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THE BURNING OF THE WORLD.

[Franklin E. Dutton in The Current.]
The morning dawned East as young as when

Adam and Eve, pure as their Paradise,
Did hail its advent with their crimson
Fleets were sent upon the oceans, armies fought,
And countless maris sent up their smoke and
dust.

Lovers did clasp, and there were funerals,
Men laughed, and wept, and their own shadows
came.
There came no warning of the final day.

Hurried the hours, the sun flung to his
rest,
Drenching the West in blood! Outsprang the
stars,
But changed their aspect for the grief di-

vine.
The god-like pity of their golden eyes
Was gone, and each became a snarling fiend!
The Even was a snarl, and the dawn did come
A paralyzing terror in the air.

A horrid roaring of the brazen East!
And, like a lightning-sundered Hell, the fire,
The avenging fire, rushed round the recreant
globe.

Rich provinces were shivered as if leaves!
The roasting nations robed the earth with
shrieks!

The emerald Andes of the oceans written
Above the clouds in their green agony.

But all was over soon. The radiant earth,
A ghastly charnel-house, lay dead.
The bright, orb sparkled, and the great sun
shone.

And all the universe was peace and joy!
For Discord is Time's illegitimate
But Concord, daughter of Eternity.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Cost, Appearance and Construction—
In the Elevator.

[George Alfred Townsend.]
It is a majestic thing to stand below
and look upon this wonderful shaft,
which has, even at the top, the extent
of a considerable house, and at the base
is, I think, sixty feet square. It has
cost about \$200,000, but the money
has not yet been paid. It is a monument
to a fifth of this was spent
fixing the old foundations, so
as to render it sure that the
weight of the shaft could be supported.

The almost regret to see this monument
finished when he thinks of the
musical chisel made by the innumerable
workmen with their wooden mallets
and cold chisels cutting away at the
stone. The "Anvil Chorus" was hardly
more pleasing to the ear. The monument
is not situated on very high ground.
It is probably not more than forty or
fifty feet above the tide. But it is in
the very eye of Washington, inclosed by
all the hills, and there are some beautiful
effects from the noble shaft, which is,
I think, over 500 feet high.

As you go into Washington from the
north you can see this shaft, now rising
behind the capitol, which is on a hill,
and the monument, which is a dome,
further off. Yet the shaft clearly rises
to the eye above the dome of the capitol
when the passenger is some two miles off
from the dome. It is a fine sight to
move nearer and nearer to the dome,
and finally stands right behind it, like a tall
man looking down on a kite. Slowly the
shaft passes off to the left, and
seems to be waving through the
air. It is all made of
a very nice quality of American marble
from a little way out of Baltimore.

This monument marks rather a new
era in the building of great shafts. No
other shaft now existing that I know
of was constructed by the aid of
steam. When this monument was begun
the work of building it was either
done by hand or by small portable
engines. The stones when put into the
base of the monument were very irregular
in size, and that part of the work
which proceeded somewhere between
1840 and 1855 is the worst portion of
the monument.

When the work was taken up by a
direct government appropriation the largest
and best elevator was immediately
purchased and set up in the center of
the monument, where it has been
perpetually and carry up passengers.
This elevator runs between trussed iron
uprights, all open, leaving a frightful
chasm between the open elevator and
the sides of the monument. As you go
up higher and higher, and begin to realize
the stupendous descent in case of an
accident, a feeling very like horror
occurs to even a courageous man.

The elevator seems to grow
small and less. The supports at the
corners look like straws. It goes up
rather slowly, carrying the prodigious
stone, generally about sixteen feet long
by eight feet thick and wide, and when
the stone is reached there are four cranes
of iron which seem to have the sagacity
of the human hand. They reach for
that stone as a blind man finds his
bread on the table. When they take
hold of it, in a perfectly noiseless way,
it is lifted up, and the crane is lowered
down, and then the crane seems to feel
for the spot in the wet hydraulic cement
where the stone is finally disposed of
without the intervention of human
hands. In this way the monument has
literally walked into the air.

How Tobacco Is Burnt.

