

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall find it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rest will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
As, none shall sail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

Aye the Same.

THEY were two happy ghost lovers, and they had slipped down to earth again to see how it fared with earth-bound lovers now.

"Does it not seem strange, dearest," asked the girl ghost softly, as they floated along, hand in hand, just above the busy, material city of Chicago, "that we were once bound to this narrow earth, and had to depend upon mere words for exchanging thoughts and opinions?"

"Do you remember, my darling," was the counter-question of the man ghost, "how we once quarreled and were estranged and unhappy for many months because we depended upon mere words for communication and misunderstood the meaning of the tricky things?"

"Poor children! How silly we were, and yet how helpless," sighed the girl ghost, pityingly; "things are easier for us in the Land of Shades."

"I wonder do other mere earth lovers have the same troubles now?" she asked, a little later.

"Yes, dearest, always," was the man's answer.



ONCE I ACTED AS YOU ARE DOING.

The man's smiling answer. "We may be sure of it. Love's ways are aye the same."

"If we find any of them in trouble let us help them," said the girl ghost, eagerly. "I could be unhappy and sorrowful now, if I had not forgotten how to think of what and how we suffered during that terrible estrangement."

"Dearest! What should we have done, how should we have borne it, had not one helped us to understand each other? I could not have waited until I came up here!"

"There was no need," said the man ghost, tenderly, "our love was too strong to let us stay apart."

And for a moment the shadowy lips and arms met and were mingled, just as though the earth still bound them, while the shadowy hearts beat near together. For love's ways are aye the same—for ghosts and humans.

They were floating over a pretty suburb—the suburb where she had lived, and where they had made love together. On the same veranda where this had happened—ah, how long ago!—other lovers—earth lovers—were sitting, gently and a little apart. The ghost lovers read the unuttered thoughts which kept the girl's eyes stern and yet fearful and the man's lips tense.

"If he really loved me he would see that I am not cross, but only troubled, and he would comfort me with loving words and caresses."

So ran the troubled meditation of the girl.

"If she really loved me she would be that I am worried to death over business matters, and that I need just little soothing and comforting myself."

So the man was thinking, moodily.

"I think I will say good-night," he said aloud, a moment later, and his eyes were cold as the heart of winter. "Must you go so early?" and her face was just as cold.

He rose immediately and had gone half way down the steps, without uttering any farther farewell, before the lost lovers fully realized all that was happening. Wrapped in the varied recollections called up by the little scene and the surroundings they were standing, motionless but hand in hand, still behind the earth curtain, thinking, thinking. Now they started forward, simultaneously, and whispered in the ears of the unhappy, misguided earth lovers.

"Once, a long time ago, I acted as you are doing, and my heart nearly broke in consequence."

"Thus the ghost man to his earth lover."

"Once, a long time ago, I let my love go lightly, as you are doing, and was sad for many months."

"This from the ghost girl to her earth lover."

"Think! What if you should never meet together, really, truly, in heart and soul, again?"

So whispered both ghosts, earnestly. The earth lovers turned suddenly and looked upon each other.

"Dear heart! What is the matter with us both this evening?" they cried, next.

Next moment both had taken a step toward the other. Another instant and their hands were clasped, the ghost lovers gently lifting and pushing the reluctant fingers into place. When the girl's head went down on the man's shoulder and the man's arm went tenderly around the girl's waist, the ghost lovers looked at each other and smiled.

"Apply. For love's ways are aye the same, in all times and places."

"Kiss her, kiss her!" murmured the ghost to the masculine earth lover.

ONE OF THE CUDAHY LETTERS.

The original letter, telling Mr. Cudahy where to "deposit" the \$25,000 in gold to insure the return of his son, was written in the same style as the one here shown. This facsimile of the writing is identical in all the letters thus far received by Mr. Cudahy from the supposed kidnappers, and, strange to say, these letters were all mailed in Omaha except the first, which was left on the lawn in front of the millionaire's residence.

A letter printed with a lead pencil was received by Mr. Cudahy last week, demanding the withdrawal of the offer of a reward for the kidnappers. The fact that the address was printed in similar style to the other ones gave rise to the suspicion before it was opened that it was from the same source, but Mr. Cudahy pronounced it an imitation, and did not attach the slightest significance to it. It was mailed in the Omaha postoffice.

The letter demanded withdrawal of the Cudahy offer of reward and of the city's offer as well under penalty not only of trouble for the children, but the destruction of the entire "Cudahy family." The epistle closed with an injunction to "head this warning."

