

Fashion note—The favorite colors for 1899 are red, white and blue.

Porto Rico appears to be distinctly the good little girl among the Spanish orphan.

If Spain keeps up her present pace and direction she will soon be down to a size suitable to a boy king.

When a young man demonstrates that he has money to burn, some young woman always stands ready to furnish the match.

Adam Zad, of whom Rudyard Kipling wrote, must not be confounded with the notorious Adam Zapple of an earlier period.

If the men are not paying much attention to the correct trust it may be because it presses the other sex more closely than themselves.

Bernhardt, it appears, has witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius. She is sufficiently free from professional jealousy to admit it was a red-hot show.

The Minister of War in Belgium has ordered 25,000 patriotic song books distributed in the army. He proposes to make Belgium's foes sing snail.

As soon as the dismemberment of China can be accomplished without a war it may be said that the prospects for universal peace are really pretty fair.

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the tribute to Col. Waring of the New York overshoe dealer who sold the Colonel's street cleaning cut his sales in half.

It is presumed that England has placed that order with the shipbuilders on the Clyde merely to help enforce the Czar's proposal for disarmament if the nations assent to it.

What those Pacific islands need is a dash of American speed and energy. Think of a people who could waste the time of four syllables in pronouncing a six-lettered word like Hullo.

It was a modest Philadelphia maiden lady who in relating the story of a recent shipwreck told her friends that seven sailors were brought ashore by the life-savers in the pantaloons buoy.

It's proposed in Greece that no bachelors shall be allowed seats in the lower branch of the national congress. This may be because by their training they have less regard for the speaker of the house.

Spanish books will be admitted to Cuba free of duty for the next ten years. Let us hope that by that time the Cubans will be writing and printing books of their own that will represent the beginnings of a new literature.

Little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has again informed her ministers that she proposes to have a voice in governing her dominions, and those staid Dutchmen are learning that a woman's voice is one of the hardest things in the world to ignore.

With adequate compensation and assured permanency in the service men of talent would be induced to specially train themselves for consular work and devote their lives to it. Where we now have consuls who regard their places as mere sinecures given them as reward for political service or through the mediation of somebody with a "pull" at Washington, we should have men giving all their energies to the work with as much enthusiasm as if it were their chosen profession—and indeed, it would be under a proper system.

The powers, Russia included, impelled to further armament by the achievements of some one or two of them, are pursuing a circle from which they cannot safely step. Some day they will turn upon each other and collide, and after exhaustion and ruin have made it imperative for them to put every sound man at work they may consider a long truce or even an agreement to turn their wasted armies into police. But to think they will do so while in the flush and vigor of their quarrelsome military strength is to indulge in a millennial dream.

One of the model hotels for single men, built in New York City by D. O. Mills, and so managed that it promises to be self-supporting, is nine stories high and holds fifteen hundred and sixty sleeping rooms, all of which front the street or one of the open courts. It is elegantly finished and furnished, with every desirable improvement and comfort; and its patrons get bed and board, with the free use of library, reading-rooms and baths, for fifty to seventy-five cents a day. There is no bar, and a visitor gets the impression that the men are clean, orderly and self-respecting. The scheme of Mr. Mills includes three of these hotels, with the possibility of another for women.

Here is a story given in the New York Sun. Its pathos and its exhibition of a soldier's patriotic pride will appeal to feeling and to sympathy. When, on the battle-line, tidings came to Captain Capron of the regulars, announcing the death of his son, killed at Las Guasimas, he went, when duty permitted, to where the body lay. The dead soldier's hat was placed over his face. His poncho covered his body. Only the feet, clad in mud-clothed shoes, were visible. White-faced, but sternly erect, the father stood, gazing upon the last of three brave sons. Then, gently lifting the hat from the face of the dead, and looking at it with tearful eyes, he said, with proud tenderness, "Well done, my boy!" Soon replacing the hat, he strode off, with solitary earnestness, to where his duty lay, to die, a few months later, of disease contracted at Santiago.

