

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Mountain Tomb

BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY.

HEART OF LOUIS XIV.

PICTURE POST CARDS.

The reward of the inventor who can produce artificial diamonds is so tempting that the Moisson experiments with the electric furnace, which were inaugurated some eight or ten years ago, have been continued until the present day. They are now being carried on in the laboratory of the Sorbonne, in Paris. The first diamonds made by the electric furnace were of microscopic size and few in number. As the work continued various modifications were worked out, as the experience of the investigators became greater, until now success seems imminent. The crystals are positively known to partake of all the characteristics of the diamond in crystalline structure, hardness and chemical composition. The largest crystal yet obtained is only one-half a millimeter in length, and while this is only a spark, it indicates that the process is capable of yielding diamonds of good quality and that some day in the not distant future the laboratory process of Moisson, as exemplified in the Rand, may be duplicated in man's laboratory and in a commercial way.—Chicago Journal.

The Senator's Part. Senator Dryden tells of an unusual wager in his home city of Newark, made on the recent election for governor of New Jersey.

"Ten of our Republican business men," said the senator recently, "decided to guess what the governor's plurality would be. It was agreed that the one who guessed nearest to the vote should order a dinner for the entire number and that the one whose guess was farthest from the correct should pay for the feast."

"The lowest guess was 5,000 Republican majority and the highest 50,000. The actual majority was 50,000."

Japanese Patriotism.

Consul General Uchida of New York city gave, perhaps unconsciously, a fine illustration of what the strength of Japan consists in, when, in speaking of a possible celebration by the Japanese in this city on the fall of Port Arthur, he remarked: "Any dinner or reception could cost money, and we could use that money to better advantage in relieving the families of the soldiers who were killed at the siege. I think that our commemoration of the fall will take the form of another collection, the money to go to the otherland." That is the spirit of patriotism such as Europe for thousands of years has admired in heroes of the Greek and Roman world. An entire nation that possesses it, as Japan seems to, is invincible.—New York Tribune.

Freezing Weather and Washing.

A handful of salt in the last rinsing water greatly simplifies the hanging out of clothes in freezing weather. As salt prevents water from freezing at the usual temperature, clothes thus treated cannot be hung on the line before they freeze, but if the sun is shining on them they will partially dry before freezing, a circumstance which prevents much wear and tear. The dress ought to wear white woolen when hanging out clothes in winter.

A Merry War.

The warfare of the sexes has taken a new turn in Knoxville, Tenn. A gambling house there was recently closed by the police, and a number of well known young men were arrested. The girls of the city are demanding that the police make public names of the men, threatening to sue the offenders' acquaintance. The men treat the matter as a joke and have asked the hairdressers of the city to publish the names of all the girls who wear "switches."

Rivets in Steamers.

The important part which rivets play in the construction of modern steamships is well illustrated by the fact that in the new Cunard steamer Caronia, the largest ship ever constructed in Great Britain, no fewer than 1,800,000 rivets were used, the total weight represented about 600 tons. The greater part of the riveting work was done by hydraulic power.

Our Coal Resources.

It is estimated by experts that the area of American coal fields at present open to mining is more than five times as great as that of the coal fields of England, France, Germany and Belgium, the great coal producing countries of Europe. While practically all the available coal of those countries have been used to mining, ours have scarcely been estimated.

Monster Lightning Bug.

Did you ever hear the story about two young men from Cork who had never seen lightning bugs until they came across the sea to America? It happened that during their first night here the mosquitoes were very troublesome, and both Mike and Pat hid their heads under the bed covers. Finding this rather warm, Pat ventured to put his head outside just as a firefly floated in at the window.

"Oh, Mike!" says he. "Begorra, now they're comin' after us wid lanterns!" Now, it may be possible for you to surprise many a native American quite as much as a firefly surprised the two strangers from Cork. Take a large kite that will fly well, which means that you know just how much tail it will carry. Remove a good part of the tail and tie on instead a sky lantern.

This must be made very light and arranged so that it will not easily catch fire. Use a piece of light, thin wood four inches in diameter, and near the center drive four slender nails one inch long so that a candle will stand firmly between them. Above the candle loop two light wires, fastening their ends to the board. Paste red or yellow tissue paper around the wire frame, and your lamp is made. Flying such a kite on a dark night will cause much amusement.

A Well Preserved Grandmother.

