A SUNLESS WORLD.

If the glad sun were dead, a night Amid the awful night of space, A cold, annihilating blight Upon our fair world's face-

The wonders of the seasons, heat And soothing rain, the gentle flowers, Recurrent summers, and the beat Of passion hearted hours -

Would be as things not known to earth, While neither man, nor beast nor bird, Would waken any sign of birth. Not any song or word:

Where souls have vainly throbbed and fought Where some have conquered, there would be No dim awakening of the thought That scorns mortality

No young spring fluttering in the breast Of the undying dream of life-Love, which is more than other best, Sweet in its very strife:

But our wan, stricken star would fly In darkness like a death's device. Robed in the winter of the sky And winding sheets of ice. -George Edgar Montgomery.

TIM SULLIVAN'S GHOST.

"Whose ghost is that?"

This was said by Peter Donnelly, who was sitting up in his bed. having been just awakened by the noise of clanking chains in his bedroom. The window curtain was up, and the light from a quarter moon shed a soft but clear light apon all the objects in the room. The ghost was walking up and down the apartment, wrapped in a clean, white, sheety looking costume and dragging a long chain, which was fastened to its waist, and which made a weird noise at every movement of the ghost.

The ghost stopped on hearing Donnelly's question, and, turning its head toward the bed, gazed with mournful eyes upon Peter, and, after one long look, it took up its walk again. The face which Donnelly saw was enough to satisfy him that the ghost was no other than that of his old friend Tim Sullivan. So, reas-sured, Peter sang out. "Is that you, Tim?

The ghost, without stopping in its walk or turning its head, nodded assent: soon he discerned in the obscurity the "What's up?" said Peter.

forms of animals in a neighboring in-And then the ghost broke its silence and answered, "Tm up, and that's what's closure. the matter.

"Didn't they wake you properly, Tim? I was there, and I thought we did it in There were a fine lot of broken atyle. heads at the wake, and my own was one of them.'

"Yis, yis," said the ghost, "the wake was all right, and I thank the boys for The way they behaved; though I'll say it now, that I didn't like the way of that Dan Flaherty making love to my widdy. right before my eyes, as it were. If I had been able, I would have raised me in me coffin and welted the head of himnever moind, I've me eye on him. 'Tis true, 'tis a dead eye, but he'll hear from me yet." "Then what worries you, Tim, that

you're strolling about when it's time for all honest dead men to be quiet? Are you not out of purgatory yet, after al. the money your sorrowing widdy has paid Father Malone for candles and

"Yis, yis; that's all right. I got me pass two weeks ago.'

"Then, in the name of the divil, what do you want, Tim Sullivan, trapesing around in those nightclothes? And if it's anything I can do for the repose of your soul just say the word, Tim. and for ould friendship's sake I'll do it as sure as me name's Pete Donnelly."

"Tut, tut, Peter Donnelly; don't use the name of the divil so familiar likeyou don't know him. He is a much biger man than I thought him till 1 saw him down below. Do you know. Peter, that he's a bigger man than the mayor or even the chief of polace?"

promised the widdy the prisint of a fine HEXAGONAL POWDER. fat sow, with a hope of allaviating the sorrow of Mrs. O'Rourke a bit. Now. I

quence was that I got me pass, and was

laving Purgatory on the run, when who

should I run acrost but Pat O'Rourke.

I, 'and I'm in a divil of a hurry.' 'Tim,'

says he, 'did you send the fat sow that

you promised me widdy on the night of

the wake? 'No,' says I, 'I clane forgot

same he usually has.'

"Not much," said Peter.

window they sailed together.

you fly?"

duck.

said the ghost.

Widdy O'Rourke's?"

Peter?

O'Rourke.

throw on a bit of me clothes."

"All right," said Peter; "I'm wid ye."

"Here we are, and here are the pigs."

clane forgot that promise, and the conse- WHY AND HOW CANNON POWDER IS RAMMED BEFORE IT IS USED.

'Hello,' says he, 'are you off? 'Yis,' says It Is Compressed by Hydraulie Machiner Into Convenient Little Prisms-Something About the Press That Does the Work-A Complicated Process

it when I got sober.' Did you git abso-lution?' says he. 'No,' says I; 'when ited the scene of the disastrons powder Father Malone was giving me absolution explosion of the Du Pont Powder mills I was so busy trying to remember the carried away with them, as mementos things I had done that I clane forgot all of the explosion, little six-sided pieces of those I had intended to do.' With that a black material which they generally Pat called out, 'Stop him!' and they supposed to be iron or some soft metal. stopped mein a jiffy. I showed me pass, These mementos were six sided, about but Pat told his story, which I couldn't 11 inches long, one inch in diameter, and deny, and thin they clapped this chain were pierced by a small round hole. on me, to carry, as they said, till I re- They appeared to be blank six sided nuts, damed me promise or got absolution. ready to be tapped or threaded to make Now, I have me pass, but do you think them available on the bolts of the mill what a foine sight I should make in machinery. They appeared to be inno-heaven, frightenin' the young angels, cent little things, easy to pilfer and conwid me chain hangin' and bangin' abont, venient to carry, and served nicely as and hearin' the young ones sayin', at mementos of the great explosion. ivery turn, 'There goes Tim Sullivan wid