Professor Charles E. Tripler, of Brooklyn, continues to have unbounded faith in the practical uses of liquefied

air as a substitute for steam and for high explosives. His recent announcement of his ability to manufacture liquid air cheaply and in large quantities is now further supplemented with the statement that he has invented a practical motor, by means of which the new force can be applied to all kinds of machinery. In its revolutionizing effects Professor Tripler's discoveries with liquid air stand in close rivalry with Tesla's claims in regard to his electric oscillator. Both men have still to give practical proof of their amazing claims, but their experiments are profoundly interesting for all that. Professor Tripler says his motor "requires only the perfection of a few mechanical details" in order to make it run railway trains, steamships, and factories. As liquid air has been demonstrated to possess from twenty to one hundred times the power of steam there can be no doubt as to its ability to supplant steam if once applied in a practical way. The few details which Mr. Tripler admits remain to be solved may prove to be larger obstacles than he imagines, but the enormous possibilities so nearly within his reach certainly ought to spur him on to success if anything can. If he can complete his motor it will assure a place for liquid air second in importance only to electricity itself. The use of liquid air as a refrigerating agency and as an explosive, as well as its application as a motive power for all sorts of machinery, presents such a multitude of important possibilities that the public will not fail to watch with keen interest the inventor's future progress.

There are those who would have us believe that men have degenerated in heroism since the old days of chivalry. Not so. There are not only more men of heroic courage to-day than ever before in the history of the world, but the number is greater in proportion to the population. Excluding our Deweys, Hobsons and other giants in warlike courage, there remain untold thousands in the humble walks of life who require only the opportunity to demonstrate the God-like heroism which is in them. Every daily newspaper brings to its readers stories of heroism as great, if not so momentous in their effects on history, as were ever immortalized in song or story. Two incidents of recent occurrence will serve as examples. Only a few days ago a locomotive fireman, sticking to his perilous post to the fatal climax, was plunged under his derailed locomotive in a railway wreck in Pennsylvania. His lower limbs were securely held by the great weight above them and he was powerless to free himself. The flames which enveloped the wreck drew gradually nearer him. Coolly he directed the efforts of those who were frantically working to rescue him until it became evident that all effort was fruitless. Then, instead of breaking out in lamentations and bemoaning his fate, he calmly shook hands with those nearest him, bade them good-by, drew his coat over his face and waited the coming of death in his most frightful manner. As the flames reached him there was an involuntary shudder of the helpless force, a calm "Good-by, boys!" and a hero had gone uncomplainingly to his reward. More recent and perhaps even more heroic is the case of William Carney, of Richmond, Ind. He was an engineer in the Richmond Rolling Mills. He was alone in the engine room, when he fell against a large gear wheel. One leg was torn completely from his body. Realizing that no one would come for hours and that disaster would certainly result if the fires under the boilers were left burning, this humble loco dragged himself fully fifty feet to the boiler room, turned off the natural gas, and died. When the machinery stopped other employees rushed to the engine room to ascertain the trouble and found the dead hero with a smile of exultation on his pallid face. Death had been sweetened by the thought of duty well performed and perhaps other lives saved. Talk of the heroes of old! We have their superiors with us to-day in every walk of life.

MARKED WITH BRAND OF CAIN.

Michigan Palmist Says Hands of Murderers Contain Proof of Guilt. Does the murderer bear the mark of crime in his hand? A palmist of Detroit, Mich., says yes, without equivocation. It is a peculiar, almost triangular mark in the middle of the palm, connected with what palmists call the heart line. He took casts of the hands of Adolph Luetger, convicted of murdering his wife in Chicago, and of Theodore Durrant, who was executed for the murder of two young women in San Francisco. In both of these he found the murderer's mark distinctly traced, and he has found it in other hands. He said: "Let the police authorities provide half a dozen criminals, one of whom shall be a convicted murderer—only he must be guilty beyond all question—and

submit the hands for my scrutiny. I do not ask to see the faces and figures of these criminals; only their hands. I will pick out the murderer's hand from the lot."

A Real Success. "That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?" "Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery. But it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do." It's a pity that death doesn't transfer its affections from a shining mark to the musing shark. Sometimes marriage is a failure, and sometimes it is only a run on the bank

HUNTING RABBITS.

Sport Abounds When Snow is Light and Air is Keen.

A rabbit hunt is a thing of yells and shouts and baying of hounds and wild excitement. About five hounds and a cur dog, four boys and a man and a light snow on the ground are the usual outfit. On the "erick" there are a lot of brush piles scattered about and is any amount of cover and brush and hiding places for the game. The hounds are put in and in about five minutes there is a grand bull-brawl and a deep bay from one of the old hounds, followed by the excited "yap" of the cur dog, and the game is afoot. Very much afoot, for he is covering the ground with long leaps and endeavoring to put as much space as possible between him and his pursuers. It is not a very long chase. The rabbit turns, dodges and finally nears where the man with the shotgun is standing. There is a sharp "bang" as the right-hand barrel is discharged and the rabbit keels over and is grabbed by one of the boys just before the foremost hound reaches the spot.

