MISSING LINKS.

The coins of Siam are made of porcelain; those of Japan are made principally of iron.

Mr. Henry Ibsen makes his wife copy all his prosy and unsavory manuscripts for him.

Dr. Mary Walker is a helpless cripple for life, without money and almost without friends.

A failure of the potato crop is threatened in Ireland, and famine will follow if it happens.

A hunter of Chepallis, Wash., recently killed a cougar which measured 9 feet 5 inches in length.

Mrs. Gladstone always attends meetings of Parliament when either her husband or her son Herbert is to speak.

The wine product of California this year is expected to reach eighteen or twenty million gallons, the largest for several years.

The famous Physick Garden in Chelsea, England, whose preservation is now a matter of discussion, has 20,000 different herbs and plants.

Charles Nordhoff, Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, has been placed by Mr. Bennett on the retired list of that newspaper on half pay for life.

A negro baby, three months old, down in Hopkinsville, Ky., can talk. It somewhat lessens one's wonder, however, when we add that it is a girl baby.

William Angus, who recently died in London, was at one time publisher of the London *Times*. He kept the position until 1889, when he retired on a pension.

The fashion for young New Yorkers is to go to London to have the wedding ceremony, where it will be convenient for dukes and countesses to run in and honor them.

The German Empress occupies three villas at Sassnitz, which are furnished very simply. They just suffice to accommodate only herself with her sons and the necessary retinue.

Browning had a marvelous memory. He always could tell the exact place of any quotation or fragment of quotation referred to him, and was vexed greatly whenever he heard his own lines misquoted.

Domestic servants are so scarce in Montreal that women in want of help are said to visit the jail with a view to engaging young women to work for them at the close of their terms of imprisonment.

It is said that on the Mexican Gulf Railroad in Mexico the ties are made of the finest mahogany and the bridges built of marble. These materials were the cheapest to be had, since they were found along the track.

A Detroit man who drank a quart of embalming fluid in mistake for liquor became as rigid and as white as marble half an hour before his death, and when death came finally he looked more like a mummy than a corpse.

The effect of gum-chewing has been studied carefully by an expert. In gum-chewing the masseter muscles which move the jaw are abnormally developed, and the fatty substance which produces fair, plump cheeks is deteriorated.

A writer upon birds says that in the fields and groves there are many old maids and bachelors who apparently never had any inducement to marry. There is no doubt that the rivalry in bird courtship is extremely keen, and the choice is a deliberate one.

The largest apple tree in Ohio is in Washington county, and was planted in 1791 or 1792. The trunk, where it is smallest, girths 12 feet 2 inches, and the largest branch girths 7 feet. It is a seedling, which bears a large yellow apple of excellent quality for cooking.

The largest saw mill in the world is at Christiana, in Norway, and is owned by one man. It runs thirty-six gang saws. From forty to fifty ships load at one time at its docks. The same man owns two large floor mills. The lumber yard of this mill extends more than a mile.

The newspapers are now trying to find the man who spent the most days in rebel prisons during the late war. So far as heard from yet, E. W. Ware, of Bangor, is ahead, he having suffered 600 days in Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsboro and Greensboro prisons.

An Auburn, Me., business man was surprised the other day to see an old customer come into his store and pay him a bill, with interest, which was contracted forty years ago, when he was doing business in another town. It was a small bill, and the one to whom it was due had forgotten all about it.

The Baroness Kiara von der Deckler of Tiflis has issued a circular to the "beautiful women of the world," asking for their photographs in order to place them before a committee of artists which shall choose those to be placed in an album entitled "Types of Female Beauty in the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century."

The Hudson's Bay Company is selling off its lands and dividing the proceeds among the stockholders. Mild winters and changes in fashion have depreciated the value of the furs in its domain and dealers have large quantities on hand. The company's lands, however, are increasing in value, being in demand for settlement.

Women's heads, says a London writer on fashion, have been growing very rapidly of late. "I have seen several enormous heads within the past week. The great bunches of curls and French rolls now worn at the back of the head are anything but attractive. It is to be hoped that they will disappear before they develop into anything more serious."

The labor question in New York city is still full of unpleasant possibilities. The immense mass of new comers, like the Russian Jewish cloakmakers, seem anxious for a disturbance. The manufacturers have already conceded almost everything to them, and still they cry for more. It is supposed that the anarchist leaders keep them constantly stirred up.

It is proposed to use the electric motor extensively in military operations in England. One of the latest ideas in carrying on active warfare is to build a railway at the scene of hostilities for the transportation of ordnance. It is highly desirable that the trains used for this purpose, which are armor-plated and armed with gatling guns, should be as rapid and inconspicuous as possible.

