MONEY WOMEN GAVE.

THE YEAR 1899 HAS AN UNEQUALED RECORD.

American Women Have Given the Enormous Sum of $16,000,000 to Purposes of Public Good—Many Worthy Charities Assisted.

The gifts of women during 1889 for purposes of public good aggregate a sum of $16,000,000. Of this amount the largest single sum is Mrs. Stanford's $10,000,000, and Mrs. Bradley's $500,000 is the next largest. The total gifts and bequests for the five years—1893 through 1897—in this country was more than $165,000,000—that is gifts from private fortunes for public uses. Of this $45,000,000 was given during 1897. In 1898, in New York City alone $25,000,000 was given away in charity. During the same year, the gifts of thirty-

MISS HELEN GOULD.

four women in the United States for higher education amounted to $3,446,400; of this sum Cora J. Flood gave the largest amount, or $2,000,000, and Helen Gould, beside her donation to the Government, gave $37,000 for educational purposes.

The record of gifts to charity and for educational purposes by women in this country for the year now ending is a notable one and is not entirely covered in the following list.

Half a million dollars, given by Mrs. Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., comes next to Mrs. Stanford's gift. It was presented last summer to the Bradley Polytechnic Institute, and constituted her second donation, the first being a gift of the land on which the institute was built and the money to build it. That involved a sum approximating $250,000. In addition, Mrs. Bradley has given to Peoria 137 acres of land for a park, she has built a church, a home for aged women and many other smaller institutions.

Miss Flood's presentation of her father's country place, at Menlo Park, to the University of California, made in 1897, has been supplemented recently by a gift of money. The house and its contents are valued at $1,000,000, and a tract of nearly 3,000 acres is included in the transfer.

Another California woman has been munificent in her gifts; this is Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who has conveyed to the Benevolent and Protective order of Elks her home in Sacramento as a memorial of her husband. It is valued at $90,000. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. Leland Stanford are constantly adding to their gifts to the universities they have built up in California, and their benefactions go up into the millions. Mrs. Stanford's latest contribution made during the summer was one of $10,000,000.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, of Chicago, in May, announced that she would found a college of pedagogy, the institution to be started with a fund of several hundred thousand dollars. She has had this idea in mind for some years, it being her desire to accomplish a practical good for poor girls by giving them an opportunity to become teachers. She bestows a permanent benefit upon

MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST.

them. The new college of pedagogy, built and endowed by Mrs. Blaine, will represent an outlay of $500,000.

At the commencement at Vassar College in June it was announced that Miss Katharine Tuttle had given a $10,000 scholarship in memory of her sister, and Mrs. Caroline Swift Atwater, of Poughkeepsie, to build a new infirmary, had donated $8,000.

From Mrs. William Beldon Noble, of Washington, Harvard University has received a gift of $20,000 to endow a lectureship in memory of her husband, a graduate of the class of 1885. Another gift of $20,000 was received by the university from the family of John Simpkins for the Lawrence Scientific School, and still another $5,000 from Mrs. Frederick T. Philips, of Lawrence, R. I. The money is to establish a fund, the income of which is to be expended annually in the purchase of books for the college library in the department of English literature. The gift is in memory of the donor's brother.

Other Benefactions.

A new dormitory to be erected at Wellesley College, at a cost of $60,000, is the gift of Mrs. Martha S. Pomeroy, of Washington. Mrs. Irene B. Lewis, of Hamilton, N. Y., has recently made a gift of $5,000 to Colgate University, to found three scholarships for the purpose of aiding young men studying for the Baptist ministry in that institution.

Miss Marie Hopper, of Philadelphia, has given $10,000 to Bryn Mawr College for a scholarship foundation fund.

Mrs. Joseph Moffatt, of Los Angeles, Cal., has given property to the value of $50,000 to the endowment fund of the National Florence Crittenton Mission—a charity which was founded sixteen years ago by Charles Crittenton, of New York, in memory of his daughter.

For the maintenance of a home for convalescents and invalids at Santa Barbara, $80,000 has been left by Miss Anna S. C. Blake, her will being probated in April. She also left to the Cottage Hospital, $10,000; to the Orthopedic Hospital, Philadelphia, $10,000, and to a Boston hospital a like sum.

A charity has been founded during the past few months by Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, in memory of her husband. It is the Alfred Corning Clark Neighborhood House, which stands in the heart of the crowded lower East Side, New York. Men's, women's, boys' and girls' clubs, kindergartens, libraries, conservatories and roof gardens are included in the work of the institution—a work which is thoroughly appreciated by the people in whose behalf it is being done. It has been endowed at a cost of about $400,000.

During last summer a new floating hospital for St. John's Guild was built by Mrs. Augustus D. Juilliard, of New York, at a cost of $83,000; it was named in honor of the donor, the Helen C. Juilliard.