[Exchange.]
Tobacco raisers and producers of other
plants whose dried and curled leaves are
of value in the market will be interest-
ed in the latest explanation of the
cause of the brown discolorations—
spots of small diameter, in which the
tissue is nearly destroyed—that so often
impair the value of their products. It
appears that rain drops, after a shower
of a hot summer day, act as condensing
prisms to the nearly vertical beams of
the sun, concentrating the ray upon the
surface of the leaf, beneath the center
of the drop, and thus producing a
luminous spot of diameter corresponding
with that of the drop itself and of depth
proportionate to the intensity of the heat.

For Building Partitions.

[Scientific Journal.]
A competition of wood, cork, and lime
molded into blocks is now being tried in
Germany for building light partitions.
It is said to have the advantage of ex-
cluding sounds better than ordinary
brickwork, while being light and a good
non-conductor. But a composition of
hard-wood sawdust applied to lath like
common plaster is cheaper than the
German method of constructing partitions,
is much lighter, and has other
desirable qualities.

One of the good old crusted jokes
of the bicycle club-room is: "When a man
becomes a good bicyclist he says, 'good
by, sick list.'"

THE COLORADO WOOD-RAT.

That Lies Low by Day and Plays
Practical Jokes by Night.
[New York Sun.]

I don't know whether people out in
Colorado are bothered yet with what we
used to call wood-rats," said a former
resident of that state, "but a few years
ago, when I first went out there, they
kept us in a perpetual stew. The wood-
rat is about the size of our com-
mon house-rat, with a tail nine
inches long. It is gray on the back
and white on the belly. There's devilry
enough in 'em to fill a wood-chuck.
You seldom see one of 'em, plenty as
they are, for they lay low in the day
time, and won't come fooling around at
night if there is any one stirring about
the house. The wood-rat is a natural-
born, irreclaimable thief. What he
steals for no one had ever found out
while I was there, for he don't crib
things to eat, and he distributes his
booty throughout the country without
regard to its personal benefit. When
most house-rats, with a tail nine
inches long, will put in its place some article he
has filched from another.

"I remember once I was building a
shanty out in Pueblo, and had a keg of
nails. One day I went to look for
a nail at a standstill for a day or so for
want of them. I knocked the head out
and left them in the shanty over night.
Next morning there wasn't a nail in
the keg, and I found a pile of nails in
my collection of articles, consisting of
table knives, spoons, a tin saucer, sev-
eral stones, a number of chips, a buck-
skin glove, and, worst of all, a set of
false teeth.

"I know at once the mischievous
rats had been at work, and I set out to
see if I could gather up at least a por-
tion of the nails about the neighbor-
hood. I found a man who had lost a
spoon and had found a pile of nails in
his kit. The owner of the buckskin
glove had been remunerated for his
loss with nails, but some
one's woolen sock lay in its place. By
and by the whole community was out
looking up missing things, and dumping
the nails at their shanty. I got back about
half of them, and the articles that had
been left in their place were all restored
to their owners except the false teeth.
No one could be traced to the dump, and
lost any teeth. The finding of the teeth
came to be the talk of the country, and
in a few weeks a judge over in a town
twenty miles away sent a man over to
look at them, as he thought they might
be a set of teeth from his mysteriously
disappeared, stating that they had
been taken from a tumbler of water,
in which they had been placed over
night, and that a dead bird had been
seen to drop them into the water. The
judge said that the judge had been
the judge. These rats must have
had a high old time with the judge's
teeth before they reached my place and
dumped them in the nail keg."

