

# COAL FROM AMERICA.

## EUROPE COMES TO THIS COUNTRY FOR FUEL.

The inadequate supply abroad promotes our foreign trade—Best Coal for Fighting Ships Now Comes from the United States.

Mine operators from the United States and their agents are all over the European continent in the interest of American coal and almost every day vessels loaded with the product of American mines are clearing for European ports, where they are to lay down bituminous coal at English prices. Great Britain, with an estimated coal supply for only 200 years, has been exporting 55,000,000 tons annually. The British public has been looking upon this with disfavor. An export tax upon the product is anticipated, and in the event of it the Mediterranean ports must draw upon the United States for their fuel. Already the United States has been supplying the best coal for use in naval vessels.

In Europe coal deposits cover 27,000 square miles in Russia, 9,000 in Great Britain, 3,000 in Germany, 1,800 in France, and in all the rest of Europe are only 1,400 square miles. In Great Britain, France, and Germany especially these fields have been drawn upon for hundreds of years. Every square mile of resource has been sounded. Some of the English veins are worked to a depth of 3,887 feet,

burg district, closely centering about the metropolis of the western portion of the State. Some coal from the eastern portion of this district reaches tide-water by rail over the Pennsylvania, but the hopes of those who expect an export business in Pittsburgh are based upon the fact that during certain portions of the year cheap transportation to the ports of New Orleans may be by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

In Maryland the famous Cumberland coal is produced, but this is decidedly soft, breaking into small pieces rather than crumbling, yet not in favor with foreign consumers notwithstanding its richness in fuel properties. The foreign trade demands a lumpy coal, and for that reason the Cumberland can be left out of calculations concerning export trade.

In West Virginia three important railroad lines handle the products of the Elk Garden and Fairmont regions—in which Senators Davis and Elkins are widely interested—the New River and Kanawha districts, and the Pocahontas regions. Of these sections the New River, the Fairmont, and the Elk Garden mines promise to contribute the greater share of the State's coal for export. The Pocahontas coal, however, will be in limited but strong demand for naval steaming. In Alabama the coal fields lie in the northern part of the State, near Birmingham, and the way of outlet will be through Mobile or Pensacola.