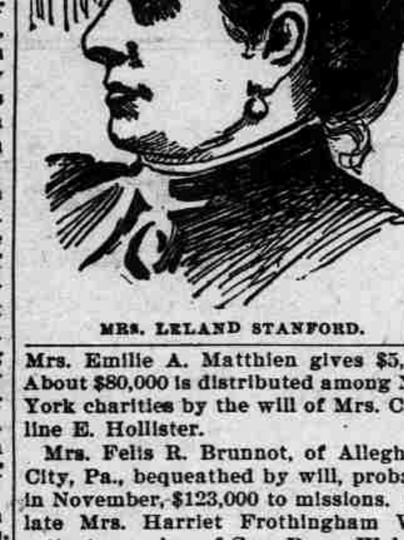
To the endowment fund of the University of Chicago Miss Helen Miller Gould has recently contributed $25,000. A second scholarship of $8,000 to Vassar College was announced at the commencement of June—these scholarships are given in memory of her mother. Two scholarships of $6,000 each she has given to the late Mr. Moody's schools; one for the girls' seminary and one for the boys'. To endow a free bed in perpetuity in the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, New York, she gave $5,000.

Other women who have contributed largely to the public good are the Countess de Castellane, $220,000; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, $5,000; Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, $3,500; Mrs. P. A. Harper, $3,000; Mrs. Francis Brockholst Cutting, who contributes $3,000 a year to the sick poor of Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, $4,000, and Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, of Milwaukee, Wis., $100,000.

Gifts by Request.

Gifts by bequest have abounded during 1889. A quarter of a million dollars was left by Mrs. Eugene Kelly to build a chapel for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and to provide a fund for the sick poor. Of the Baroness de Hirsch's $100,000,000 left to charity, $1,200,000 comes to America. The Clara de Hirsch Home in 62d street, founded about two years ago by the baroness, receives an additional legacy of $250,000.

The will of Mrs. Caroline L. Macy, who founded the Macy Memorial Art School in New York, bequeaths $200,000 to the Teachers' College and $5,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital. Mrs. E. A. Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, bequeaths to Holy Innocent Church, which she was mainly instrumental in establishing, a fund of $3,000 to provide coal for the poor of Hoboken, free or at cost price, and $12,000 for other church charities. To the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, Mrs. Caroline A. Cisco leaves $10,000. To the Missionary Society—domestic and foreign—



MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

Mrs. Emilie A. Matthien gives $5,000. About $80,000 is distributed among New York charities by the will of Mrs. Caroline E. Hollister.

Mrs. Felis R. Brunnot, of Alleghany City, Pa., bequeathed by will, probated in November, $123,000 to missions. The late Mrs. Harriet Frothingham Wolcott, stepmother of Gov. Roger Wolcott, distributed by her will, probated in April last, $32,500 to various charities.

St. Barnabas Hospital, Newark, benefits to the value of $1,000 and a share in the residuary estate of Mrs. Eliza Wells, who also left $1,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

By the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, in July, the poor seamstresses of Rhinebeck-on-Hudson find themselves heirs to an estate of $300,000 which is to be equally divided among them.

The Horrors of Heathenism.

Some idea of the blessings of civilization may be obtained by contrasting our condition with the state of things in some parts of China. We have a graphic account from three English bicyclists, who have been making a tour of Western China, and who spent some time at the large walled city of Chaotung Fu. They found that 75 per cent. of the female infants are killed, while a majority of those saved are sold into slavery, the city being famous for its slave girls. It is the custom to throw bodies of girl babies over the walls at night, and in many cases those children are still alive. It is a common sight to see pariah dogs gnawing the arms of living infants. Bodies of the pauper dead are also thrown over the walls and devoured by wolves and hyenas that come down in the night from neighboring mountains. The city is famous for inhuman punishments. Lately a woman was strung up by the neck, with her toes just reaching the ground, till she died.

A murderer was crucified on one of the city gates, red-hot nails being hammered through his wrists. He tried to escape the agony by battering his head against the gate, when the authorities provided a pillow to prevent this. He hung in great agony, watched by crowds of men and children, for four days before death came.—Christian Conservator.

A Thrifty Pr nce.

Little Prince Alexander, the eldest son of the dead Prince Henry, husband of Princess Beatrice of England, has always been noted, since his earliest childhood, for bartering proclivities. He lends marbles and tops at interest to his cousins, the little Connaughts, and on one occasion he got up quite a little corner in dolls, which he succeeded in purchasing at a great reduction from his small Albany cousins.