"It used to be a favorite pastime with
the wood rats to carry all sorts of refuse
and garbage into the houses and scatter
it about. I have waked up more than
once to find some moist and sweet-
smelling morsel from the wall tab lying
across my face, or a number of them
piled on the bed covers. This peculiar-
ity of the wood-rat naturally led to con-
stant annoyances and misunderstand-
ings, and newsmen in test rooms, un-
acquainted with the ways of the animal,
were frequently mystified, and some-
times frightened by occurrences. An
Irish family once came to the neighbor-
hood, where they had purchased a
little property. They had not been there
a week before the wood-rats paid them a
visit. Denny Ryan, the head of the family,
placed his pipe on the table as usual on
going to bed one night. When he arose
in the morning his pipe was gone, and
lying where he had left it was a tallow
candle. Denny had no such thing as a
tallow candle in his house, and no one
in the house had touched the pipe. This
mystery, however, was solved when the
circumstances with much awe,
to some acquaintances, who, seeing
some probable fun in store for them,
did not inform him as to the cause of
the mystery. The next morning, a few
days later, Denny found his pipe in his
boot, and the sock he had left there when
he went to bed was gone. Denny de-
clared that there were ghosts in his
house. He was thoroughly frightened,
and sent for a doctor to cure him.

"A number of eastern men had got
possession of some land next to Denny's,
and his holding, they believed, would
be highly valuable to them. Un-
known to any of them, Denny's acquain-
tances, they made him an offer for his
property. It was less than he had paid,
and in spite of his avaricious fear, he
refused to take it. A day or two after
that Denny found his stove half full of
potatoes, not one of which had been in
the house before, and the kindling-
wood he had placed in the stove the
night before was piled on a table
in the dining-room. With-
out a word to anybody, Denny's ac-
quaintances, he hurried to the parties
who wanted to buy his property, and closed
and clinched the transaction at once.
When his friends, who had been keeping
Denny in ignorance of the ways of the
wood-rat for the joke, heard of what
he had been induced to do by
the sharpers, they attempted to force
them to cancel the sale, but as every-
thing they had done was regular, they
refused to do so. Denny's friends, how-
ever, chipped in and made up quite a
sum of money for him. If the wood-rat
hadn't bothered Denny he would have
been a rich man in a year or so, for his
property became worth thousands of
dollars."

Getting Along the Boys.

[Texas Sittings.]
"What is the meaning of that red line
above the fourth story of your house?"
asked a stranger of a man near Pitts-
burg.

"That is a water mark. That mark
shows how high the water was during
the great overflow about a year ago."
"Impossible! If the water had been
that high the whole town would have
been swept away."

"The water never was that high. It
only came up to the first story window,
but the cursed boys" rubbed it
out three or four times so I put it
up there where they can't get at it. It
takes a smart man to circumvent those
boys."

Goldsmith: The first fault is the
child of simplicity, but every other the
offspring of guilt.

Hotels in Foreign Lands.

[Chicago Tribune.]
The most expensive hotels in the
far east, where \$3, \$4, and \$5 are per
the prevailing rates. There is no
reason why this should be so, since sup-
plies are not extraordinarily expensive in
Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore, and
Yokohama, and labor is almost nothing.

It is because public sentiment justifies
such exorbitant charges. In most of the
cities there are temperance halls and
sailors' homes, which are open to the
general public, and will take travelers
in for \$1.25 or \$1.50 a day. Some of
these are admirable institutions—regular
hotels, with reading-rooms, drawing-
rooms, etc.

Next to those hotels of the far east,
I should say that those of Egypt are the
most expensive. The cheapest hotels
are in India, Palestine and Syria. The
most you can pay at a hotel in India is
7 rupees per diem, and another for
the best accommodations which the
Great Eastern at Calcutta and the
Esplanade at Bombay can afford. These
same hotels will store you away on the
top floor for 3 or 5 rupees a day, and
in this statement I do not include the
mountain resorts, such as Darjeeling,
Simla and Mussoorie, where you may
pay 7 or 8 rupees per day, and another
for your khitmutdar, or private servant.

The truth is that in India, Syria, and
Palestine, there is no fixed price for
hotel accommodations. The best hotels
in the up-country of India will come
down to 3 rupees, and those of the Holy
Land to 6 or 8 francs. They expect to
make their money out of you in other
ways. They recommend you to curio-
dealers, guides, bazaars, and lively
establishments, and get a commission
on all these services unknown to you,
which really comes out of your pocket.

When the traveler strikes Greece,
Italy, Turkey, and the European states
generally, the hotel prices begin to be
established by the room, exclusive of
food, service, lights, etc.

