Science and Invention

An ingenious chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth about $18,300 from the chemical standpoint. His calculations are based on the fact that the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium; and calcium, just now, is worth $300 an ounce.

The last discovered and most distant of great planets, Neptune, extended the solar system more than one thousand million miles. Prof. George Forbes is seeking an even more distant planet, so confidently that he has actually named it Victoria, and he expects that it will be found about 10,000,000,000 miles from the sun.

Cotton growing has lately attracted much interest in Paraguay, and many inquiries have been addressed to our Consul at Asuncion about American cotton gins, presses, tires, baling, and so forth. The native cotton of Paraguay grows on tall bushes, approaching the size of small trees, and is consequently difficult to pick. These bushes produce during from seven to ten years. The question of planting American cotton in Paraguay is under discussion.

A new illuminating material has been discovered by Herman Blau, the Bavarian chemist. It is made from oil gas. By a process of rectification the methane and hydrogen contained in it are separated from the gas, and, by a pressure of 40 atmospheres, are reduced to the liquid form, in steel receivers. The new compound can be used in the place of petroleum, alcohol and acetylene, and it is said to give a light of a beautiful color, preferable to that of the electric light.

The German government has erected a new lighthouse on Helgoland, in which a return has been made from the Fresnel lenses and prisms of other modern lighthouses to the old form of parabolic reflector with a powerful illumination in the focus. The illuminator is an arc-light, with a current of 34 amperes, and an estimated candle power of 30,000,000. The revolving reflectors are parabolic glass mirrors, silvered on the back, and no protection against the weather is provided in front of the light.

Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, calls attention to a curious variety of nickel-steel alloys, recently invented in France, which he thinks may have more importance for the world than the form of nickel-steel that has given us the modern armored battleship. The new alloys are practically non-dilatable—that is, their dimensions do not alter with ordinary changes of temperature. Thus a pendulum of constant length can be made, and already the new material is employed in making clocks and watches to run true in both winter and summer. For measuring instruments of precision, like those employed in geodetic surveys, these alloys are particularly suited. The inventor, Monsieur Guillaume, is also experimenting with nickel-steel as a substitute for the carbon filament of the ordinary incandescent lamp.

SHE KNEW JOSH ALL RIGHT.

Is Witness Not at All Reluctant to Speak Out.

"Now, madam," said the counsel for the defendant to a little, wiry, blacked fidgety woman, who had been summoned in a case, "you will please give your evidence in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg? I do know him, and I knowed his father before him, and I don't know nothin' to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my questions."

"What questions?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know him, though. You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything about trying to cheat a poor widow like me out of $25. Ask—"

"Madam, I—"

"Ask him whose orchard he robbed last and why he did it in the night? Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbor's field and milkin' three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"Look here, madam—"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in prison. Ask him about lettin' his pore old mother die in the workhouse. Ask Betsy Bagg about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last spring—"

"Madam, I tell you—"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle on all the salt they could eat, and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold, just 'fore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got kicked out of his native town, and Betsy Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's henhouse at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know a livin' thing 'about it, but I'm sure Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen years, and I got myself called up on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel I've done it."—London Tit-Bits.

FOUND IN A CURIO SHOP.

Strange Recovery of a Family Relic After Fifty-three Years.

Truth is stranger than fiction, to revert to the time-honored and worn phrase and if ever an incident proved it the experience of a Chicago woman in New Orleans recently does so to a satisfying extent. Like many who come down from east and west, she first wanted to see French market and then she made a happy, fanatical tour of the curio and second-hand shops and pawn shops for souvenirs, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. She thought she wanted pearls and corals and jeweled daggers and one afternoon about a week ago, with these luring her along the quaint, sunny length of the "quarter," she entered a shop—dingy, dusty and of delightful promise. In the process of "nosing" about with a veiled eye for "finds" she came upon a broken plate filled with old-fashioned seals and began half idly picking them over. Presently she chanced upon one for a fob peculiarly odd, a beauty of antiquity, with its heavy carved gold ring. "I'll let you have that very cheap," the man said. "It's a locket as well an' has a piece of hair inside. It's funny sort of hair, gold and brown, an' always seems to me like it's alive. I can't sell it and that hair in it. Most people don't want to keep hair and won't take it out because it's bad luck. The ring has some letters cut on it, you see, R. W. W."