According to the returns of the dominion immigration department, no less than 811,200 immigrants from foreign lands settled in the dominion between the years 1881 and 1889, yet the year book just received by the federal government only claims an increase of 730,046 in the dominion population since 1881. There is too much emigration to this country for the dominion to grow very fast.

An exciting scene was witnessed on Hillswick, in Shetland. A large shoal of whales was observed sporting in the bay, and many boats were speedily manned and put off. After much trouble the whales were nearly all driven ashore or killed, the total catch being estimated at nearly one hundred and sixty. Some of the whales were killed in deep water and sank, but twenty came to the surface next morning and were secured.

The London *Times* predicted the recent storm in Argentine politics by an editorial published about a fortnight before the first fighting began. The article was extremely moderate in tone, and was evidently intended to caution the British public against lending any more money in the Argentine Republic at present. With $285,000,000 of money in jeopardy, one would think the British investor would say that he has had enough in that country.

At Mt. M'Gregor.

The Drexel cottage at Mount McGregor, where General Grant died, is visited by hundreds of people every week. While everything reminiscent of the dead hero is approached with a respect sometimes bordering on reverence, it is amusing to hear the comments of the country-folks on the house. The cottage is a modest little structure of frame, not so big as an ordinary farm house belonging to a well-to-do farmer, and the people who associate all sorts of magnificence and grandeur with their heroes look with open-eyed astonishment at this humble little house, and exclaim more earnestly than grammatically:

"Well, that don't look as if no President ever lived there!"

One of the relics shown to visitors this year is a tiny volume General Grant was fond of reading during the last weeks of his illness. It is called "Words of Comfort," and is a collection of essays elaborating Bible texts. Many of the leaves are turned down, marking his favorite passages, and it is touching to note that these always are pervaded with the promise that "through suffering shalt thou be purified."

Apropos of the Drexel cottage, Josephine Drexel, the twelve-year-old daughter of J. W. Drexel, is at the Hotel Balmoral, Mount McGregor, with her nurse.

She is an overgrown, gawky, fat girl, with monstrous feet, but still the promise of developing into a beautiful woman. Her teeth, hair, and skin are exquisitely cared for; she wears the simplest, plainest frocks of flannel, wool, and gingham, and amuses herself wandering about the mountain picking wild flowers, rowing, and indulging in such-like simple amusements, always guarded by her nurse, or, as she is now called, her maid. How is that for the heiress to a fortune in six figures? Rather modest when compared with the attire and amusements of the daughters of a man who works for a salary!

It seems odd to find so strong an affection for a place in a child, but she preferred going to McGregor to going to Europe. Her father was fond of Saratoga and McGregor, and she was most strongly attached to her father. *Saratoga Letter.*

Quick to Take a Hint.

Yesterday forenoon a tall, slim man, wearing a faded Greeley hat and well enveloped in a linen duster of ancient date, entered the Woodbridge street station and said to the sergeant:

"I just came in on the train. Look at me and see if I resemble Capt. Kidd or Charley Ross."

"I can't see that you do," replied the sergeant.

"But people are all looking at me and grinning. Anything wrong in my dress?"

"Well, that—that duster is a little off, perhaps."

"Oh! it's the duster. People don't wear 'em any more, eh?"

"Not that style and color."

"I see. I'm a little ancient?"

"A trifle."

"Well, off she comes. I bought it in this town six years ago. The man warranted it to me as a combination of duster, hammock, flying jib, liver pad, bed blanket, burglar alarm, life preserver and certificate of moral character, and it has pulled me through a steamboat explosion, two railroad smash-ups, a hotel fire and half a dozen free tights. Kinder hate to go back on her, but style is style. If the style has changed, then I've got to change with it."

He pulled it off, rolled it into a bundle, and laid it on a chair and said:

"Give it to some poor and disconsolate man—some one who hasn't a sensitive soul. It has kept out the flies, warded off the moths and saved me from rattlesnakes and mad dogs, but the time has come when we must part. When I strike Detroit and hear a boy call out 'Is that thing alive?' I know he means me and that duster. When I go up street and a man calls out 'Schooner ahoy!' I know he means that duster and me. When I get into a car and see the women look me over and then hitch away, I know they are wondering which of us is who, and whether it will bite or not. I'm too sensitive by half, but I can't help it. I leave her in your hands. Good-by."—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Way of Putting It.

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer to me, "without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found his hot water pump would not work, and, after pattering at it for an hour, sent for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and concluded it must come apart. I was much annoyed, for that meant a stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came, and after studying the pump awhile, he took a hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she'll go now,' he quietly said, and, putting on steam, 'she did go. The next day I received a bill from him for $25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: 'Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, 50 cents. For knowing how, $25.' Had he charged me $25.50 for fixing the pump I should have considered it exorbitant. But 50 cents was reasonable, and I recognize the value of knowledge, so I paid and said nothing."—*Brooklyn Standard-Union.*

Weeping Trees in the Northwest.