Oriental Wood-Carvers.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]
The East Indians are naturally free-
handed carvers. Long before the Chris-
tian era the Hindus beautified the in-
teriors of their temples and homes with
the most intricate work of the kind. The
facility of carving has not left them,
and a block of teak wood under their
chisels soon becomes the bed of the most
beautiful traceries and reproduces the
flora of the east in all its variety of
form and color.

The Oriental wood-carvers in one re-
spect are unequalled—they have origi-
nality of conception united with a power
of execution which is wonderful. They
receive simply the suggestions of the ar-
tists on draughting paper with none of
the hundred minutiae of background
supports and the like, which are neces-
sary to the workmen here. There they
have in their hands the chisels and
brushes, for their hands are firm. They
are acquainted simply with the idea
which is conveyed, and with one or two
scoops of the chisel a lily or a passion
flower or a pomegranate lies imbedded
in the wood as though it had been wait-
ing simply to be picked and enjoyed.

But while they are unsurpassed in what
is known as emotional carving, they are
at a loss when the work is of a purely
ambitious, spires, and, struggles,
and exertions! For what do we exist?

"Got that wood chopped yet, Jeremia-
h?" called out Mrs. Jarphry from the
kitchen.

"I'm a chopping it," replied her hus-
band.

"Well, you'd better hurry; I reckon if
you have to go without your supper you
won't be wondering what you exist for."

The Gulf Stream Abnormally Warm.

[New York Herald.]
A comparison made in the London
meteorological office of Atlantic tem-
perature returns from twenty-eight ships,
containing 116 recent observations, with
data for previous years, reveals the fact
that during last summer the ocean in
the gulf stream's course was abnormally
warm. In the area between 45
and 55 degrees north latitude, ex-
tending from the European coast almost
to the mid-Atlantic meridian, the tem-
perature of the ocean water during June,
1884, was about 3 degrees above the
mean, and during July and August the
half of this marine tract lying nearest
to British lands, was from 1 to 14
degrees above the mean.

The Proof-Reader's Triumph.

[Chicago Herald.]
In 1827 Charles Babbage superin-
tended the printing of a set of trigono-
metrical tables for the Ordnance survey
of England and Ireland. Only thirty
copies were printed. The tables con-
tained 6,000 figures. They were
prepared and corrected with the utmost
care, and when completed were hung
up in the hall at Cambridge university
and a reward offered to any one who
could find an inaccuracy. Since their
first issue in 1827 no error has been
discovered, and it may reasonably be
concluded that they are absolutely correct.

Emerson's Rules.

Ralph Waldo Emerson had these rules
for reading:

1. Never read any book that is not a year old.
2. Never read any but famous books.
3. Never read any book but what you like.

Ex-Express Eugene.

The ex-Express Eugene now appears
through much suffering to have become
almost insensible to pain. Her face is
pallid, her hair white, and the light i
gone from her eyes.

THE GOOD TIME COMING

When Cheap Electricity Shall Have
Superseded Steam.
[Chicago Tribune.]

While the spokesmen of "the age of
steam" are ringing all the changes on
the glories of Watt's invention the pio-
neers of science and invention are hard
at work to displace it. Edison is now
engaged in a search for the means of
generating electricity directly from the
consumption of coal. In a conversation
with a New York reporter he gives an
interesting glimpse of what he is
after and what he thinks are his chances
of success. What he desires to accom-
plish is, to do away with the intermedi-
ary boilers, furnaces, steam-engines and
dynamos that are now used in the pro-
duction of electricity, and to procure
directly from the coal the electricity
fuel as electricity is now gotten from the
combustion of zinc in the battery. In
consequence of the complicated methods
by which the combustion of coal is now
conducted, it is now converted into elec-
tricity at an agent ten times as
much as it should. We now, as is well
known, get from coal but one-fifth to
one-tenth part of the power it contains.