"R. W. W.," exclaimed the lady, "my brother's initials; how strange!"

"Well you are the first person I've ever been able to find that had 'em in any part of the family. Nobody wants to buy it. I'll let you get a bargain on it. I'd have melted the ring for gold long ago, but I never could git up the courage to take out that there hair. Somehow it wouldn't let me."

The woman opened the locket and there was the little shining curl seeming still to vibrate with a beautiful fresh life that must have crumbled to dust many years since.

"Well, I'll come in before I go and see," she said, and went on her search for pearls. But the thing haunted her and finally impelled her, so she says, to write to her brother describing it. "If you want the thing I'll bring it to you," she wrote. He sent her an immediate reply. "Get the ring at all costs. Mother says it is father's and the hair that of his mother. It was given to him with her blessing when he was a boy and he had treasured it dearly."

Fifty-three years ago the father had come south to Mobile and the seal fob with its locket had been stolen by a superstitious black, who, discovering the hair, was afraid of the ill-luck and a possible hoodoo and left it in a bundle on the doorstep of that same old curio shop.

So fifty-three years afterward the granddaughter found by accident the precious little relic, preserved for her until now by the intangible protection of the glinting curl of hair.

LEAVING THE HOME.

Desolation That Reigns After the Children Have Gone Out Into Life.

Once we heard a man who was well advanced in life, the father of a large family of children, descant, with moistened eyes and quivering lips, upon the loneliness which broods over a home when the children have all gone out from it. We couldn't understand what this perturbed father meant. We reckon this is one of those heart truths—one of those verities of life which can not be fully imagined nor adequately described, but to be realized must be personally experienced. We have lately lifted the veil and taken a peep, just a peep into this sombre realm of experience, and a faint idea begins to dawn dimly upon us as to what that father meant. To feel the thrill of parentage, to listen to the sweetest music that ever charmed human ears—the cooing and the prattle of innocent childhood—to share in the later glory of the romp, to watch with increasing hope and pride the budding and blossoming of these flowers of the family, to have the tendrils of the heart entwined and intertwined about these objects and affection like ivy, creeping into every crevice of a wall, and then be compelled to turn from the contemplation of these pretty pictures to that pathetic creation, "Breaking Home Ties," which hangs on the walls of so many memories, to have these idols of the home go out, one by one, until every "Light in the window" is gone, and the halls of the old home are deserted, and the music of many voices is hushed and the fireside is no longer gladdened by the dear, familiar faces, and the home coming gets no more the coveted greeting, and the places at the table are vacant, and the cradle and the high chair and the school books and the souvenirs are all put away, and father and mother read in each others eyes the mutual story, and two full hearts find themselves in empty rooms, at a time when the frail barque, tossing upon a restless sea, most needs strong oarsmen, and dim eyes most need the supplement of clearer vision, and the tottering limbs most need support—ah, this is part, just a small part of what the old man meant!—Marion (Kan.) Record.

Identified.

There is a time in a small boy's life when his universe holds one glodious central star around which paler stars tamely revolve. It is of that time that a New York Tribune writer tells.

One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?"

"Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."

Prepared for Coming Pleasure.

"You know I promised to buy you a wheel if you brought a good report from school, and here you have one worse than last month. What were you doing?"

"Learning to ride a wheel."—Fliegende Blaetter.

We have decided that when women get together, the only subject upon which they agree is that nothing will stop their hair from coming out.

When we have troubles we find that one of the greatest of them is the "helpful talk" given us.

JOLLY JOKER

She—Ada has married one man out of a thousand. He—Well, how many did you expect her to marry?

