

WOMAN AND HOME.

LIFE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE BABY DURING THE HOT SEASON.

Rules for the Young Housewife—Women in Literature—The Voice of Children—Marriage—Crime—Beginnings—A Drink for Baby—Odds and Ends.

But how fares it with the baby of the tenement? The tenement baby, like its aristocratic counterpart, awakes early in the morning. It is awake at dawn, and then dozes off into intervals of sleep again. It awakes at short intervals during all the first part of the night and rouses its tired, impatient mother with its peevish wailing. Its lips are parched and its hands hot; its eyelids but half closed. It rolls its head now and then in a feeble way. It seems consumed with heat, but when its mother puts a spoonful of water between its lips the weakened stomach refuses to take the liquid.

The father, worn with his day's toil, is angered at the suffering innocent disturbing his sleep. Hastily, perhaps, he chides his wife for not lulling the child. She gives to it an empty breast from which it turns with renewed wailing. Then she tries another expedient. She hastily prepares some milk and water and feeds the baby a few spoonfuls. She knows it is good milk. Did she not buy it herself of Jacobs, who keeps four cows in a rear shed, and sells the instead fluid they supply so much cheaper than she can get it of a milkman? To be sure the poor little stand day after day, from week's end to week's end, from one month to another, in the same stalls almost knee high in offal. But she is certain it is good milk, rich cow's milk, for did she not see Jacob milk the cows?

So she gives to her baby, trotting it up and down on her knees the while. It is feeding, and the summer heat makes it ill. She is so worn that scarcely can she keep her weary eyes open till she has finished feeding her offspring. Then she takes it back into the bed occupied by herself and the father. He turns over as she lies down, and testily "hopes the young 'un will keep still, now it's got its stomach full."

Scarcely has the mother fallen asleep before another cry arouses her. The milk and water put down the little one's throat has been rejected by its stomach. Again she rises and turns up the wick of the smoking kerosene lamp. She lances the child up and down, for she knows not what to do to quiet it.

Its wailing disturbs other inmates of the apartment. Out of a window a neighbor woman puts her head and calls to her:

"Reach out your hand," she says; "I've got a bit of medicine that will quiet the baby."

She gives her a bottle and bids her administer a half teaspoonful. It is a brown liquid, and has a strange smell. She gives it to her infant unhesitatingly. Then it falls into a heavy sleep that lasts till dawn. When it awakes it frets, but it does not always fret. Its eyes are heavy and have a glazed look.

"The children's eyes always look bad when they're fretting," says an old dame who comes in to borrow a half cup of sugar.

The tenement baby's hands and face are not sponged when it awakes. Its mother is very busy getting breakfast. Instead of fresh breezes the odor of sizzling salt pork comes to the nostrils of the sick infant. The father, or an older child, feeds it crackers and water "to keep it quiet" until the morning meal is on the table. The mother sits down with it in her lap. It gets now and then a "bit of potato" or a "sip of coffee," for it is a hand fed baby.

The flies buzz around it, covering its soiled robe and lighting on its feverish mouth. Some days during the day its mother will wash the hand feet, tenement baby and change its clothing if she has the garments. She will tell her neighbors that she cannot keep it clean, for "its victuals will not stay down."

Thus the tenement baby frets and frets through the summer days. If by chance an unusual allowance of constitution carries it through, it is with diseased digestive organs which may affect its life.

The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a worthless drunkard or a criminal, because during the first three years it lived it was half starved for food and fresh air. The tenement house, hand fed baby may be a corpse before half the summer is run, because it was quite starved for proper food and the blessing of breezes, which should be free and easy to go—fresh air.—Chicago News.

Missouri Ladies as Notaries.

They made a great deal of noise in New York about the appointment of a lady commissioner, as if such a thing was a novelty. In this State we have half a dozen notaries. There is nothing in the statutes or at common law to prevent a woman from serving in such capacity, and I am glad Governor Marmaduke made the innovation. Governor Crittenden would not appoint ladies as notaries. I tried to get him to appoint a young lady, and while he admitted that her indorsement was strong enough, he feared to make an innovation. His successor, more gallant, has had no difficulty in giving them notarial powers. There is no reason why a woman should not be notary, and there are some cases of delicacy where a great deal of trouble would be avoided, and people would feel more comfortable if a woman could take an acknowledgment. Women keep secrets just as well as men when there is a matter of importance involved.

