surrounded, its natural instincts of wildness and suspicion are so deeply implanted that a few days of roaming in woodland and covert suffice to render the hen-reared bird almost as truly feral as its wild-bred congeners. A curious instance of the strange nervousness of the pheasant happened many years ago (1856) in the south of England. When the terrible gunpowder explosion in March of that year occurred at Curtis & Harvey's mills at Hounslow, the dull shock and concussion were felt perceptibly in West Sussex, more than fifty miles away. And it was remarked by Mr. A. E. Knox, the naturalist, and by a number of laborers engaged at work among some coverts in that part of the county, that a loud and alarmed crowing proceeded from the pheasants in all parts of the wood for many minutes after the explosion.

It has been well said that "Here to-day, gone to-morrow" may fairly be called the motto of the delicious woodcock. To-day they may be seen in numbers in a favorite covert, yet to-morrow not a cock may be found within a score of miles. If you know that woodcock are about, lose not an hour if you are wise, but take your gun and go in search of them. They are, in truth, the most evanescent of birds. The flight of this bird during migration must be enormously swift. A well-fed wood-

SMILING SAMOANS.
When They Are Riled They Can Fight Like Fiend.
The men are noble specimens, physically tall, muscular, with the erect carriage and elastic step of an American Indian. They, too, are smiling and kindly—in time of peace—and are clad in mantles of the gay prints which they have bought at the store; they greet you with a wave of the hand and a courteous "Alolo." They tattoo the legs from the waist to the knee, and as they stride along these members appear between the folds of their drapery as if they were decently clothed in skin-tight trousers. They are indolent and, when not roused to hostility, are as amiable and fun-loving as children. They work as little as is possible, and why should they? The forest abounds in wild bananas, breadfruit and yams, which may be had for the taking; the sea is full of fish, which they are expert in catching, and if Providence deigns to send them a fattened pig once or twice a year they are blessed.

But these gentle creatures can fight, and fight cruelly, although their method of warfare is peculiar; they eat and drink between rounds, when a sort of truce is declared, then go at it again, shoot at short range and shoot to kill. Formerly, until the practice was abolished by Chief Justice Ikie, the killing was followed by beheading, and this ceremony was not always deferred, when the victim had been only wounded, until life was extinct. The heads were then collected and presented to the king as an especial proof of prowess. This barbarous practice the chief justices had the utmost difficulty in dealing with, and it was not discontinued until the other representatives of the triple protectorate consented to enact a law to punish offenders by flogging them heavily, and adding to this penalty a lengthy term of imprisonment.—Leslie's Weekly.

A wife always begins at some time to correct her husband's pronunciation, but it is a sign of dissolution if she begins within three months after her marriage.



WOODCOCK.

cock seldom weighs much more than twelve ounces; yet in the year 1796 the keeper of the lighthouse upon the Hill of Howth, in Ireland, found a pane of glass, more than three-eighths of an inch thick, broken by one of these birds, which, attracted by the strong light, had flown against the pane. The unfortunate bird struck with such violence that its bill, head, breastbone and both wings were all found to be completely smashed. Woodcock feed almost solely at night, and by consequence lie close during the day in those snug barabargers, in warm and sheltered woodland, to which they are so partial. Their food consists almost entirely of worms, larvae, small water and mud insects, beetles and the like. They have inordinate appetites, and with their long bills bore countless holes in search of food in the soft places to which they repair. The digestive process of this bird is extraordinarily rapid. A tame woodcock, which had breakfasted in the morning upon half a flower-pot full of worms, was found the same afternoon with its stomach perfectly empty, while the viscera contained no perceptible trace of its ample breakfast.

The only way to prevent a man making a big fool of himself in later life is to make a fool of him early.

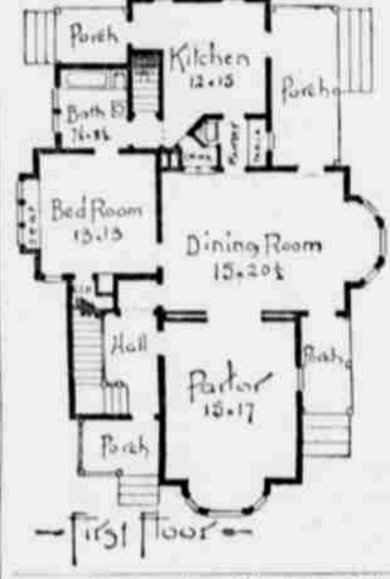
There can be no course of true love if true love never dies.

HERE'S A GOOD HOME.

IS CONVENIENT, COMFORTABLE AND NEAT IN APPEARANCE.

Low-Cost House, with the Equipments of a Mansion—A Dwelling with an Interior Arrangement that Would Be Hard to Improve Upon.

Modern civilization has not only developed a taste for appearance of a dwelling house, but has created a desire for all the modern improvements. No matter how low the cost of a house may be, people expect all the equip-



ments of a mansion. The lady of the house generally cares much more for the interior arrangement for convenience than for the exterior appearance, except that she wishes it to look pleasing and comfortably home-like. Of course there are a few who "live for show," and these only are the ones who do not care about the arrangement. Just so it looks nice and attractive.