The other day he received a present of £1 ($5) from his mother, and having quickly spent it, applied for the second. He was gently chided for his extravagance, but, unabashed, wrote to his grandmamma. The queen had been warned of the financial embarrassment, and she replied in the same strain of remonstrance, whereupon the prince responded:

"Dear Grandmamma: I received your letter and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for £4 10s."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If a woman looks contented and happy, it is usually a sign that she is a widow, and that her late husband had a lot of life insurance.

Men who have committed no crimes sometimes lie awake nights and can't sleep, but the women don't believe it.

QUEER WOUNDS

Made by Spanish Bullets at the Battle of San Juan.

"My messmate, the Surgeon, told me of two queer wounds," said the returned Cuban campaigner, "and if I did not know him to be a truthful man who had seen the wounds with his own eyes, I would not believe the story. He said late in the afternoon of the day the hill was stormed a man came up to the hospital tent and said: 'Doctor, I am shot through the neck.' The doctor supposed a glancing shot had left its mark on the side of the neck, but he told the man to take off the bandage in which it was bound, thinking he would see if the wound was clean. To his utter astonishment he found the man had been shot, the bullet passing through the neck from side to side. He said he could hardly believe his eyes, and several other surgeons were called to look at the wound, but it was there without question, and the man alive and not bleeding to death. The wound was dressed and the man made to lie down. Next morning the wounded man asked leave to go back to the firing line, saying he 'felt fine and wanted another crack at the Dagoes.' He was kept in the tent another day and finally was allowed to join his company, and is so far as I know alive to-day. The surgeon told me a bullet could not pass through a man's neck in that way without killing him once in 10,000 times, and had he not seen the man he would hardly credit the story being true.

"The other wound was equally odd. A man was brought into the hospital who, while in a stooping position, had been shot in the back by a sharpshooter, the bullet entering the back between the shoulder blades and coming out into the man's mouth, knocking out two of his front teeth. The man carried in his hand the teeth and bullet when he arrived at the hospital. He did not die, strange to relate. The bullet had sufficient force to pass into the throat, up and out into the mouth and knock out the teeth and did not injure the throat badly. That wound was a marvel."

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Mentioning a meander line on the bank of a river as a boundary is held, in Sizor vs. Logansport (Ind.), 44 L. R. A. 814, sufficient to convey the property at least to the water line, with riparian rights, if not to the thread of the stream, unless a contrary intent clearly appears from the deed itself.

The fact that material to be used in the construction of a pavement or other public work is in the hands or under the control of a single dealer, whether by reason of a patent or otherwise, is held, in Holmes vs. common council of Detroit (Mich.), 45 L. R. A. 121, insufficient to prevent the specification of that material in a contract for such improvement to be let on competitive bidding.

The indefiniteness of a call on stockholders, stating that they may pay in cash or "by a promise to pay in the form of a land contract or contracts," without showing who may exercise the option, or prescribing any conditions or terms to govern any settlement of the balance due the corporation, is held, in North Milwaukee Town Site Company vs. Bishop (Wis.), 45 L. R. A. 174, to be such that the call is void.

The rule that an employer is not liable for the negligence of an independent contractor is denied application in Bonaparte vs. Wiseman (Md.), 44 L. R. A. 482, where a contractor is employed to excavate a lot close to a neighbor's house in a populous city, but the proprietor is held liable to see that in doing the work due care is taken to protect the neighbor's wall, or timely notice given him to protect it.

Rifle Bulle's.

It is found that rifle bullets fired from a distance of 500 yards will rarely penetrate more than 24 inches of loose earth, while a bank of earth, free from stones, 28 inches in depth, is considered proof against bullets fired from any range. On the other hand, if the earth is beaten down, it will require a much greater depth, as rammed earth offers less resistance than loose. Next to wrought iron and steel plates gravel placed between boards is found to offer the best resistance. Wood offers the least, with the exception of clay, which, of course, depends upon the amount of moisture in it. Although a nine-inch brick wall is considered bullet proof, yet it could be breached if about 150 rounds were fired on nearly the same spot at 200 yards range. Similarly 800 rounds could breach a fourteen-inch wall if fired at the same range. This table shows the thicknesses of material required to stop a Lee-Metford bullet:

	Inches.
Gravel between boards	4
Good brick work	9
Sack of coal	12
Hard, dry mud wall	14
Sand	20
Earth	28
Oak	27
Elm	33
Teak	36
Fir	48
Clay	48

Wooden stockades are of little use unless they contain a core of gravel, brick or sand, and sandbags or boxes filled with earth should also be banked up. A bullet fired into sand will always turn to one side after it has entered a little way.

The Rooster Saved the Day.

Every schoolboy knows the tradition, famous in Roman history, of the geese which saved the capitol by quacking an alarm when the Gauls approached in the night. Modern history furnishes an interesting parallel.