In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomen in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a gentleman who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the Island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that at Ferro.—*Seattle Post.*

Heligoland has a national debt of £10. The revenue is between £8,000 and £9,000.

THE MAKING OF MONEY.

One of the Easy Ways of Doing It—The Printing of Notes.

The pressman rubs the plate first with a roller saturated with ink. Then he rubs off all the superfluous ink with a rag, and finally he polishes the plate with his bare and inky hand. When it has been thus made ready he places the plate under a roller, lays a sheet of fresh paper upon it, gives a twist to a big iron wheel that communicates the hand power, and plate and paper pass under the roller, the sheet coming out with the faces of four perfect notes printed on it. Four notes are engraved on each plate, you see. As fast as the sheets are printed they are laid neatly in a pile by the young woman assistant, who puts a sheet of brown paper between each two sheets to keep them from rubbing. This same performance is going on at more than 200 hand presses in the big room.

Revenue and custom stamps for cigars, liquors and all such things are printed by some of the presses on bluish green paper; but in money, notes and certificates alone an average of one and a half million of dollars is printed in this room daily. All of Uncle Sam's paper cash is manufactured there. The printers have to be such skilled men that they are paid from $6 to $8 a day by the piece system. After being printed on one side the sheets are printed in like manner on the other though not by the same men. For safety sake no one person is allowed to make a note entirely, and by this and other checks stealing is rendered impossible.

The sheets thus completed are taken to an office off the big room, counted and put into wooden boxes on little trucks. Then the boxes are wheeled upon an elevator and conveyed by it to the examining room below. In the examing room they are taken and counted by women. If their account tallies with the count above stairs the sheets are laid across racks arranged in such a manner, stack shape, that dozens of layers of them can be placed one of top of the other. The rack stacks are piled upon trucks, which are run by a small railway across the floor into an oven bigger than an ordinary sized room, built of iron and heated by steam pipes. There the sheets are left until they are dry; when they are taken out and again examined, all defective ones being thrown aside and charged up to the boss of the printing department. He is allowed a percentage of 2 per cent of spoilage, but if he exceeds that he must pay for the labor lost. Next, the sheets are placed between oiled pastebords and put on an hydraulic press, which subjects them to a pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch. This makes them smooth. After this they go to another room, where the sheets are clipped and the notes numbered by machines. Finally they are counted again and deposited in the great vault, which has sometimes had in it as much as $4,000,000.

Only the other day the vault keeper sent over to the Treasury a little package that you could have put comfortably into a hand bag and carried away containing $48,000,000 in $10,000 certificates for legal tender notes. In making such a transportation of wealth the sheets of money are put into a wooden lock box and shoved aboard a huge chilled-steel safe on wheels, which conveys the millions safely through the streets. The upper part of the big vault is lined with cupboards, each one of which bears the name of a State. The cupboards are receptacles for the national bank notes of the various States. The notes and certificates reach the Treasury in sheets of four—or, three in the case of the bigger gold certificates—and are there cut apart and stamped with the Treasury seal. When the Treasury wants money it simply makes a requisition upon the vault keeper of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for whatever it needs. Authorities in the department say that the greatest difficulty counterfeiters meet with in the imitation of United States money is found in the peculiar paper used by the Government, which has silk fibers running through it. You can pull these silk fibers out of one of Uncle Sam's notes without injuring it, but if you split a counterfeit in two you will find any silk fibers that may be in it simply laid between the two films of paper, and they will not pull out at all. The making of this paper is a Government secret and is conducted at Dalton, Mass., under the eye of Treasury experts.—*Washington Star.*

Modern Literary Chances.

The aspirant for literary honors with pecuniary remuneration should remember that the most famous names in the literary guild earned their money for the most part in other than literary ways. Bryant was an editor and publisher. Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell were Harvard professors. Emerson and Bayard Taylor were lecturers, and Taylor was also a *Tribune* editor. Curtis and Stoddard depend upon editorial salaries; Stedman is a broker, and Halleck was John Jacob Astor's private secretary. And one might go further with this list. Whittier began as an editor, and only in middle life attempted to lean upon literature alone for a support, which his early savings and simple habits made possible. It was always Longfellow's advice to young men who wished to be literary to have first, and mainly a vocation independent of the finer. If a young writer thinks he possesses genius he may, of course, experiment with it; but it will serve his purse and peace of mind better to to secure some of labor and income that is more philistine and worldly, and ride his Pegasus only at inspired intervals. For it is a fact, in spite of the occasional big figures that are given as the results of literary work, pure and simple, that the men who prosper or have prospered by that alone, are only, at any one time, a few dozen in number among our sixty-five millions of people.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands are an especial source of annoyance to many persons during cold weather. Homely as the remedy may seem, there is probably nothing better or more effective than a simple rubbing with pure mutton tallow. One part of glycerine to two parts of soft water, with a few drops of rose water added, will be found very useful; so will vaseline or either of the following recipes:

One dram of borax, six ounces of rose water, and one ounce of glycerine.