Ethel—I didn't know that your Aunt Dorothy was married. Reggie—Well, she is. I guess I know, 'cause I went to her funeral!—Lippincott's.

She lost her head when he proposed, but he, a trifle bolder, made search for it distractedly, and found it on his shoulder.—Philadelphia Record.

Rooney—Where did ye git th' black eye, Moike? Clancy—Why, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas me advised Tim t' git married.—Judge.

"Don't you think that woman's clever?" "Clever! Why, she's so clever she can make all her clothes without other women knowing it!"—Brooklyn Life.

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Town and Country.

Chimmy—How much fer dat diamond ring in dere—de big one? Jeweler—Four hundred dollars. Chimmy—Say, Mag, would yer sooner hev dat er a plate uv ice cream?

Snapp—He's got a scheme for making money that seems to be all right in theory. Skrapp—Huh! All men with theories are fools. Snapp—Indeed? That's your theory, is it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he's engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other. Griggs—What makes you think that? "Well I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Life.

"This is a pretty time of night for that girl next door to be playing the piano!" remarked an indignant lady to her husband. "Oh, she's no respector of time! You can tell that from the way she's playing!" rejoined he.

Husband—Where did you get that sideboard? Wife—At an auction, for $100. Husband—Awful! I could have bought the same thing for $50. Wife—Well, I wasn't going to let that woman across the way outbid me.—Brooklyn Life.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I should marry you. She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him? He—Why? She—I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me!

Man Dressmaker—Well, what now? Apprentice—I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings. Man Dressmaker—Glorious! It will become the rage.—New York Weekly.

"It is her proud boast that she has never heard an opera in her life." "You must be mistaken. She isn't a Puritan at all, but quite a gay society girl." "That's just it. She never goes to the opera except as one of a box party."—Philadelphia Press.

He (as they were seated in a quiet nook near the links)—Are you quite sure we have never met before this season? She—Yes; quite positive. He—And you haven't a sister? She—No; why do you ask? He—Well, I'm positive I hugged that blouse before, somewhere.

"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive euchre club?" "No, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—Washington Star.

Mr. Kidder—Ah, how-der-do, doctor! If you have a few minutes to spare I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy. Dr. Price—What is the matter with the lad? Mr. Kidder—Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair.—Harper's Bazar.

Creditor—"See, here! Now that you've come in for some money, why don't you pay my bill?" Slopay—"Certainly—er—I beg pardon—what is your name?" Creditor—"Ziegler." Slopay—"Sorry, but you'll have to wait. I'm paying my creditors in alphabetical order."—Philadelphia Press.

"No," said the fair proprietor of the refrigerator heart, "I cannot be your wife, but I'll be a sister to you." "Thanks, awfully," rejoined the youth who was left at the post. "If there is one thing I need more than another it is an elderly sister to look after me and prevent me from making a fool of myself."—Chicago Daily News.

A girl about five years of age was wandering around the other day, when a policeman espied her, and asked, "Where you going, sissy?" "Going home." "Where is your home?" "I can't find it." "Can't you? Then I'm afraid you are lost." "Oh, no, I ain't!" she promptly replied. "I'm right here but home is lost. I wish you'd be good and find it for me."

Aunt Jane—They tell me you took fifty dollars of Mr. Young's money at the card table last night. I did not know that you ever gambled. Nephew—That wasn't gambling, auntie. Young was quite elated at the hand he held, and I bet with him merely to give him a lesson not to trust too much to appearances. Aunt Jane—Oh, that was it, was it? I thought you wouldn't be so wicked as to gamble.—Boston Transcript.

Toothsome Coal.

A stroller through a big department store in the shopping district was astonished to come upon a generous hod of anthracite standing on a counter.

