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A Singular Calculation.

In a recent number of Power a singular calculation is presented by J. A. Renie. It would require, according to Mr. Renie's figures, the power of a 19,000 horsepower engine about 70,000,000,000 years to lift the earth a foot in height, and to do this work, allowing 13 pounds of water per horsepower per hour, would require some 10,000,000,000,000,000 gallons of water, or more than would be discharged at the mouth of the Mississippi in 60,000 years. This would be enough, the writer estimates, to cover the entire surface of the earth to a depth of about 800 feet, to convert which into steam, using good boilers, would require some 4,000,000,000,000,000 tons of coal. If the latter quantity of the mineral was loaded in cars of 20 tons each, it would demand 200,000,000,000 such cars. If the latter were 30 feet long and all coupled together in one train, it would reach around the earth 45,000,000 times and, if running 25 miles per hour, would consume 25,000,000 years in running the length of itself. So much for "figures."

An Editor's Hard Lot.

There are always those who will kick. For instance, if you publish jokes with whippers on them some will say that you ought to be in a lunatic joint. If you don't print something to smile at, they say you are a pessimistic fossil. If you spread yourself and write a good, original article, they will say it is stolen. If you reprint an article, they say you can't write. If you say a deserving word for a man, you are partial; if you compliment the women, the men are jealous, and if you don't the verdict of the women is to the effect that your paper is not fit to use in the construction of a bustle. If you stay in your office, you are afraid to remain on the streets; if you do, you are lazy. If you look seedy, you are squandering your money; if you wear good clothes, you are a dude, and don't pay for them. If you play a social game of any kind and get stuck, you are a fish; if you win, you are a tin horn, and so it goes through one continual round of pleasant complications.—Rosalyn (Mich.) Sentinel.

ALASKA.

Six sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal And a moon up so from the end of the line, And you stand at the foot of the great white wall— That is, white with the snows that fall and fall O'er the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine That grow at the foot of Alaska.

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray, With her white pall pulled o'er her rocky brow, Frowning and frigid and far away, She has ever stood, as she stands today, In the desolate wastes of the wide northwest— Stands this hoary old woman, Alaska.

Unmolested for thousands of years, Isolated, remote and lone, Her hard face glacial with frozen tress, While over her shoulders and in her ears The winds of the north land wail and moan In the ears of old Mother Alaska.

A party of prospectors passed that way, And they thought the old face had forgotten its frown, And, passing, they pulled her white robe away And found her treasure. "Ah, 't was 't was 't was!" Said the French Canadian, kneeling down At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story, and men went wild And pawned their chattels and joined the race, The old croon flung her gold and smiled, And the gold that I was able to wring With a promise of fortune in that far place At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But, oh, the rivers are wide and deep, And the north wind breathes with a titling breath, And over the mountains, so rough and steep, The old dread reaper shall come and reap— The time old reaper that men call death Shall reap the white fields of Alaska! —Cy Warnam in New York Sun.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

It was at Charing Cross station, where I called to make some inquiries, and I knew her instantly, though she was veiled. She recognized me also and returned my greeting with a warmth which I hoped was not altogether due to the fact that I was able to extricate her from a human eddy in which she was entangled. I forgot all about the time table and turned back, delighted that the rush of the preoccupied crowd around us gave an excuse to keep her little silk gloved hand upon my arm. She had been seeing Cousin Phil and his wife off, she said, and was now, I guessed, returning to the desolate house in Bloomsbury square. The picture called up by the thought was so poignant that I proposed a visit to Westminster abbey. She appeared a shade surprised—I certainly was myself—and then agreed, with a little sigh, which plainly said, "As well there as anywhere else." But once she accepted my companionship by stepping into the hansom I called she made, I could see, a distinct effort to take interest in the multicolored life swirling by.

"The abbey is the first place one thinks of visiting when one is away," she observed, "and yet, when one is at home, it is so near that one keeps deferring the visit from day to day, and I am leaving town tomorrow. Papa meant"—She did not finish the sentence, but added, "It is so kind of you to give your time."

