

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

"If you please, Mr. Avery, I shall have to run father's loom and a suit out." The overseer looked over his desk in surprise at the diminutive figure standing just within the office door, with a tightly rolled check apron and a weaver's belt in her hands. "Who is your father? and why isn't he doing his own work?" he questioned, sharply. "Sam Weeden, sir, and he sent—" "He's drunk again, I suppose; and what kind of substitute are you to send into the shop? You can't see over the breast-beam of a loom. I told him the last time he went on a spree that I would not bother with him any more. You can tell your father—"

amusement, trying with all his might to turn a penny by holding it all up to ridicule, and set the town in an uproar. Mr. Avery found it hard to maintain his favorite mental attitude. He had laughed heartily, times without number, at just such clever indecency; but this somehow made his gorge rise. He laid the paper down just as Morse re-entered the office with some report connected with the work. "Who is taking care of Weeden's wife?" he asked, abruptly. "The neighbors will look out for her through the day; and Annie can manage to get along after working hours. That's a very capable girl. Mrs. Weeden is pretty badly hurt; but she will probably be about again in a few weeks." "Is she a weaver?" "Yes, sir, and she is sent—" "Tip top. I worked with her in the Borden before she was married." "Well, we'll worry along with the child till her mother can work. Perhaps, between them, they can run the looms. Isn't there a platform in the store room? Shorty Briggs used one, didn't he?" "That's only four inches high," said Morse. "Annie needs one at least eight." "See Bently about it, right away. She'll get hurt climbing all over the looms." Morse nodded again, and withdrew. It was a much easier victory than he had anticipated. Late that afternoon, when three men bore a long, narrow platform down the alley, and laid it between the looms so that she could reach her work at all times as easily as the grown-up weavers, Annie let the filling run out, and sitting on the end of it laid her head on a great soft roll of flannel, and cried for joy. She knew then that she would be allowed to keep her father's work.

Although she was so tired Annie ran all the way home that night to tell her mother the good news. But Mrs. Weeden was not well enough to be troubled with anything. The neighbors had been very helpful, and there was little for her to do, besides holding the basin while the poor bruised head was being sponged and rebanded. For many weeks the invalid's condition was critical. Then she began slowly to gather strength. Annie made a little feast of butter cakes to celebrate the event when she could sit up and be made comfortable in the rocking chair. Her mother ate the cakes, and after a while looked feebly to the kitchen door, and walked about the room as if in search of some one. Annie had been cautioned not to speak of her father till she asked about him, and her heart gave a great throb of apprehension. Was memory returning? Would she have to tell where he was and why? Could her mother bear it then? But no questions were asked and the invalid returned to her chair in apparent content. A strange, placid quietness had fallen on her. Curiosity, surprise, interest in the daily happenings at the mill, at home, or in the village of factory tenements which had constituted her little world, there was none. She smiled when Annie came in from her work, replied to her pleasant chatter in a somewhat vague but fond way, and lapsed into a sort of cheerful impassiveness. Annie watched every phase of her mother's convalescence with an anxious and burdened heart. She was far too courageous to practice the least self-deception, and long before their simple friends would admit it, she knew the terrible truth. Her mother's life was spared. She would get well in time; but she would always be a helpless imbecile. When this became a certainty, Annie's soul was filled with a smouldering fury of grief and indignation. The months were slipping by; and in two more the man whose insane brutality had reduced her mother to this pitiful state would return, and again rule the house with absolute authority. How could she endure to see her mother once more in his power? How could she bear his hulking presence in the house? He would drink harder than ever, not only to drown the memory of his crime but to put himself beyond the reach of such expressions of disapproval as would inevitably be given him in the neighborhood. The feeling against him was strong; and he would undoubtedly encounter it at every step, except before the bars of the rum shop, where he would naturally take refuge. When he came home—a sullen, growling brute—and wrought himself into a fury, how could she protect her mother from his fist and foot? Day after day as Annie worked with superhuman energy to provide shelter and food for her charge, this storm raged within her, till sometimes she felt that anything would be welcome which would rid them of the monster once for all. The storm raged itself still at last. No greater victory was ever won than that of this slight girl who fought her battle out all alone amid the din and roar of the clashing machinery and came to the quiet resolution to make the best of a dreadful situation. The watched-for time approached and passed by several days. Annie began to breathe more freely. He might have gone away to some other manufacturing town. Perhaps he would never come back. One day the looms were stopped for lack of yarn; and as it would be two hours at least before any more could be distributed, she ran out through the back yard and climbed the steep bank littered with rubbish behind the row of tenements. It was a much nearer way than going around the front; and she could at least reach the basement door by slipping a broken panel aside. Through this small opening she could look through into the kitchen; and what she saw made her pause with a sick feeling of despair. Sam Weeden had returned; stealthily, for he had not wakened his wife, who slept peacefully in the rocking chair, as was her habit in the afternoon when the house was still. He was carefully searching the little corner cupboard, and presently brought out a tin baking-powder can. From this he poured a quantity of speckled beans on the red tablecloth and then pulled out a wad of paper which he unrolled and disclosed a half-handful of silver—all the hard-won savings that Annie had hoarded, a dime or a quarter at a time, for other necessities besides the weekly bills for food, fire, and rent. She clenched her hands hard and with difficulty restrained herself from loudly and bitterly denouncing the thief. But a loose bundle of clothing on a chair caught her attention. Weeden was dressed in the rough, heavy winter clothing that he wore when arrested; and a thick, shapeless cloth cap was on his head. It looked as though he had come for his things and intended to go away. Think God! Let him go. It would be a cheap price to pay for the blessed deliverance. If only her mother would not waken. But this was not to be. Weeden put the money in his pocket, and returned the box to its place; but in doing so he rattled some of the dishes. Mrs. Weeden