The train was crowded with the exception of one seat. This had been reserved for various people, the lady who occupied one-half of it telling every one who tried to sit down that "this seat is reserved." Finally a little girl entered, followed by an elderly woman, her grandmother. The child called her grandmother to take the seat, but the imaginary owner objected, saying, as before, "This seat is reserved." The eyes of the child were black, and they lighted up with indignation. She turned on the selfish woman and said in a voice loud enough to be heard through the car:

"I don't care if it is reserved. It isn't fair to preserve a seat when my grandmother has to stand. Besides, every one says my grandmother is a wonderfully well preserved lady, so she's just going to sit down here." And she did, to the enjoyment of every one in the car save the woman who sat beside her.

A Burmese Custom.

The people who live in Burma believe that a child's disposition is determined by the day of the week on which it was born.

The Monday born are honest. The Tuesday born are jealous. The Wednesday born are quick of anger, but as quick to forgive and grow calm.

Thursday's children are mild in disposition. Friday's children are talkative. Saturday's children are sure to be very quarrelsome.

The Sunday child—no matter if he is a spendthrift—the people of his country will insist he is miserly, for, according to their belief, Sunday's child is stingy and mean.

A Curious Optical Illusion.

Place on each side of a sheet of glass a candle, both being of the same length. When the sun shines on the window the image of the first candle will appear on the glass, the reflection taking the place of the second and real candle on the other side of the window. Now is an opportunity of showing one's friends your power as a magician. Explain to them that by lighting the first candle you will also light that behind the glass. You then apply a lighted match to the first candle, and its image being reflected on the glass, one at once assumes that the second candle has been lighted.

Fairies in Scotland.

In Scotland fairies are thought to inhabit the interior of the green hills, especially those of a conical shape. From these they go forth at night for dances by moonlight, and often the good country folk will show the circles, yellow or deep green, where the fairies have danced. It is accounted very dangerous to sleep or to be found within these circles after sunset. Cattle seized with cramps are said to be elf shot, and the only way to cure them is to rub the part of the body affected with a blue bonnet.

Hidden Gems.

1. Bella, please bring me that pear lying on the table. 2. Let me rub your hands. They look frothy. 3. It was a queer looking building. They had painted the lower part crimson and the top azure. 4. Bring out your wheel, Fred. I am on dad's.

Wood's Wooling.

Wood, the woodman of Woodleigh, wood Winnie Wouldhave of Woodmanor. If Wouldhave would have Wood and Wood did have Wouldhave, wouldn't Wouldhave, having Wood, part with have to have Wood?—Rambling Rob.

Helen's Troubles.

Oh, dear me, you, Amanda. Why don't you sit up straight? Why do you make me scold you from early until late? And as for you, Bellinda. I'd really like to know why you can't hold your arm out straight. But always curl it so! It's very well, Miss Lucy. For you to sit and stare, so important and stony. As if you didn't care. I guess folks think I'm playing with you dollsies. They don't see your wicked bad behavior. Or how it troubles me.

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.]

While the western terminus of the Union Pacific railroad was still at Cheyenne I started off into the mountains with a companion named John Shayne to prospect for gold.

We had been out for two weeks when signs of Indians became so fresh that we were driven into hiding in a small canyon or ravine making out of a larger one. We kept working back up the dark and narrow way until we had quite reached the end, and as it had now come night and we were in want of food we decided to start a fire.

The bottom of the ravine was covered with leaves and limbs, and we soon had a cheerful blaze going. Soon after the fire was lighted two great wolves rushed past us, going for the mouth. They had come out of a mass of rock at the upper end. Thinking there might be a den there in which others were hiding, we made a torch and inspected the place.

Under a tangle of trees which had fallen from above was the mouth of a cave. It was little larger than the body of a wolf, but when we had eaten our supper we went at it to enlarge the orifice. In the course of an hour we opened the mouth of a great cavern. From the mouth what may be called a wide hallway ran back a distance of a hundred feet, and then we came to the cavern itself.

Its roof was from thirty to forty feet high, and in width and length there was space enough to crowd a thousand people together. We built a fire in the center of the vast apartment that we might have a good view around us, thinking there might be other wild animals lurking about, and when we could see everything we stood amazed and wondered if we could be dreaming.