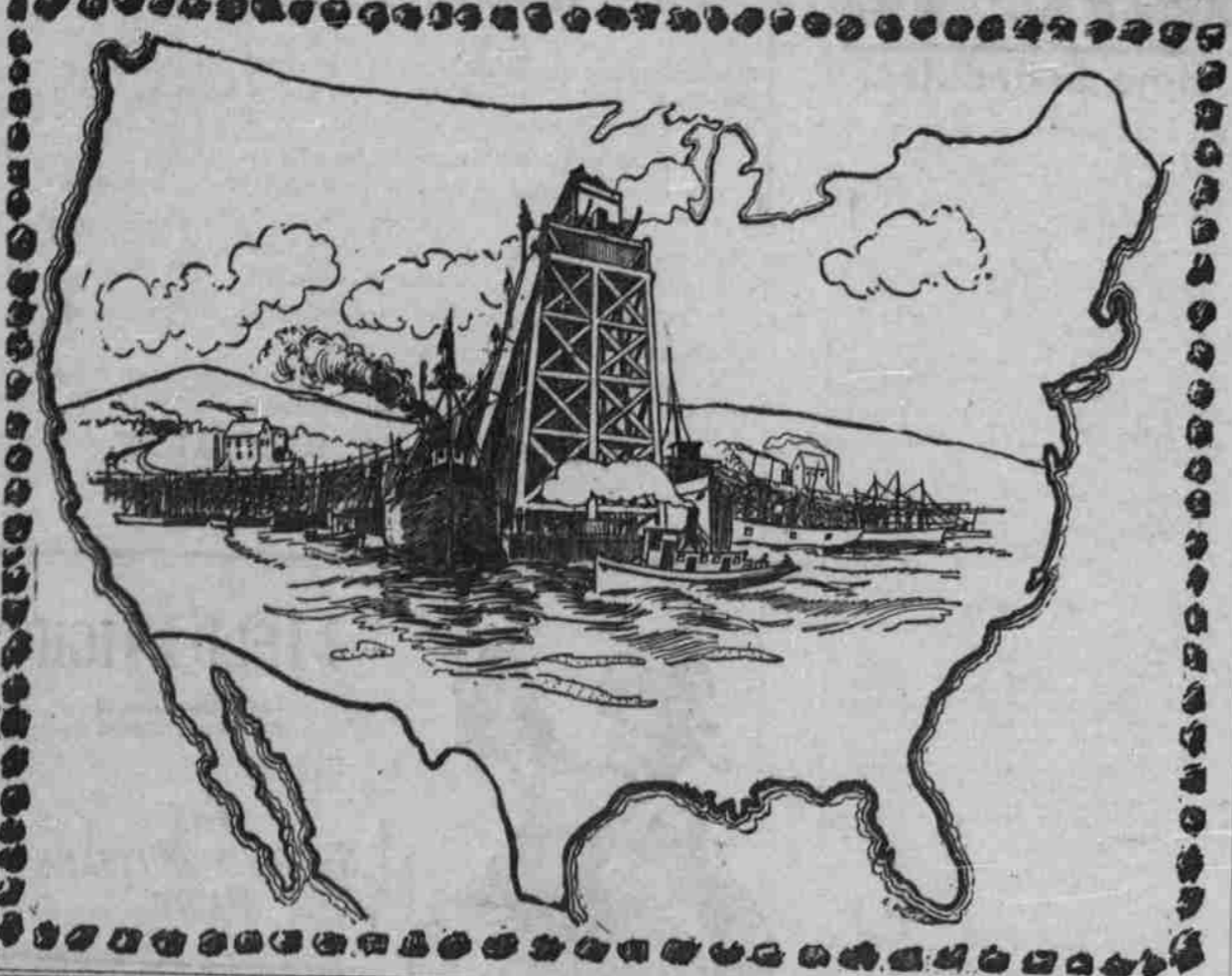
With these coals from these States, and paying even \$5 a ton for ocean freights, the American shipper may have a margin of \$1.50 profit at Gib-

Insurance, \$875; interest on cost, \$780; depreciation, \$625; crew, \$580; provisions, \$168; port charges, \$184; pilotage, \$350; fuel, \$2,025, allowing full selling price for company's coal used for steam. This, with \$100 for incidentals, gives a total of \$5,637, making \$0.4 cents a ton the actual transportation cost on the coal. Vessel owners like to secure and count upon a return cargo, and coal men owning such a vessel would get more or less freight destined for the United States. But suppose that practically nothing could be secured and that the freight charge would be \$1.50. It will be seen that American coal can be laid down in Cardiff, in the seat and center of the greatest coal industry in the world, at \$4 a ton, \$3 below the selling price of the Welsh coal.

Leads in Production. As an index to what the United States may fall into in case the British coal trade may be encroached on to any great extent by American trade, the following tables are reproduced from the British official reports ending Dec. 31, 1890. They show the long tons of 2,240 pounds and show comparisons with the years 1888 and 1897. The figures are as nearly accurate as such figures can be.

	1897.	1898.	1899.
Russia	2,015,525	2,195,967	3,207,791
Sweden and Norway	3,499,974	3,612,445	4,481,586
Denmark	1,879,182	2,043,798	2,051,423
Germany	5,042,781	4,711,370	5,059,090
Holland	947,235	931,134	1,271,792
France	5,937,292	5,710,113	6,595,867
Portugal, the Azores and Madeira	983,042	741,623	755,205
Spain and Canaries	2,257,396	1,78,699	2,252,582
Italy	4,834,654	4,985,198	5,912,432
Turkey	554,355	510,983	490,088
Egypt	1,869,723	1,907,505	2,125,921

# AMERICA IS SUPPLYING EUROPE WITH COAL.



with 4,000 the estimated maximum possible. Russia, of all these countries, may develop unexpected deposits. British India shows only 35,000 square miles of coal beds, and the total of all these is only 77,800 for Europe and India. As against this are the United States deposits of 194,000 square miles, with thousands of possible miles unexplored and undeveloped. To this Alaska is promising inexhaustible deposits of anthracite, which at least must replace the English coal that is now supplying the Pacific slope of the United States.

