

THE PLAINEALER

Subscription Rates: One Year payable in advance \$2.00 Months 1.00 Months .50

SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

WONDERFUL GOLD LEAF.

How it is Manufactured and Some of its Peculiarities.

The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold beating. As yet the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold leaf being beaten by hand.

First the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and flattened out into ribbons of about an eighth hundredth of an inch in thickness. The ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces an inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between vellum leaves, one piece above another, and the entire pile is enclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a 16 pound hammer until the inch pieces are extended to 4 inch squares. They are then taken from the case, and each square is cut into four pieces. The pieces thus obtained are then placed between gold beater's skin—a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, enclosed in a parchment case and again beaten, but with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2,400 leaves, and the thickness of each leaf is about one two-hundred-thousandths of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

WHY DOGS BARK.

A Writer Affords an Explanation as Given to Him by an Indian.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America, Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the coyote, as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. The coyote never barks, and only gallops when pursued.

"Why don't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked an old Indian, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim. "And why do they only howl and the pups grunt?"

"His answer was, 'He won't learn.' 'Not learn?' said I. 'What do you mean?'"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try to imitate his master, or, at all events, the other dogs, but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to drive in cattle, or to herd dogs, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard of account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor, under the best circumstances, will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Glass Houses.

There were whole streets in Tyre entirely occupied by glass works, and it is stated that the first glass houses were erected in Tyre. The glass houses of Alexandria were highly celebrated for the ingenuity and skill of their workmen and the extent of their manufactures.

Layard, in writing about his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, says: "In one chamber were found two entire glass bowls, with fragments of others. These bowls are probably of the same period as the small bottle found in the ruins of the north-western palace during the previous excavations, and now in the British museum. On this highly interesting relic is the name of Sargon, with his title of king of Assyria, in cuneiform characters, and the figure of a lion. We are, therefore, able to fix its date to the latter part of the seventh century B. C. It is consequently the most ancient known specimen of transparent glass."—Boston Herald.

A Bit of Black.

Nothing is complete without its bit of black. It is a bit of cunning the French have taught us and is most valuable, for it immediately adds the touch we have striven for. No matter what the color or material if not pointed or striped with black, it is a lousy black cloth, bands of ribbon or pipings of satin are used. There are no end of means of decoration, and all most effective too. So universal has this fashion become that neither frock nor bonnet escapes it.—Boston Traveller.

Heavy Sermon.

Mason—Why does Jason prefer taking a walk on Fifth avenue on Sunday morning to going to church? Payson—He says he likes to read sermons in stores rather than to listen to sermons from sticks.—New York Herald.

Alcohol was first distinguished as an elementary substance by Albrecht, in the twelfth century.

The strait of Juan de Fuca was named after an old Greek sailor who explored its shores in 1592.

Hundreds of patents have been issued to inventors of water gas.

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A SINFUL WASTE.

Good Food Allowed to Decay a Feature of American Households.

There are few households in the land but have a periodical recrudescence of economy in the matter of food supply. A big grocer's or butcher's bill immediately suggests that there should be some economy practiced "somewhere."

The present activity in the field of dietetics should spread valuable knowledge into every kitchen. It is already showing benefits in the matter of nutritious food versus medicine.

Houswives do not always realize that they have a prominent part to play in this grave question of the day, the "disposal of garbage." That responsibility lies within the domestic threshold, and to consign the collection of waste to the scavenger is not the limit of her power as a self-satisfying conclusion. What she consigns does not concern her, and this "bete noir" found in every part of the land, a subject fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties to those whose business it is to find a healthful and quick disposal of garbage, is far more the business of the housekeeper than she is willing to acknowledge. We must go back of the garbage can to find the cause. American extravagance is proverbial the world over. We provide with a lavish hand. Unskilled and indifferent help waste accordingly. Expenditure for food in a large percentage of the middle and lower classes is estimated to take very often fully three-fourths of the income. Actual consumption and benefit derived from quantity supplied is notably small in the wealthier families.