One ounce of glycerine and one ouce of alcohol, mix together, then add eight ounces of rose water; bottle for use.

Liquor ammoniac, tincture of opium, spirits of turpentine, and olive oil, equal parts of each. After washing and drying the hands in the morning, at midday and in the evening, pour a teaspoonful of the liniment in one hand, and rub the hands and fingers together as if washing them. Repeat the process with the other hand. If the sore parts smart too much, the liniment should have a litt e sweet oil added to it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The returns of the pensioned veterans who fought under the great Napoleon, who now receive 850 a year, put their number at 112, instead of 180 as in 1888.

STORY OF AN UGLY DOG.

How He Secured the Lasting Protection of His Master.

He was a hopelessly ugly dog. His ecru back shaded off into yellow brown on the sides, spotched with mud colors below. His tail was his only perfect organ, but that drooped so habitually between his cowardly legs that it added neither to his stature nor his standing in the community. He was sickly and sore-eyed, gave forth pestilential odors and barked incessantly. He had lived in one neighborhood ten years, and had resisted poison, glass pellets, flobert rifles, the prayers of an outraged community and all the other instrument of canine destruction. With a sickening sense of the hopelessness of the efforts at destruction, the neighbors had resigned themselves to the belief that in the end the tooth of time would gnaw him off.

The owner of this brute was Blud, the butcher. At the meeting of the city triumvirs recently, before a quorum had appeared, Greens, the grocer, and Finn, the fisher, appealed to Blud for reason for harboring such a dog.

"That dog has a history," Blud was finally induced to say by way of premise for the following story: You will readily conclude that I would not maintain such a nuisance as that cur if he did not have some sort of a claim upon us. You have heard me speak of my boy Bone. When he was a curly-headed 2-year-old darling I was carrying on the business of gardening. We had a few acres near the city, and my wife would sometimes help me at the work.

"One day—it was about the time that the Charley Ross affair was in everybod's mind—we had left the baby boy cooing in a hammock under the trees, within sight and sound, and were at work in the adjoining garden. Happening to look up I saw that a rough-looking man had entered the grounds. I did not divine his purpose. We had a few days before adopted this dog, in the hope that he would be a playful and watchful mate for our boy. He was asleep under the hammock where his young master lay. I saw the man suddenly run toward the hammock. I felt at once that he was trying to steal the baby. What do you think that nasty-looking, yellow cur did just at that critical moment?"

"Leaped at the villain's throat," quickly suggested Greens, mentally asserting that he had wronged the dog in believing him worthless.

"I always said that the meanest dog was at least faithful to his master," was Finn's comment; "and I have no doubt your dog saved the child's life that day."

"You both do the animal an injustice," Blud said, rising. "True to his cur instincts, he tucked his tail between his running gear and fled."

Greens was half-angered, and only rallied after some minutes to ask why it was, then, since the dog had, indeed, proven himself worthless, that Blud had cared for him all these years.

"There is no burying-ground cheap enough for such a critter. I can't give him away, and he isn't worth killing," was the owner's answer. It was only after the lapse of an hour or two that Finn discovered that the story was not complete.

"By the way, Blud," he then asked, "how did you recover your baby from the kidnapper?"

"Oh, he wasn't a kidnapper. It was a body-snatcher, after the cur for the pound, because the dog-tax was delinquent."—*Indianapolis News.*

DRAMATIC INCIDENT AT NIAGARA.

The Drummer's Little Adventure with a Lunatic.

"I have seen three or four suicides at Niagara Falls," said the drummer to a N. Y. *Sun* reporter, "but the first was the queerest and gave me the greatest shock. I had made the acquaintance of a guest at the hotel as we sat on the veranda—a man of handsome look and soft, low voice—and at about 10 o'clock he proposed that we go over to Goat Island together on foot. I readily assented, and we were crossing the bridge when he suddenly stopped and looked over the railing. Naturally, I followed suit. He had been in Brazil, and he began telling me of the customs and manners of that country; but after about ten minutes he suddenly stopped short and queried:

"'Would you mind taking a swim with me this morning?'

"'A swim! Great heavens, man, but where could you swim here?' I gasped.

"'Here, in the rapids.'

"'But you'd be swept over the falls in ten seconds!'