Aside from the United States in this coming world supply of fuel, only China and Japan can be looked to. These countries have deposits about as large as those of the United States, but are lacking in means of development. Their positions upon the map, too, are not favorable to the European trade.

World's Yield of Coal. As to how the mines of the world have been drawn upon, the figures for 1898 are accurate enough for comparison. They show in long tons of 2,240 pounds:

	Tons.
Great Britain	50,242,000
United States	19,252,000
Germany	14,555,000
France	10,257,000
Belgium	21,720,000
Russia	2,220,000
Japan	6,880,000
India	4,020,000
New South Wales	3,720,000
Canada	3,580,000
Spain	1,850,000

It will be seen from this that Great Britain, with only 9,000 square miles of coal beds, already lean from long mining, is drawing more heavily on her resources than is the United States, with more than twenty times the deposits, and they scarcely sounded in comparison.

The exports of coal from the United States within the seven months ending July 31, aggregated 902,481 tons of anthracite and 3,909,274 tons of bituminous coal. The total exports showed an increase of 1,565,093 tons over the corresponding period of 1890. This increase was largely in shipments of bituminous coal. Export shipments of American coke during the seven months ending July 31, amounted to 240,253 tons, an increase of about 90,000 tons over the same period in 1890.

No Demand for Anthracite. The United States coal which is to replace the product of England and Wales in the markets of the world is the soft coal of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Alabama. Anthracite coal has practically no opportunity for foreign exportation at the present time or in the near future. It is a fuel so much different from the coal that foreign consumers have been accustomed to using that they are not at all inclined to take it up, necessitating, as it does, the use of new grades or new stoves and entirely different methods of firing. Only the several varieties of soft coal now finding a market abroad need be considered.

In Pennsylvania there is produced for the seaboard trade what is known as Clearfield coal, originating mostly on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, but also reaching market over the Philadelphia and Reading railway. This general name includes the coal from several minor regions and is a comprehensive trade term.

Further to the westward is the Pitts-

# OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous sayings and doings here and there.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—Sayings and Doings that are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

His Condiment. Mrs. Starvem—Will you have some milk and sugar in your tea? Grinshaw—If you please, madam; just a little drop of water and a little grain of sand.—Town Topics.

Poet's Love. Tess—Young Aster, the poet, doesn't seem so fond of Doris since he met her cousin May. Jess—No. It's much easier to write sonnets to May; there are so many more rhymes for her name.—Philadelphia Press.

Even in the Days of Yore. "Where is the electrician?" yelled Noah, as he groped his way toward the engine-room. Thus, even in the days of yore, there was much commotion when the arc lights went out.—Brooklyn Life.

As It Usually Happens. "I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Courtney?" "No; I didn't have any rearing at all; my parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother Bill."

Too Much. He—How do I know that your love for me will last? She—What do you expect me to give you—a written recommendation from the last I love?

No Loss. "The boys are eating your green apples," said one of the guests. "That's all right," replied the honest old farmer who was taking boarders for the summer. "Let them eat all they want. I'll keep 'em away from the table for the next two or three days, and I'll charge their daddies for the apples besides."—Chicago Tribune.

Not So Funny. "No, Harry, I am sure we could not be happy together; you know I always want my own way in everything." "But, darling, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—Brooklyn Life.

Sufficient Reason. Warwick—Why is it that there are no real skyscrapers in London? Wickwire—There is no sky.—Puck.