The forces now begin offensive operations. The cur dog is sent into the brush heaps and the boys climb up on top of the brush and thrash around, stamping on the limbs and making as much noise as possible. The cur squeezes around in the maze of brush and pretty soon the rabbits begin to move. The first gun is fired by the boy with the musket, who has stayed with the dogs. It is an awful roar and it misses the rabbit. But an officious hound who happens to be close by grabs the rabbit and the boy slides to the ground and snatches it from the hound. Then he "holers" triumphantly, "I got him!"

Then he gets on another pile of brush and starts to tramp around again. Meantime the hounds are nervously trying to make themselves small enough to get under the brush piles, but with poor success. It is the cur dog's lining and he is making the most of it. His eyes are snapping with excitement and he is full of nervous energy. Every hair on his back bristles with eagerness and his chief ambition is to catch just one rabbit all by himself. There are hurried slides under the brush, quick plunges and muffled barks, and the rabbits dodge the cur dog and dart out from under the brush heaps, only to be met by the accommodating hounds or a blast from a musket, and if they escape all those there is still the gantlet of the outer guard to pass. The hounds are jumping around among the brush piles, and whenever they nip a rabbit as it is driven out by the cur there is a squeal and a muffled growl from the hound and then a yell from the nearest boy. But the hounds do not worry the rabbit after he is dead; they drop him and wait until he is transferred to somebody's pocket.

After the clearing has been thoroughly overhauled there is a counting up to see the result, and late in the afternoon the party will be seen traveling slowly home, all of them, dogs, boys and man, thoroughly tired out. But over their shoulders and in their pockets are rabbits, as many as they can carry, and they are all serenely satisfied with the hunt. The boy whose musket went off accidentally does not say anything about it, for fear it might be urged against his carrying a gun at future hunts.

Rabbits adapt their habits to the locality in which they are raised, and this action on their part makes hunting them a question of geography, to a certain extent. In some portions of the country, where the ground is hilly, high and comparatively free from underbrush, rabbits can only be successfully



HUNTING RABBITS.

hunted with ferrets. They feed mostly at night and lie in holes in the daytime, and the hunter who traverses such a country with the best of rabbit dogs will have his labor for his pains. Neither with beagle nor greyhound will he be able to get a sight of a rabbit, unless he accidentally runs across a stray one, and that particular "bunny" will "hole up" as soon as the dogs get on their trail.

The only way to get rabbits in that kind of a country is to go after them with a ferret. The ferret is kept in a box until the grounds are reached and the hunters begin operations. It takes at least two persons to hunt rabbits with a ferret. If the thing is done properly, one man to handle and "room" the ferret, and the other to shoot the rabbits. A dog is sometimes taken along, but a dog is a nuisance under such circumstances. When a hole is found, the box or bag is opened and the ferret is coaxed out. He comes creeping from his hiding place, and apparently very reluctantly. When he is urged to go down and interview the lodgers he goes most unwillingly. After a wait of perhaps three or four minutes the tip of his nose appears at the other entrance to the burrow, and then a diplomatic dalliance commences with a view to getting the brute back into the box again. Some times he can be induced to get back to his quarters without much trouble, but at other times he gets crafty, and the hunters will sit around for half an hour or so trying to coax him to leave the hole. There are ferrets that will sometimes go down in a hole, grab a rabbit, gorge themselves with the prey, and then deliberately lie down and go to sleep, some six or eight feet below the surface. If there is a rabbit in the hole when

HON. NELSON DINGLEY.



The death of Nelson Dingley, Jr., father of the present tariff law, ex-Governor of Maine and Congressman since 1881, removes a prominent man from the political life of the nation. Nelson Dingley, Jr., was born in Durham, Me., in 1832. At an early age he began school teaching, meantime preparing himself for college. In 1851 he entered Waterville College, subsequently becoming a student at Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1855. He then studied law, but instead of taking up the active practice of his profession he entered journalism, becoming the owner and editor of the Lewiston Journal. In 1861, '62, '63 he represented Auburn in the State Legislature, being Speaker in 1863. In that year he removed to Lewiston and was again sent to the Legislature. In 1864 he was again Speaker of that body and declined the honor in two subsequent years. In 1873 Mr. Dingley was elected Governor and was re-elected the following year. In 1881 he went to Congress to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of William F. Frye and he had been continuously in that body since that time. He was a most influential member in the lower house, being latterly chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and floor leader of the Republicans. His tariff bill, to which as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee he gave his name, lent him additional fame.