A notary also has many responsibilities of which his clients are not all aware, and hence people of morality should be appointed. For instance, here is a case that has just occurred where I could have made \$10 by taking advantage of a woman's ignorance of the law. She sent for me to write her will, and after writing her various legacies I found out that she had only a dower interest in an estate, and was trying to bequeath that. I quickly informed her of her error. A man with an eye to \$10 only might have allowed her to continue in blissful ignorance of her mistake, arguing that the will would work no harm.—Francis Valle in Globe-Democrat.

The Voice of Children.

Much can be done by mothers and teachers to cultivate the voice of children. Instead of the nasal shrieks used by so many children encourage them to use pure, round, smooth tones. Teach them to open the mouth and not to hum, and not to speak through the nose. There is a pleasant habit of mumbling words from ill humor, as well as lameness or stiffness of the muscles of the mouth and jaw. Carefulness is a good lubricator, and the duty of cultivating a spirit of cheerfulness and the desire to please should be imposed upon children by precept and habit.

The disagreeable nasal tones may be avoided with due care. See that children have a sufficient supply of handkerchiefs and insist upon their use. There is physiological reason for this. If the nasal passages are not freed it will eventually lead to catarrh and disease of the throat, and so the nasal habit will be confirmed. Teach the children to keep the mouth closed except when speaking, and then to let the voice come clear and pure out of the mouth, and not through the nose.

Instead of reversing the process—breathing through the mouth and talking through the nose.

The rude boisterous singing (so indulged in at many of our public schools) cannot fail to be injurious to youthful voices. A word to mothers, teachers and nurses. Keep your own voice down, avoid shrill, high tones. Poor old Lear in his deep distress at the death of Cordelia, could say nothing more pathetic than "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."—Mary Edwards in Atlanta Constitution.

We All Break Down There.

He was about to die for a cold blooded murder. Standing beneath the gallows he made a short talk. He spoke of his impending death with slight emotion. Then of "his people" with some signs of tears. Then of his wife with sob and a trembling voice. Then of "his old mother"—and there he broke down completely and gave way to uncontrollable grief.

All, yes! It is right there that we all break down. At the thought of "the old mother," with her graying hairs, her kindly face, across which time and sorrow are cutting their furrows, and her faith and affection that never wavers or doubts. It is to "the old mother" that man's heart turns at last when trouble or affliction or remorse overtakes him. Other loves may be stronger and the passion of other loves may obscure this for a time. The wife clinging in absorbed happiness to the arm, or little one clambering, fond and trustful, about the knee, may efface all thought of "the old mother." But when a great crisis comes and the strong man is bending beneath a burden too grievous to bear the vision comes to him of one, idealized in his heart at least, who never doubted, who never wavered, but who loved all the time with a love that passed understanding. The wife, wondering at this at first, accepts it at last, quietly acquiescing, but happy in her mother's heart to know that from her own children in the days to come this same miracle shall be rendered unto her.—Atlanta Constitution.

Ahead of the Squire.

In a suburban town not ten miles from the glitzy dome the great question had been for months, Shall we have a public library? The sewing circle favored the proposition. The Young Men's Literary association, which frequently took tea with the sewing circle after the latter had made the monthly shirt for the heathen, cordially concurred. The tops of the flour barrels in all the groceries carried in the weight of the debating village statesmen discussing the value and constitutionality of public libraries. At last the day came when the partisans of the library and the strict constructionists met in forensic combat on the floor of the town hall.

The arguments were gone over again, and Squire Spike closed the case for the conservatives. He lashed himself into a fine frenzy over the interruption of the sweet and holy harmony of home which the introduction of library books would occasion. Women would read novels while the house went unkept; husbands and wives would dispute over metaphysics and the little domestic world would be turned upside down.

"The husband would return," said Squire Spike, "and would find his dinner unprepared or burned up and his wife reading. What kind of a book would he find in her hand?"

"A cook book" yelled the village wag from the back seats.

Thereafter it was vain for Squire Spike to attempt to push back the tide of progress. The library was established, and Squire Spike has been ever known to take out a book now and then.—Boston Transcript-Listener.

Women in Literature.

