

LOVE'S EVENING HOUR.

Think of me, dearest,
Sometimes at least;
Not when thou hearest
Songs at a feast.

Not when some triumph
Flashes thy brow,
Teaching thy bosom
Victory's glow.

Pride thinks not kindly—
Passion is keen;
Love holdeth blindly
Joys that have been:

Only when passion
Needles to rest,
Can tender passions
Brood in thy breast.

When winds of heaven
Whisper of love—
While stars of even
Dimple above,

And holy silence
Lulls hill and glen,
Then is Love's holiday—
Think of me then.

MY BEAUTIFUL RUBY.

"And this is her picture, Miss Monna,
The picture of the adopted daughter you
Loved better than all the world beside—
and lost? How beautiful she was! Oh,
how beautiful!"

"The speaker drew a long, long breath,
and stood with clasped hands and blue
eyes riveted upon the oil painting which
hung in a curtain alcove in my pleasant
sitting-room.

"I was a lonely old woman, lonely and
heart-broken, since my child had left
me so mysteriously, with never a word
of farewell or explanation, upon that
handsome October evening, so long ago;
and now, I yielded willingly to my fair
young visitor's entreaty, that I would
tell her the story of that wonderful, pic-
tured face, with its mournful dark eyes,
forever looking out so sadly, so thought-
fully, from the canvas; that ethereally
pale face, with its frame of sun-gold
hair, a perfect halo, like that surround-
ing the pictured head of some saint.

"Take that low rocker, there, my
dear, and sit here, close beside me while
I tell you her story," I said to my eager
young friend, who, somewhat, remind-
ed me of my child, in a subtle way that
I never could just make out, but which
made me like to have her near me.

"It was nineteen years ago that she
came to lighten my dull life and cheer
my loneliness, and it was like this:
I was living quite by myself, in this
great, roomy old place, excepting Betty,
my maid of all work, who was old and
rheumatic.

"I used to read a great deal in the
evenings in order to make myself forget
how lonely I was, for I hadn't a neigh-
bor within five miles of me, and you
may guess what sort of a life I led. But
I had got used to it, in a sort of way,
for I had been living by myself ever
since my parents died a long time ago.
One night, it was a bitter cold one, in
November, I sat dozing and reading in
my big chair before a blazing fire of
logs, feeling quite comfortable, while
old Betty sat asleep upon the opposite
side of the fire with her favorite cat
curled comfortably up upon her clean
apron. I was only half asleep, and sud-
denly, mixed up dreamily with the
thoughts that come to us when in that
state between sleeping and waking, I
heard a call for help. I started up to
listen, broad awake; Betty still slept on
tranquilly, and there was a half smile
upon her aged features. The cry was not
repeated, and, after listening inten-
tly for a few moments, I came to the
conclusion that my imagination had
been playing me a trick and I had been
really sleeping, and had dreamed it.
Accordingly I laid my head back upon
the chair again in a comfortable posi-
tion and was soon in the lands of
dreams once more.

"It could not have been ten minutes
that I slept, at least so it seemed to me.
I awoke again, and this time with a
violent start, conscious that somebody
was in the room. Hark! a heavy, lab-
ored breathing sounded near me! I
raised my head, almost afraid to look or
even breathe, for in those days there
were a great many idle tramps roaming
about and I was never very courageous;
especially at night; but Betty had cou-
rage enough for two. I turned my eyes
in the direction of the door, and there,
standing with her hand upon the latch,
as if she had just entered and was about
to steal quietly away again, stood the
most entrancingly beautiful and yet the
most pitiful and abject young creature
my eyes had ever rested upon! She could
not have been above 26 or 27, and, as I
have said, so lovely. But her, great,
dark eyes were painfully bright, and had
a famished look like those of a starving,
dying animal. She was literally dressed
in rags, and an old hood fell back
from her head, disclosing a mass of pale
gold hair—the loveliest hair! She was
holding closely about her emaciated
shoulders a tattered shawl, from which
peeped out the tiny, snow-white hand of
a child.

"I was no longer frightened now,
though still astonished, for I could
not imagine how she had come in. I
had thought the door securely fastened,
but, plainly, Betty had omitted to do
this, as usual, being tired out with her
day's work.