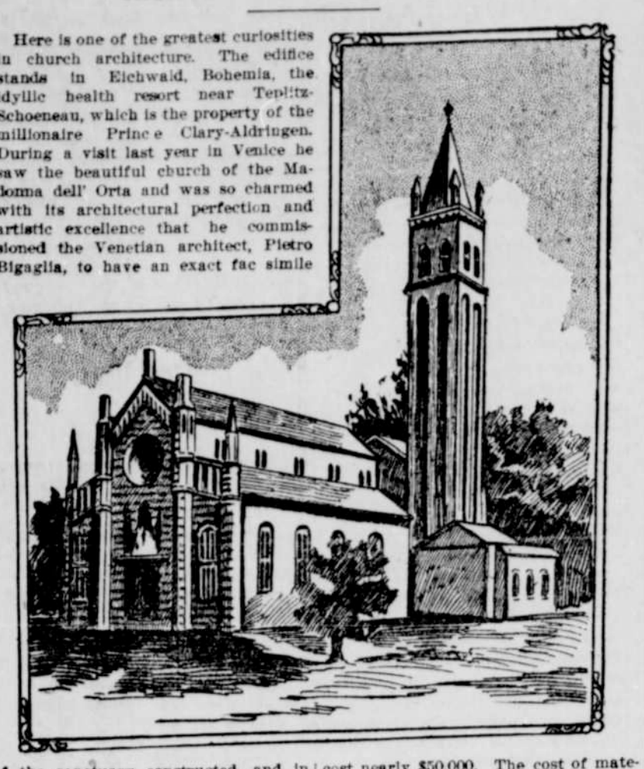
"Mercy me!" she ejaculated; "selling coal right here in the middle of the store?"

Looking farther she saw a sign, "$300 a ton; good to eat; not to burn," and discovered it was candy.—New York Times.

When a woman is no longer able to make a man jealous she may as well give it up as a bad job.

CHURCH SHIPPED BY FREIGHT.

Here is one of the greatest curiosities in church architecture. The edifice stands in Eichwald, Bohemia, the idyllic health resort near Teplitz-Schoeneau, which is the property of the millionaire Prince Clary-Aldringen. During a visit last year in Venice he saw the beautiful church of the Madonna dell' Orta and was so charmed with its architectural perfection and artistic excellence that he commissioned the Venetian architect, Pietro Bigaglia, to have an exact fac simile



of the sanctuary constructed, and in Venice. The various parts of the building were made of Veronese marble and Italian plaster, carefully numbered and packed in thousands of boxes. These were shipped to Eichwald, where another architect was employed to superintend the putting together of all the parts according to the original plan. The freight on the boxes and the cartage from the depot to the church site cost nearly $50,000. The cost of material and the wages paid to architects and builders runs over $300,000. The prince's fad is a costly one, but to his critics who aver that he could have saved at least $150,000 he replies that he considers the extra amount well spent for art's sake, and that he believes he could not have secured an exact counterpart of the Venice church in any other way.

CHIEF JUSTICE ALVERSTONE.

His Vote Settled Boundary Question in America's Favor.

The settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute in favor of the Americans is due to Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who voted with the Americans for all the points claimed by them except two. This has been a bone of contention between the two countries for many years and would still be unsettled but for the agreement between Ambassador Herbert and Secretary Hay, signed in January, under which each country appointed three commissioners. Those of the United States were Elihu Root, Senator Lodge and ex-Senator George F. Turner, and the representatives of Great

ALVERSTONE.

Britain were Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, and A. B. Aylesworth.

Under the terms of the treaty it was not possible for the commissioners to transfer Dyea, Skagway, Juneau or any other American city from America to British jurisdiction. But it did leave open the question whether the British could get to tidewater. This had always been the issue. The treaty went at some length into the claims of both countries, but the main points were based on the meaning of Articles III. and IV. of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, or, in other words, whether the line of demarcation, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, was to be drawn thirty marine miles from the coast of the Pacific ocean or from the headwaters of the Lynn and other canals into the Canadian interior. The British concession of agreeing to three commissioners on each side without an umpire or referee was offset by the willingness of the United States to hold the deliberations of the commission in London under the presidency of Chief Justice Alverstone. The commission held its first formal meeting in London September 3, and disposed of the entire question in a little more than two months.