A ferret is put in, the rabbit bolts out of the place in a hurry. He is in deadly fear of this creeping, rat-like little beast, and he comes out with a bound, and then the man with the gun usually bowls him over. Sometimes there are two or three rabbits in one hole, and the hunter may get rattled, and score clean misses. But the rabbits only scurry off to some other burrow, there to be hunted out again and shot at. The rabbit gets out of the hole so quickly that it is almost impossible to see him come. He is in the air the first you see of him, and he is away in an instant. Some stretches of country are riddled with these holes, and fifteen or twenty rabbits may be gotten in a day. The rabbits in this kind of ground are swift of foot, and usually in the fall and winter very fat. There is a great deal of uncertainty about this kind of hunting, for sometimes there have been other hunters there before, and every hole drawn is a blank. It is splendid exercise, though; the climbing up and down the steep hillsides and walking through the woods in crisp weather brings many sets of muscles into play, and the air is chock full of ozone.

Advantages of the Nicaragua Canal.

Capt. Crossinshield, writing in the Century of the "Advantages of the Nicaragua Canal," summarizes some of

from a photograph taken by a member of the party. In most parts of Africa bridges are undreamed of; big rivers are crossed by rafts and little ones forded. But in the mountains of Abyssinia the torrents that pour down to join the Nile are not so lightly stemmed. Over one of these the Abyssinians, who have something like a settled country and stable government, have thrown the bridge. Unlike the Brooklyn bridge or the suspension bridge at Niagara, these Abyssinian engineers had no cables, no scientific hands of steel. Instead they had only nature's force. It is built upon the suspension plan, hung from big cables made of twisted creepers; from these depend the uprights bearing the floor supports. The roadway is very narrow, for no one ever travels across the hills except with caravans of porters bearing trade goods. The skill with which the bridge is built is something marvelous. The Bonvalot de Bonchamps party set out from Djibouti, on the Red Sea, and traveled across the Somali desert and the Abyssinian hills to join Marchand at Fashoda, which he reached from the west coast. Thus they planned to throw a strip of French soil right across the dark continent. It reached the head waters of the Sobat and went beating merrily down the river; but meanwhile the British gunboats reached the junction of the Sobat with the White Nile and the expedition is now toiling back to Djibouti. The road going out is a good deal longer than it was going in.

Mortuary Relic. Mrs. Helen Struthers Dunn, of No. 723 Pine street, Philadelphia, is the owner of a curious relic, which is nothing less than a locket made from the coffin of George Washington. It came to Mrs. Dunn through her father, John Struthers, who gave to the United States the sarcophagus in which Washington's body now rests. When the coffin containing the body of the great American was being removed to Mount Vernon a little piece of it was chipped off, polished, then set in gold and fashioned into the strange ornament, which is itself coffin-shaped. Instead of a name-plate there is a little piece of glass, and beneath this rests a lock of hair said to be taken from the head of the famous revolutionary leader. This relic and the trowel that was used to cement the sarcophagus lie side by side in Mrs. Dunn's treasure drawer.

After looking at her troubles up one way and down the other, a woman decides there is no other thing to do but put them on her shoulders, and trudge along. A man, however, will put them in a bucket and kick them over. Which is the better way? Queer Names for Women. The wives of some of the Indian braves have names as odd and often as droll as their husbands. They seem to have cognomens of their own, too, and not to take those of their spouses only. Some of the actual names given in a census of the family of the scouts at one place include Mrs. Short Nose, who was before her marriage Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, formerly Miss Short Face; Mrs. Nibbs, formerly Miss Young Bear; Mrs. White Crow, formerly Miss Crook Pipe; Mrs. Howling Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; also Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Wolf, and Miss Osage, daughter of Mr. Hard Case. An hour-glass is the kind some men prefer. Cold weather contracts ice bills and expands coal bills.

WORLD'S STRANGEST BRIDGE.

It is Built of Vines Over the Omo River in Abyssinia. Many strange were the things seen by the French expedition of Bonvalot de Bonchamps in Africa, but nothing stranger than the bridge of vines over the Omo River, in Abyssinia, which is pictured in "Illustration"



A MARVELOUS BRIDGE.