"For the pity of heaven, give me a
night's shelter and something for my
child to eat," she gasped hoarsely, and
her words ended in a racking cough
which awoke Betty instantly. She look-
ed dazed and sat rubbing her eyes,
thinking herself still dreaming. I sup-
pose. I hastily assured her, however,
that what she beheld was not a dream,
but reality, and that a human creature
was in distress and needed our help, for
instantly all my womanly sympathies
had been aroused by the beauty and ap-
parent misery of the young woman
before me.

"The crimson fires of consumption
blazed in her beautiful cheeks, and there
was blood upon her lips. She tottered
as she stood with weakness when the
violence of the cough was spent, and
had I not hurried forward to her assist-
ance I believe she would have fallen to
the floor with her helpless burden. As
it was I signed to Betty to take the
child while I supported the mother to
the comfortable seat before the blazing
embers, which I had just vacated. She
sank into it all weak and limp, and lay
back with closed eyes, breathing pain-
fully. And now the crimson in her
cheeks had given place to a waxen pale-

ness like that of a corpse. Only for the
heavy breathing one could have imagin-
ed her dead. The infant raised a feeble
wail of hunger where it lay in the dazed
Betty's arms, and she slowly opened her
eyes at the sound.

"She is starving!" whispered the wom-
an, and I started back in horror. The
words were full of a hopeless, despairing
anguish. I hastily did what I could
for her, and then—

"Betty, give me the child," I said,
"and go just as quickly as you can to the
pantry, get some milk and bring it here
to warm. Bring plenty. Then set the
table here by the fire and put plenty of
good things on it."

"At these words the woman in the
chair fixed her eyes upon mine for the
first time, and they were full of a wild,
eager anticipation, which was painful to
look at.

"Food?" she murmured. "Food. It
has been three or four days since I have
had anything but a single crust." Then
she relaxed into silence, out of sheer
weakness, and I turned my attention to
the puny, beautiful bit of humanity
that lay moaning in my arms. It was
the handsomest baby I have ever seen,
in spite of its hungry pinched look. Its
eyes were very large and dark and vel-
vety. You can imagine better than I
can describe to you how my Ruby look-
ed as a baby by studying her portrait,
for it was no other than herself. Well,
we warmed and fed them both, mother
and child, and when she was stronger
the young mother told me her pitiful
story, of a reckless marriage, against
the express commands of a worshiping
father, who, when he learned of her dis-
obedience, cast her off, with his curse,
forever; of a faithless husband, who de-
serted her when he found she would
inherit none of her father's wealth; of
the painful struggle to keep body and
soul together in herself and child by the
use of the needle; of being turned out
of her miserable garret because she had
nothing wherewith to pay for it, and of
her final wandering away and out into
the country; "where," she concluded,
pitifully, "I somehow thought people
would not be so cruel and hard-hearted
as they are in the city, for they are as
cruel as death—cruel as the grave!"

"But you—"

"Yes, my dear, I will take care of
you, I interrupted, stroking her beauti-
ful hair and wiping away the tears
which I felt were trickling down my
face. I loved her from that hour like
an own daughter. And for Betty,
she fairly worshipped the child, as I did
myself, and between us both it did not
suffer for lack of care.

"They stayed with me. Day by day I
watched the little Ruby unfolding new
baby charms and her little cheeks grow-
ing rounder.

"But as surely as her child was im-
proving the young mother was fading—
dying.

"And when Christmas day dawned and
the world was all over wrapped in
peaceful quiet, the Angel of Death
swept into the room with his merciless
scythe and cut down that lovely human
flower in the bloom of youth and beau-
ty."

"I mourned her as if she had been my
own, and then my whole heart turned
to my little Ruby. It was as if my
very, very life was bound up in her, I
loved her so.

"She grew up into lovely girlhood, as
you see her there, and she was all my
own. All the affection of her warm
heart and passionate soul was given to
me. I was jealous of it. I kept her
away from the gaze of people. When I
went to town, taking her with me, I
always made her go closely veiled, so
that some of her mother's former
friends or relatives might see her,
and recognizing her by her wonder-
ful likeness to her mother, wish to take
her from me.