By the decision of this tribunal, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone voting with the Americans, the United States gets all the territory it has always claimed. The Portland canal, which is an outlet from British Columbia, is given to Canada.

Lord Alverstone, whose decision has not met with favor in Canada, is the head of the highest judicial tribunal in England, and has been since 1900. For twelve years prior to this he was Attorney General.

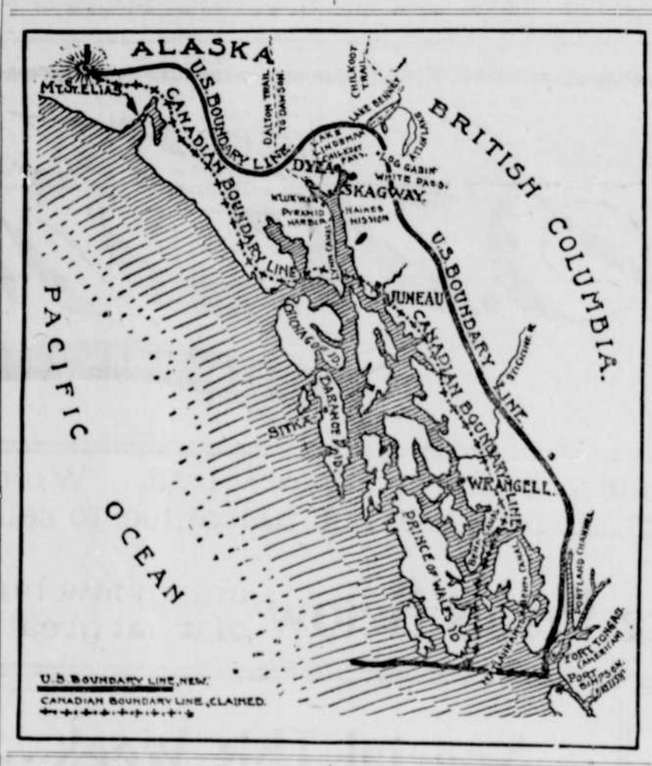
We should think that the word "love" would strike married people much like a whiff of cooking after one has had too much breakfast.

CONCEIT OF THE SOMALI.

His Good Opinions of Himself Are the Subjects of His Songs.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the natives of Somaliland is their unbounded, preposterous conceit. Englishmen who know their language have been appalled by it. When watering his camel or his horse the Somali encourages the animal to drink by chanting to it in a monotone. It is at such moments of extemporary effusion that the man shines in all his glory. The subject matter may be the experiences of the day's march, the virtues of the animal beside him, the charms of his latest wife, or his own prowess in some bloodless tribal raid. By great good fortune the following literal translation of one of these chants or songs came into my possession, and I insert it without any comment:

"Will you see a man? Then behold me! I am a Somali, as perfect in size and form as Adam was after God had



breathed into him his immortal soul. Look how beautiful my curly hair is, and how majestic I look when wrapped from head to foot in my snow-white or jungle-colored tobe, although there be sometimes only one pie (a small piece of money) tied to it. My house is the desert, and I am born a free man. Free as the wind! I know neither king nor master. I am as Adam was, my own master and king. In the jungle I tend my camels and sheep; my only labor is to watch them feed. In my kerrier, my wife, my dear slave, does all the manual work, while tending my offspring, and woe to her if she forgets to prepare my evening meal. The jedal (whip) shall then have its turn to make her remember for next day. In such a state is any man happier than I?"—Golden Penny.