I remember how great was the longing among intelligent women, thirty or forty years ago, to do a greater share of the literary work of the nation. A few ventured tentatively from the kitchen to do it, perhaps bringing with them in their hands a new cookery book, like Mrs. Child and Miss Leslie, to propitiate the other sex and prove that they had in a manner worked their passage into freedom. Now they still bring the cookery book, like Marion Harland, who has indeed brought 150,000 copies of hers; but it is no longer needed as an apology. Mrs. Woods points out that there are about 2,500 women engaged in literary work in or near Boston, including, no doubt, all grades of journalism, that out of 125 authors on the publishing list of Roberts Brothers 75 are women, on Ticknor's list, 80 on Houghton's and 80 on that of the Methodist Book Concern. The demand for literary expression being thus in part satisfied, it is the most natural thing in the world that there should be a demand for action as well as literature, and that the pressure for executive and public duties on the part of women should only be increased by the fact that they have already free course in the field of mere literary expression. Granted a pursuit, there is still needed some other pursuit.—T. W. H. in Harper's Bazar.

Marriage as an End.

The question of marriage is a serious one, and because it is usually in the future, however remote, of most young women they do not as a rule take as serious a hold of a profession as do young men. When a young man begins business he knows he will probably stick to it to the end of his days. The very fact that he may get married makes no necessary that he should devote himself to moneymaking. But with a young woman it is entirely different. I have known young women to become very proficient engravers, for example, and just as their employers were beginning to depend upon their work they got married and laid the graver aside forever.

How often you find parents spending hundreds, even thousands, of dollars on the musical education of their daughters, and when the daughters get married they shut up the piano, and their musical education is as good as thrown out of the window. I have heard hundreds of young married women say when asked to play something: "I am entirely out of practice. I haven't opened the piano since I was married." Whatever a man does he does for life; but as a usual thing when a woman undertakes a thing, instead of being for life, it is till she shall be married.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Decorations of the Table.

But many are the tables at which the formal "grace" is the only suggestion of things spiritual; at such tables the "grace," far from elevating the ceremony of eating, seems rather itself to suffer desecration.

The mistress of the table is not ready for her place as director of the feast, if she is less certain of the tone of temper, of the conversation which will be served at her board than she is of the quality of the meat and the character of the bread which will be served there. The appetite for food, as food, is gross; if that appetite alone is satiated at a table, the table is but a manger. The eye, the olfactory nerve, the ear, not the palate, are susceptible to poetic suggestions. Such is the subtle connection between smell and taste that appetite for food is aroused by savory odors; but delightful odor disconnected from food is a more refining influence, sweet smelling flowers, or, if they are

praiseworthy, sweet smelling spices on a table or in the dining room awaken a sense of pleasure more agreeable than the pleasure awakened by the odors of foods, and through this sense one may learn subtle decorations of the table which, making little appeal to the eye, yet set a train of refining thought.—May Wright Sewall in Dress.

Rules for the Young Housewife.

General order of working for every day of summer: Before leaving your room throw open windows, top and bottom; lay pillows in the sun, bed clothes to air, and turn back mattress. As soon as you come down stairs open blinds and windows. Light kitchen fire; take up ashes; sift them. Brush off the stove; rinse and fill the kettle. Sweep the kitchen, the stoop or piazzas, beating all mats thoroughly. Remove stable flowers from parlor and dining room, and dust. Prepare for breakfast, putting biscuits or muffins to bake while you lay the table. Close blinds on sunny side. After breakfast clear the table as soon as possible, putting milk and butter away at once, instead of allowing them to remain in the hot kitchen. Do not leave the white tablecloth on a moment longer than necessary, as it attracts flies. For the same reason remove the crumbs from the floor. This applies to every meal. Wash and put away breakfast dishes. Dampen the dining room, pantry and all unused rooms. Make beds, empty slops, wash soap dishes, fill water pails, fold dry towels, take away soiled ones—but, if damp, dry them before putting into the soiled clothes hamper, as everything quickly mildews in hot weather. Dampen rooms after having put them in perfect order.—Good Housekeeping.

The Beginnings of Crime.