"Say something kind and loving," whispered the girl ghost to the other maiden.

Then, when their soft commands had been obeyed, all unknowingly, and all was well between the earth lovers, they joined hands once more and floated off sweetly, their shadowy hearts beating close together.

"They are happy," said the girl ghost, half wistfully, as they soared upward. "So are we," said the man ghost, softly, and they drew even more closely together.

Then they looked back and the lovers were embracing.

"Love's ways are aye the same," said both ghosts, smiling.

WIDOW LOVED THE BANDMASTER

Wedding Notes that Will Buy More than Those of a Cornet's Silver Throat.

No more will Thomas G. Bent, who was wont to play in Gilmore's band, be compelled to blow notes from the silver throat of a cornet. The new Mrs. Bent will supply all the notes necessary in the family, for it is said Mr. Bent's marriage portion is \$15,000 a year. A good many men could love for less than that. Six years ago Bent, who was leader of the Old Guard band, eloped with Isabelle Nixon, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of note. Seven months ago she died. Then he met Mrs. Albert Wyckoff, a widow of a year, and worth several million dollars. She is 50 years old.



MRS. BENT, NEW WYCKOFF.

and a score of years his senior, but they loved and were married at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, and have gone abroad for the winter. Before they left the groom declared: "I ought to have waited a year before marrying, but Mrs. Wyckoff couldn't arrange to get away then."

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.

Electric Engine Expected to Run 120 Miles an Hour.

The development of electrification, particularly that part dealing with the application of electricity as motive power for railroad trains, has made remarkable progress in Germany recently. In April a series of tests with electrical locomotives was begun on the branch line between Gessundbrunn and Lagerhof, Prussia, which have proved so successful that they promise a complete revolution in the transportation system of Germany and of the world in general. That line was chosen because it offered the greatest number of difficulties in the form of curves, crossings, and steep grades. An alternating current of 12,000 volts is supplied by overhead wires and is reduced to one-twelfth of its tension by the commutator placed upon the locomotive. Water power is used to generate the required electricity. The greatest practical speed of steam locomotives is about sixty miles an hour, while with the new electrical locomotive, it is expected to reach a velocity of 120 miles. The cost of running a locomotive with steam power is estimated at \$7 a day, while the cost of running one of the new electrical railroad motors is only \$4.25 a day. Similar experiments have been made on other lines in Germany and in Italy.



ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

ber of difficulties in the form of curves, crossings, and steep grades. An alternating current of 12,000 volts is supplied by overhead wires and is reduced to one-twelfth of its tension by the commutator placed upon the locomotive. Water power is used to generate the required electricity. The greatest practical speed of steam locomotives is about sixty miles an hour, while with the new electrical locomotive, it is expected to reach a velocity of 120 miles. The cost of running a locomotive with steam power is estimated at \$7 a day, while the cost of running one of the new electrical railroad motors is only \$4.25 a day. Similar experiments have been made on other lines in Germany and in Italy.

Washington Relics.

One of the most interesting relics in the National Museum at Washington is the camp chest used by Washington

Gravedigger Lost His Job.

"When I was a boy," said the veteran, as he puffed on his strong cigar after dinner, "I remember there was an awful scandal in our town—a little country place—because a temporary gravedigger, who had been hired to do the work when the regular hand was ill, buried a man with his feet to the west. Ours was a religious, as well as a superstitious, town. Among the older people there was a well-grounded belief that a person must be interred with his feet to the east, so that when Gabriel's trumpet should sound for the final awakening the dead should be able to face the angel on arising. The new gravedigger couldn't have known the tradition or he would not have done in the face of superstition and buried his victim with his feet to the west. The thing made such a scandal that they actually disinterred the body and turned the coffin around so that the dead man should rest in the right position. Of course, the new gravedigger lost his job. I don't know that I have thought of the incident for a long time, until I had to go to Woodlawn cemetery a short time ago to attend the burial of a friend. Then, for the first time, it dawned on me that there had been a change in the superstition, and that it had probably been wholly lost to sight, as have so many of the old ones. I noticed that the direction in which bodies are buried now seems to be settled by the direction of the path in front of the plat you own; that is, that interments are made with the feet pointing toward the path, no matter in what compass direction they may point."—New York Times.

Long Neck.