The Reason. Aslington—Why don't you get married, old fellow? Is it because you cannot afford it? Borrowsy (frankly)—No; it is because the girl's father cannot afford it.—Puck.

At the Art Institute. "Uncle Eben, have you ever been done in oil?" "Wal, not in oil, but I hev in gold bricks."

His Best Shot. Officer (to straggler)—What are you standing behind that tree for? The enemy is flying. Straggler—Hurrah! That's just the opportunity I've been waiting for; I'm a first-class wing shot.—Richmond Dispatch.

Fool for Luck. Quizzell—My wife's the luckiest goose; found a dollar bill to-day and ten cents last week. Frizzell—Humph! Mine finds something every day. Quizzell—That's so? What? Frizzell—Faut.

A Version. We were not surprised to find among these simple pastoral people of the Far East a beautiful poetic version of the story of the fall of man. In this it was related that when the Serpent saw Eve with her mouth full of pins, fitting herself to clothes, his heart smote him. "Can I be of any service?" he asked. "Well, I don't know," faltered Eve, and blushed violently. It was in this way, they naively said, that the garter snake had origin.—Puck.

Just One's Luck. Cobble—I wish I could stop playing poker. Stone—Why don't you swear off? Cobble—I do. But every single time I swear off I begin to win.—Life.

College Life. First College Man—You say your arrest was a case of mistaken identity? Second College Man—Yes. The cop had on citizen's clothes and I didn't know he belonged to the police in time to get away.—Puck.

Why He Wanted to Know. A rather amusing story is told in connection with a certain learned professor. He had been asked to deliver a lecture—which he readily consented to do—in the village schoolroom, and on the important night the place was packed with an expectant audience. The front seats were occupied by a few of the shining lights of the neighborhood, and apparently the lecturer was addressing the select few, for he talked completely over the heads of the rest of the audience. At length, at the expiration of a couple of hours, the professor dropped his lofty style and blandly remarked: "And now, friends, in conclusion, allow me to say that if anyone has a question to ask I will do my best to answer him." It was a very old villager in the back seat who slowly rose to his feet and asked the first and only question. "Aw'd be vurry mich obliged, measter. He remarked, "if ye'd jest tell us wot on airth it is that ye've been pralching about."—London Spare Moments.

Not Made for Use. "What was the cause of the latest quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Bickers?" "Mrs. Bickers caught her husband lying on one of her soft cushions."—Harper's Bazar.

Rattled. "Jerry, if you were the only man at that summer resort you must have had a rattling good time." "Yes; it rattled me to keep up with the dollars those girls made me rattle out."

A Fad of the Times. "Isn't Griggs marrying a girl much older than himself?" "Oh, yes, but he wants her to be company for his mother."

The Summer Girl. He—I love you. She (dreamily)—It seems to me I've heard that before.

# OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous sayings and doings here and there.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—Sayings and Doings that are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

His Condiment. Mrs. Starvem—Will you have some milk and sugar in your tea? Grinshaw—If you please, madam; just a little drop of water and a little grain of sand.—Town Topics.

Poet's Love. Tess—Young Aster, the poet, doesn't seem so fond of Doris since he met her cousin May. Jess—No. It's much easier to write sonnets to May; there are so many more rhymes for her name.—Philadelphia Press.

Even in the Days of Yore. "Where is the electrician?" yelled Noah, as he groped his way toward the engine-room. Thus, even in the days of yore, there was much commotion when the arc lights went out.—Brooklyn Life.

As It Usually Happens. "I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Courtney?" "No; I didn't have any rearing at all; my parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother Bill."

Too Much. He—How do I know that your love for me will last? She—What do you expect me to give you—a written recommendation from the last I love?

No Loss. "The boys are eating your green apples," said one of the guests. "That's all right," replied the honest old farmer who was taking boarders for the summer. "Let them eat all they want. I'll keep 'em away from the table for the next two or three days, and I'll charge their daddies for the apples besides."—Chicago Tribune.