opened her eyes, and looked at him with-out the least surprise. "Are you hungry, Sam?" she asked, and the man hissed around, confronting her with a threatening look. "I ain't no thief. It belongs to me. Whatever you earn is mine, and I can do what I please with it. But why ain't you in the mill? I thought you'd both be working." His voice was harsh, and he watched her warily; but what he said did not seem to reach her. She seemed remote and strange, though she smiled, and was evidently glad to see him. "If you're hungry I'll get you a lunch. There's no hot water, but it will boil in a few minutes on the oil stove. Sit down, Sam, and don't—don't, be cross." Annie caught her breath and sank down in a heap on the back steps. Here was a miracle. Her mother had never offered to do anything of her own accord since her illness, though she would pare apples or potatoes, or perform other simple tasks if the materials were set before her. The sight of her husband had supplied some mental stimulus, and her looked willing-pulse began feebly to assert itself. That put a new face on the matter. Annie arose and entered the house, but so absorbed was her father in staring at, and trying to understand, the subtle change in her mother, that he barely glanced at her. He was pale, and the three days' stubble on his face looked black and wiry. "What's—what's wrong with Marthy?" he asked, trying to speak naturally. He had thrown himself in her chair when she arose and went cheerfully about preparing a meal for him. "You pounded her head a little one night last winter," said Annie, bitterly, "and she has been a fool ever since. She doesn't know enough to comb her own hair. It is pretty hard for me to get along; and I need the money you swiped to buy shoes and a wrapper for her. I have to plan and work every way to make her comfortable." Weeden handed her the money, searching faithfully for it all, his face working with some strong emotion which he repressed, or tried to repress, by shutting his jaws hard, and scowling. Annie gave him back a half-dollar. "Go and get shaved after you've changed your clothes, pa. Things will be better, perhaps, now you are home again." There was a note of relenting in this, and a promise to let by-gones go, and begin anew the broken family life. Then Sam Weeden broke down completely, and sobbed with his head on his arms on the kitchen table. Mrs. Weeden caught Annie by the arm, and drew her away. "He's going to be awful, this time," she whispered. "Keep out of his way. I'm never afraid of him till he begins to cry, or starts to praying." "I'll be careful, mammy; he won't hurt you any, I guess." Annie watched these evidences of hope trembling within her. There was a possibility that her mother might get well; nay, she felt sure of it. Weeden moved and sat up, mopping his face quite frankly with a dingy handkerchief. "I guess I'd better light out before the crowd comes out of the mill," he said. "I've sprang to his side as he stooped forward to lift the bundle which had fallen on the floor, and caught him firmly by the shoulder. She jerked him back in the chair with surprising strength, and shook him so that his head waggled, which punishment he submitted to like a lamb. "Of all the stupid! Talking about fighting out! Where? I'd like to know! And how long do you mean to stay? Don't you see that she is beginning to think, and do things without being told? Stand off! Light out, go down on your knees and thank God for giving you the chance to undo what you've done." "Do you mean that, Annie? How can I make her right again, same as she was before?" "By staying right here and going to work, and acting just as if nothing had happened. Do you mean to say that you ain't man enough to do that? Of course some 'em will gony you; and some of 'em will try to get you to drink up every cent of your pay; but what's that side of this help you can do to mother?" Annie had spoken rapidly and intensely, but she almost whispere the words in her father's ear. Weeden had made no effort to talk to his wife, and he shrank visibly when she again approached to draw Annie away from him. He had the popular repugnance and fear of the insane to an unusual degree. "Dad won't hurt us any today, mother. See how good he is," said Annie. Then she put her palm under his stubby chin, and, holding her breath, stooped and kissed the tobacco stained lips. Then a new and unexpected feeling began to assert itself. Annie stepped away and looked at the tramp-like figure in the chair with a man's imprisoned soul trying to reveal itself through the coarse, criminal face, and meagre, ignorant language natural to his kind. "You look like a hobo," she said candidly; "and I ought to hate you, but I can't. I've been trying to get you to stay, and let the sight of you around the house bring back mother's senses if they ain't completely gone. But there's something else. I want you to stay; and if mother was all right, I would be just the same. Look here, dad! You had killed mother, but you was drunk, and didn't know what you was about. But you ain't drunk now; and if you kill the decent man that you always wanted to be, and turn hobo that'll be a thousand times worse." Something like superstitions dread seized Weeden as he listened to Annie's argument. He did not know that she had been learning to think in a very superior school for years and years. Who told her that he loathed himself, and that he always meant to be a decent man, and win numbers of genuine friends sometime? Annie saw that he was unable to reply in words of his own choosing. "Don't you see mother to get well, all well, just as she used to be?" "I'd give my right arm," he began, catching at a convenient current phrase. Annie laughed. "Nobody wants your right arm," she said, picking up the garments on the floor and tossing the bundle into the bedroom. "Go and change your horrid old winter duds and get shaved before everybody sees you," she said. It was far from a miracle of sudden reform. Weeden fell and fell again; but Annie was vigilant and resourceful, and she usually traced and rescued him before the brutal stage of drunkenness supervened. Her mother's steady improvement was an incentive to large patience and long suffering, and the battle was finally won. It is difficult to believe that the sober, industrious workman, who spends his evenings quietly in his comfortable home, or at the meetings of the clubs and orders of which he is a respected member was only a year ago the disreputable Sam Weeden, whose drunken frenzy furnished