One of Philadelphia's most distinguished portrait painters asserts that the necks of American women are becoming longer and more slender year by year. The high collar, he declares, is responsible for it. All the life studies and portraits of women seen at studios' exhibits demonstrate this. "I know a man," he said the other day, "who took a tape measure to the last exhibit at the academy of fine arts and succeeded in getting data for a comparison of women's necks painted ten years ago, five years ago and at the present time. He claims that the average feminine neck has become elongated to the extent of nearly an inch during the last five years."

The Useful Atheist.

James Balfour, member of the legislative council of Victoria, is said to be a man without a single redeeming vice. When a discussion arose in Melbourne about the iniquity of cooking dinners on the Sabbath he publicly announced that, though he had hot potatoes for the principal meal on that day, they were cooked by an atheist who lived next door.—Sydney Bulletin.

Quakers in Parliament.

The Quakers are the most largely represented community in the British Parliament. There are only 18,000 members of that sect, and they have eight M. P.'s.

Orange Leaf.

A single leaf of an orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

HANDLESS BUT HANDY

ARMLESS PEOPLE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED DIFFICULT FEATS.

Individuals Minus Upper Limbs Have Become Famous Artists, Dextrous Penmen, Expert Musicians and Artisans.

That success in art is not the monopoly of such as are dowered with the normal number of limbs is conclusively proved by the skill of Miss Kapin, a Swiss artist, who, though without arms, has made a name for herself with her portraits and bas-reliefs, and of the Belgian painter, recently deceased, whom many of us have doubtless seen at work in the Antwerp picture gallery copying the works of the old masters there on view.

Other armless artists, too, have acquired fame, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Biffen, who earned a living as a miniature painter. Originally on exhibition at Bartholomew fair, she was seen by the Earl of Morton, who took her under his patronage and paid for her artistic education. She was a favorite of George IV. and William IV. the latter of whom allowed her a small pension.

Turning to earlier armless celebrities, mention must be made of John Valerius, born in Germany in 1667, who was capable of performing many surprising feats. He could shave himself, play on the drum, fence with much skill, and, in short, use his toes with as much adroitness as most men can their hands. He possessed, however, a modern rival in the person of Herr Unthan, whom many will remember as exhibiting himself a few years ago in London, where he surprised large audiences with his marvelous feats.

Matthew Buckinger, who was born at Nuremberg seven years later than Valerius, was but a mere trunk, possessing neither arms nor legs. Despite his natural disadvantages, however, he is said to have been an excellent performer on the flute, bagpipe and trumpet, while his sketches—landscape, figures and coats of arms—were executed with a pen, were equal to the most finished engravings. His calligraphy, of which examples are still extant, would have done credit to the most expert writing master, and, indeed, he was able to make no inconsiderable income by the sale of these specimens of his skill.

He figured likewise in the not very invidious role of wife beater, for on one occasion he gave up his wife, who was married four times, to him, he sprang upon her, got her down, and buffeted her so severely with his stumps that she was glad to escape further chastisement by promising amendment in the future—a promise that she faithfully kept.

Equally marvelous were the feats of William Kingston, who at the commencement of the present century resided at Ditcham, near Bristol, where he cultivated a small farm. He could, without other aid than that of his toes, saddle and bridle his horse, milk his own cows, cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. He was an excellent carpenter, too, and had acquired no little renown as a hammer thrower, being able with his feet to cast a heavy sledge hammer as far as most men could with their hands.

Very expert, too, is Caleb Orion, an American, though in his case his skill has brought him within the clutches of the law, for though without hands he contrived to forge a postal money order. For that nefarious purpose he employed his mouth, and although the authorities were at first incredulous and doubted the truth of his confession, he soon put the matter beyond doubt by ocular demonstration.

Gripping the pen between his teeth, he, by means of a series of rapid movements of a series of rapid movements of his head, executed one of those elaborate designs of birds, beasts and scroll work in which writing experts delight, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody present his undoubted culpability.

AT THE END OF 2000 A. D.

What One Writer Predicts Will Happen a Century Hence.

The twentieth century is to be the century of change; science, which is going at the trot, will then go at the gallop, says a writer in London Truth. We think we know much; those who will live 100 years hence will wonder we knew so little.