"But one day I felt ill. My child min-
istered tenderly at my bedside, and one
morning she came to my room to read
the paper aloud for me. I remember
she was reading a story about a sweet-
hearted young girl and her lover, her beau-
tiful face was lighted up with childish
delight as she read it all through eagerly.

"Aunt Monna," she said suddenly,
breaking off abruptly, "it must be deli-
cious to have somebody love you like
that!"

"I love you like that, my pet," I said,
smiling at her enthusiasm, "and more
than that!"

"But I mean—I mean—you are not a
man Auntie Monna," she stammered
laughing and flushing hot.

"Instantly the 'green-eyed monster'
sprang up in my heart—jealousy, suspi-
cion. I had been forced to let her go
to the city for me, not once but many
times during my illness. Had she met
some one there, some one who had fallen
in love with her angel-sweet face and
won her heart from me even as her
mother had been won by her faithless
father? But almost as soon as these un-
reasoning suspicions entered my mind I
dismissed them. Of course I was wrong-
ing Ruby by entertaining them for a
moment; she never kept anything from
me. But to my no little uneasiness I
noticed that she seemed preoccupied
and distrustful all the rest of the day.
And the next morning—but you have already
guessed what I was going to say—she
was gone; yes, and I have never got a
clue to her whereabouts since."

"I ceased speaking, because my voice
trembled so I could not go on; my
young friend was sobbing audibly.

"Suddenly the brass knocker upon my
door sent a loud clang through the
house.

"Florimel started nervously.

"Perhaps something is wrong at
home, and they want me!" she said,
with clasped hands; for it was very sel-
dom that any other visitor save her own
sweet self and Mrs. Bledsaw, her
mother, visited my lonesome home.

child. Go and receive her!" Florry
was more self possessed than myself
now, for I was all trembling and shak-
ing in the excess of my sudden joy, so
that I seemed unable to move from
where I stood. She took me by the arm
and gently forced me to the hallway,
but before I had reached the door there
was a sound of flying footsteps; the next
moment Ruby, my beautiful Ruby, un-
changed, and I could be said, that
she was more bewilderingly lovely than
ever, dressed in rich garments and lead-
ing a beautiful little fairy-like child by
the hand, was in the room; her soft lips
were around my neck, her sed lips
rained kisses upon my face, her voice
was whispering endearing names in my
ears, and the little child was tugging at
my dress with her dimpled hands, call-
ing me "Aunt Nanny," and clamoring
for a kiss, which, I assure you she got
with interest. And while I was hold-
ing Ruby in my arms, scolding, and pet-
ting her by turns, a dark handsome man
entered the room and stood looking at
us with laughing eyes.

"Now it's my turn, my new found
aunt, don't you think?" he said, when
I had released her.

"And now, Auntie Monna, I must
explain it all to you. I've been very
cruel to you all these four years, haven't I? But I never lost sight of you,
dear. For all Betty pretended to be so
much astonished at seeing me, she knew
I was coming—didn't you, dear, old,
darling hypocrite? We corresponded all
the time. I should have known if you
were sick and come to you. Betty knew
how he came and visited me here while
you were ill, and she helped me to get
away without your knowledge. It was
a case of desperate love at first sight on
both sides. Harold is wealthy; Aunt
Monna, and was in Clinton on business
when he saw me—and you know the
rest. We have been traveling about a
long time, seeing sights, which accounts
for my long desertion of you. But I
wanted my coming to be a complete
surprise, so bade Betty keep silent.
And Auntie dear, I have found Grand-
pa. He lives with us in San Francisco,
a broken old man, and has made me his
heir. He is very old; and sometimes
takes me for dear mamma. But what
has become of that pretty girl who was
here a moment ago? Betty told me
that you had a sympathizing friend who
reminded you of your lost Ruby!" and
my darling laughed the happy ringing
laugh of former days.

"You know Auntie Monna, you
never would have consented for me to
marry, though it had been a king who
wanted me, if I told you, you were so
jealous! So I had to elope! Didn't I
Harold?"