It was a cavern, a charnel house and a tomb combined. There was not such a thing as a perfect skeleton, but there were hundreds and hundreds of human bones lying about, each one as white as ivory and as clean as a billiard ball. In the center of the cavern were seven or eight heaps of furniture, bedding, clothing and cooking utensils, each one apparently having belonged to a different owner. Lining against one of the walls were eight rifles, and near them were axes and kgs of powder.

As we looked around and saw these things and handled some of them we could come to but one conclusion. Everything before us had belonged to a party of immigrants making westward over the overland trail. The cave was only ten miles off the trail. There had been some awful tragedy here, and we began looking close, to make it out. The puzzle was soon solved.

The immigrants had either been attacked by Indians and driven to bay in the cavern or had wandered from the trail and taken temporary refuge there. There was no way to tell how long they had been inside when a land slide brought down thousands of tons of debris over the mouth of the cavern and entombed them. Heavy rains had subsequently washed much of it in side, and then the wolves had burrowed through the remainder. The entombed people had made efforts in three or four directions and had broken or worn out their spades and shovels, but they had had to give it up at last. They might have blasted their way out with powder at hand, but they were afraid to use it.

We did not go into as rigid an examination that night as curiosity prompted, both of us having a strong feeling of awe in the presence of the relics of the dead, but after a night passed at our campfire outside we returned to the search. We had noticed four or five wooden chests among the baggage, and our first move in the morning was to inspect these. They contained clothing, bedding, etc., but I had not yet finished with the first when I made an important discovery.

Five years previously a party had been made up in Boone and Jefferson counties, Mo., by a man named Frayne. There were seven families, numbering thirty people, in the party, and after they had progressed as far west as the foothills of the Rockies all trace of them had vanished. Some believed they had been overwhelmed in a cloudburst, others that they had been massacred to the last man by the Indians. In that trunk I found letters and an account book belonging to Frayne himself, and of course they settled the identity of the party.

On the floor of the cave Shayne picked up a blank book which had been used as a diary by one John Martin of the party. It covered a period of two months, dating from the start westward. His jottings were brief, but several of them referred to quarrels and dissensions, and the last one said that they were off the trail and sending out men north and south in hopes to regain it. Two children had died, but all others were well.

It is the general belief that in seeking to find the trail the party were sighted by Indians and retired into the big ravine for shelter. They may have made a stand there; but the Indians proving to strong for them, they retired within the cave, leaving their animals and wagons outside. The animals were shot down and the wagons burned. The people had plenty of provisions, but there was not one single drop of water to be had. The cave was as dry as a bed room. Had the wolves not got access to it we should have found everybody as well preserved as if embalmed. We thoroughly explored every foot of wall, and there was not even a damp spot. How many hours or days before the landslide blocked up the entrance no one can say, but it is believed that the Indians brought it about by using powder from above. M. QUAD.

The Difference Between These Two Carpets Explained.

By placing a brussels and tapestry carpet side by side a clearness and sharpness are noticed about the brussels carpet which are absent from the tapestry. In the latter there is a mistiness about the colors, and the pattern lacks that sharpness and delicacy which characterize the former. This is due to the process of manufacture. A brussels is a yarn dyed, and a tapestry may be described as a printed fabric, but the printing is done upon the yarn before the process of weaving.

The whole method of manufacture is most ingenious. In the making of a five frame brussels no fewer than 1,280 ends of face yarn are required for the weaving of one piece of standard quality, each frame consisting of 256 bobbins, and 256 ends only can come to the face at each pick of the pattern. Therefore 1,024 ends of yarn are hidden in the body of the fabric. There are many qualities of tapestry, but in the production of the standard quality only 216 ends of face yarn are required instead of 1,280, which shows at once that the brussels carpet has the great advantage of being thicker, softer and altogether a more durable cloth apart from other advantages which it possesses. There is a limitation in the number of colors used in a brussels. In tapestry there is no limit. In the brussels the whole of the colors used show a more or less striped appearance at the back of the fabric.

In a tapestry they do not show at the back at all. This fact is made use of by householders in purchasing carpets, this being about the only way the average person can tell the difference between them. In order to pass off tapestry as brussels some ingenious makers have resorted to the striping in a regular manner of the backs of the former. The striping effect in the latter is broken and irregular. A casual observation of the clearly defined character of a brussels pattern should enable a buyer to distinguish between the two fabrics.

The Uses of Evil.

"Say, ma wants two pounds of butter. She wants it just exactly like what you sent the day before yesterday, an' if it ain't that same kind she don't want any at all."