One of the famous victories of England on the sea was the battle of Cape St. Vincent, Portugal, in 1797, when a British fleet nearly destroyed a Spanish fleet of almost double its numbers.

For a long time the struggle was doubtful, and one of the British ships, the Marlborough, was so severely crippled that her captain was thinking of surrender to save further waste of life.

The ship's mast had gone by the board, the chief officer was mortally wounded, and so many of his subordinates were disabled that the discipline of the crew began to give way. They grew sullen under the terrible fire, which they could not return with effect. Suddenly a shot struck the coop in which a few fowls had been confined. One cock alone was still alive and, finding himself at liberty, he flapped his wings mightily and fluttering upward, perched on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage about him.

Then, raising his head defiantly, he began a long, strident crow. The crew answered with three cheers, and even the wounded smiled. With renewed spirits, the men worked the few remaining guns, and soon a favoring turn of battle drove away the last thought of surrender.

A man is seldom rich enough to afford luxuries before his stomach gets too worn out to digest them

SMITHS OF LADYSMITH AND HARRISMITH.

SIR HARRY SMITH.

LADY SMITH.

LADYSMITH—or perhaps it would be more intelligible to write it Lady Smith—was a sister of a Spanish countess. From 1847 to 1854 her husband, Sir Harry George Wakelyn Smith, Bart., was governor of Cape Colony. From her the town of Ladysmith took its name, and from him the town of Harrismith, in the Orange Free State, took its. It really was a famous family of Smiths, this which is so identified with the history of South Africa. There were four sons, three of whom were soldiers, and the fourth a doctor, like their father. The three soldiers went safely through the Peninsular war and Waterloo. Sir Harry was the eldest, Captain Charles Smith the second, and Colonel Thomas Smith, C. B., the youngest. At the battle of the Coa Harry and Thomas were wounded, and they had to be carried many miles over rough country in a shaky cart. They were placed in the same hospital. Their wounds were in a frightful condition when the surgeon got around, and the doctor while dressing Thomas' wound held a bouquet to his medical nose. This naturally excited Harry's ire, and he jumped up and kicked the doctor out of the building.

At the siege of Badajos Harry was standing with the general and his staff when a Spanish countess and her sister came to them for protection. It was the sister who eventually became Lady Smith. Harry fought and won the battle of Aliwal against the Sikhs, and for this victory he was made a baronet, and a pension was granted to Lady Smith, who accompanied her husband wherever he went. She was at the battle of Chillianwallah, and received a medal for her services there. The South African town of Aliwal received its name in commemoration of the victory. The baronetcy which Sir Harry held became extinct, he leaving no children, and his brother, Colonel Thomas, having declined it. Sir Harry and many members of his family rest in the old and beautiful Church of St. Mary in Sir Harry's native town of Whittlesey, in the Isle of Ely. The silhouettes shown here were taken when the couple had reached fairly advanced age.

M'KINLEY AS A PEDESTRIAN.

President Takes Long Walks to Overcome a Tendency to Corpulency.

President McKinley, who is now 54 years of age, has taken up pedestrianism. Every day for weeks he has taken long walks as the best medicine to overcome a tendency to shortness of breath and corpulency.

It is interesting, says a correspondent, to watch the President on these walks. He goes at the pace of a determined man, not a stroller. One of his feet is thrown well out ahead of him to make sure of a long stride, and the other foot is bent between the ball and the heel, as is the fashion with the long-distance walkers. The stiff-footed man is the man who can walk only a short distance, but the man with the supple feet can keep a good pace for a long time.

The President observes all the laws and rules of hygiene for the steady walker. He holds his head up and his chin out. He keeps his lips closed and breathes through his nose. His eyes are partly closed, as are the eyes of all

M'KINLEY TAKES TO WALKING.

professional walkers, and the head is held straight.

A sometimes companion is Senator Platt, who is something of an athlete himself and enjoys a brisk walk. One day, not long ago, the President was accompanied by an unexpected guest. A little mongrel dog, seeing the tall, well-formed gentleman pass, came out of the corner of the fence where he had been hiding, and fell into the President's tracks. Perhaps the dog thought that, with so stalwart a guide, he could come to no harm. Perhaps he caught sight of the bump of benevolence on the Presidential head, and calculated that there would be a dinner at the end of the walk. But, if so, he was disappointed, for he got not even a pat of the head, and after three blocks the disappointed little dog slunk back to watch for the next good-looking pedestrian.

For awhile secret service officers followed the President on these walks, but he found it out and forbade them from following him, declaring that he was not afraid.

Since beginning his pedestrian exercise, President McKinley has reduced his girth and increased his lung power, so the exercise may be called a success.

A LEAPING SWORD.

Large Open Lot Good Place to Practice the Trick.