"I did not answer her: I only drew her
to my heart, and held her there, silently
thanking God for His safe keeping of
my precious Ruby. I am an old, old
woman now, and my home will always
be with my darling, for she has made
me leave the lonely house in the coun-
try, and go with her to fill an honorable
position in her house in San Francisco.
All the little Rubies call me "Aunt
Nanny," and I am happy."

"Where are most of the olives
grown?"

"In Spain and Italy, although some
are grown in the south of France. They
are prepared for shipping, however,
mostly in France. Large houses send
buyers yearly throughout Spain and
Italy to contract for the crop. The
most of the olive oil is made in Italy,
mills for the purpose being common."

"Are any mushrooms put up in this
country?"

"No; they are all brought from
France. Mushrooms are seldom called for.
They are used only to give piquancy to
fowl or game stuffing. Snails are asked
for but by a few epicures with foreign-
acquired tastes. Sardines are shipped
from France when not from the coast
of Maine, although no genuine sardines
are caught along the American coasts,
and the Maine fish dubbed with the
name are rank and coarse. Teas are
more largely Chinese than Japanese."

"Where are capers grown?"

"In France, but they might just as
well be grown and bottled in this coun-
try, for they are nothing more nor less
than the nasturtium seed."

"What do you consider the most im-
portant commodity of the American
grocery trade?"

"Coffee, by all odds. People could
better do without sugar than without
coffee. You may think that a strong
statement, but it is indisputable. The
Americans are a nation of coffee-drin-
kers. America consumes over one-third
of the entire product of the world. No
breakfast table, whether in the abode of
the rich or of the poor, is considered
complete without it. To many persons
it is more necessary in the morning than
food."

"The Judge and the Innkeeper.

Among the anecdotes of Judge Wal-
ton, of Maine, is the following: Early
after his first appointment he went to
Alfred to hold court, and called on
Landlord Berry, who offered him his
best room with a proviso that after ex-
Judge Howard's arrival he would have
to put him in another room. "Well,
what room?" asked Judge Walton. He
was shown a little seven-by-nine den,
whereupon he told Berry that he would
take the best room, as Judge Howard
would not want it. "Why not?" asked
Berry. "Because," said Judge Walton,
"I shall adjourn the court to-morrow to
Saco." "Who is going to take your place
here?" asked Mr. Berry, who was not
quick to take in the situation. "Why,
nobody," said Judge Walton. "A Judge
can't stay in town and hold court and
sleep in the street; he must have a
room." "Oh," said Berry, "I will see."
He saw—and was conquered." He told
Judge Walton he could have his best
room. At the end of the term Judge
Walton gave the landlord this advice:
"Count week is your harvest. If you
want a long term and to make lots of
money, make the judge just as comfort-
able as you can. He has power to
break up the court just when he pleases;
but if he is made comfortable he will
stay just as long as he finds anything to
do."

International Courtesy.

The Resolute was an Arctic exploring
ship which sailed from England April
15, 1852, in Sir Edward Belcher's expedi-
tion. On August 25, in the same
year, she was abandoned in the ice. On
September 10, 1855, she was found
drifting in the high seas by Captain
Buddington of the American whaling
ship George Henry. All claim to the
Resolute having been relinquished by
the British Government, the vessel was
purchased by Congress for the sum of
\$40,000, and sent to Queen Victoria as
a present, and was formally presented
to her by Captain Hartstein of the
United States Navy, December 16, 1856.

Feasible per Mile.

Norway has the smallest number of
inhabitants to the square mile, with
Russia second, of all the countries of
Europe. Portugal has 1,084 women
to every 1,000 men, the largest prepon-
derance of any country. Germany
comes next, with 1,027 women to every
1,000 men. The greatest surplusage of
men is found in Greece, where to every
1,000 men there are only 900 women.

It is said that belts made from min-
eral-tanned leather are cheaper and a good
deal stronger than belts made from
leather tanned in the usual way.

Foreign Food.

"The sale of foreign preserved fruits
is necessarily very limited," said a re-
tail dealer, who claims to keep on hand
the finest groceries the world affords, to
a reporter. "They are very expensive,
for besides being subject to duty they
are put up in the best manner known,
and are all the best-selected fruit.
American fruits crowd them pretty
close, however, and the method of pre-
serving for the market shows improve-
ment yearly. The fruits from the south
of France, and particularly from the
south of Germany, are of finer flavor
than the American product."