Convincing proof is found in the overflowing garbage can. Lack of robustness among a certain class and the amount of debility afflicting a majority of people prove to investigators a want of proper nutriment to build up the overworked body, which must endure some how the strain and stress of American life and climate.

The unintelligent methods of poor servants, unskilled in handling food, is one cause of the effect. It is considered their prerogative to waste what does not suit their fancy, and an abundance to overflow with cans, clog pipes, choke traps, fill cesspools, draw vermin and offer culture as a medium for the ubiquitous microbe. Noxious odors offend nostrils and dangerous effluvia jeopardize health and obstruct sanitary measures.

It is in the kitchen in the world that has been the cause of plagues, pestilences and diseases. It is wasted time, strength, money, happiness and, too often, life.—Baltimore American.

The Novel of Religion.

I heard long ago of an enterprising tradesman who desired to have the Old Testament at least broken into a series of romances. By others, very likely more less pieces of these romances, the narratives can be tolerated except the ancient original versions. Yet many readers or hearers are so familiar with these, or think themselves so familiar (they would probably break down under examination), that something more "spicy" is required by them. I have read an American novel about the love affairs of Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. It did not interest me, I own, but it did make me laugh. Probably a more pious student would have been edified. There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps no Biblical novel has ever won critical applause or been reckoned a piece of literature. But such novels hit a large class of readers whose tastes in other matters is not always bad.

It would be interesting to know what the wits and critics of the restoration thought and said about "The Pilgrim's Progress." Probably they never looked into the cheap little book at all, the book which has outlived Edgewood and Sedley and Rochester and the rest of them. Of course it does not by any means follow that every religious novel read by the people who do read such things and neglected by critics is on a level with Bunyan's masterpiece.—Andrew Lang's Longman's Magazine.

What is an Edition?

What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or 50 or 5? The word is not a technical term like "gross" or "dozen" or any like expression bearing a fixed numerical significance, and there is, of course, no reason why it should not mean anything from the lowest to the highest of these numbers, according to the taste and fancy, or it may be the tactics, of the particular publisher who employs it. Only now that that enterprising person shows himself so anxious to keep the public regularly informed as to the sales of the works issuing from his house it might be well to conform to some standard on this point. We know what is meant when we read that Miss Abner Daring's new novel is "in its twentieth thousand," whereas the statement that it is "in its forty-fifth edition," conveys to us simply no information at all.—London Graphic.

Bracelets Once More.

A great hope is being cherished that women are inclining to bracelets once more. This seems not improbable. The decree has gone forth that sleeves are to be scarcely below the elbow. This being true there is a considerable expense left for ornament. For the gloves cannot be always worn. In any case bracelets are cheaper than gloves, and women, though on pleasure bent, still have frugal minds.—Jewelers' Circular.

Mozart.

Mozart was very small, being only a little over 5 feet in height. His face was thin, and the size of his nose was apparently exaggerated by the attenuation of his features. He wore his hair long and done up in a cone, according to the custom of his day. His mouth was small and his face clean shaven.

It May Do As Much For You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At A. C. Marsters & Co.'s Drug Store.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com. Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at A. C. Marsters & Co.'s Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the Public—A Sorrowing People Under a Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly, with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the president at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the evening. General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington he (the president) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing," but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who married with me on the Connecticut a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento that he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older states, and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I staid within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted, and my roommate, Mr. A., and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building. After awhile quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping room in the rear part of the house.

As I turned down the gas I said to my roommate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside tonight. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington and has pointed down upon the president and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the president was in any way in danger, and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied: "That would be all right unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying: "Wako, wako, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and we began, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the president, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed, and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room. When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if every body was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and fearful inquiries for the welfare of the president and Mr. Seward's family. The president still lived, but at half past 7 o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great anvil heart was still. The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with increasing volume Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments and private offices were to be closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the dome of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Century.

Music resembles poetry. In each are nameless qualities which no methods teach, and which a master's hand alone can reach.—Pope.

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