"'Of course!' he laughed, showing his white teeth, and before the words were fairly uttered he struck the water. Almost before I could breathe twice he was over the falls and out of sight forever, and I stood there, rubbing my eyes and wondering if I was asleep, until a crowd came and began to ask questions. In the afternoon the keeper of a private insane asylum arrived and identified the man as an escaped patient, and when he had heard my story he asked:

"'Did he lay hands on you?'

"'No.'

"'It's a wonder. He was always planning to get here and compel some one to go over the falls with him. Excuse me, but do you chew?'

"'I do.'

"'You didn't offer him any?'

"'But I did—while we were leaning over the rail.'

"That accounts for it. He always declared that a man who used tobacco was a hog, and that to die with one meant eternal disgrace. The tit came upon him as he looked at the rushing waters, but your tobacco saved your life. Stranger, lend us a chaw!'"

Fun in Hot Weather.

Every man, woman and child in Bangkok takes a plunge into the river at least three times a day. Of the 700,000 people in the city at least 500,000 live in floating houses, and inasmuch as the summer costume of the lower classes consists of a garment about the size of a Turkish towel, it is not much trouble for them to go in bathing. They bathe on the steps of their houses and stand up to the waist in the water, grunting delightfully as they pour bucket after bucketful over themselves and their neighbors. The Burmese man and woman take a bath every night after dinner. This bath is merely pouring water over the person. Soap is never used and particular care is taken not to wet the hair. At New Years, when the weather is as hot as our summer, these people have what they call a water feast, and at this time the whole nation throws water upon one another. All the pretty girls go out with buckets and the boys have squirt guns and for three days there is nothing but water-splashing. The foreigners of Rangoon also engage in this, and the Chinese celebrate the feast with the rest.

Coal Dust.

One-seventh of the coal mined is lost from being broken up too finely to be burned with profit. A prominent railroad company is now mixing the dust with pitch and compressing it into blocks that burn like hard coal, with the advantage that they are entirely consumed to ashes and leave no clinkers.

OBTAINING PLASTER CASTS.

How Replicas of Famous Pieces of Statuary Are Supplied the Museums.

"We get our plaster casts of celebrated statues and other art works from the great museums of the world, in Rome, Berlin, Paris and London," said the curator of the Corcoran gallery to a Washington *Star* reporter. "In those great institutions—perhaps not more than half a dozen in number—are gathered practically all of the important original antiques in existence. The only way in which it is possible to secure reproductions of such priceless relics is to obtain permission from the authorities in charge of the museums to take casts. Not always is such a liberty easy to secure. You must remember that art works of the sort are absolutely irreplaceable, and, inasmuch as there is always some danger incidental to the making of casts, no matter how carefully the thing is done, you will readily understand how it is that reluctance is apt to be felt in allowing the thing to be done. Not infrequently it has happened that the taking of a single cast was permitted, but a repetition of the process refused, simply because it was not thought desirable to take any more chances. There would be no object in taking a second cast were it not that a mold wears out after a while and will not reproduce the original satisfactorily. It is a fact that nearly all of the casts used in art schools for drawing from and such purposes are casts made from casts and not from originals. Casts exhibited in galleries, however, ought always to be first-hand, because the second-hand ones lack the finest sculptured outline."

"How do you procure the casts?"

"We send to firms in the cities I have mentioned, which regularly make a business of supplying things of the sort, having arrangements of confidence with the great museums. If it is a statue from the British Museum that we want a replica of we are obliged to send to a dealer named Brecciani, who is the only person permitted to make casts of art objects in that institution. Brecciani and the other dealers in this line of business publish regular annual catalogues, which they send around to art galleries and merchants everywhere, price lists accompanying. According to their schedules, a bust of Cæsar is worth $150, a fragment of an ancient frieze the same amount, a reproduction of the celebrated 'Disk Thrower' $37, a caryatid $30, and a whole harpy tomb $45. The last, of course, is a particularly elaborate piece. When we want anything in the way of a cast we send on an order, just as for any other kind of merchandise. The making of a cast from a statue is an exceedingly difficult affair. For the head and face alone fifty or sixty pieces are required to make the mold; the ear will take twelve pieces. Work is begun, say, by placing one scrap of moist plaster of paris over a small section of the face, taking care not to cover any more surface than the plaster when hardened can readily be withdrawn from without breaking. When this piece has become hard it is permitted to remain sticking to the statue, while another scrap of plaster is applied to an adjoining section of surface. In this way the task slowly progresses until the entire statue is covered with the hard plaster, the bits being separated from each other by a sort of shellac on their edges, which prevents them from sticking together. After this has been accomplished it only remains to remove the pieces of plaster, which fit together, into the shape of the desired mold. Probably the finest collection of antique sculpture in existence is in Rome. The drawing books sold for children are designed by artists of more or less merit and published by the great stationers."