In reality these innocent looking mea broken promise hangin' to him.' And mentos are lumps of concentrated exnow, Peter, this is what I want wid ye: plosive energy. They are prisms or I ve selected the pig, but I want you to drive him to Widdy O'Rourke's door, for I'll let ye know, Peter, that there's ne er given to each piece or block, which is a ghost in heaven or 'arth that can drive | that of a short hexagonal prism. This a pig whin he has the divil in him, which form is the result of intense pressure to which the powder is exposed in its passage through a powerful hydraulic press. Then the ghost said to Peter, "Can It was chosen for the same reason that the honey bee chooses to make the cells

in its comb hexagon-economy of space. With that the ghost tore off a bit of In building cartridges for big guns out the sheet he was wearing as a kind of of this powder the pieces fit snugly to-Roman toga, and handing it to Peter gether.

said, "Wrap this around your arm, me boy, and ye'll fly wid the aise of a wild The compression has put every possible ounce of force into the prism, the small size of the prisms enable the gun-Wrapping the piece of cloth around ners accurately to measure the force of his arm Peter rose from his bed, and sayeach charge, and the hexagons pack together without loss of space in the load ing, "I'm wid ye now, Tim," out of the chamber of the gun. In the manufacture Before very long Peter found himself of this powder science has learned to near a large building, from which he ram the charge of powder before putting could hear the sounds of cattle, and it into the gun barrel.

THE MACHINE.

The concentration of power by means of the hydraulic press is so great that solid prisms of this powder loaded into a gun would probably burst it, and if not The ghost and his companion came to would be wasted by ejectment from the the ground close to a big, fat sow that gun before it was all burned. The round was contentedly sleeping, when Peter hole in the prims of powder, which remarked: "Tis no aisy job to run in makes them a complete duplicate of a this pig. How many miles is it to the blank six sided iron nut, is to secure ex-U. pansion equally in all directions, and to in-"Only four miles," said the ghost; "but I have a plan to make short work sure the combustion of all the explosive. "but I have a plan to make short work of it. Have ye a praty in your pocket. of concentrated power are manufactured are models of compact, strong and accu-"I have." said Peter. "Then breathe on it and hold it to her stands about eighteen feet high, and will nose and she'll follow ye like a dog." weigh about 50,000 pounds. It occupies the which Peter did, and after an hour a floor space 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 4 a floor space 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 4 of good work they arrived and knocked inches, is capable of exerting a pressure at the Widow O'Rourke's door. of 135,000 pounds on a surface of about "Who's knockin' there?" said a sleepy fifty-four square inches in area, and will make fifty-four prisms of powder at "It's I, Pete Donnelly, and a frind, with a prisint of a pig fer ye, Mrs The most apparent feature The most apparent feature of this press

is its weight and strength, and its surpris-"This is no time of night comin' to an ing characteristic is ease of movement honest widdy's house: but I know ye for and control. It is composed of two water a pure man. Pete Donnelly, and I'll ope cylinders and two rams, connected by the door, if ye'll bide a minute, till 1 four polished iron rods about four and a half inches in diameter, standing on a A few minutes later the door was rectangular foundation. The cylinders opened by Mrs. O'Rourke, who, light in and rams are at opposite ends of these hand, asked Peter and his friend in, but rods. The rams work toward each other when she noticed the white garments centrally with the rods.

and ghastly face of the ghost she threw Between the rams are four cast iron up her hands, dropping the light and plates six inches thick, 3 feet 2 inches by shrieked. "What divil of a ghost is this 4 feet 6 in area, three of which move wid ye. Pete Donnelly?" to which Peter replied in soothing tones: with the ram and one is stationary. This stationary plate is perforated with fifty-"Sure, be calm, Mrs. O'Rourke, it's four round holes, about two inches in only Tim Sullivan's ghost. Ye must re- diameter, that have been partially filled mimber Tim- tis but a short time we with brass bushings. Through these waked him, and do you not call to moind bushings are the six sided holes in which



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'And have you seen the divil. Tim?"

Av course I have."

'And what did he say to you?"

Well, you see, it was after I had me ss, when I was on me way here, when was coming along with a whole crowd of his folks, and they stopped me, and widout a word they took me by the arm and escorted me right to the divil himself, and the divil he says to me. very politely like, 'What is your name, And I answered him at onct, 'Tim Sallivan, your honor.' Then says he, 'Where are you going?' Then says I, 'Iwas thinking of going back to me old home for a bit.' Then says he, 'Have you your pass wid yon?' I says, 'Yis, your honor, and I up and shows it to him. He took one squint at it, but he would not touch it, and I seen him shake a bit when his eye caught the sign of the cross, and then he says to me, 'All right. Mr. Sullivan,' and taking his hat off he made me a most polite bow. jest as if I was the finest gintleman in the land, and I was left alone in the twinkling of an eye. Oh, the divil is a born gintleman, Peter, and any man who says anything agin him is no friend of mine, and I tell you that for your own good, Peter Donnelly."