The Iron Pillar of Delhi

The famous iron pillar of Delhi is a solid shaft of wrought iron, 16 inches in diameter, and of a length that is variously reported. The total length is from 48 to 60 feet underground and above, including a capital of 3½ feet. The pillar contains about 80 cubic feet of metal, and weighs about seventeen tons. The metal is, of course, charcoal iron, made directly from ore in small billets; but how it was welded up no one can tell, as no record exists of any early method of dealing with great masses of wrought iron. An inscription roughly cut or punched upon the column states that Rajah Dhara subdued a people in the Surdhu, named Vahlikos, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period. The date of the inscription has been referred to the third or fourth century after Christ, but on this authorities are at variance.

After a man gets a nice home, he is usually compelled to leave it for several months in the year, and live at a poor hotel at some mineral springs.

GOOD Short Stories

Some time before the Civil War, and while he resided in Southern Illinois, John A. Logan once found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so. "Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man, excitedly; "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol." "Oh," Logan is said to have calmly retorted, "That won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."

A colored barber thus explained to Senator Hoar his reason for resigning from a certain African church: "I jined that chu'ch en good faith, and de fust yeah I give $10 to'ds the stated gospel, an' all de chu'ch people calls me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second yeah me biziness fell off, en I give $5; en all de chu'ch people dey call me 'Mistah Dickson.' De third yeah I feel so pohly dat I don't give nuthin' t'll for preaching', en all de chu'ch people dey pass me by en say, 'Dat ole niggah Dickson.' After dat I quit 'em."

A well-known professor, having boarded a few weeks with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help pay the rent, decided to spend his vacation there again this year. In notifying the farmer of his intention, he wrote: "There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the vacation at your house. We don't like the maid Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." This is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We haint had no hogs sence you went away last September."

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short time he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Fauline!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the Human Race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type: "It is late, it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

TRIALS OF THE NEWCOMER.

Lucky If He Escapes Harsher Fate Than a Nickname.

The instinctive attitude toward strangers of people in self-contained communities, in which there is but little coming and going, is one of hostility, says the London Globe. Traces of this feeling—a survival, surely, from the days of the tribal or village community—are still to be found even in many places where the immensely increased facilities for intercommunication have broken up and almost abolished the old isolated modes of life. There are still old world rural parts where those who come from or belong to other districts are generally styled "furriners." But this is really a survival of mediaevalism.

Connected with the old hostile attitude toward the outsider is the custom, which is found all over the world, of dubbing the newcomer, whether to country or town, or profession, with a nickname, humorous or satirical. In the far West of America or Canada he who comes fresh from the East or from Europe is a "tenderfoot." Originally, no doubt, the name was almost literally true. A backwoodsman, or frontiersman, is a tolerably tough and hardened individual, and a newcomer from more civilized parts would probably find he deserved the name of "tenderfoot" before he had been long on the tramp. But, of course, the epithet soon gained a wider application, and became a label for a fresh arrival of any kind. Another western name of like meaning was "pilgrim."

In India for many a long year the newcomer has always been known as a "griffin," usually shortened to "griff"; but no one has yet been able to explain the origin of the term.

In the Malay peninsula newly imported Chinese coolies are known as "sinkeys," but why we cannot say. Australia, of course, has its own nicknames for the newcomer. When he arrives fresh from the old country he is a "new chum" or a "lime juice" and usually bears the marks of his newness thick upon him in the shape of his clothes, the topics of his talk, and the like. If he goes inland or up the country, as the Australians would say, and settles down on a sheep or cattle station, so as to get practically acquainted with the work on a large run, and thus learn the details essential to successful sheep or cattle farming, he is known at first as a "colonial experience" or a "jackaroo."

The application of nicknames is not confined to fresh immigrants in any country or colony. The habit is found in existence in many other directions. In military slang a recruit is a "rooky," and many other occupations have parallel nicknames for the novice, the raw hand, the greenhorn who is not necessarily a simpleton. "Greenhorn" itself was used in the seventeenth century as a name for a raw recruit when "greener" is commonly used in London at the present time among sweating employers as a term for newly arrived foreigners in search of work who are just the material to serve the sweater's purpose.