I have made a study of crime for many years, and have watched its development in children who have grown up in my immediate neighborhood. I have noticed that children who are not properly watched over at home commonly get into stealing the marbles and playthings of their companions; then they learn how to go into unoccupied buildings and yards, carrying off old iron and loose articles, which they sell to junk dealers. After this they get bold enough to enter the cellars of occupied buildings and get empty bottles and other things of small value, and it is not very long before they try climbing into dwellings over the cellars and carrying off anything they can lay their hands on. I know several criminals, who are now serving terms in the penitentiary, who commenced stealing in this way. They learn gradually, and become more expert every day, and at the same time grow more hardened as they get older.—Sergt. Lang in Globe-Democrat.

Give the Baby a Drink.

Now that warm weather prevails it should be remembered that infants require water to drink as well as milk. It does not follow that because milk is a liquid it is capable of satisfying thirst. On the contrary, being warm as it is drawn from the breast, it causes thirst after it has remained in the stomach for some time when it is possible, in order, no doubt, to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat. Under the table his old silk hat is carefully deposited with a penny morning paper and a parcel peeping over the tattered rim. If I happen to be there about 2 o'clock I will see him munching something which I have recently discovered is bread. He does not take it out of his pocket, where he has stealthily conveyed it from the hat, like a man who knew he was eating a midday luncheon, but breaks off little bits as he fears discovery. He knows only too well, perhaps, that he is dining.

My other opposite is not unlike the shabby gentled person in general characteristics, though he seems better fed. His apparel, however, does not show the scrupulous care of the other. He generally comes in after I have arrived, and so I have ample opportunity to watch his preparations for the day's reading. First, he supplies himself with a dozen volumes of sermons. These he will carefully arrange about him, and seating himself he will clasp his hands across his breast and engage in a half audible prayer. Then he will select his subject, settle down in a comfortable position, close his eyes and begin the day's reading. There he sits all day long with closed eyes, his face bent intently over the book with every evidence of intense interest on his countenance. Whether or not he is reading I will not undertake to say, but this I know, he turns over his pages at regular intervals and now and then will open his eyes and take notes with the dullest of pencils.

GOBBLING THE MAGAZINES.

Besides the antique already described, there is in direct contact the man of the period. He does not care for books of a past date, but must have current literature or news at all. His great ambition is to read all the new magazines. He will get them all at once, and taking them under his arm seeks some retired alcove, where he will proceed to read them one after another until he is through with them all. And as he is generally a slow reader he usually has them in his possession all day. In the meantime other readers may come in and want a look at one of the magazines he has, but nothing short of a peremptory demand from an official will induce him to surrender them, and even then he does it with very bad grace.

A Series of Waits.

"How thoughtless men are sometimes," exclaimed a lady in one of the fashionable west side boarding houses, as seated in the parlor directly in front of the window, she awaited her husband's return. "Keep one of them waiting for five minutes, and you never hear the last of it, and yet they keep us waiting half our lives and think nothing about it. A woman's life," mused the speaker, "is a series of waits. First she waits to get on long dresses and to enter society. Then she waits for some man to ask her to marry him. After marriage—what? Why, then she begins to wait for her hedge lord and master to come home to his meals, and maybe she has to wait for him to come home at night. Waiting gradually becomes second nature to woman. And can you wonder?"—Chicago Journal.

Don't Slice Pineapples.

Few people know that pineapples in their native country are never sliced, but after peeling they are carefully broken from the core in small pieces with a silver fork. If this way is once tried no one will again injure the thin flavor by cutting across the grain. They should always be so prepared, both for table and canning.—Chicago Journal.

To Remove Blood Stains.

Blood stains can be removed from an article that you do not care to wash by applying a thick paste, made of starch and cold water. Place in the sun, and rub off in a couple of hours. If the stain is not entirely removed, repeat the process and soon it disappears.—Good Housekeeping.

The effects of poison ivy may be removed by applying a solution of a tablespoonful of copperas in a small cup of hot water.

The kitten souled women have an easier time of it than the eagle winged and strong.

A teaspoonful of heated camphor is said to be a curative application for a sty on the eyelid.

Boiling in strong soap suds will clean up an old lampburner and make it as good as new.

Old cloths can be brightened, after washing, by rubbing hard with a flannel moistened with kerosene.

To extinguish the flames from kerosene use flour profusely upon them.

A brush broom is just the thing to clean borersaid graters and silver.