"Of all the cities I have visited in Europe," said R. A. Stinson, of Boston, recently to the New York Tribune man, "I found Madrid one of the most interesting. It has a number of out-of-the-way features that appeal to one.

"While I was in Madrid I tried to purchase one of the famous Toledo blades. The old-fashioned two-handled sword was what I wanted to get, one of those that were built to cut through armor and which fulfilled their mission completely, as many a bloody battlefield in ye ancient days bore testimony.

"I had to give it up on account of the expense. They cost from $150 up, but while I was looking for one a shopkeeper showed me a most scientific trick. His store was very lofty, running up two or three stories, and he was descanting on the beauties of this particular sword, when, in order to prove the perfect temper of the metal, he drove the point into the floor and bent the blade until hilt and point met. He then suddenly released the hilt and that six feet of gleaming sword sprang up into the air like a thing alive. Up and up it went, almost to the lofty ceiling itself, when it lost its impetus and began its descent, hilt first. It returned almost to the place whence it started, the shopkeeper catching it by the hilt with practiced ease and returning it to its case.

"I was crazy to try it myself, but the owner refused to allow me, as he said I would probably not only wreck the store, but perhaps injure myself as well. He told me that if I wanted to learn the trick I had better practice in a large open lot and that a suit of armor wouldn't be a bad thing to wear until I got the hang of it."

Mastered His Embarrassment.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British consul at Trieste, relates the Youth's Companion.

He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him.

When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house his host said: "I am so glad you could come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon"—the minister of foreign affairs.

The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape Lord Clarendon was announced, and almost at once espied him.

"Ah, Mr. Lever," he said, blandly, "I didn't know you were in England; in fact, I was not even aware that you had asked for leave from Trieste."

"No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that; "no, my lord; I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person!"

Courage of President Kruger.

In 1890, when the Transvaal was in a state bordering on anarchy, a mass meeting was arranged by the outlanders who wanted a railroad to Kimberley. A writer who chanced to be present, describes the scene as follows:

"Long before the hour of meeting, the grounds were filled with a howling wild mob, capable of any excess. They carried arms, too, and open threats against the President were freely made. Time passed, and the head of the republic did not appear. Murmurs grew into cries of derision. At last, when the mob was on the verge of open violence, the President arrived. He was accompanied by about a hundred burghers. Slowly, and with evident effort, he ascended the platform erected for him in the grand stand. Then, uncovering his head, he faced the mob.

"Epithets too vile to be repeated, were hurled at him. They cursed and swore, and all but spit at him. He stood unmoved, calm, and most unconcerned. Then, when the fury of the mob abated for a moment, he began a speech in Dutch, in his rasping, unpleasant voice. And what he said was still more unpleasant than his delivery, for he told the mob that he would grant a railway just as soon as he was ready, and not one moment sooner.

"When the purport of the word dawned upon the crowd its members made a rush for the President. He never moved. The mob, awed by this display of fearlessness, fell back. The President had won!"

A Modest Request.

Ambition is an admirable trait, but it is not the single qualification for success. Among highly ambitious youths must be numbered a German who for several years had been apprenticed to a cooper.

The young man felt that constant coopering was not compatible with his hopes for the future. Accordingly, after deliberation, a few months ago he addressed a letter to the head of the gerat Rothschild banking house at Frankfort, setting forth at some length his strong dislike for his trade and asking to be accepted as "an apprentice millionaire," promising diligence and all application in learning "the business."

The young man is still a cooper.

A Humble Request.

"Ma, may I go out to play?"

"No; you must sit still where you are."

Pause.

"Ma, may I go down into the kitchen?"

"No, I want you to sit perfectly quiet."

Pause.

"Ma, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"

"I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say."

Pause.

"Ma, may I grow?"

Lake Mariners Good Sailors.

Lake sailormen are reputed to be the best sailors. It is said that a sailor may cross the Atlantic without danger of running into an island, and he may hardly see more than two or three ships during the entire voyage, but on the lakes it is just the other way.

Scarlet Fever in Tropical Regions.

A medical paper directs attention to the curious fact that scarlet fever has never been observed in an epidemical form in the tropical or subtropical regions of Asia or Africa.

Everyone expects more from his friends than he is willing to do for them.

Science and Invention

According to chemical analysis, fifteen parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as twelve parts of boneless beef.

Protein (nitrogenous matter) is the name of a group of substances containing nitrogen. Protein furnishes the materials for the lean flesh, blood, skin, muscles, tendons, nerves, hair, horns, wool, casein of milk and albumen of eggs, and is one of the most important constituents of feeding stuffs.

It has been found possible to make a thin, smooth and strong paper of asbestos, which can be employed in the manufacture of paper lanterns and other articles which need to be at the same time light and fireproof. The asbestos paper can also be made waterproof. It is prepared with the same machinery used for making ordinary paper.