Perilous Experience Upon the Open Prairie in the West. George F. Ruxton gives, in "Adventures in the Rocky Mountains," a thrilling description of a night spent on the open prairie in a blizzard. The advent of the storm was sudden and terrible. Black, threatening clouds descended until they touched the earth; a hollow murmur swept through the bottom, but not a branch stirred in the wind; the naked cottonwoods stood like ghosts. I knew what was coming, and turned my horse toward the timber two miles distant. Before we had covered half the distance the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hailstones, beating on my head and face, almost stunned me. My hunting shirt was soaked in an instant and my horse was frozen hard, and my horse was a mass of icicles. To ride was impossible, and I jumped off and covered my head with the saddle blanket. The horse and the following mules turned their stems to the wind, and made for the open prairie. I was unable to drive them to the shelter of the timber. Perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I followed or rather was blown after them. My blanket, frozen stiff, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent its being blown away. In an incredibly short time two feet of snow covered the bare prairie, and through this we floundered on till we could go no farther. The animals stopped, huddled together, and would not move. Exhausted, I sank down, and covering my head with the blanket crunched like a ball in the snow, expecting certain death. The wind roared over the prairie, driving the snow before it, burying me and the animals. For hours I remained with my head on my knees, with the snow pressing like a weight of lead upon it. At short intervals the mules would groan aloud and fall upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs. All night long the piercing howl of the wolves was borne upon the wind. I was just sinking into a stupor when the mules began to snort and shake themselves. I roused up, but was in total darkness, buried under the snow. I thrust out my arm, and through the opening saw the stars shining in the sky. The storm had ceased. I tried to stand, but fell forward in the snow. Finally I freed myself, managed to mount my horse, and reached the camp on the Arkansas that evening, half dead with cold and hunger.

Egyptian Dislike of the French. The Frenchman in Egypt is an unpleasant person from the native point

OUEL WITH SNAKES IN INDIA.

Rival Hindoo Serpent Charmers in a Blood-Curdling Scene.

On the morrow (which was the third day) there was a long delay; the prologue was spun out and out. Each of the masters was in a very keen anxiety as to the snake the other had been reserving for the great effort. At last Souter came to the end of his patience, and bade them peremptorily play or pay. Thereupon Anant Ram set a small cloth on the ground very gently, and called loudly to have the first go. The "Lord of Devils" did not stand upon the order of his going, agreed on the instant; and his two pupils turned up a large basket in the middle of the ring, and shook out of it about nine feet of that poisonous constrictor, the great hamadryad, or king cobra. It is the only snake in India that attacks of itself at all times. Its ferociousness and courage are only equalled by the brightness of its colorings and the strength of its coils. It can poison as mortally and strangle as surely as any snake in the world. The Egyptian cerastes attacks and bites; the fer-de-lance of St. Lucia drops from the tree, vicious and fatal, on the horseman. But they are not constrictors. The great hamadryad rears its green length of active, two-fold, ferocious death in unparalleled dreadfulness.

Anant Ram threw up his arms over his head as the double horror rushed hissing at him; in a breath its coils were around him, its fangs tearing his arms. He flung himself down at the pain; and, put about by this sudden act, the snake stopped biting a moment to tighten its coils. Then it reared a quarter of its body above his head, and as quickly as it could bend and strike bit him horribly in the neck under the left ear. On the instant it jerked out its fangs with a shrill whistle, and fell all slack about him; he had bitten clean through its back, and was wearing its body asunder with frothing hands. He rose bleeding, dusty, wild-eyed, and ghastly; staggered to the cloth that hid his snake and yelled: "Quick! to the trial! All three of you! Quick!"

The "Lord of Devils" and his pupils hustled round him; he whipped away the cloth, and bared to their eyes a little, crooked, gray-brown stick. They stared at it, they stared at one another, and slowly knowledge came to them. They knew how Anant Ram had conquered the hamadryad; that he had won the devils to fight for him. They moved around the little stick, with outstretched, twitching hands, their starting eyes glued to it, striving to beat down their greed, to force themselves to touch it, to awake it to malignant life. Slowly their dread mastered them; their faces grew gray and then green; one man gave back a step, then another; one by one they tore away their eyes from the dormant horror; glared at one another in the agony of utter fear; turned with one accord, and fled—fled as men flee with the fear of death at their backs, and the devils of the lone night and the waste on their heels. But Anant Ram lay, heedless of the screaming joy of the victorious Panjab, sucking the blood of the dead hamadryad for dear life, while his pupils, in fevered haste, plied him with remedy on remedy. In the confusion Souter secured yet more material to make surer his discoveries, and to render this mystery of the East a working medicine against the terror of the serpent. Anant Ram came out of it alive, and rich; but he swears that in winning his great fight he lost the secret of ages. He dreads Souter as he dreads nothing else; and to him alone will he reveal the mysteries of his craft.—Pall Mall Magazine.