Not So Funny. "No, Harry, I am sure we could not be happy together; you know I always want my own way in everything." "But, darling, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—Brooklyn Life.

Sufficient Reason. Warwick—Why is it that there are no real skyscrapers in London? Wickwire—There is no sky.—Puck.

The Reason. Aslington—Why don't you get married, old fellow? Is it because you cannot afford it? Borrowsy (frankly)—No; it is because the girl's father cannot afford it.—Puck.

At the Art Institute. "Uncle Eben, have you ever been done in oil?" "Wal, not in oil, but I hev in gold bricks."

His Best Shot. Officer (to straggler)—What are you standing behind that tree for? The enemy is flying. Straggler—Hurrah! That's just the opportunity I've been waiting for; I'm a first-class wing shot.—Richmond Dispatch.

Fool for Luck. Quizzell—My wife's the luckiest goose; found a dollar bill to-day and ten cents last week. Frizzell—Humph! Mine finds something every day. Quizzell—That's so? What? Frizzell—Faut.

A Version. We were not surprised to find among these simple pastoral people of the Far East a beautiful poetic version of the story of the fall of man. In this it was related that when the Serpent saw Eve with her mouth full of pins, fitting herself to clothes, his heart smote him. "Can I be of any service?" he asked. "Well, I don't know," faltered Eve, and blushed violently. It was in this way, they naively said, that the garter snake had origin.—Puck.

Just One's Luck. Cobble—I wish I could stop playing poker. Stone—Why don't you swear off? Cobble—I do. But every single time I swear off I begin to win.—Life.

College Life. First College Man—You say your arrest was a case of mistaken identity? Second College Man—Yes. The cop had on citizen's clothes and I didn't know he belonged to the police in time to get away.—Puck.

Why He Wanted to Know. A rather amusing story is told in connection with a certain learned professor. He had been asked to deliver a lecture—which he readily consented to do—in the village schoolroom, and on the important night the place was packed with an expectant audience. The front seats were occupied by a few of the shining lights of the neighborhood, and apparently the lecturer was addressing the select few, for he talked completely over the heads of the rest of the audience. At length, at the expiration of a couple of hours, the professor dropped his lofty style and blandly remarked: "And now, friends, in conclusion, allow me to say that if anyone has a question to ask I will do my best to answer him." It was a very old villager in the back seat who slowly rose to his feet and asked the first and only question. "Aw'd be vurry mich obliged, measter. He remarked, "if ye'd jest tell us wot on airth it is that ye've been pralching about."—London Spare Moments.

Not Made for Use. "What was the cause of the latest quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Bickers?" "Mrs. Bickers caught her husband lying on one of her soft cushions."—Harper's Bazar.

Rattled. "Jerry, if you were the only man at that summer resort you must have had a rattling good time." "Yes; it rattled me to keep up with the dollars those girls made me rattle out."

A Fad of the Times. "Isn't Griggs marrying a girl much older than himself?" "Oh, yes, but he wants her to be company for his mother."

The Summer Girl. He—I love you. She (dreamily)—It seems to me I've heard that before.

# LONG FINGER NAILS

Indicate Rank and Good Breeding in Many Oriental Countries.

The countries where the long finger nail is most affected are Siam, Assam, Cochinchina and China. The approved length varies from three or four to twenty-three inches. A Siamese exquisite permits the nails on his fingers to grow to such an extent that his hands are practically useless. The aristocrats who affect these nails can not write, dress themselves, or even feed themselves.

The Siamese hold the long finger nail in the same reverence we hold the family tree. Many of them never have had their nails cut from the day of their birth. On the first finger the nail is of moderate length—three or four inches—while on the other fingers the nails grow occasionally to two feet. The thumb nail, which is also allowed to grow long, after reaching a certain length curves around like a corkscrew.

In both China and Siam the owners of long nails wear metal cases over them to preserve them, made of gold or silver, and jeweled. While long nails are not regarded as singular in China, they are rarely met with except on fanatics and pedantic scholars.