It has been clearly ascertained that the carbon which, when other elements are eliminated, we call charcoal, and which enters so largely into the structure of a tree, is taken from the atmosphere through the medium of the leaves; but how it is sent down the structure so as to add to the size of the most distant root, is yet an unsolved problem.

The latest calculation of the velocity and direction of the sun's motion in space is by Prof. Simon Newcomb. He estimates that the solar system is being carried in a northerly direction at the rate of 16½ kilometers—a little over ten miles—per second. The point toward which we are moving is within a very few degrees of the extraordinarily bright star Vega in the constellation of Lyra.

According to the Medical Record fair-haired people possess, commonly, between 140,000 and 160,000 hairs on the scalp, the number being about the same for man and woman. Dark-haired people have, on an average, about 105,000, while red-haired people are said to have only 30,000 hairs. But the latter apparently possess one great advantage in the fact that they retain their hair better, seldom becoming bald. Their hair is much coarser than that of dark or fair-haired persons.

The discovery of the remains of a mastodon near Newburgh, N. Y., last summer, recalls the fact that the best preserved skeleton of one of these huge animals now to be found in our museums was also discovered in a marsh near Newburgh. That part of the Hudson valley appears to have been a favorite haunt for these American elephants. Inspection of the place where the latest discovery was made emphasizes the fact that beavers were contemporaries of the mastodons, and that beaver-dams were as perilous as quicksands for the massive beasts who ventured to set foot in them.

The curious green circles in fields and pastures, appearing both on level ground and on hillsides, have given rise to many superstitions and called forth a variety of more or less scientific explanations. The famous Dr. Priestly strongly advocated the view that they were of electric origin. The real cause of their formation, has long been known to be the growth of a species of fungi, which, starting from a single seed, spreads circularly and makes a broad disk on the ground. The fruit and seed form only at the outer rim. The soil in the middle is exhausted, and consequently, as the ring grows larger the grass in the inner part withers. One of these circles near Stebbing, England, attained a diameter of 120 feet.

DEFENDED THE WRONG CLIENT.

Amusing Blunder of a Distinguished Australian Solicitor.

An edifying incident is reported to have occurred recently in the district court of Melbourne, Australia. The list of cases for hearing included two charges of a similar character. When the first defendant was called a leading Melbourne solicitor announced that he appeared for the defense, and for nearly half an hour he strove to convince the court that the charge should not be sustained. In spite of the counsel's able arguments the court decided to inflict a fine, and called upon the next defendant to say why he should not be dealt with in a like manner. The solicitor, puffing from the effects of a vigorous speech, wiped his brow and leaned back in his chair with an air of satisfaction that his client had escaped so lightly. Just then the name of the second defendant was called, and the lawyer sprang to his feet as though electrified. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was audible throughout the court, "I've been defending the wrong man."

In his perturbation the learned gentleman seized his silk hat, and in a divided mind as to whether he should set chase after his late client or remain and defend the man who had just stepped forward, placed it on his head. "Hats off!" roared a constable as counsel remained on his feet, staring in dismay around the court. "Your worships," he said, removing the offending belltopper, "this is my client. The defendant who has just left the court did not engage me and has paid me no fee." The announcement was too much for the gravity of the court, and for a moment or two the courtroom echoed with laughter. The case was soon disposed of, and the legal gentleman then hurried from the building in search of his quondam client and the fee that should have been his.

STARS KEEP ACCURATE TIME.

Their Positions in the Heavens Denote the Passage of the Hours.

Probably the majority of people suppose that the observatories obtain the correct time from the sun. When the average man wishes to give his watch the highest praise he says, "It regulates the sun," not being aware that a watch which would keep with the sun around the year would have to be nearly as bad as Cap'n Cuttle's. The farmer may safely decide when to go in to dinner by the sun, but if the mariner was as confident that the sun marked always the correct time as the farmer is he would be sure to be at times 200 or 300 miles from where he thought he was. In other words, the sun—that is, a sundial—is only correct on a few days in each year, and during the intervening time gets as far as a whole quarter hour fast or slow.

These variations of the sun from uniform time caused no end of trouble between the astronomers and the fine clockmakers before it was discovered that the sun time is subject to such irregularities. The better the clock, the worse it often seemed to go.

But as the variations in sun time are now accurately known, correct time might be obtained from the sun by making proper allowance, were it not for the difficulty of observing its position with sufficient exactness. The large disk of the sun cannot be located so perfectly as can the single point which a star makes. For this reason astronomers depend almost wholly upon the stars for obtaining accurate time. It is the method of doing this which we propose to describe.