In the design herewith given the interior arrangement has been the first consideration, the exterior receiving just enough attention to prevent its looking too plain, and make it neat and pleasing in appearance. We have that very desirable feature, a front stair hall, from which one can go into the parlor or dining-room. These rooms are ample in size and pleasantly located, with large bays from both. The



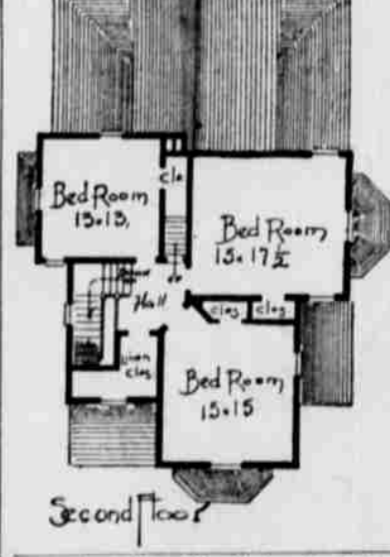
MODERN LOW-PRICED HOUSE.

wide sliding doors between enable them to be thrown together on occasion of home entertainment.

The dining-room also has outside entrances from front and rear side porches. From the dining-room opens the kitchen with passage through the pantry between. The pantry is fully equipped in modern style, with sink, drain board, shelves, bins and pastry tank. There is also a large china closet beside pantry, which opens from both kitchen and dining-room. On the dining-room side this china closet is finished very much resembling a sideboard in style, and provided with a case of drawers from floor to thirty inches above floor. From off the dining room opens the family bed-room, to the rear of and connected with which is the bathroom. The bathroom is fitted with tub, wash bowl and water closet, and has also a door leading to kitchen.

Going upstairs from the front, one lands in a small hall, with large linen closet, and from which are accessible three large bed-rooms, with ample closets. The front hall is finished in red oak, and the staircase, of very attractive design, is built of same material. The remainder of the first story, except kitchen, is finished in selected white pine, and the kitchen in Southern yellow pine. All the first floor is finished natural color in hard oil. Second floor is trimmed in painted pine. A cellar seven feet deep is provided under rear portion of house.

Of the exterior little need be said. The timbers are of good sound stone, upon a foundation of good rubble stone. Sills 6x8 are used with walls above of 2x4, plastered three coats inside and



covered outside with shiplap sheathing overlaid with building paper and half-inch siding. The gables and roofs are covered with good pine shingles. The first story is eleven feet and the second story nine feet in height, with quite a large attic. The house is heated by furnace, and will cost to build complete about \$2,800.—E. A. Payne.

How to Make a Telephone.
Procure a couple of empty cocoa tins, knock out the bottom of each, and you

will then, of course, have left two tin tubes. Next glue a piece of cartridge paper over the mouth of one side of each of your tubes, taking care to stretch the paper tightly over the opening. Make a small hole in the center of each piece of paper, take a piece of string of whatever length you care to have it, and then pass one end through each hole, afterwards making a couple of knots at the end of the string so as to prevent the latter from coming out of the holes.

This done, your telephone is complete and quite ready for use. The persons who are to converse with one another each take hold of a tube and stretch the string quite taut. The one who intends speaking first merely puts the tube to his mouth and speaks into it, while the other person places the opposite tube to his ear. A conversation can be carried on in this manner in a whisper even at a distance of a hundred feet.

UNCLE SAM'S FIRST MINT.

Historic Building in Philadelphia Nearly Destroyed by Fire.

A recent fire in Philadelphia nearly destroyed the first mint used by the Government of the United States. By hard work the historic building, situated at 37 and 39 North Seventh street, was saved, to remain a splendid object lesson of the growth of the republic.

It seems almost incredible that so short a time ago this plain old structure represented the entire personal holdings and real estate of our national government.

The history of the first mint of the United States began with the passage by Congress of an act looking to the formation of such a necessary institution. The initial step to put this act in operation was naturally the appointment of the officers of the institution who should have charge of the establishment. For director of the mint Washington selected David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, who received his appointment and accepted the position on July 1, 1792.

Henry Voight, a watchmaker, was appointed chief coiner, and Tristram Dalton was made treasurer. In the succeeding year Ailion Cox was appointed chief assayer, and Robert Scott engraver. July 31, 1792, the corner stone of the new mint was laid by Washington, a distinguished gathering of the leading men of the day being present. The foundation stone in place, work was commenced on the building at once. So rapidly for that period was the work pushed that the foundation



FIRST UNITED STATES MINT.

was ready for the superstructure on Aug. 25. The framework was raised on the afternoon of that day. A few days later, on Sept. 10, six pounds of old copper were bought for the mint by Rittenhouse, at the rate of 1 shilling 3 pence per pound, this metal being the

first ever purchased for the coinage of the United States. Three coils of presses imported from England arrived on Sept. 25, and were put in operation about Oct. 1.

In his message to Congress Nov. 6, 1792, President Washington made the gratifying statement that a small coinage of half dimes had been completed, the "want of small coins in circulation calling the first attention to them." Before the end of the first year after the opening of the mint not only half dimes but also dimes and coppers in a sufficient quantity to meet the pressing needs of the country had been coined.

In 1794 the first silver dollars and half dollars were coined, and in the next year the first gold eagles and half eagles were produced. Up to the year 1810 the work of coining at the mint was done by hand or horse power, but in the later years steam was introduced for operating the presses. For forty years the old building on Seventh street was used for the purpose of the mint, the marvelous growth of the country then rendering better quarters necessary.

Flash Measured.
By means of a photograph, made with a vibrating lens, scientists have calculated the time of a lightning flash. It comes out one-nineteenth of a second. The calculation is based upon the multiple image in the photographs and the rate of vibration of the lens. The time applies, of course, only to the particular flash that was photographed.

When a woman reaches the age when no hats are very becoming, she begins to find fault with the new styles. A girl of sixteen thinks every new fashion is pretty.