Flaking powder should always be sixed with the flour dry.

IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

QUEER PEOPLE WHO PASS THEIR DAYS AMONG THE BOOKS.

Habitués as Peculiar as the Quant Volumes Upon the Shelves—A Couple of Cranks—Gobbling the Magazines. Various Frequenters.

The habitués of the Astor library are, some of them, as peculiar as the quaint volumes upon the shelves. I do not mean the men who rush in and look into a book for an hour and then rush out again to the bustle of city life. But they, too, have their counterparts in books, in fact, all of us have. It is pleasant enough to sit at one of the tables with a not too interesting book before you, now looking at its printed pages and now at the varied crowd around. Do you not see resemblances? For instance, the rusty old gentleman over there with the pallid face, the convex spectacles and the shiny black suit of old fashioned cut might be compared to one of the dusty, musty tomes in the top shelves. Then again that flashy red covered novel which went through five editions in as many weeks might be thought of in connection with the loud talking, dawdling looking woman who sits at the next table, near the dainty, low voiced girl who sits near her reminds one of the one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's fables. Thus you might go on until you found a shadow of every one of this curiously assorted yet withal congenial company.

A COUPLE OF CRANKS.

Opposite me at the table where I usually read, and where I now write, sits a quaint and cranky couple. At least one of them is quaint and the other cranky. The first is a shabby gentled man, who reads dingy, dog eared books that are themselves shabby gentled. When I enter the library at 10 o'clock every morning he is there, and when I leave late in the afternoon he still sits in his chair, hardly having moved his position all day. Sometimes I stay until the library is closed for the night, and then he leaves the big room like a man who knows not where to go for a resting place. Then he sits all day as close to the book as possible, in order, no doubt, to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat. Under the table his old silk hat is carefully deposited with a penny morning paper and a parcel peeping over the tattered rim. If I happen to be there about 2 o'clock I will see him munching something which I have recently discovered is bread. He does not take it out of his pocket, where he has stealthily conveyed it from the hat, like a man who knew he was eating a midday luncheon, but breaks off little bits as he fears discovery. He knows only too well, perhaps, that he is dining.

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ARTISIAN WELLS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Artesian wells which have been recently sunk at New Orleans are considered to have demonstrated beyond doubt that there is underlying the city, there is a very moderate depth an abundant supply of pure water, the source of which, the Penitentiary congratulates itself, "is forever beyond the bounds of legislative control and without the reach of monopoly." In one instance a fine flow has been struck at the depth of less than 70 feet, and an analysis shows the water to be of excellent quality for both domestic and manufacturing purposes. New Orleans has suffered much from the small quantity of water available in some parts of the city, especially for fire purposes, and of late there has been considerable trouble between the citizens and the water company which holds the franchise for supplying the city, there is consequently much satisfaction felt over the results of the artesian well experiments.

If the quality of the water was alone considered, the people of New Orleans should be congratulated on a means of escape from the water works company. The artesian well sends forth a clear stream ready for the kitchen, the table, the bath, the fountain, or the garden. The water works gives a muddy mixture, that is fit only, without filtration, for the purpose of extinguishing fires.—Fire and Water.

His Artless, Heathen Way.

Wong Chin Foo is a Chinaman who avows himself a heathen without a qualification of conscience or the slightest change in his inherited color. He has some heathenish ways, moreover, that distinguish him from many of the civilized and enlightened children of this Christian country. Some years ago, in the course of his wanderings in the west, he descended on Peoria, Ill., and announced a lecture, the price of admittance being fixed at twenty-five cents. An unaccountable apathy in regard to Chinese heathens prevailed in the metropolis of central Illinois, and the lecture, financially speaking, was a failure. After paying half rent Mr. Wong Chin Foo had only \$1 with which to meet a printing bill of several times that amount. Instead of using the money to pay his railway fare out of the city he turned it over to the printers whom he owed and walked out of the city in his artless, heathenish way. There is a tradition in Peoria that he afterward paid that printing bill in full.—Chicago Tribune.

Is Not Fond of Railroad.