There are several hundred stars whose positions have been established with the greatest accuracy by the most careful observations at a number of the principal observatories of the world. If a star's exact position is known, it can readily be calculated when it will pass the meridian of any given place—that is, the instant it will cross a north and south line through the place. The data regarding these stars are all published in the nautical almanacs, which are for the use of navigators and all others who have uses for them. These stars are known as "clock stars."—Popular Science Monthly.

TOUGH-THROAT AUCTIONEERS.

Have Vocal Chords Especially Adapted for Their Arduous Work.

"Preachers' sore throat" is recognized by all writers on throat diseases, but it is not necesarily confined to preachers, says the Washington Post. Lawyers and others who overtax their voices at times suffer from it as frequently as do preachers. Auctioneers do not have sore throat. A successful auctioneer, as far as voice is concerned, is provided naturally with abnormally strong vocal chords. These he strengthens by continual use, so that in a few years the voice and throat are the strongest part of them. He is liable, however, as others to suffer from other troubles, and has his share of them, too. It is the same way with a singer. His voice is generally the strongest part of him, and almost every other organ suffers before his throat does.

The public do not know how many there are who try auctioneering and find that they cannot hold out. The voice of every man is not suited for continuous work. Auctioneer work means several hours of constant vocal exercise each day. The reason the preacher's throat goes back on him now and then, and it does, despite the doubts of Col. Ingersoll and others, is that his use of the vocal chords is not constant, for ordinarily the greater effort is seldom more than once a week. Another thing that operates against the preacher and in favor of the auctioneer is that the preacher seldom speaks in the open air, while the auctioneer finds the most use for his voice in the open air. Open air is the most wonderful strengthener of the voice. A marked example of this is the fact that circus performers and circus followers generally, who work in tents and open air, never have sore throats.

Unpleasant Bedf llows.

The adventures of naturalists in odd corners of the globe rival the experiences of explorers in variety and interest. Dr. Maximilian Schumann, a Belgian naturalist, journeyed through Mexico, not many years ago, and here is one of the reminiscences which he brought back with him:

I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas toward the southeast to examine some ancient Toltec ruins.

I arrived at my destination late at night and lighted a fire within the ruins to make my supper. After eating I spread my blanket and lay down. When I awoke in the morning my first impulse was to stretch out my hand. I threw it out from under the blanket, and as I did so it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake, quietly coiled by my side. I escaped by the merest chance.

Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see six other rattlesnakes coiled at intervals over my body.

The reptiles did not belong to the variety commonly known in California, but were of a peculiarly poisonous species found in hot regions. When I lighted my fire in the evening it was too dark to see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls.

The altitude of the ruins is nearly 8,000 feet, and so the nights are cold. My fire had attracted the reptiles. When they approached it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled upon them and went to sleep.

I extricated myself from the blanket with infinite care. Once on my feet I was no longer afraid of the reptiles, but as I already had specimens of them in my collection, I killed them all and nailed them to the adobe wall with my card on each.

She Could See.

There were only three of us left in the room of the great oculist, says a writer in the Academy. My companions, two elderly persons, evidently husband and wife, were nervous to a degree that indicated almost unbearable suspense. He held her hand in one of his, from time to time placing his other hand upon it with a caressing touch.

The lady, pale and anxious, had thrown back her veil and untied her bonnet strings, as if the atmosphere of the room stifled her. At every sound she started and looked toward the door.

"I almost wish I had gone in with her," she murmured, "but I couldn't bear it."

Her companion made no answer, but continued to stroke her hand. I found that I, too, was straining every nerve. Then I heard the shutting of a distant door and the sound of footsteps coming down the thickly carpeted passage.

My companions sprang to their feet as the door opened to admit a tall young girl, with bandaged eyes, and an old woman, seemingly a nurse, who carried the girl's hat and cloak.

The girl paused on the threshold, while I gazed, wondering. It would seem impossible that any face in which the eyes were covered could express so much rapture. She held out her hands with a significant gesture, and said, simply:

"Dears, I can see—it is so beautiful!"

Laughin ; Plant of Arabia.

The laughing plant, so named from its effects upon man, grows in Arabia. It is of moderate size, and bears brilliant yellow flowers, and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds which look like little black beans. The natives of the district where the plan grows rather the seeds, and after drying them, reduce them to powder. A small dose of the powder has the effect of causing the most level-headed and sober person to dance, shout and laugh in the unrestrained fashion of a lunatic, and to rush about and cut the wildest capers for almost an hour. By that time he is thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep, to wake after several hours without the least recollection of his previous excitement and antics.

Thistle Down Cloth.

The down of the thistles was spun by the ancients to make acanthine garments.

The proper place to keep money is in a sugar bowl, but if you want to be absolutely secure, keep your money in your stocking, and wear the stocking.

The women have so much leisure time that almost every woman is a good cake maker.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"We keep three servant girls," said Mr. Newlywed; "one coming, one going, and one here."—Life.