The small boy had bolted in, discharging himself abruptly of his errand, pausing now only for breath. But the grocer, taking down the order of a new customer, did not mind the interruption.

"You see, madam, how it goes," he said pleasantly. "My customers are particular, and it is my pleasure to get them exactly what they demand. Yes, sonny," blandly to the boy, "you shall be attended to at once."

"Ma says don't forget to send the same kind of butter," reiterated the boy. "Some of pop's relations has just come to visit, and ma says if they stay long it won't be her fault."—New York Times.

Looking Backward.

The superstition of the ill luck of looking backward or returning is a very ancient one, originating doubtless from Lot's wife, who "looked back from behind him" when he was led by an angel outside the doomed city of the plain. In Roberts' "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindustan for men or women to look back when they leave their houses. Accordingly if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him, and if some great emergency obliges him to look back he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact."

Neatly Trapped.

Dr. Black, once the leading minister of Glasgow, and another clergyman, having a holiday in Cumberland, attended a little Scotch church and purposely went late, taking a remote corner of the church so that they might not be seen by the officiating minister. They learned, to their dismay, that they had been "spotted" when they heard the minister say in the intercessory prayers, "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have popped in on us, so unexpectedly, one of whom will preach in the afternoon and the other in the evening."

Unpleasant Reminder.

"I'll scalp that reporter!" growled old Weston Nurox over the morning paper. "Why, popper," replied his daughter, who had had her coming out reception the night before, "I thought he wrote me up real nice." "But he speaks of ye as wearin' 'some soft, clingin' material,' an' that reminds me too much o' the time I was tarred an' feathered out in Montanny."—Philadelphia Press.

How It Came to Be Buried in Westminster Abbey.

A remarkable story regarding the heart of Louis XIV, and how it came to be buried in Westminster abbey was told in London Truth by Henry La-bouchere, who said the story was told to him by the late Colonel Harcourt and was confirmed by his brother, the late Sir William Harcourt. A Harcourt who lived during the first French revolution had many connections in France and invited many of the emigrants to visit him. Among them was the count of St. Denis. On leaving the count expressed his thanks for the kindly hospitality of his host and produced from his pocket something that looked like a piece of dried leather an inch or so long, which he presented to him. "I was," he said, "in the cathedral when the royal tombs were broken open and the contents scattered to the winds. This heart is that of Louis XIV. It was kept in a separate receptacle, and I managed to get away with it." The heart thus came into the possession of the Harcourt family and was occasionally produced for the inspection of visitors to a chapel. The late Dr. Backland, dean of Westminster, was on a visit when it was brought out for his inspection. He was then very old and had some reputation as a man of science, and the scientific spirit moved him to wet his finger and rub it on the heart, and before he could be stopped he put the heart into his mouth and swallowed it, whether by accident or design will never be known. Very shortly afterward he died and was buried in Westminster abbey. It is impossible he could ever have digested the thing. Consequently the heart of Louis XIV, must now be reposing in Westminster abbey inclosed in the body of an English dean.

SHE HAD HER SAY.

A Girl's Revolt Against an Award of Valedictory Honors.

"I think the greatest shock I ever experienced and the biggest revolt against my discipline occurred when I was teaching in a country high school," said the schoolteacher. "It was in a school where the valedictory honor was awarded by popular vote of the school, a most unjust method, by the way, but one to which I was forced to succumb. The girl who received the most votes was by no means the best scholar, and the pupil who ranked highest in scholarship was plainly indignant."

"Every boy and girl in the class was obliged to write and read a graduation essay, and it was my task to look these essays over and aid in the rewriting of them. The pupil who ranked the highest in the class handed in her essay to me with some defiance, and in it I found some reference to the valedictory honor being rightly hers. I cut it out and told her plainly that nothing of that sort should go into her paper. She agreed to leave it out."

"The graduation exercises were passing off splendidly when it came her turn to read her essay. She had a facile way of writing, and I was proud of her, but when she reached what I knew was the conclusion she stepped forward a little and proceeded to deliver two pages of regulation valedictory. She bade farewell to the class, the school and the teachers, and of course we could not stop her. It took all the sails out of the chosen valedictorian, who followed, and after the exercises there was much wailing and hot words. We couldn't do a thing, as the sinner was now a graduate of the school, and we had no right to punish her, but it took me all summer to get over the effect of such a stunning performance."—New York Press.

Progressive Matrimony.