"The best prunes are imported from
France. They come packed in boxes
and in glass jars. The latter are pecu-
liarly large and fine and are used for
dessert uncooked, the same as raisins.
The Turkish prune is much inferior,
but a more prolific crop. The best
table raisins are the bunch Delese. The
brands used mostly for cooking purposes
are Valencias, Sultanas, Ondaras
and loose Muscatis. The best currants
are the Vostizza. The cheapest grades
come from Zante. Dried preserved lemon,
citron and orange peel is prepared most-
ly in this country, very little being im-
ported. The very finest citron is grown
in Spain, and it has the same quality
of superiority over American citrons that
the Spanish melon possess, being thicker
and of finer grain. Nearly all fruit
glazes are imported from France. Prun-
nells are brought from Italy to some
extent, but most of those used here are
grown and dried in California."

"There is considerable demand for
foreign cheese. Of course the Swiss
cheese leads. It is astonishing how many
people eat Switzerland. The other Swiss
cheese sold here is Neuchatel. It is all
supposed to be made among the pictur-
esque mountains of Switzerland of gen-
uine goat's milk, but lots of the article
is manufactured in this country from
cows' milk, and some right here in Chi-
cago. A popular dessert cheese is the
Edam, which is made in Amsterdam.
The French goods are the fromage de
Brie, fromage de Montau and fromage
de St. Emilion, all very nearly alike, and
each taking its name from the locality
where it is manufactured. Another French
cheese is the Societe Roquefort. Grated
Parmesan is a hard, dry cheese brought
from Italy, and used in macaroni.
There is a pretty steady call for English
cheese, which is better than the Ameri-
can article, and will be till we have as
good milk stock and as rich pasturage
as they possess in Great Britain. The
leading kinds are old Glosier, Cheddar
and Stilton. The two latter are small
cheeses flat at each end."

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The Stratrum of Salt.

The stratum of salt having been once
pierced, a saturated solution of the sal-
ine matter frequently rises in the bor-
ing to within eighty feet of the surface.
This, however, cannot always be de-
pended upon—and here centre the in-
creased difficulty and expense. When a
few dozen feet have been drilled, a six
or eight inch iron pipe is inserted as a
casing. Inside of this a two-inch pipe,
also iron, is placed. The casing head,
has two openings, one for the entrance
of pure water from a neighboring spring
into the larger pipe, at the lower end of
which it becomes saturated with the
saline matter; the other at the end of the
smaller pipe, to allow the expulsion of
the brine. Of course, the wells become
foul or leaky at times, and then resort
is had to torpedoes of nitro-glycerine,
which are sent down to the bottom of
the casing, and after to the bottom of
the stratum, which secures the explosion.
The raising of the casing is the great
enemy of the salt worker; and when
his engine cannot lift the mass of rust-
ed iron, a knife cuts the rusted metal
and the engine tears it away piecemeal.
But the salt wells are exempt from any
danger of taking fire; and it is never
necessary, as in the case of oil wells, to
shoot off the casing head with a can-
non ball.

After the brine reaches the surface it
is forced into reservoirs, whence it is
drawn off through "strings" after "strings"
of covers until solar evaporation has
left the coarse grades of salt. The
lighter or vats are usually sixteen by
eighteen feet, and the product of each
one per year is estimated at one hundred
and fifty bushels; while the product
at Syracuse is only about half that
quantity. It is also claimed that the
slope of the valley at Warsaw is pecu-
liarly adapted to rapid evaporation by
the sun. When the finer grades of salt
are wanted, the brine is led from the
reservoirs to an evaporating pan, where
a gentle heat is applied. Similar treat-
ment in another pan completes the pro-
cess, and the residuum of salt is rak-
ed upon a shelf at the side of the evapora-
tor. After a slight draining it is taken
to the bins, where a more thorough
draining is allowed for the space of two
or three weeks.