Among the fakirs in Hindoostan a peculiar custom is that of holding the hand tightly clenched and in one position so long that at last the nails grow through the palm, emerging at the back of the hand, and growing thence almost to the wrist. When the wasted muscles refuse to support the arm any longer it is bound in position with cords.

In Nubia the long nail is regarded as indicative of good breeding. The aristocrats constantly subject their finger tips to cedar wood fire to insure a good growth.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth, and not even the crown of the head, the fingers and the toes are exempt from the needle. The hands are ornamented with most care, so that the hand would look as though increased in a tight-fitting glove were it not for the finger nails of enormous length which complete the hand adornment of the wealthier natives.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Learned. "Did you ever know the difference between a boy who has been brought up with girls and one who has not? The one whose acquaintance with girls of his own age has been slight is apt to be awkward and unobservant; whereas, the boy who has breathed an atmosphere of feminine influence notices the occasions for the small politenesses of life.

The speaker was a young woman who had had experiences, and she proceeded to unfold them. "I was thrown last summer," she went on, "with a college boy who had no sisters, nor cousins, nor aunts, to polish him off. At Yale he had studied hard, and had not 'wasted his time,' as he would have called it, on girls' affairs. He didn't know how to do the few thousand small services that women like, and as he was really clever and nice, I proceeded forthwith to polish him. I never vent for anything I wanted. He had to go on all my errands. I dropped my scissors, or book, or parasol, fifty times a day to teach him to pick them up. At first he did it with a grudge, but after a while he did it quite naturally, and at the end of the season he thanked me sincerely.

"The sequel came a few days ago, when I received a letter from him reproaching me ruefully for having made him ridiculous. 'I'm always jumping around to help people who are better left alone,' he says. 'The fellows can't drop a pencil in class but I find myself sprawling on the floor after I before I stop to think. It will take years to undo the dreadful work of last summer.'"—New York Telegram.

What She Wears. The famous woman, Annie S. Peck, who has been noted as having scaled the Matterhorn and broke the record on Mount Orizaba, going 8,000 feet into the clouds, wore flannel undergarments, a waist of serge, a woolen sweater, knickerbockers and leggings of sage-green duck canvas, which she made herself. She wore the heaviest kind of winter boots, and a shoemaker in Switzerland put an extra piece of heavy leather over the whole lower part of the shoes, toes and heels, and then nearly covered them with nails. In many of her trips she has worn fur-topped gloves, but for the Matterhorn she wore woven mittens. A substantial canvas hat, lined with ribbon, and veils, as well as smoked glasses, complete her outfit. She takes the precaution to put cold cream on her face before facing the severe weather.

The Cook Got Even. A cook here who quarreled with the owner of the restaurant got even in this way: After making the soup he improved it by the introduction of several foreign ingredients, such as a quantity of sand, half a cupful of red pepper, a pound of tacks, a bunch of kindling wood chopped fine and a couple of old kites gave a la noodles. The feeders sat down as usual last evening, but as soon as they sampled the soup they rose up again en masse and almost mobbed the whole shooting match. According to the evidence produced at the preliminary hearing a more fearful brew than this soup was never concocted, even by Macbeth's weird sisters. The cook is now in the consummation.—New York correspondent Pittsburgh Dispatch.

When You Write to the Queen. The paper on which letters to Queen Victoria are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever fall into her Majesty's own hands. The proper method is to write on thick, satiny white paper and to dispatch the missive in an envelope which fits it, as the Queen, for the simple reason that she never looks at it. All such letters are opened by the Mistress of the Robes, and as a rule their contents never get beyond her, or, if the letter is of importance, it is returned to the writer with the directions how to forward it.—Exchange.

Lake that Turned Red. Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

# FISHING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Ingenious Mechanism by Which Native Make Pleistocene Catches.