"You can always tell a young husband from an old one by the way he acts when he goes after a bucket of water," says Uncle Hiram. "Three months married, he swings the pump handle, whistles and casts covert glances at the house as though some one were looking at him from the window. One year married, he swings the pump handle more slowly, smiles occasionally and seems to be annoyed because the meal is late. Two years married, he looks sour and glum, kicks the cat over the coal house and looks at the house as if he would like to choke somebody. Three years married, he sits on the doorstep and smokes while his wife works the pump handle."—Kansas City Journal.

The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 180 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

Real Detectives at Work.

"That was a terrible crime committed yesterday." "It was so. Have the police made any progress toward apprehending the guilty parties?" "Oh, yes. They've persuaded the newspapers to take the matter up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sarcasm.

Waiter—How did you order your beef, sir? Graxigh—Personally, confounded you! I suppose I ought to have ordered it by mail two weeks in advance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fulter.

A French writer claims that the first so-called picture post cards originated during the Franco-German war.

At a small place in the department of La Sarthe some 40,000 French soldiers had been concentrated, and some of the privates, who came from the south, wanted to describe to their relatives the magnificent scenery surrounding them. However, not having time for writing long letters, they went to a stationery store and inquired for photostaphs. These inquiries became so numerous that the proprietor of the store had postal cards printed showing various views of the town and the surroundings. After the war the postal cards were forgotten until they came up again in Germany in the nineties, and today there is scarcely a spot on the globe where one cannot buy an illustrated postal showing the respective locality.

Holyoke's Experiment.

Norhampton may be, as Mr. Carnegie is inclined to think, the ideal New England town, but Holyoke may claim to be one of the most progressive. The city two years ago took the gas plant, overhauled the works, laid 8,357 feet of new pipes and added 629 meters. As an indication of the success of this municipal experiment, the profit last year, after deducting all charges for depreciation, repairs and running expenses, was nearly \$10,000. The municipal electric plant showed a still larger profit.—New York Tribune.

A Regular Posh Bah.

The real Posh Bah of the Philippines is Lieutenant Charles E. Morton, at present stationed at Luzon, who holds so many offices that he hasn't time to count money. He is first lieutenant, adjutant, assistant quartermaster, assistant commissary, commissary of post, commander of post, depot quartermaster, freight agent, express agent, acting major of Companies A and B of the First Infantry, and only recently the war department loaded him with the title and duty of "engineer of the district."

Two Lies Nailed.

The editor has been accused of keeping liquor in his cellar. This is a malicious and unpardonable falsehood. The liquor is kept in the pantry, the dining room and the kitchen. Why not tell the truth? It is also alleged that the editor of the Gazette has the gout, caused by high living. Yesterday for dinner he had home picked sour-dock, mustard, dandelion, horseradish and beet top greens, boiled bacon and potatoes, corn bread and onions. Would you call that high living?—Emporia Gazette.

Concerning Shoe Eyes.

This country uses more than 3,000,000,000 lace eyes and hooks in a year. Every man, woman and child will wear out on an average two pairs of shoes in twelve months. The majority of people have two feet, and there are twenty eyes and hooks on each shoe. Use your arithmetic and see what the total is. It foots up to 2,000,000 more than 3,600,000,000. — Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Good, Strong Excuse.

Two American women who recently returned from Santo Domingo had an audience one forenoon with President Morales, who apologized for his appearance. "The fact is, ladies," said he, "I was so busy yesterday and this morning that I have not had time to be shaved. They tried to assassinate me, you know, so I hope you will overlook my appearance."

A Successful Villain.

An actor who takes the part of the villain at one of the suburban theaters in Paris in the final act has to murder a young woman. As he was returning home the other night he was surrounded by four youths who had witnessed the play from the gallery, and after asking what he meant by killing the poor woman they attacked him with knives. He is now in the hospital.

Historic Lightning Flash.

For the first time in history, it is said, one of the pyramids has been struck by lightning. The pyramid struck is that of Khephren, and the fact is another illustration of the gradual change that is being brought about in the climate of Egypt, by the great dam at Assouan and the irrigation works made possible since British occupation of the Nile valley.

Alsofness of the Back Bay Class.

The entire Back Bay class of the city was absent, as it invariably is, from any meeting of any kind in Faneuil hall, as if it had nothing in common with people who go to the hall, with causes presented there or with heroes and statesmen honored there.—Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.