This is the way the iron ball gets in-
side the shell of the sleigh-bell: In
making the bells the iron ball is put in-
side a sand core just the shape of the
inside of the bell. Then a mould is
made just the shape of the outside of
the bell. This sand core, with the iron
ball inside, is placed in the mould of the
outside, and melted metal is poured in,
which fills up the space between the
core and the mould. The hot metal
burns the core so that it can be shaken
out, leaving the ball within the shell.
Ball valves, swivel joints and many
other articles are cast in the same man-
ner.

Out on Camelback.

A correspondent writing from Gak-
dul, says: "I think I told you that one
of the funny things of Korti camp life
was to see the Household troops, or the
Heavies, learning infantry drill—
square, responded in these quarters all
day long. Lord Charles Beresford's
Naval brigade arrived on the 6th, and
having pitched their tents and made
themselves comfortable on the following
day, they turned out on camelback to
learn to handle these ships of the desert.
'What's the British army a coming to?'
I overheard a soldier who was looking
on saying to his comrades. 'It's a turn-
ing it upside down, Lord Wolsley is,
and metamorphosing everything. First
he makes sailors of us infantry, send-
ing us here in boats, then he turns the
cavalry into infantrymen, and I'm
hanged if he ain't a making cavalry of
the sailors.' Perhaps he was. Any-
how, the process was dull in the ex-
treme."

"With much persuasion Jack had
towed, strung into line, some sixty
camels, for the detachment to ride which
was to march to Metemneh. Lord
Charles Beresford and Sir Herbert
Stewart and staff, with many more,
were there to see the Naval brigade
drill. 'Mount,' shouted Lieut. Piggott,
who was drilling the contingent.
Aboard went Jack, still more quickly
the camels snorted and surged to their
feet, spilling and sending sprawling in
all directions many a brave sailor.
Somehow none of the men were hurt,
and while Jack was trying to remount
the lookers on smiled audibly; even
Lord Charles Beresford himself instan-
taneously produced his handkerchief
and smothered something that sounded more
like laughter than coughing, though it
was his own command which was fur-
nishing the fun.

When the sailors at length had
securely mounted, they seemed unhappy.
Possibly they did not like the short
lurches and swinging of the camels,
and would have preferred a topgallant
yard in a storm at sea. The camels
also did not appear to respond promptly
to the tugs given by Jack to the guiding
headropes which serves as a rein for the
animal, and the brutes blundered
against each other, throwing the line at
times into confusion. Their officers,
with wary eyes to faults of that sort,
strove to correct them by calling to
their men, 'Hard a port' or 'hard a star-
board there.' One sailor I heard directed
to pass the rope across, as 'that brute
steers better from the port side.'
Another Jack had so loaded his animal
for the march that he was told to dis-
mount, and 'stow it afresh, as the
camel's saddle had a bad list.' Jack,
however, was in dead earnest, and
meant learning to ride, so the detach-
ment persevered. The spectators might
have, I think, recognized this serious-
ness. Not a good deal of quiet chaff
went on all the same.

"The cruelest thing I have heard for
a long time was when the troop got
order to trot, and the sailors went jog,
jump, thump in their saddles, as if they
were playing leap-frog on the camels.
'Don't bump so,' cried a bystander to
one of the sailors; 'you'll make his head-
ache.' Jack turned upon his tormentor
a melancholy eye, moistened either by
a poignancy of his situation or the cold
calousness of the remark."

A Salt Well.

The stratum of salt having been once
pierced, a saturated solution of the sal-
ine matter frequently rises in the bor-
ing to within eighty feet of the surface.
This, however, cannot always be de-
pended upon—and here centre the in-
creased difficulty and expense. When a
few dozen feet have been drilled, a six
or eight inch iron pipe is inserted as a
casing. Inside of this a two-inch pipe,
also iron, is placed. The casing head,
has two openings, one for the entrance
of pure water from a neighboring spring
into the larger pipe, at the lower end of
which it becomes saturated with the
saline matter; the other at the end of the
smaller pipe, to allow the expulsion of
the brine. Of course, the wells become
foul or leaky at times, and then resort
is had to torpedoes of nitro-glycerine,
which are sent down to the bottom of
the casing, and after to the bottom of
the stratum, which secures the explosion.
The raising of the casing is the great
enemy of the salt worker; and when
his engine cannot lift the mass of rust-
ed iron, a knife cuts the rusted metal
and the engine tears it away piecemeal.
But the salt wells are exempt from any
danger of taking fire; and it is never
necessary, as in the case of oil wells, to
shoot off the casing head with a can-
non ball.