The Malay race is probably the most skillful in fishing, and the Philippine Islanders are not behind the other branches. An illustration shows one of their favorite ways of catching fishes which run along the bottom of rivers, bays and arms of the sea. It consists of a long raft ranging from twenty to sixty feet in length, and from eight to twenty feet in width. At the rear part or stern there is a platform, and on it a little house, in which the fishermen doze during the heat of the day and sleep at night. In the middle is a small furnace in which they do their cooking, and a jar in which they put fine fishes, and a tank through which the water moves where they store their catches. In the bow is a cumbersome but ingenious drop net mechanism. It consists of two long and strong poles fastened to the raft on axes and by a rope at the upper end of the two, which here touch each other, running down to a windlass in the stern sheets. To the top of this jury-mast are fastened two enormous bamboo crosses, crossed in the middle and bent as to form semi-circles. The four ends of the bamboos are connected by a great bag net ranging from twelve feet to forty feet square. When used the fishermen throw a lot of bait into the big net, and lower the arrangement by loosening the windlass and permitting the rope to unwind. The masts rotate forward upon their axes, and the net sinks until it lies upon the bottom of the water. The fish, attracted by the bait, are soon crowding around the center of the net. The windlass is slowly turned, which raises the bamboo, then the rope connecting the ends, and last of all the center of the net. By the time the fish are alarmed the ropes have passed the water's edge and escape is impossible. With this ingenious mechanism a fishing smack will often take 1,000 pounds of fish in a single cast.

Frances Skinner has made a translation of a novel by Peter Rosegger, the popular German novelist, entitled "The Forest Schoolmaster."

"The Life of John Paul Jones," by Augustus C. Buell, represents the result of fourteen years' researches in England, France and St. Petersburg, as well as in this country.

In commenting on the fact that James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" is reported to have sold 200,000 copies, the London Academy makes the surprising statement that no book of equal merit ever received half so warm a welcome in England in the same time.

More than 200,000 copies of "To Have and to Hold" have now been sold, and the demand for the book continues. If the dramatization of the work proves successful the story will doubtless have a fresh boom. The writing of the stage version has been entrusted to Ernest Boddington, dramatic critic of the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has a book in press which, it is said, will be published as soon as the author and publisher can agree upon a title. This is not an uncommon stumbling-block to publication in these days, when the marketable value of a title is recognized by both author and publisher, often from diametrically opposite points of view.

"On the Wing of Occasion," by Joel Chandler Harris, includes a novelette of about 30,000 words, entitled "The Kidnaping of President Lincoln," and three stories, entitled "Why the Confederacy Failed," "In the Order of Providence," and "The Troubles of Martin Coy," dealing with the unwritten history of the civil war and with the elaborate secret service then maintained.

The editor of the Century is receiving inquiries about the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," the historical romance. Miss Bertha Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist, and one of the editors of the "Library of the World's Best Literature." The present work is a maiden effort at fiction-writing. She was born in New Jersey a few and twenty years ago, never went to kindergarten as a child, nor to college as a young woman, has traveled little, and has never been in France—which possibly accounts for her laying there the scene of her romance.

"A little boy in the neighborhood of Bishop Brooks' home in Boston was one day mischievously ringing doorbells and running away before the bells were opened," says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In pursuit of this amusement he ran up the steps of the Bishop's residence and the Bishop, happening to be in the hall ready to go out, opened the door quickly, before the boy had turned to descend the steps. The child was so startled by the sudden appearance of the good man, who had a kindly smile for all children, that he ejaculated: 'Why, Phil's Brooks! Do you live here?' In spite of the misdeedmaster the Bishop could not find it in his heart to scold the little fellow. He, also, had been a boy."

The longest plants in the world are seaweeds. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

# BOOK REVIEWS

Frances Skinner has made a translation of a novel by Peter Rosegger, the popular German novelist, entitled "The Forest Schoolmaster."

"The Life of John Paul Jones," by Augustus C. Buell, represents the result of fourteen years' researches in England, France and St. Petersburg, as well as in this country.