Baltimoreans say that they have long predicted that young Robert Garrett would not remain a railroad president any length of time. He has no liking for an executive position, and only remained at his desk during the short intervals between his flight to Europe and his return in pursuit of diversion. He is intensely fond of what are called social pleasures in drawing rooms, clubs and swell assemblies. If he had been obliged to depend on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for his fortune it might have been different, but the fact is that he would be a many millionaire if he had no holdings in that road. His interest in the banking house of which he is the head is very valuable, and furthermore, the Garretts are to Baltimore what the real estate holdings of the Astors have made that family to this city. President Garrett is about 37 years old.—New York Sun.

Absence of the Smell Sense.

Explosions in mines might happen occasionally owing to miners not detecting by scent the presence of perilous gases—carbonic acid or of the smell sense being in danger, as in such cases as color blindness in that out of signalment. It is perfectly plain that to place on watch duty in any edifice where risk of fire is feared a guardian affected with anosmia, or absence of the smell sense, is practically to secure that the fire shall not be discovered in its incipient stage. The Peruvian Indians, so Humboldt said, could discern the presence of strangers by their odor; or the Arab, who, as recorded, can detect the scent of burning at a distance of thirty miles.—Chicago News.

Gold Ore in Alaska.

There is a remarkable body of gold ore in Alaska. It is in a cliff fronting the ocean and is 250 to 300 feet wide, practically inexhaustible in body. It is a rich quartz. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has a fifth interest in the mine. Trudwell, the man who discovered it, owns another fifth.—Chicago News.

The People of Switzerland, by a vote of 252,791 to 127,474, have approved a law which gives the government the sole right to manufacture and sell spirituous liquors.

FIGHTING FLAMES UNDER GROUND.

How Professor Agassiz Put Out the Fire in the Calumet and Hecla Mine.

The extinguishing of the fire which broke out in the 1,600 foot level of the Calumet and Hecla mines, in Michigan, was one of the most interesting pieces of mining work ever performed in this or any other country. Owing to the great depth (3,300 feet) of the mine and the extent of its subterranean drifts, galleries and chambers it is very liable to fire, and a fire underground is a most serious matter. It has to be fought in the dark. The Calumet and Hecla mine contains more timber than any other mine in the world, and this timber will, of course, burn when set on fire. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a boy who was running a donkey pump. When the alarm was given the fire had obtained such headway that it could be put out by no ordinary means. The company has a chemical fire engine, which is run down the incline track into any part of the mine, but when the alarm was given it was too late to run this into the mine.

Having learnt from the disastrous experience of three years ago what a fire meant, the agent of the company, J. N. Wright, ordered all the shafts in that part of the mine, eleven in number, to be hermetically sealed with timbers and dirt. The work was done quickly and the fire was left to burn all the oxygen in the mine and go out of its own accord. Professor Alexander Agassiz, of Boston, president of the Calumet and Hecla Copper company, arrived on the scene a few days after the fire broke out, and to him the credit is due for devising the ingenious plan which extinguished the fire. Steam, supplied by several large boilers, was forced down No. 2 shaft through a four inch pipe which extended 500 feet below the surface. The necessary apparatus and material were secured and carbonic acid gas was manufactured on a large scale from sulphuric acid, limestone and other materials. This was also forced down No. 2 shaft, where the fire broke out, by a heavy pressure from the engine.

The carbonic acid gas, being heavier than air, sank to the bottom of the mine and immediately extinguished any flame with which it came in contact. The amount of material used in making this gas was enormous, and many million feet of carbonic acid gas was poured into the mine.

Many believed that the plan was doomed to fail, but its signal success has surprised those who caviled at it. When the shafts were unsealed a few days ago the fire was totally extinguished, and a candle would not burn ten seconds when lowered five feet from the mouth of the shafts. Men cannot descend into the mine for several days, as the gas is fatal to life as well as to flame, but by means of powerful air pumps and fans a strong current of air is being sent into the mine of one shaft, while the deadly gas is being pumped from the mine through another shaft. Had the mine only one opening it would be a labor of months to clear it of gas; as it is, work can be resumed in a short time. The achievement is unique and unparalleled in the annals of mining work, and by suggesting this plan and putting it in operation Professor Agassiz has won the thanks of all who are interested in mines or mining.—New York World.