Edison reports that he has been suc-
cessful in obtaining a slight current of
electricity directly from the combustion
of fuel, but he has struck as yet an in-
superable barrier to further progress.
Before this barrier his experiments, like
the similar success of Jacobsohn and
some German investigators remain re-
stricted curiosities. He will give him-
self five years to unlock this secret
of nature and will think himself lucky
if he succeeds in that time. When the
description Edison gives of the happy
results that would flow from the
realization of his dreams of cheap elec-
tricity justifies his enthusiastic declara-
tion that the inventor who succeeds in
getting it will be the world's greatest
material service yet rendered to man.
The unscientific world, he says, has no
conception of what such a discovery
would mean. It would put an end to
boilers and steam engines; it would
make power about as cheap as
cheap as it is now; it would enable
a steamship to cross the Atlantic at
a nominal cost; it would enable every
poor man to run his own carriage.
The electric motor is the ideal
motor for all kinds of work. What we
want is some means of producing the
current cheaply. Now it costs ten
times as much as it ought to. When we
discover the short cut from the com-
bustion of coal directly to electricity we
can heat and light houses, do all the
cooking, move all kinds of machinery,
vehicles and boats—all the world's
work, in fact, for almost nothing com-
pared to what it now costs us. There is
a good time coming for somebody.

There is another possibility in this
possibility of cheap electricity which
Edison does not refer to. He is the
great English mathematician and philo-
sopher, predicted that if a power was
ever discovered which could be cheaply
distributed from a common center to the
houses and shops of the world, it would
completely revolutionize the tendency
of steam to mass capital and labor in
great factories and swarming
hives of industry. The de-
scribed village would live again.
The efficiency of production gained
by the consolidation of multitudinous
home forges, home shuttles, home shoe-
benches of the old regime into the
great central power house, has been
paid for at a ruinous social price. Happy
villages have been swallowed up in
murky factory towns, and the division
of labor has been carried so far that
every laborer is but the fractional part
of a machine. If cheap electricity will
all that Edison claims for it on the
purely material side, and will, as Bab-
bage prophesied, reduce the inflamma-
tory evils of our congested industrial
system, it will cover up, certainly do
the world's most important material ser-
vice yet rendered unto men.

Gentlemen at Large.

[Boston Budget.]
We have an abundance of men who
deserve neither our commiseration, sym-
pathy nor pity, who are miserable by
choice, and of no value in society. We
allude to those who have lived a life of
pampered idleness, until the property
acquired by niggardly savings has been
mortifying deprivations hovers over
them by day and by night in visions of
distress, disquietude and fear. These
are they who never listen to the petition
of the poor, and who, when they are
whose charities end where they began, at
home, if he may be said to have a home,
who has no feelings in community with
the world nor its families.

"I have seen one of our mind's eye
at this moment; he is a man who neither
indulges in the vicious nor the innocent
pleasures of the age; his life is as regular
and monotonous as an eight-day clock;
he is punctual in waking and rising,
punctual in going to bed, punctual in
punctual at breakfast, punctual at his
desk and the performance of his regular
duties, punctual at church, except when
there is to be a collection, and then he
is suddenly absent; punctual in his
appearance at another's dinner table,
most dilatory in making a return. He
leaves the city in the spring, to avoid
high taxation, having first bargained
with the selectmen of some country
town that they will not cry of the orphan,
about one-quarter of the value of what
he really owns. He was never known
to give candy to a child or to 'tip' a
servant. In short, he is a selfish, miserly
fellow, but nevertheless a gentleman at
large."

Under Alaskan Glaciers.

[Exchange.]
After a visit to some of the Alaskan
glaciers, Mr. Thomas Meehan states that
beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400
miles long, flows a rapid torrent, which
he estimates to be 100 feet wide and
four feet in average depth, and which
runs summer and winter without inter-
ruption. At its termination the glacier
hangs over the sea, and gives off ice-
bergs. Mr. Meehan remarks that the
great ice-sheets have their lakes, rapids,
waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the
water ways change their courses at times
through the melting; and that melting
progresses freely in the sun's rays, but
not in the shade.

Philadelphia Call: Laugh at trifles—
but do it behind their backs, for the
world is made up of trifles.

Tea-Cup Fortune-Telling.