At English universities, again, the undergraduate in his first year has been known for centuries as a "freshman," which recent Oxford slang, with its idiotic love for making "er" a universal termination, turns into "fresher." Across the Atlantic freshman is similarly used, while a second-year student is dubbed a "sophomore," a name unknown on this side.

At German universities men rejoice in a variety of strange names. In one of the chapters of Longfellow's "Hyperion" the reader may make the acquaintance of the Nasty-Foxes, otherwise freshmen; Branders, or second-term men; mossyheads, old ones and princes of twilight. Most of them sound delightfully meaningless, which is one of the recognized beauties of cant terms.

THE CANALS OF EUROPE

This Means of Transportation Is Gaining Long-Lost Prestige.

"In nearly all the commercial countries of Europe," says United States Consul Hossfield in an official report, "the canal seems to be regaining its long-lost prestige. Germany has expended during the last ten years hundreds of millions of marks for the construction of artificial water courses and Austria will expend during the next nine years no less than 225,000,000 crowns ($65,975,000) for a like purpose, while Italy seems to be determined not to remain far behind in the improvement of inland navigation.

"About two years ago the Italian government appointed a commission to investigate and report upon the advisability of establishing a system of national waterways in the northern part of the kingdom. This commission recommends the establishment of a network of inland water courses of a total length of 2,112 miles. This great work can be achieved the more easily because northern Italy has already 1,000 miles of navigable rivers and canals, and these can be connected with each other by a system of auxiliary canals of a total length of less than 600 miles. The commission estimates the total cost of the proposed improvements at $22,774,000.

"The main line of the proposed system would be a canal connecting Venice with Milan and Turin. Another canal would connect Milan with Bologna and a third Bologna with Venice. It is further proposed to open an inland water course from Venice to the Austrian frontier, for which purpose the rivers Stella, Corno and Adige could be utilized.

"An improved system of water highways would be a powerful stimulus to the farms and factories of northern Italy, enabling manufacturers to collect their raw materials and fuel with less labor and expense, and opening more distant and more profitable markets for both industrial and agricultural products.

"It is worthy of note that some of the canals which it is proposed to make use of in this national system of waterways were constructed nearly 500 years ago and that one of them is known to have been equipped with lift locks as early as 1497."

GROUSE IS A CLEVER BIRD.

It Evades the Hunter by Tricks that Display Its Intelligence.

It has 100 tricks of defense. It will sometimes lie still until the hunter is within a yard of it, then soar straight upward in his front, towering like a woodcock; again, it will rise forty yards away, and the sound of its wing is his only notice of its presence. It will cower upon a branch under which he passes, and his cap will not be more than a foot below it as he goes, and though it has seen him approaching it will remain quiescent in frightful fear until his back is turned. It will flush then, and when he has slewed himself hurriedly around he will catch only a glimpse of a brown, broad wing far away.

Wounded and falling in the open, it will be found—if it is found at all—with the telltale speckles of its breast against the trunk of some brown tree against which its feathers are indistinguishable, and the black ruff about the neck of the male will be laid against the darkest spot of the bark. Often it will double like a fox; often, as man draws near, it will spring noiselessly into some spruce and hide until he passes, dropping then to the ground and continuing its feeding; often, too, it will decline to take wing, though unhurt, and will run fast for a half mile—so fast that the most expert woodsman will be unable to keep pace with it. This it will do only on hard ground and never when snow would betray its tracks.—Outing.

Origin of "Mrs. Grundy."

In Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plough," Farmer Ashfield, at table, with his jug and pipe, is talking to his wife on her return from market.

"Well, dame, welcome whom. What news does thee bring from market?"

"What news, husband? What I always told you, that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did."

"All the better foor he!"

"Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him."

"Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit."

"And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market."

"Be quiet, wool ye? Always ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs. Grundy think?' Canst thee be quiet; let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?"—Answers.

The Ancient Sages.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Philadelphia Press.

Ancient and Modern Volcanoes.

There are about 350 volcanoes on this earth that have performed in modern times. There are many hundreds more that have long been extinct.