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Wong Chin Foo is a Chinaman who avows himself a heathen without a qualification of conscience or the slightest change in his inherited color. He has some heathenish ways, moreover, that distinguish him from many of the civilized and enlightened children of this Christian country. Some years ago, in the course of his wanderings in the west, he descended on Peoria, Ill., and announced a lecture, the price of admittance being fixed at twenty-five cents. An unaccountable apathy in regard to Chinese heathens prevailed in the metropolis of central Illinois, and the lecture, financially speaking, was a failure. After paying half rent Mr. Wong Chin Foo had only \$1 with which to meet a printing bill of several times that amount. Instead of using the money to pay his railway fare out of the city he turned it over to the printers whom he owed and walked out of the city in his artless, heathenish way. There is a tradition in Peoria that he afterward paid that printing bill in full.—Chicago Tribune.

Is Not Fond of Railroad.

Baltimoreans say that they have long predicted that young Robert Garrett would not remain a railroad president any length of time. He has no liking for an executive position, and only remained at his desk during the short intervals between his flight to Europe and his return in pursuit of diversion. He is intensely fond of what are called social pleasures in drawing rooms, clubs and swell assemblies. If he had been obliged to depend on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for his fortune it might have been different, but the fact is that he would be a many millionaire if he had no holdings in that road. His interest in the banking house of which he is the head is very valuable, and furthermore, the Garretts are to Baltimore what the real estate holdings of the Astors have made that family to this city. President Garrett is about 37 years old.—New York Sun.

Absence of the Smell Sense.

Explosions in mines might happen occasionally owing to miners not detecting by scent the presence of perilous gases—carbonic acid or of the smell sense being in danger, as in such cases as color blindness in that out of signalment. It is perfectly plain that to place on watch duty in any edifice where risk of fire is feared a guardian affected with anosmia, or absence of the smell sense, is practically to secure that the fire shall not be discovered in its incipient stage. The Peruvian Indians, so Humboldt said, could discern the presence of strangers by their odor; or the Arab, who, as recorded, can detect the scent of burning at a distance of thirty miles.—Chicago News.

Gold Ore in Alaska.

There is a remarkable body of gold ore in Alaska. It is in a cliff fronting the ocean and is 250 to 300 feet wide, practically inexhaustible in body. It is a rich quartz. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has a fifth interest in the mine. Trudwell, the man who discovered it, owns another fifth.—Chicago News.

JULES VERNE AT HOME.

THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS A WRITER OF ADVENTURE.

He Owes a Great Deal to Poe and to Cooper—How He Writes a Story—A Terror to the Proof Reader—His New Novel.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes, in 1828; to be precise, Feb. 8. He wears lightly his 50 years of life. His hair and beard are white, but his face is young, unfurrowed, and there is an expression of frankness in it, and in his clear, calm blue eyes, that always won a heart. Being a Breton, he was born with a profound admiration for the sea; at 12 he had read "Robinson Crusoe," and had begun to think of writing stories of shipwrecks.

He studied law, was graduated at the law school, went into the stock exchange, not as one of the venerable institution created by an ordinance of Philippe le Bel, but behind the scenes, in it but not of it, like the gulf stream in the ocean.

It had flashed through his mind that he might go to California and seek for a gold mine and find it, and then devote himself to literature; but as he was writing constantly, the Gymnase playhouse found something to accept in his mass of manuscripts. It was a comedy in verse, in one act, "Les Pailles Rompues," and it had been written with Alexandre Dumas fils as a co-laborer. Dumas is his friend. Mark this, for Dumas is not a prodigal of his friendship, and is a perfect miser at praising the work of others. I have heard him say of Jules Verne that if he were a foreigner there would be nothing too good for him in France. Jules Verne says that he has been fortunate in the friendship of Dumas and of an editor, Hetzel, who coached him, kept him in line, prevented him from making excursions in the domain of Balzac, ever since the day of his first novel, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," made him able to live by his pen. That was in 1862. Since then he has written fifty volumes, two every year.

SOURCES OF INSPIRATION.

Had he caught his inspiration from Edgar Poe, whose influence, in the vivid translations of Baudelaire, has been great on French men of letters? Were the impressions of the brothers de Poncourc in 1856 similar to his own? M. Verne said yes, that he owed much to Edgar Poe and much to Fenimore Cooper, of whom he is an ardent admirer.

His object was to write books that the young could read with profit. He had no pretensions to being a savant, a man of science.