A Hen Hypnotized.

I have had an interesting experiment with a fowl, writes E. T. Chaplin in the *Spectator*. Some choice eggs being sent me for hatching purposes (having no hen at that time broody and no incubator) I determined to set one of my hens on these eggs, and keep her there by the force of mesmeric power. The eggs were not fresh when I received them, and to keep them with the uncertain hope of a hen becoming broody might have been fatal to their hatching. I therefore went against nature and set my hen upon these eggs; she was in full lay at the time, and remained so throughout the three weeks that she was sitting, laying, according to wont, two out of the three days. Those who understand poultry will appreciate that no hen will do this, having become naturally broody, although for the first day or two after being set on eggs I have had hens lay once or even twice.

Marking the eggs I set her upon, I was able to know and withdraw the eggs she kept laying. The first day I placed her on the eggs it took me half an hour to bring her into a hypnotic condition; but, each successive day, after having roused her to drink and eat, I was able to soothe her to drowsy placidity in much less time; also there were days, for which I can get no reason, when I had to go to her more than once in the day, she being in a restless, excited state, trying to get off the nest. The result has been, much to my own astonishment, that four out of seven of these eggs have hatched and are healthy, happy little chickens. At night I can still influence their mother to her maternal duties, but in the daytime she takes no notice of them.

A Mine of Beeswax.

No one has ever been able to gives an authentic account of how such enormous quantities of beeswax came to be deposited on the beach near Nehalem. Specimens are found along the beach in various places, but it is most plentiful near the mouth of the Nehalem. As the sea shifts the bars, pieces of it are washed ashore and large quantities are found by ploughing in some of the low land near the beach. There are spots where the sea has never reached in the memory of the oldest settlers, and which are covered with a good-sized growth of spruce, where deposits of the wax may be found by digging. Specimens of the wax may be found at the house of any settler on the beach, and to all appearances it is genuine beeswax. Several tons have been unearthed and one man shipped a large amount to San Francisco once, for which he received $500. In quality it is as good as any in the market, and has retained its familiar odor through all its rough usage and age. It is supposed by some, and so stated, that it came from the wreck of Spanish vessels over a century ago. Others say it came from a wrecked Chinese junk. These traditions in regard to the wrecks come from the Indians and are not reliable. It is possible that this beeswax is really "lost treasure" which people are digging for on the Nehalem.—*Tillamook (Ore.) Headlight.*

Electricity in Gold-Mining.

The electrical process has been successfully adopted in South Australia for the recovery of the minute gold-dust that has hitherto been lost in the work of separating the metal from the ore. The economical value of the process has been abundantly proved, and the returns are sufficiently good to compensate for the somewhat high expense of the process.

THE MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

A Cruiser Whose Speed and Strength Will Stand Second to None.

The swiftest, most destructive, and most formidable naval vessel in the world is now being planned by the bureau of steam engineering at Washington, says the N. Y. *Times*. When completed it will not only be a triumph of American ship-building, but it will have embodied all those essentials of pulsion, offensiveness, and defensiveness which have long been recognized by the navies of the world as combining the factors necessary to a maximum efficiency in naval architecture. This vessel is the 7,300-ton, three-screw commerce destroyer.

Her chief function being the sweeping from the seas of an enemy's commerce, she is primarily designed for speed. To do her work well she must be able to overhaul in an ocean race the swiftest passenger steamships between New York and Queenstown. If the plans on which she is designed are faithfully carried out she must not only make the present transatlantic record of 5 days, 19 hours, and 5 minutes, but she must break it down to 5 days and a fraction of an hour.

All this is to be done by a combination of perfected machinery such as has never before been designed. She is full of intricate mechanism from stem to stern. There are ten boilers. Six of these are double-ended, 15 1-2 feet in diameter by 21 1-4 feet long. Two others are 11 2-3 feet in diameter by 18 1-4 feet long, and the remaining two, which are single-ended, are 10 feet in diameter by 8 feet long. These boilers are made of steel, and they carry a pressure of 160 pounds. Eight of the largest boilers are built in air and water-tight compartments, into which there is forced a draught of 216,500 cubic feet of air per minute when running at full speed

The efficiency of the mechanism of the commerce-destroyer is best shown by a comparison with certain features of the Philadelphia, which is now a representative of the finest type of ship in the United States navy. The total grate surface of the Philadelphia, for instance, is 624 square feet; that of the commerce-destroyer is 1,285 square feet. The total heating surface of the Philadelphia is 20,457 square feet; that of the commerce-destroyer is 43,371.4 square feet. Thus it is seen that the new ship will be a grand step toward the rebuilding of the navy that was once mistress of the seas. The engines are three in number, consisting of vertical triple-expansion cylinders, each of which develops 7,000 horse power and drives a separate screw. They have all the same stroke, 42 inches, and the diameters of the high, intermediate, and low-pressure cylinders are 42.59 and 92 inches, respectively. Under full pressure each of the three screws should turn at the rate of 128 revolutions per minute. On the City of Paris 90 revolutions was the maximum in her record-breaking trip.