the police reporter with such delectable copy; or that his comely, energetic, capable wife, the demurest of mental work who sat all day impassive in her chair comprehending nothing of the life around her. Annie is only fifteen, and the last time I saw her she was entirely happy in the possession of a new shirt waist; which is as it should be. The levers which builders use are laid aside; and when the building starts complete all these things are gathered up and put in the tool-house; neither does any know itself save as a common bar of wood or iron.—By Gertrude Roscoe, in the *Pilgrim*.

**Etiquette of Note-Writing.**

The widespread ignorance of the average woman in regard to the proper way to write a note is deplorable. We have resigned ourselves as to the inevitable when we receive nowadays short letters containing only necessary information stated in the most direct and to the point, or we think we have not, to write of the intimate little affairs of everyday life that a letter of 50 years ago contained and which made it so readable. But it seems ridiculous that our daughters cannot compose even a passable note. An important part of a young girl's knowledge in the past was her ability to write a graceful response to any kind of invitation; indeed, it was included in her education, and a large amount of her time was devoted to acquiring this most useful accomplishment. The other day a young friend of mine, who had received a most expensive and in despair, "What shall I say to this invitation and how shall I say it?" She had even spent a year at a "finishing school." There are forms used in correspondence that will help anyone to write at least a correct note; one well expressed and gracefully written "can only be produced after long practice. Details, details, everything in this matter depends on details and must not be despised by anyone. Correct stationery is the first one to be considered. Always have two sizes, one for letters and one for notes, nothing looks more awkward than a short note straggled on a large sheet of paper. Highly colored and perfumed paper is in the most questionable taste, use rather white, cream or gray, with your address stamped at the top of the first page. If you prefer a crest leave off the address, either is correct, but both are decidedly too much. Larger note paper is used than formerly and the twentieth-century maiden finds it possible to get more than three words of one word or one word or three syllables on a line. Extreme neatness is another detail to be regarded. A formal note should be just long enough to cover the first sheet of your note paper. There are different modes of opening and closing a note. These vary according to the degree of formality needed. The third person is seldom seen now except in engraved in the same form as—