The following is a premature quoted from the Daily Cinematograph of Dec. 31, 2000:

"On the eve of the twenty-first century it will be in the minds of many to contrast the present with the past. All are aware that gigantic strides have been made recently in the direction of progress, but few realize that only a hundred years ago men traveled in trains over the land and in ships over the water; that they communicated with each other by telegraph; that their streets and houses were lit with gas or with an early adaptation of electricity; that coal was used in almost every household; that hundreds of millions were spent in taking instead of in saving life; that the soldier was more honored than the surgeon; that well-dressed women wore furs in the day while the sun was shining and half-stripped themselves in the evening and that it was not generally acknowledged that one of the most important of duties is to enjoy the legitimate pleasures of this expensively designed world."

"Only a century ago selfishness and superstition still bound our predecessors, but science has removed these bonds from us. As we walk in the silent streets and look upon the smokeless sky, where thousands of aerial cars, cars and carriages hurry hither and thither, we wonder how man can have lived without flying. Even yet we are surrounded by a decaying past. Underground London is said to be honeycombed with tunnels in which trains run up to fifty years ago! In many parts of the country telegraph and telephone poles still stand with dangling wires, though wireless telephony has long since superseded those older methods of communication. Builders occasionally come upon leaden piping through which gas was conducted when gas was an illuminant. At

Plymouth the government retains from a sentimental motive a fleet of ironclads, though electricity long ago made warfare on the water impossible.

"Perhaps the most striking feature of modern civilization is that there are no ugly women. The improved conditions of life, the place which legitimate enjoyment has in the modern scheme of existence, the extinction of many forms of disease, and the rational attitude of mind of the average woman have worked wonders. No modern playwright would think of elaborating a plot in which married life was presented as having a dark side, for the woman of to-day is a joy in her own house, and not only in the homes of others, as there is reason to believe was the case a hundred years ago. Everywhere we see peace, prosperity, progress, and it is therefore with feelings of the utmost gratitude that we watch the departing hours of the twentieth century."

Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford, was once importuned by a woman who, knowing his experience of the Holy Land, kept on asking him what places she ought to visit, as she was starting on a trip to Palestine. After answering topographical questions without number, he was again asked: "But, really, what place would you advise me to go to?" "To Jericho, madam," said the bishop, sweetly.

A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout "Extras" every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a disadvantage, he carried a large card in front of him, on which he had roughly written: "Hush! Noise is a nuisance. I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same!" It did not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passers-by.

In her book on "Some Players," Amy Leslie says that Edwin Booth's detestation of "Richard III." was frank and incurable. One night, when in the most magnificent instant of Richard, a super lot in a writhing, squirming attack, which set the entire audience laughing, Booth said, quietly, after the fall of the curtain, amid shouts of misguided laughter, "What was the matter, captain?" The trembling captain, over-reliantly that one of his twenty-five cent men had been seized in time, and employ one whose fists may not interfere with Richard, Richard is unendurable enough without the addition of rented fists.

The desire of the inhabitants of Sing Sing to change the name of the town recalls a somewhat similar desire on the part of the inhabitants of the town of Rugeley, England, to a correspondent of the New York Times. A man named Palmer had made Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated, and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided. "What do you say," said he, "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight, and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston. The town is still known as Rugeley.

When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nahant, near the close of her life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist, of her own sex, who opened a formidable notebook and demanded: "At what hour do you work, madame?" "I never work," replied George Sand, gayly. "Ho! But your books? When do you make them?" "They make themselves, morning, evening, and night." "This was bad," but the British lady, although deficient in grace, did not lack grit, and said: "What is your own favorite, may I ask, among your novels?" "Olympia," returned George Sand, with a beaming smile. "Olympia? I do not know that one." Perhaps I have not yet written it! and the victimized author beat a hasty retreat, much amused as she looked back, and saw that her nonsense was being duly jotted down in the formidable notebook.

Dr. Johnson's Regard for Truth.

It was said of Dr. Johnson that he always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of lying or prevaricating in the slightest degree, and would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he was. "A servant's strict regard for the truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. If I accustomed my servant to tell a lie for me he will tell the truth for himself?" A strict adherence to the truth the doctor considered as a sacred obligation, and in relating the smallest anecdote he would not allow himself the minutest addition to embellish his story.

Mistaken Identity.

Attorney—You say you had called to see Miss Billings and was at the house at the time the burglary was committed?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—How did it happen that when the prisoner dashed into the room and assaulted you you leaped through the window and went home, making no attempt to defend the lady or give the alarm?

"I thought it was her father,"—Hartford Times.

Booths in Berlin.