In commenting on the fact that James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" is reported to have sold 200,000 copies, the London Academy makes the surprising statement that no book of equal merit ever received half so warm a welcome in England in the same time.

More than 200,000 copies of "To Have and to Hold" have now been sold, and the demand for the book continues. If the dramatization of the work proves successful the story will doubtless have a fresh boom. The writing of the stage version has been entrusted to Ernest Boddington, dramatic critic of the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield has a book in press which, it is said, will be published as soon as the author and publisher can agree upon a title. This is not an uncommon stumbling-block to publication in these days, when the marketable value of a title is recognized by both author and publisher, often from diametrically opposite points of view.

"On the Wing of Occasion," by Joel Chandler Harris, includes a novelette of about 30,000 words, entitled "The Kidnaping of President Lincoln," and three stories, entitled "Why the Confederacy Failed," "In the Order of Providence," and "The Troubles of Martin Coy," dealing with the unwritten history of the civil war and with the elaborate secret service then maintained.

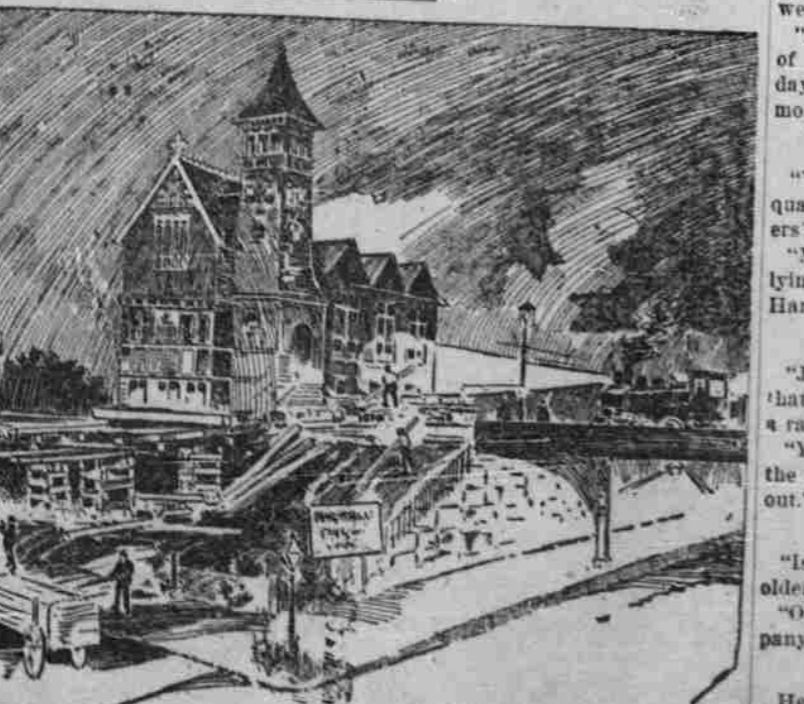
The editor of the Century is receiving inquiries about the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," the historical romance. Miss Bertha Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist, and one of the editors of the "Library of the World's Best Literature." The present work is a maiden effort at fiction-writing. She was born in New Jersey a few and twenty years ago, never went to kindergarten as a child, nor to college as a young woman, has traveled little, and has never been in France—which possibly accounts for her laying there the scene of her romance.

"A little boy in the neighborhood of Bishop Brooks' home in Boston was one day mischievously ringing doorbells and running away before the bells were opened," says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In pursuit of this amusement he ran up the steps of the Bishop's residence and the Bishop, happening to be in the hall ready to go out, opened the door quickly, before the boy had turned to descend the steps. The child was so startled by the sudden appearance of the good man, who had a kindly smile for all children, that he ejaculated: 'Why, Phil's Brooks! Do you live here?' In spite of the misdeedmaster the Bishop could not find it in his heart to scold the little fellow. He, also, had been a boy."

The longest plants in the world are seaweeds. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

# PROBLEM OF CHICAGO HOUSE-SHIFTING.



Moving a large church structure across elevated railroad tracks in Chicago.