Mr. and Mrs. Blank accept with pleasure Mr. and Mrs. So and So's kind invitation for Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

In a business note the name is written with the "Dear Madam" below. To close, use the phrase "yours truly," signing your full name. If you are a married woman put Mrs. Blank underneath; an unmarried woman simple prefixes (Miss) in brackets. In a friendly note, showing your communication would not know how to address her reply. Among the many phrases in use "sincerely yours" for an acquaintance, "cordially yours" for a friend and "affectionately yours" for a relative, or one with whom you are very intimate, are the best. Whether or not to answer a wedding invitation puzzles many women. By remembering the following you will never be bothered again. If it is merely a card to the church it requires no answer. If one is invited to the breakfast or reception and attends that is reply enough. If one cannot go send congratulatory cards to the latter on the day named. R. S. Y. P. on the cards obligate a reply at once by mail. A dinner invitation must be acknowledged within 24 hours. For large tests or other receptions replies are not expected. If you cannot go send cards, as to any other reception.

**Canterbury Cathedral.**

The ancient cathedral at Canterbury shelters the remains of only one English King, Henry IV. That this particular monarch should have been entombed there is the more remarkable since he breathed his last in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster abbey, and it might naturally have been laid to rest in the abbey, where so many other of England's kings sleep their last sleep. It seems, however, that Henry before his death gave orders that he was to be buried in the cathedral at Canterbury opposite the tomb of his uncle, Edward the Black Prince. For hundreds of years a story was current that on the way down the river, a hurricane arose and that the people on board the vessel, convinced that the storm was caused by the fact a king's body was on board, cast the corpse into the water in the dead of night and flitting the coffin with rubbish, brought it with all pomp and circumstance to the cathedral. Some years ago the dean and chapter resolved to get at the truth of the story. So they opened the royal tomb and the king's lead coffin. For one brief moment dean and chapter gazed upon the kingly lineaments of that monarch whom Shakespeare describes as "a sky aspiring Bolingbroke." Only for a moment, however, as the body crumbled to dust almost at once. But Canterbury now knows beyond all doubt that an English king rests within its walls.

**Shark Carries a Message Five Years.**

While strolling along the shore of the Delaware Bay, near Fishing Creek, N. J., five years ago, Miss Beulah Bate and three young women companions wrote their names and addresses on four slips of paper, sealed them in as many bottles, and cast them far out into the bay. For days and weeks they watched and waited for tidings of the bottles, but none came, and they had almost forgotten the incident. A day or two ago Miss Bate received a long letter from the captain of an English man-of-war, stating that while coasting along the coast of England one of the seals fell overboard and narrowly escaped being devoured by a huge shark. After hauling the man aboard, the sailors secured the shark, and found in its stomach the bottle containing Miss Bate's message. Miss Bate is now a student at the State Normal school in Trenton, and has become quite a heroine among the more romantic of her classmates.—*Philadelphia Record*.

**Irrigation Exhibit at St. Louis of Marvellous Interest.**

Ponderous Grape Bunches. Other Products in Profusion which were on Lands which were once Regarded as Without Value.

Of the hundreds of thousands of people who have viewed with amazement the magnificent fruits and grains from the Western States exhibited at the St. Louis fair—far more notable in size, appearance and yield than anything they ever saw in the East—few of them realize that these products were borne upon lands which a few years ago were useless deserts, but now made fertile by the art of irrigation. No irrigation exhibits of prominence were in evidence at the World's fair as such, yet in everything agricultural they formed a leading part, and their withdrawal would have left huge gaps and have taken away the best. Had the products of the dam and the ditch been exhibited "Grown by Irrigation" the irrigation exhibit would have been a very big one. Annie seems to me that that would have been a good thing. The West is proud of its irrigation. Why not thus call attention to its superiority of production?