The shafts are made of forged steel, 16.5 inches in diameter. Lightness being the great essential to speed steel is used wherever it is possible. The three-screw idea originated with Chief Engineer Melville with a view to avoiding if possible the heavy shafting which would have been necessary had only two screws been used. In the latter case 10,000 horse power would have been transmitted by a single shaft, while in the three-screw arrangement only 6,850 horse power passes through each shaft. As shown in the City of Paris accident the strain on the heavy shafting is tremendous, and the consequences of a break-down are dreadful. One other reason why Mr. Melville evolved the three-shaft scheme was the fact that the ship had to be entirely American made, and there are grave doubts as to the ability of American manufacturers to guarantee so enormous a forging.

WANTED A WIFE AND A WATCH.

A Texas Centenarian in Pursuit of Matrimonial Joys.

Brazoria Letter in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "Mist' John, I done come ter see ef yer cayn't give the old nigger a ole white shut yer done got fru wearin'," said Uncle 'Thuselah, a well-known old negro of this vicinity, a day or two ago to the writer, who told him that he thought he might find him a shirt.

"Thankee, sah! I knowed you was the one ter come ter. I tells yer, I wants that shut for mighty 'ticklar puppus." Here the old darky fell to chuckling till it seemed that his life was in jeopardy.

"What occasion?" was asked him, when he felt his head all over after the fashion of negroes when embarrassed, but all the while grinning broadly and looking about with a sheepish delight.

"Well, sah," he said at last, "I declar hit do mos' kill dis ole nigger ter think 'bout hit, but sho' you live, honey, Une' 'Thuselah gwine get married termorrow."

"Get married! Why, you old idiot, you must be 80 at least!"

"Humph!" returned the old man, not in the least offended. "Une' 'Thuselah older'n dat."

"Well, how old are you?" he was asked.

"I don' know, 'zactly, Mis' John, but I was born de night dat Marster George Washingtou was 'lected to be boss. My mammy told me dat many er time, and she 'membered hit, 'cause she wanted ter name me arter him, but my daddy put he foot down dat he'd larrup her ter death ef she didn' give me his name, 'Thuselah."

"Then, according to that, you are 101 years old, and a good deal too old to think about marrying. Were you never married before?"

"G'long, chile. I'se bin married too ofen ter talk 'bout. Less see, now. There was a yaller gal in Virginny named Betsy; then there was 'Mandy and Phœby and Becky, and 'nother named Betsy, a black 'owan wif er game eye. I doan' 'zactly reckomember offhand who were nex', but seem lak 'twas Sukey, but hit moughter been Jane, and after her come Lizzie, and then Aun' Patsy."

"What became of them all?"

"Law, I doan' know, sah," with a lapse back into his respectful manner. "I'se had ter wuk too hard ter run 'round lookin' after a pack o' good for nothin' wimmen."

"Well, who is to be the fortunate and tenth Mrs. 'Thuselah?" was propounded to him, but had to be altered to "Who is it this time?"

"Aun' Ca'line ef she git done her i'nin' in time, and Aun' Rachel ef she don'."

"What on earth do you want to get married again for? You are much better off as you are."

"I don' know 'bout dat, sah! Aun' Ca'line make a heap o' money washin' and I'se tired hustlin' 'round fer somepin to eat, and Aun' Rachel she got $20 put away in the bank, an' Mist Jim Blakely give her a mighty nice slibber watch fore he died for nussin' him, an' I'd lak mighty well ter get ter wear dat watch. I reckin' I'll go see Aun' Ca'line an' tell her take her time 'bout dat i'nin, as I done made up my min' I'll take Aun' Rachel an' dat watch, fer hit make me fell mighty good ter think 'bout hit."

There are still fifty-nine German Waterloo veterans living. Five of them are in their one hundreth year, one in his one hundred and fifth, and one in his one hundred and seventh.

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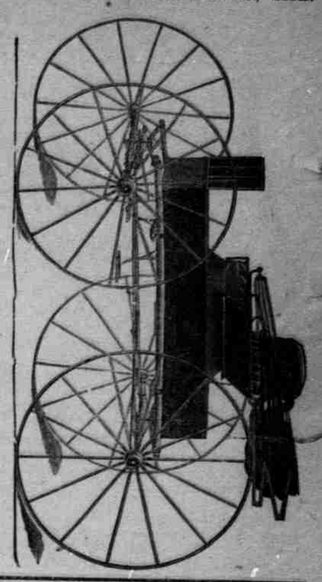

HER FIRST DINNER-GIVING.