NIGHT IN THE STORM.

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On the 9th of last September an immense sunspot which, with its attendant smaller spots, had unexpectedly made its appearance more than a week before, crossed the central meridian of the sun's disk, and that same night magnificent displays of the aurora borealis were seen. At the same time magnetic needles were disturbed. This is one of the most striking instances in recent years of the connection between spots on the sun and magnetic disturbances on the earth. While the great spot was crossing the sun, uncommonly warm weather for the season was experienced on both sides of the Atlantic, and some have suggested that this, too, was a phenomenon connected directly with the solar disturbance.

One on the Recter.

The little daughter of a local clergyman has reached the age where big words are apt to do her, and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother. Not long ago she came running in to her father. "Papa, papa, George called me names." "Why, what did George say?" "Oh," said the little girl with a strong expression of disgust, "he said I preached what I preached. I don't, do I?" "Well, my child, I—"

Unaccountable.

Among the several unaccountable things which one sees in Russia, one is struck forcibly with the differences in shop signs in the large cities. It appears that the Jews are made to write their names out in full, giving the Jewish form of their given names instead of those actually in use by them, while the signs of the Gentiles bear only the initials.

There is one thing about a boiling piece of meat—there is always enough of it. There is never enough steak.

Marriage will change a woman's name, but it seldom alters her nature.

of view. French artists, wandering from place to place in search of subjects for their paintings, carry with them, in addition to their artistic paraphernalia, their own peculiar notions of civilization. The Arab Sheikh, who with dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab sheik, who passing along the village street, with only her lustrous eyes visible above her flowing veil, is favored with a stare the like of which cannot be conceived by his own chivalrous country. The little children of five or six years, who roam and stare at the wonderful stranger, and who get in his way, are whacked with the Frenchman's stick. The dogs of the native villages, which for protection are trained to sleep in the daytime and keep awake in the night, know them, and hate them. At intervals through the night these dogs bark and howl in a desultory fashion, calling to their canine friends and relatives in other little villages a mile or two away. If the dogs fall asleep the Arabs stir and awaken in the unaccustomed silence. Then they think their dogs cannot be keeping a proper lookout, and getting up, they arouse them, and the monotonous yap-yap-yapping is resumed.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The turning back of the waters of the Red Sea by a strong wind, as told in Exodus, was repeated last spring in presence of Major Tullock, who has reported the facts to the British Government. A wind arose so violent that it drove all the waters back, leaving all the sailing vessels stranded on the sandy bed of the sea.

Electric power derived from the waterfalls of Tivoli, which constitute one of the most famous gems of Italian scenery, is now transmitted about fifteen miles across the Campagna to illuminate Rome and to drive the tramcars, whose presence in the streets of the Eternal City is so striking a reminder of the universality of modern practical science.

Some plants stow away starch material in their leaves, seeds or roots for future use. The slow chemical combination of this substance with oxygen is a form of combustion, and produces warmth. It is by this means that the tiny Alpine flower is able to melt a passage for itself up through the ice, and find its way to liberty and sunshine.

In Bavaria an effort has been made to improve into commerce what may be termed solidified petroleum. Soda lye, fat and petroleum are heated together for an hour, and give a soap-like product, which solidifies on cooling. Sawdust or other combustible may be mixed with the material, and it can be made into bricks for fuel. It would give a very smoky flame.

Among the most wonderful monsters of the Age of Reptiles was the Ichthyosaurus, or "fish lizard." Last summer a very perfect specimen was discovered in a quarry at Stockton, in Warwickshire, England. The creature is twenty feet in length, its head alone being almost four feet long. The Ichthyosaurus possessed gigantic eyes, whose lenses could be focused at will for different distances. It hunted its prey in the sea.

An instrument has been made in England to be sent to Japan. Its use is to measure the blow of a wave. A similar apparatus was used to measure the wave-blow off the Skerryvore Rock, Scotland. There the waves sweep in from the wide Atlantic. In summer a force of over 600 pounds to the square foot was recorded. In winter as high as a ton to the square foot was attained. This gives an idea with what ships, lighthouses and other similar structures have to contend.

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