**FABULOUS GRAIN GROWTH.**

In grains and grasses Colorado's exhibit led easily, though splendid showings were made by other arid States—Oregon, Washington, Montana, Utah, California—but the Centennial State showed 100 different kinds of grasses and 130 varieties of grain. It had some eight feet tall and timothy heads eight inches long. It took 340 prizes and 89 gold medals; and its separate fruit exhibit included almost all the products of America except the truly tropical. Oregon had "mortgage lifter" wheat seven feet tall. Think of a wheat field in which an army of six foot men would stand concealed. And snow-white onions from Oregon to Mexico and including the most dazzling display of irrigated apples and plums, peaches and grapes of a color, size and beauty which it would take a book to describe. But ahead of all the West in the extent of variety of her exhibit stood California—her vast strip of golden land reaching from Oregon to Mexico and including the vegetable wealth of the tropics.

**THE PRODUCTS OF A GREAT EMPIRE.**

Fruit is the mainstay of the Golden State, and \$250,000 is represented in her showings at St. Louis. The great Palace of Agriculture is the largest building of the exposition, covering 16 acres, and it seemed as though I would never get outside of the domain of the California exhibit. Single counties made showings creditable for a State. Such things caught the eye at a life-size elephant of English walnuts, the State capital building constructed of diamonds, the famous Lick Observatory dome in dried fruit and big oranges to contain several families. The wine exhibit took the grand prize above all foreign competitors. The most luscious and enormous pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, grape fruit, plums, cherries and all kinds of huge vegetables were stacked in profusion along side of great branches of citrus fruits of all kinds, showing how things can grow under irrigation. The grape bunches of California are almost the Biblical kind, requiring two men to carry a single bunch. No man can carry the product of a single vine. Practical methods of irrigation were demonstrated at the Government Building by a model of the Salt River Valley, in Arizona, showing the great government dam now under construction in the mountains and the system of ditches and laterals by which the water is distributed onto the farms and orchards below. Real water was running through these ditches. This great work of Uncle Sam's in Arizona is progressing rapidly. A cement mill, to make the 200,000 barrels of cement needed in the masonry, is completed; a \$100,000 dam now under construction in the mountain range from Phoenix is finished, and, most remarkable, the river itself has been carried through tunnels around the dam site, and is furnishing some 1000 electric horse power with which to build the dam. This is to be used to construct the giant works, and thus the river will build its own dam and form a reservoir the greatest in the United States.

**GIANT PUMPING MACHINERY.**

Of all sizes and classes were the irrigation pumps exhibited in the farm implement department of the St. Louis fair; but more striking than these were the big windmills. These busy machines, bearing their tall heads above the surrounding buildings and whirring gaily in the breeze formed a striking example of man's ingenuity in harnessing the elements. The highest of these, built by one of the largest windmill manufacturers, spread its galvanized steel wings 120 feet in the air, and with a moderate wind pumped 40,000 gallons an hour. The water gushes up like a fine artesian well and supplies a ditch to irrigate a good-sized farm.

**IRRIGATION'S FUTURE.**

What will be the next irrigation exhibit at a World's Fair? Some say that for many years to come this is the last of the big international expositions. If this be so, and it should be, 15 or 20 years before another great fair, when one does come its irrigation exhibit is likely to overshadow everything else in agriculture. The West is at the beginning of great things. The Government has undertaken the work of national reclamation of the desert and is pushing the work rapidly. Vast engineering works—high dams and canals—are being constructed in the Western States and Territories, and as the work proceeds the people will realize its wisdom and worth, and it will be pushed forward still faster. As Engineer Savage remarked: "It is an entrancing work, is it not—the creating of homes for men out of desert waste?" And so 20 years from now, if the course of wisdom is pursued and the Government irrigation work continues along right lines, and is kept pure of politics and of graft, we may see a West with nearly double its present population and the splendid products of American irrigation reaching to every nook and corner of the world.

—Wife—"What is meant, John by the phrase, 'Carrying coals to Newcastle?'"

Husband—"It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary."

Wife—"I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one."

Husband—"Well, if I were to bury you have a book entitled 'How to Talk,' that would be carrying coals to Newcastle."

—Envy is always looking for empty heads wherein to lodge and grow.

—Whenever we hear a boy calling his father "the old man" we yearn for a paddle.

**Interesting Facts.**

The Chinese name for Port Arthur is Lushunkow, and 20 years ago it was a small place, with only a few thousand inhabitants. China used it as a place for the deportation of criminals.

There are 1,000 American teachers in the Philippines centered in 338 towns, 1000 out of 934 towns in the entire archipelago. Two thousand primary schools are in operation, and they employ the services of 3,000 native teachers.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which Eddystone light-house stands, for at low water it is only 30 feet in diameter. At high water the base of the lighthouse, which has a diameter of only a little over 28 feet, is completely covered by water.