"Well, well. Tim Sullivan, have it your own way. Divil a word will I say against the divil, seeing as he is a friend of me old friend Tim Sullivan: but what can I do for ye, Tim?"

"I hardly know if I can trust the sa cret wid ye, Peter, but I've been casting ane eye-me 'dead eye'-you 'mow, all und me, and I can think of no friend of mine but you, Peter, who has the courage to take the job in hand that I've come for. I can do the most of it, but I need a live man to help.

Will a man risk in the job, Tim, or is it only the putting some blaguard out of the way who's disturbing your pace of mind? If it is the last, Tim. you can count on me, but no daling with your gintlemanly frind the divil. if you plaze, Tim Sullivan. Pm not that kind of a man."

"All right, Peter," said the ghost. "and by your leave, I'll take a chair. "and by your leave, I'll take a chair. fessor's appliance worked well, and he And now, you remimber Pat O'Rourke's was found dead by the side of it.--Boswake, do you not? where Brannagin laned out the medicine bottles after the whisky was gone." "Yis," said Peter, "I remember it

ght well, for me cousin Judy Flanigan roke her leg in falling over the corpse." "Well," said the ghost, "I, that night,

that before he quit ye that avenin' he the powder is compressed. promised you a big, fat sow"

"He did that." said Mrs. O'Rourke; think of lavin' this world and forgettin upper cylinder, and guided by the four a poor widdy-more, by this token, that polished iron rods which fit into a half saucepan now foive times for to fry sau- armed with six sided brass plungers, sages, wheniver her company has stayed which in its descent pass into the six to tay"-

I'm plazed to foind ye in this moind, for plunger plate similar to the upper one, I've come all the way from purgatory to and below this is the needle plate. The redame me promise, and here's the sow, and good luck to ye, Mrs. O'Rourke."

open door. "Where did ye get the sow, ghost of Tim Sullivan?" said Mrs. O'Rourke. "I cannot tell ye that, Mrs. O'Rourke.

"Then I'll not take the pig, and now I look at her, there's a squint in her eye. in the cylinders simply by pumping and I'll have none of it, and I don't loike water into them and behind the rams. the looks of ye. either, ghost of Tim Sullivan.

O'Rourke, and I'm quit of me promise. So now, farewell, and I'll be off."

"Not so, begorrah. Take your divil you in purgatory before I take your evil eyed pig in me house."

wed pig in me house." by letting the water out, which will be accomplished automatically. O'Rourke?"

"I am that, Mr. Ghost."

the ghost of Tim Sullivan flow out of movement of the rams. The holes in the window, bearing the shrieking form of Mrs. O'Rourke with him.—Sleg in lower side by the ends of the plungers, Argonaut.

The First Electric Victim.

The first death in the world, so far as we know, from artificially conducted electricity was that of Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg. He devised what was practically the first lightning rod and was killed by it. He ran an iron to the top of his house in present lightning rod manner and waited for a thunder storm. It came. There was a terrific flash of lightning. The proton Transcript.

He Knew How to Punctuate. Quizzee-Why do you call that quack

THE PROCESS.

Working directly over this plate is a "and I was surprised that he should similar one attached to the ram of the Widdy Sullivan has had the loan of me round recess at each of its corners. It is sided holes in the stationary plate. Be-Then said the ghost, "Mrs. O'Rourke, low the stationary plate is another

needle plate is armed on its upper sur-face with fifty-four long steel needles, At this moment the sow walked in the which extend up through the lower plunger plate and into the hexagon holes in the stationary plate. These needles make the round holes in the prisms of powder.

The power of these presses is generated The cylinders are 11, 12 and 13 inches in diameter. The upper one has two com-"Til lave the pig wid ye, Mrs. partments-the ram filling the lower one, and above it is a cylinder with a lifting piston by which the ram is raised after its downward stroke in compressing the of a pig and yourself wid her. I'll see powder. The lower ram is raised by pumping water under it, and is lowered

In operation the parts of this press are so adjusted that the plungers of the up-

"Then come along wid me, Mrs. per and lower plunger plates and the O'Ronrke," and, taking her by the waist, needles approach each other through the needles approach each other through the and the needles entering through the plungers extend up through the stationary plate. The hexagon holes are then filled with wet powder and the rams brought together, exerting a pressure of 2,500 pounds on the powder in each of the holes, compressing into a solid hex-agonal prism 11 inches long, one inch in diameter, with a hole of about # inch in diameter through it longitudinally .--Wilmington News.

> If you wish to hear a fly walk, you can do it without the aid of the nugaphone. Having made friends with the fly, spread a silk handkerchief over your ear and a she mainterenter over your ear and induce the insect to crawl across the handkerchief. As he approaches your ear you will distinctly hear a harsh, rasp-ing sound, made by the contact of the insect's feet with the filaments of silk.



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