Booths are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact that it is one of the duties of German servant girls to shine shoes in the household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are booths at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

What a Failure Most of us make of Life.

mean or small about the giant. He didn't give the boy 3 cents and pass on, nor 3 cents to bother him a little, and then give him a quarter; but he'd just hand him down five passes to the show, one for each boy.

"Of course, he couldn't have done anything that would give the boys more pleasure. And the whole business was a great experience for them. They got passes to the show, and they got them from the giant, and they were easily the star bootblacks in the town, for they had just successfully completed the greatest job in their line that anybody had ever heard of. It was fun, all this, for the great giant, but I don't believe any of us could compute, if we tried, the deep-down joy it gave the bootblacks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Science and Invention

Telephonic communication has been established between St. Michael and Nome by means of a temporary submarine cable. The toll is \$2 for ten words.

It has been demonstrated by actual experiments, observes Science and Industry, that many of our wild forest plants produce seeds that when buried in the earth retain vitality for ten to thirty years.

Recently an institution was opened in Belgium for the alleged cure of tuberculosis by the exclusive raw meat diet. After a trial of a few months the experiment was abandoned, as it was found that there was no efficacy in the Richey cure.

Various scientific departments in England recently held a conference in which they sought to obtain government powers for protecting the delicate instruments in the Kew and Greenwich observatories from any magnetic disturbances that arise from the working of electric tramways and railways in their vicinity.

The humming noise produced by the bees and flies expresses a musical notation. Thus the common house fly often produces the sound F. In order to do this the creature must vibrate its wings 21,120 times a minute or 335 times a second. The honey bee frequently produces the sound A, and vibrates its wings 26,400 times a minute or 440 times a second. In this way one can ascertain the number of vibrations the little creatures are producing with their wings by finding out what note they are humming.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon, F. R. S., proposes to make a balloon ascent during one of the thick, impenetrable fogs which visit London during the winter months. He proposes to ascend to the higher limits of the fog and to explore scientifically its constitution. He also proposes to discharge small cartridges of gunpowder at great heights, in order to ascertain whether the concussion will dislodge or disperse the fog in any way. He has carried out several experiments with similar cartridges for acoustical purposes, at varying altitudes.

Mr. E. N. Buxton, in discussing the question of the preservation of big game in Africa, points out the great difficulty of protecting elephants, on account of the high market value of their tusks, and then avers that personally he is opposed to the destruction of elephants at all, on the ground that, valuable as they are for their ivory, they might be still more valuable as weight carriers. The idea of employing elephants as domestic animals of burden is not new, and many have testified to the patient and effective manner in which they apply their enormous strength in the service of man.

An age as great as 5,000 years has sometimes been ascribed to the giant trees of California. Prof. Charles E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, regards this estimate as very much exaggerated. He says that he once counted with great care the rings of growth of a tree felled in 1853, and which was fully 24 or 25 feet in diameter, so that its stump served as a floor of a dancing pavilion. The rings numbered 1,147, and that number would represent the age of the tree in years. Prof. Bessey adds that he has gravely doubts whether any of the existing trees approach the age of 2,000 years.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Giant Has a Little Fun on His Own Account with Bootblacks.

"Sometimes," said the old circus man, "the greatest of all giants would have a little fun on his own account; maybe with the bootblacks. I don't suppose that anything ever teased a bootblack, probably he'd offer to black the boots of a man tall as a church steeple and with shoes as big as the meeting house if one came his way; but, anyhow, the bootblacks used to offer to black the giant's shoes when the great man took his walk through the town, just as they would offer to black any man's."

"Sometimes the giant would look down on the boy and then at his own shoes, and then back up against the sidewalk of some building somewhere, where there was room and no awnings in the way, and get his shoes blacked. The giant always considered it a sort of joke on the boys to accept their offer, but the boys never appeared to be put out by it; on the contrary, they were always ready, as they would have been, as I said, if he had been twice as big. And it was more fun to see the way they would shake a stick at the way they went at it, and the giant enjoyed this as much as anybody."

"Of course, no one box would support the giant's foot, unless he balanced it on it very carefully, and the boy that got the job always, invariably, called in other boys—all the bootblacks in that town were sure to be right around there, and I've often seen the bootblacking boxes under one of the giant's feet at one time, and five boys at work on that one shoe. They'd get the giant to raise that foot, and then they'd put four boxes under the sole and one by itself under the heel. And then they'd get at it. The boy with the heel box would stay at that end and black the heel and rear end of the shoe. The boys, one on each side, with the two boxes under the sole nearest the shank of the shoe, would work on the sides of the shoe from the shank up, and the two boys with the boxes at the forward end, one of these always being the boy that had struck the job, would bang away on the upper."