Gen. Grant's Widow Gives Some Reminiscences of Her Early Married Life.

"Imagine my husband inviting four or five of the officers to dine with us at our first dinner!" says Mrs. Gen. Grant in the *Home-maker*. Of course he had to withdraw the invitation, for how did I know that Hannah understood cooking? He was amused at my real dismay.

"'I thought everybody knew how to cook—I do,' he said, 'and many a savory mess I have helped to make at West Point. I have roasted apples, and sometimes even ventured on roasting a fowl.'

"When I inquired when and how, he told me, with boyish pleasure. 'The potatoes, beef, etc., we fellows brought from the mess hall (now Grant hall) in our caps. The apples were usually the result of a foraging party to old Kingsley's garden.'

"'And the fowl, Ulysses, where did they come from? I asked.

"'Oh, usually from Col. Delafield's coops.'

"At my expression of horror at this really dreadful admission, he said: 'Do not be alarmed; I was not adroit enough to be of these parties; but I did both help cook and eat those wonderful suppers.'

"So of course he thought any one could cook. Hannah proved to my great satisfaction a household treasure.

"The officers were asked to come the next day, when I had much pleasure, though I felt some responsibility in arranging the appointments of my pretty table, seeing that all were properly placed, and remembering with pride the well-served table of my father's house.

"Well, the officers came, and to my smiling welcome they said: 'Then we can stay to-day, can we? Everything is right, is it? And Hannah really knows how to cook, does she?'

"Only imagine! The lieutenant had told all these men that they could not come to dinner because Mrs. Grant was not sure that Hannah knew anything about cooking and would like to have a trial dinner first. How they all loved to tease me ever after when he would ask any of them to dine with us! They would timidly peep in at the door and ask, 'Is it all right?' or 'Shall we come another day?'"

About Jonah and the Whale.

"Doctor," said a *Tribune* reporter yesterday to a city minister, "is there not a natural explanation of the whale's swallowing of Jonah?"

"Yes. In the first place there is nothing in the Hebrew to show that it was what we call a whale. The word translated into both the Septuagint and the New Testament by the Greek 'Katos' means simply a sea monster; and this word was the one used by our Lord in his reference to this account of Jonah. (Matthew xii., 39-41). So far, therefore, as the Hebrew or Greek words are concerned, the fish may have been a whale, a shark, a sea serpent or any other large monster of the deep. Hence, there is nothing incredible in the statement that Jonah, upon being thrown into the sea, was quickly overtaken by a sea monster and swallowed without suffering any mutilation, providing the monster was large enough. It is well known that the waters through which a vessel in sailing from Joppa to any Spanish port must pass were frequented, in early times, by a specie of shark called sea-dog, having a throat large enough to swallow a man whole. The French naturalist, Lacepede, in his 'Histoire des Poissons,' states that sea-dogs have a lower jaw of nearly six feet in semi-circular extent; which enables us to understand how they can swallow entire animals as large or larger than ourselves. Blumenbach, the German zoologist, in his 'Manual of Natural History,' is authority for the additional facts that sea-dogs have been taken weighing five tons, and that a horse has been found whole in the stomach of a sea-dog. And Pliny, 50 A. D., gives an account of the skeleton of a sea monster forty feet long, whose ribs were higher than those of an Indian elephant. This skeleton, Pliny says, 'was brought from Joppa, a city of Judea, and exhibited in Rome by M. Scaurus.'"—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Latest Fad in Canes.

I notice in all the shop windows a new fad in silver-headed canes. The small knobs of silver on rough handles are no longer the proper caper, but have given way to the smooth-turned handle, irregularly covered with a smooth coating of silver oxidized in a cloudy pattern. Following the line of the oxidized portions is fastened a small chain made of braided silver wire, much after the style of applique work on dress goods. It makes a most picturesque appearance and, I am told, is very expensive, as all the applique work must necessarily be done by hand.

A manufacturer, in speaking of the fad, said: "It is bound to become popular, for in this style of work engraving is done away with, and any name or initials can be worked out on the handles with the braided silver or gold wire."—*N. Y. Star.*

What M. D. Meant.

A Philadelphian entered a drug store and presented an order for a pint of whisky, signed with his own name and the letters M. D. "You're no doctor," said the drug clerk. "No; I didn't say I was." "Well, what does M. D. mean?" asked the clerk. To whom replied the individual briskly: "It means mighty dry!"

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