So far as known, the first campaign emblem was a finger ring of copper. It was worn by the adherents of John Quincy Adams in 1825, when he ran for President, and was inscribed "John Quincy Adams, 1825." Tintypes and medallions were among the insignia of the 1860 campaign.

James Mooney, attached to the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology, sees a hopeless future for the Indian, among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He believes that it is practically impossible to civilize the Indian; that, having no ambition for improvement or progress, they will continue in their present state, dying out in numbers till they become simply rotten hands.

The women of savage tribes have not infrequently a wardrobe consisting of furs which would be worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Grandmen, the explorer, relates how one fair Greenland that cost her, the silver fox. The garment was lined with fur of the young seal otter, and there was a fringe of wolverine tails. About \$600 is probably the average worth of the dress of Indian women on the Columbia and Fraser rivers.

On exhibition at Coventry, England, is a pile carpet, 34x72 feet, which was made in Lahore in 1634 for a director of the old East India company. The beautiful coloring is still perfect.

The first lead pipe ever made in Canada from Canadian lead is now being produced at Trail by the Canadian Smelting works. All dimensions required are made up to four inches in diameter.

The United States employed 10,555 men in distributing mail last year. The cost, distributed among 1,400 lines, was \$63,594,000. In 373 accidents 51 mail cars 18 clerks were killed and 78 seriously injured.

The number of immigrants departing from Hamburg and Bremen during the first eight months of 1904 was 170,558. For the corresponding periods in 1902 and 1903 the numbers were 187,181 and 226,485 respectively.

In Bolivar a chief indulges in front-door gossip. His stove is portable, being made of a stone hollowed out, with two openings, one at the side for fuel, the other at the top for the eastern saucapan, and he sets it up in the street, outside the door.

A Vienna society has been formed to aid persons with short memories. A card is issued upon which the purchaser writes the date of his engagement and posts to the society's office. By the first post on the day of his engagement the card is received by the purchaser.

The St. Gall embroidery districts contain about 500,000 people. In the industry alone there are about 100,000 men, women and children engaged, the children being employed as helpers in the hand industry. The persons working in their homes are also occupied with farming, which alone makes it possible for them to exist.

Vienna is experiencing a slump in corsets. The Chamber of Commerce attributes the great decrease in their manufacture during the year to the publication of medical opinion condemning tight lacing, and also to the extension of the "reform-kleid," or rational dress. All corset factories have reduced the number of their employes, and some have closed altogether.

In nearly every language in the world there is an equivalent for "God bless you" when anyone sneezes, for the same superstition in regard to it holds good in every country. To this salutation in France there is added sometimes the phrase, "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe, who is believed to have escaped a death of cold by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is: "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter and four times for a disappointment." In Italy the regular salutation is simply "Felicitia," or "May you be fortunate." In India, when one sneezes it is the custom to say, "May you live," and the reply runs "Long life to you."

**Radium Clocks.**

A novel exhibit at a lecture given by Sir William Ramsay, F. R. S., recently at Ealing, was a radium clock, an idea of Dr. Hampson. By means of an exceedingly small quantity of radium salt a feather is electrified. It hangs away from the metal until it touches the side of the vessel and loses its electrical charge, then springs back and is again electrified, the process being repeated any number of times, practically like the swinging of a pendulum. A clock of this kind would be conceivably possible, and as it would persist so long as the radium retained its power, we might have a timepiece going for, say, 2,000 years and never require to be wound up.

From an idea of R. Strat, son of Lord Rayleigh, a radium clock has been constructed which is considered by Sir Wm. Ramsay as likely to go for 2,000 years without "winding." It is made on the principle of the electroscope, and depends on the well-known power possessed by the emanation from radium of conducting electricity. A small piece of gold leaf is the pendulum; it is charged with electricity by radium salt, and swinging against the side of the vessel containing it discharges the electricity. The process continues indefinitely. Needless to say it is not a solution of perpetual motion, nor is more than also a contradiction of previous heat theories. In both cases the chemical energy is simply exhausted at a very slow rate of speed.—*London Globe*.

**Thrice Dead.**

"A pair of deaf and dumb lovers ought to consider themselves fortunate."

"Why so?"

"Why, they can sit down in the middle of the largest crowd and have a nice, quiet talk."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

"We feel sorry for the man who is always too busy to remember that he was once a boy."