[St. Nicholas.]
I have a friend who is quite renowned
for her success as a fortune-teller
through her skill in shaking and tapping
a teacup until the grounds or tea-leaves
in the bottom of the tea-cup assume in a
rude way certain shapes or forms repre-
senting people, animals, and various
other images which she professes to
understand as referring in some way to
the person whose fortune she happens to
be telling at the time.

I was present once when she told the
fortune of a young lady. The prophecy
and method of making it seemed to me
to be very vague, but the gist of it all
was that in a short time a young gen-
tleman of extremely prepossessing ap-
pearance would arrive, and exert a
powerful influence on the future pros-
pect of the young lady. Wishing to
discover what was in the cup to warrant
such a forecast, I obtained possession of
it without being observed. In the bot-
tom of the cup I discovered that the
leaves had assumed a form which, with
a little aid of the imagination, might be
accepted as resembling a very spare,
delicate and altogether debilitated
young man.

With the aid of a teaspoon, and using
a few other grounds of leaves that were
lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly
changed the young man into a disreputa-
ble-looking tramp, with a big bundle on
his back, and accompanied by a ferocious-
looking bulldog. Then I awaited the
result. Presently the young lady whose
fortune had been told took up the cup,
with a blush of pleasure, to examine its
contents. The moment she saw the dis-
graceful figure of the old tramp she
exclaimed, "What a horrid old fright!"
Then there was a great commotion,
which was only quelled when I acknowl-
edged my guilt. But I learned some-
thing, which was that with a little
management and a teaspoon, pictures of
any kind could be made in a tea cup.

Personality in Handwriting.

[The Connecticut.]
Persons writing naturally do so with-
out thought regarding the peculiar con-
struction of their writing. The hand
operates the pen as it were automati-
cally through the sheer force of habit,
by which all the innumerable personal-
ities are unconsciously imparted to writ-
ing. Learners and forgers think re-
spect to their writing, and hence, the
more stiff and formal style of their work;
there is wanting the easy, graceful flow
of the pen, the thoughtless and habit-
ual writing. Lines show more of nervous-
ness and hesitancy while the whole con-
struction of the writing is more exact
and formal; and, besides, every different
kind of handwriting has its own pecu-
liarities, which are so fixed and arbitrary
that the writer himself is unconscious, and
cannot, therefore avoid.

Thus, two other insurmountable diffi-
culties are placed in the way of the
forger. First, to observe and imitate
all the characteristics of the writing he
would imitate; and, second, to note and
avoid all the habitual characteristics of
the handwriting. Habit in writing be-
comes so fixed and arbitrary (not to
mention the great artistic skill required
to exactly imitate an unpracticed hand),
that I do not conceive it to be possible
for any one to simulate the writing of
another, or to so dissemble his own
writing, in any considerable quantity,
as to defy detection through a really
skilled expert examination.

The Japanese "Treaty Box."

[Boston Budget.]
The principal object of the mission of
the Japanese embassy, which lately ar-
rived at Washington, was to get a copy
of the treaty between Japan and the
United States signed by the president.
The original was burned in the great
fire at Jeddah in 1858. The copy in Ja-
pan was saved. This they brought
with them. A copy of it, not signed,
and a letter from the Tycoon to the pre-
sident.

The box containing these documents
was looked upon by them as almost
sacred. It was called the "treaty box,"
and was carried by a man of high rank
and position. It was a box three feet long,
twenty-six inches in depth and eighteen
inches wide, covered with red morocco
leather and neatly sewed over the
edges. There were three japanned boxes
placed together, and the treaty was
around the box was a light frame, and
when carried was borne on the backs of
four men by poles. The embassy brought
with them \$80,000 cash for the purpose
of making purchases. The money was
all brought from Japan in Mexican dol-
lars and American half dollars, stamped
with the Japanese mark. They brought
an immense amount of baggage, over
eighty tons, which made four full car-
loads over the Panama railroad. They
had fifteen boxes containing valuable
presents for the president of the United
States.

Emperor and Workman.