"With so many of 'em at it at once they'd make a fairly quick job of it, notwithstanding the size of the giant's shoes, and when they'd got through the four boys that had been called in would shoulder their kits and step away, unconcerned as could be, and the boy that had got the job would shoulder his kit and wait for his pay. Three cents was the price of a shine in those days—this was before the war—and I don't doubt the boy would have taken 3 cents for this job and never said boo. But there was nothing

YELLOW MEN IN SIBERIA.

Chinese Are Said to Be Overflowing Into Asiatic Russia.

Recent investigations have shown that while the white emigration to Siberia has been considerable, it has been neither permanent nor beneficial. In 1899, according to a recent consular report, it amounted to 223,981 souls, but in the first six months of the same year over 50,000 returned penniless to Russia, having failed to find a livelihood. Those who remained are described as pauperized by their privileges and doing little or nothing to develop the country. On the other hand, the Chinese are everywhere overrunning the land. As the white man either objects to work altogether or requires excessive wages, Chinese labor has become a necessity. On all the public works it is employed, being paid less than half the price of white labor.

In the wake of the workman comes the Chinese peddler, and even the Chinese merchant. The movement is fed by an immigration and colonization scheme founded by the Chinese government in Manchuria and Mongolia, which has proved far more successful than the similar Russian organization in Siberia. At one time it was thought that, owing to the facility with which the Russians consorted with Asiatics, the result of this immigration would be the Slavizing of the Chinese. It now seems more probable that the Chinese will absorb the Slavs. A very distinguished Russian traveler told me last year that on the frontier the Russian colonists had already forgotten their own tongue, while in Irkutsk a pigeon Russian is freely spoken. "In short," he added, "while we Russians have been meditating the political conquest of China, the Chinese have begun the economic conquest of Siberia." The worst of it is that Russia has no remedy at hand, for she cannot exclude Chinese immigration without compromising the economic progress of Siberia and abandoning her friendly policy at Peking.—Fortnightly Review.

AMERICANS ARE FAR AHEAD

Machinists of This Country Have No Equals in Any Other Land.

One of the greatest obstacles to the general introduction of American machine tools into continental Europe is the ignorance of the average European machinist. This is especially true of the higher classes of machine tools. The intelligence which enables an American mechanic to understand and operate a machine seems to be dormant or entirely wanting in his European brother. The American manufacturer quotes the sales manager of one of the leading manufacturing companies of machine tools in this country as saying: "Install a fine machine in a shop on the continent, and unless the maker has sent with it from the works an expert to break the donkey into the use of it the chances are three to one that the perfect mechanism will be a wreck inside of forty-eight hours after the power is applied to it. Accustomed to work with tools that are crude and simple, compared with the ingenious and intricate American inventions, the operating machinists of Europe are slow to comprehend the latter and often do them a lot of damage by stupid handling. These facts are so well recognized by our machine tool builders that when giving an estimate on any considerable amount of work care is had to add enough to the price to cover the sending of a man, or men, to install the machines and stay with them until they have proved their merits."

Quenched.

Knowledge of any sort being built on study and research, the pretender to its possession generally has a short rope. An illustration in point comes from the "Memoirs of Baron Stockman."

A friend of the baron's went to an evening party at Frankfurt, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz, who was somewhat inclined to pose as a scientist. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people, and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished.

When he arrived at his friend's house he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken a party to the top of the building to see what he supposed to be the aurora borealis, learnedly dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, etcetera.

"Have you seen the beautiful aurora?" he said to Stockman's friend.

"Certainly!" was the reply. "I was there myself. It will soon be out."

During the explanation which followed Herr von Radowitz quietly stole away.

Things the X-Ray Can't See.

There are many curious things about X-rays which seem to puzzle even the scientists. Signor Briguitti, who has been making experiments with them at Rome, says that the visibility of a substance to the eye is no criterion of its visibility to the X-rays. The rays cannot see through glass, which is transparent to the eye, whereas aluminum, which is opaque to the eye, is transparent to the X-rays. The rays can see a splinter of glass in the hand, but not a splinter of wood. Most inks are transparent to the X-rays, including printer's ink, but some of them are opaque. The rays can see through a postoffice directory, but if a paper with words written on it be put in the middle of the directory the rays will reveal these words and nothing behind them.