"I am a man of leisure," said I dryly. "Papa was always in a hurry," she went on, and then stopped again. All roads of conversation led to her father, and death had written "No thoroughfare" across every one.

"Better wear out than rust out," said I considerably, "though the best of us but write their names on water after all. A very consoling reflection for the idlers."

"Yes, if everything ended here," she replied as the cab pulled up and the great gray temple loomed above us. If time be duration set out by measure, my watch was of opinion that we spent two hours here. My consciousness, however, has nothing definite to say on the matter, "the endurance of all enduring things" not being painfully prominent. Neither do I remember having shone among the tombs. On one thing at least I am quite clear. It is when we came out I was decidedly hungry, so, actually piloting my charge past a restaurant, I suggested lunch.

Here again a lacuna occurs, for I have no distinct recollection of the earlier stages of the banquet save the other fact that her mode of eating and drinking forced me to make comparisons which would have brought me slowly to my senses had not the unforgotten, which has such a trick of happening, done so with paralyzing promptitude.

Her little hunting watch had rung down, but the officious cicerone belonging to the restaurant clock spoke so plainly that the young girl almost jumped from her chair.

"Oh, Mr. Patterson," she cried, "what shall I do? I was to call upon Mr. Turnbull—he is my guardian, you know—about papa's will at half past 2, and now it is a quarter past."

"Where does he live?" I asked. "In the city," she replied despairingly, "and, oh, he is so precise, and there may be delays—you don't know him."

I did, having met him in his professional capacity some years before, when I was a witness for the defense.

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A Deadly Gas.

Millers and the owners of grain elevators look upon the bisulphide of carbon as one of their most useful agents. When a mill, an elevator or a granary becomes infested with weevil, bisulphide of carbon is the cheapest and most effective thing to exterminate the pest. So deadly is the gas, however, and so rapidly does it act that the utmost care must be taken in applying over the grain from watering pots. The liquid is rapidly converted into a gas, and the latter sinks through the grain, carrying death to the weevil and even to the unhabited eggs.

So long as the persons applying the liquid stand above the point of application they are pretty safe from the fumes, but occasionally the workmen breathe a little of the gas and have to be removed at once to the open air, as the heart is quickly paralyzed by the action of the bisulphide. It is usual to treat the lower floors of a granary first, so that those employed in the work may keep constantly above the gas. Any animal, as a cat or dog, shut up in an apartment where the bisulphide is doing its work is found dead when the place is opened.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Cuban Milkman.
"How many cows there are about the streets!" somebody exclaims, and then he is calmly informed that the morning's milk is simply being delivered. A bunch of cattle and their driver stop before a house, and the porters come out with a cup for the morning's supply. It is seen then that the cows are being milked from door to door by the dairymen, for this is the way the acute Cuban housewives have taken to assure for their tables a lacteal supply which is entirely fresh and absolutely pure.

Even with the cows milked before the door one must continue to watch the milkman, for I have even heard of their having a rubber bag of water concealed under their loose frocks and connected with a rubber tube running down inside of the sleeve, its tip being concealed in the hollow of the milking can. Only a gentle pressure upon the bag of water within is needed to the cause both milk and water to flow into the cup at the same time. The milk vendors of Italy and India have also learned their trade to perfection, for they practice this identical trick.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

A robust, manly son and a cooing baby girl nestling in her bosom—what more can any woman ask? It is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to every woman. Thousands fall of this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health during the period of prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. She suffers from local weakness, nervousness or loss of vigor and virility, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the entire unfailing cure for all weaknesses and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and cheerful. It robs maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful specialist, who has had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many thousands of women. Medicines dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon. "I am the mother of a nice baby four and a half months old," writes Mrs. J. B. Chappin, (Box 293) of Lisbon, Grafton Co., N. H. "I cannot give too much praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two or three will cleanse the bowels, and nothing is "just as good."

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