[Chicago Herald.]
A favorite amusement of Dom Pedro
II, of Brazil, is to leave his gorgeous
turnout in a side street, and accom-
panied by a gray-haired chamberlain,
and a stalwart life-guardman, walk the
distance of a square or more to a manu-
factory or other establishment and sur-
prise the proprietor and employes by his
sudden and unannounced appearance
among them. Of course he is given the
liberty of the establishment, and he
takes his time in examining the ma-
chinery and modus operandi. With a
kind word of encouragement and com-
mendation, he goes away, perhaps to
pay a similar visit to another establish-
ment. These visits he makes impartially
to the mechanical and mercantile estab-
lishments, controlled by foreigners as
well as natives.

The Oldest Dynasty in the World.

[Chicago Times.]
The present reigning dynasty of Japan
is the oldest in the world. It dates back
2,346 years, and its records are ac-
curately preserved for that time. During
this period the reigning houses of China
have several times been changed, and
all the nations now civilized, without
exception, have had their beginning. It
is sometimes marvelous to reflect that
any house could preserve its integrity
and occupy the throne for such a period
of time.

An attendant in the treasury depart-
ment can count 4,000 new notes an
hour for seven hours a day is considered
usually dexterous.

FLORIDA SULPHUR POOLS.

Natural Phenomena in the Peninsu-
lar State Explained.
[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.]

The Apalachicola Tribune explains the
great smoke which has been puzzling
observers for years, and which could be
seen on any cloudless day ascending
from the vicinity of Ancilla river, in
Florida. Various efforts have been
made to discover the supposed volcano,
while, on the other hand, some have
concluded that the smoke came from the
camp-fires of some remnant of the Semi-
nole Indians. The Times-Democrat ex-
pedition threw no light upon the mys-
tery, the tall grass, bogs and dense un-
dergrowth impeding the progress of the
curious.

The Capt. Asher is the hero who ar-
rived in Apalachicola, with the follow-
ing information, which puts out the
Florida volcano, and the romance is lost
of the poor Seminole lingering in the
land of his fathers. At the same time
he adds to the attractions of the lovely
land of fruits, flowers, and wonders.
Perhaps from the sulphur pools came
the healing virtues which laid the founda-
tion for the legend that in Florida
boats up the Apalachicola, the small
Capt. Asher was in search of palmetto
logs on the Ancilla river when he de-
scribed the smoke or cloud from a point
in the distance. Remembering the
many reports he had heard about this
smoke, he determined to un-
earth this mystery, if possible.
So, calling his crew to-
gether, and picking up their traps, the
party pursued their way in the small
boats up the Ancilla river. They trav-
eled up the river, or creek, for it hardly
deserves the name of river, for miles.
After ascending from its mouth twenty-
five or thirty miles, he judges, he was
brought to an abrupt halt by a rock bar-
rier in front. Upon investigating he
found that the river ended and was lost
underneath the ground. Seeing that
the smoke became more distinct at this
point, and seemed straight ahead, he had
the boat hauled up to the bank and
sprang ashore, determined, if possible,
to pursue his investigations on foot. As
he sprang on shore he gave an exclaima-
tion of surprise. Scattered at various
points which he describes, were many
small holes, each a thing unheard of
in Florida.

Mr. Asher describes some of the rocks
as being as large as an ordinary dwell-
ing and apparently hollow, containing
nothing but a cavity, the cavity being
being of a flinty appearance, and when
struck with an iron or steel instrument
to emit thousands of sparks. A mile or
two further on were seen numerous
rocks that were formed into round
basins, their sides being smooth and
beautifully polished. Mr. Asher sprang
upon the top of one of these basins. As
his foot came in contact with the flinty
surface, he heard a loud report, and
smitted from the rock. Calling
for a pole, and it being handed to him,
he placed it in the center of the basin.

What was his surprise on drawing the
pole out, he found it dripping with
water. When he discovered that the rock, being
hollow, was filled with a strong sul-
phur water. Pursuing their way
through the bog, sometimes up to their
knees in water, they continued on, and
then again scratched and
bruised by the underbrush, and fighting
mosquitoes that seemed to resent this
intrusion of their dominion, the little
party by a hard fight, and by the time
they came to where the river issued from
its underground covert and pursued its
way onward, to again disappear in the
bowels of the earth.

Mr.