Mother—Willie, did the grocer tell you these eggs were fresh? Willie—He didn't say, but he told me to hurry home with them.—Town Topics.

Rose—Did you ever faint, Isabel? Isabel—Only once; and I bumped my head so hard that I never tried it again.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes, there wasn't much variety, but we had three square meals a day." "What did you have?" "Soda crackers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Tramp—Dese people what complain of dere work bein' too hard make me tired. Second Tramp—Dey do? First Tramp—Yes; why don't dey t'row up de job?—Puck.

"Oh, ma, come up here quick!" "What's the matter, Tommy?" "Bobby's playin' circus, and he's goin' to make th' baby dive off th' mantel."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—Why, they ran up bills with everybody who would trust them, and then moved away without paying a cent. He—I see. Two hearts that beat as one.—Brooklyn Life.

Clara—Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed? Maude—Yes. Isn't it queer how little it takes to turn a man's head?—Chicago News.

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "That could not be," said Mr. Smith; "I have no sweetheart. I am a married man."

Bridget—I can't understand the missus, sur. Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—Tid-Bits.

Home Ties No Drawback: He—Marie, can you tear yourself away from your loving father's roof, and go with me? She—Mercy—yes; this isn't his roof, we're just renters.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Golde Nugget—I cannot see any callers to-day, Nannette. Nannette (five minutes later to caller)—Mons'eur, I haf ze plaisure to inform you zat madame is blind to-day.—Philadelphia North American.

"Most of these variety dancers," said the shoe clerk boarder, "finish as total wrecks." "Of course," said the Cheerful Idiot, "their stage life is usually a succession of break-downs."—Indianapolis Journal.

Flour of sulphur sprinkled on a hot shovel, and the fumes inhaled while they are fresh, is recommended for a cold in the head; but Fogg affirms that he will die before he will snuff up burning brimstone. It is not unlikely.

"Can you forgive me and love me still," said the newly made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?" "Thank heaven!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig; "now I can cool my head."—Tit-Bits.

Juvenile Logic: Boy—You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Capt. Brown? Capt. Brown (indignantly)—Fight the English! What on earth put that into your head? Boy—Why, daddy said you were a horrid Boer!—Punch.

Still Harder Worker: Mr. Close Sr.—What! more money? You seem to think that dollars are picked up in the street. I want you to understand that I had to work hard for every cent I've got. His Son—Yes; and I have to work hard for every cent I get.—Life.

A rude suggestion: Great actress—That's an atrocious portrait! Is that the best you can do? Is there no way you can improve upon it? Suggest something. Photographer—Madame, you might permit your understudy to sit for you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Lishen to reason, m' dear," he explained, "lishen to reason. I wash—hic—held up on m'—hic—way home." "Held up!" she angrily exclaimed; "I don't doubt it! If you hadn't been held up or carried you wouldn't be here even now!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Surliboy—Hullo, fellow! What are you doing here? Rustic—Only courtin', sir. I'se courtin' Mary. Old Surliboy—Nonsense! What do you want a lantern for? Do you think I used one when I was a young man? Rustic—No, sir; I don't think as yer did, judgin' by t' missis!—London Fun.

Scene on a Boston electric car: Personae—Small boy; portly lady. Small boy (partially sotto voce)—Gee! that woman must have swallowed a yeast-cake. Portly lady (overhearing)—Yes, my boy, and if your mother had taken a yeast-cake you would have been better bred.—Boston Transcript.

"Lobelia," demanded Mr. McSwat, as he stood, hat in hand waiting for her, "are you going out walking with that bicycling dress on?" "This is my rainy-day skirt," replied Mrs. McSwat, "and I certainly am going out walking in it." "Then wait a minute," he said, "and I will turn up my trousers."—Chicago Tribune.

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day." "You don't call that boy honest?" "Yes, sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me, and have prospered. Thanks.'"—Chicago News.

Mr. Moody's Biography.

Mr. W. R. Moody, son of the great evangelist, will prepare a biography of Dwight L. Moody, which will be published by subscription. In a statement concerning the work the author says that, announcements having appeared of several lives, some even claiming to be "official," it has become a painful necessity to state that any other than the authorized biography referred to will be issued not only without the approval, but regardless of the urgent protest of the family and friends. Mr. Moody, it is asserted, was particularly anxious that errors and misrepresentations of former unauthorized works and misleading newspaper reports should be corrected in an authentic work prepared by his son, thus obviating the multiplication of partial and inharmonious biographical sketches.

Bed of Licorice Root.

The Philadelphia commercial museum has received from one of its correspondents information concerning large beds of licorice root which exist in an unimproved condition in the northern Caucasus region, near the shores of the Black sea.