After the brine reaches the surface it
is forced into reservoirs, whence it is
drawn off through "strings" after "strings"
of covers until solar evaporation has
left the coarse grades of salt. The
lighter or vats are usually sixteen by
eighteen feet, and the product of each
one per year is estimated at one hundred
and fifty bushels; while the product
at Syracuse is only about half that
quantity. It is also claimed that the
slope of the valley at Warsaw is pecu-
liarly adapted to rapid evaporation by
the sun. When the finer grades of salt
are wanted, the brine is led from the
reservoirs to an evaporating pan, where
a gentle heat is applied. Similar treat-
ment in another pan completes the pro-
cess, and the residuum of salt is rak-
ed upon a shelf at the side of the evapora-
tor. After a slight draining it is taken
to the bins, where a more thorough
draining is allowed for the space of two
or three weeks.

This is the way the iron ball gets in-
side the shell of the sleigh-bell: In
making the bells the iron ball is put in-
side a sand core just the shape of the
inside of the bell. Then a mould is
made just the shape of the outside of
the bell. This sand core, with the iron
ball inside, is placed in the mould of the
outside, and melted metal is poured in,
which fills up the space between the
core and the mould. The hot metal
burns the core so that it can be shaken
out, leaving the ball within the shell.
Ball valves, swivel joints and many
other articles are cast in the same man-
ner.

It is said that belts made from min-
eral-tanned leather are cheaper and a good
deal stronger than belts made from
leather tanned in the usual way.

Gen. Gordon.

Charles Williams thus writes on the
death of General Gordon: Mr. Will-
iams' story, fortified by data of his
own observation, is that Sir Charles
Wilson, an officer of engineers, never
having had command, but strong in in-
fluence at the Horse Guards, was under
Stewart who fell at Abu Klea. By a
sheer technical accident Lord Wolsley,
in his general orders, not having named
a second in command, the direction to
make a further march on Khartoum
came to Sir Charles Wilson. On Wed-
nesday January 21, he was on the Nile,
near Metemneh, where Lord Charles
Beresford had two steamers already ex-
amined and repaired by naval artificers.
Before three o'clock on that afternoon
they could have started for Khartoum,
but did not go, though their departure
was urged by Khasin El Nus who com-
manded Gordon's fleet. It was high
noon on Saturday before he went, sixty-
nine hours after he had been urged to
start by Khasin El Nus. When he
did go at noon on Saturday, Sir Charles
Wilson insisted on stopping for the
night just above the camp, under the
plea of wooding the vessels, which
were then examined with wood enough
for many days steaming. Gordon per-
ished on Monday the 26th. Wilson
got near Khartoum on Wednesday the
28th. Leaving on the morning of the
29th, he was three days on the way.
Had he started when urged by Gordon's
deputy on the 21st, he would have
reached Khartoum by Saturday, the
24th, or at most Sunday the 25th, and
in time to relieve Gordon. Mr. Will-
iams shows that Sir Charles Wilson's
orders were peremptory to proceed at
once. Even when getting near Khartoum
he made no effort to learn the
ways and wherefores or to ascertain the
state of Gordon. Mr. Williams' article
is tantamount to allegations of coward-
ice. The matter is to be brought up
in Parliament in a day or two, with
the probabilities of a court martial. Lord
Charles Beresford and many blue jack-
ets are willing to be witnesses.

In a fashionable glove store, a sales-
woman inquired of a customer: "What
size, please?"

"Give me 10," responded the gentle-
man, promptly.

"The young woman did not appear in
the least astonished, nor did she repeat
the question. She took a measure from
her pocket, made the customer double
his fist, and in five minutes sent him
away thoroughly satisfied with a pair of
7½ gloves.

"Not one gentleman in ten knows
what size glove he wears," said the
saleswoman, in response to a question;
"but it is one of the rules of the store
always to ask him the question. Some
men don't like to admit that they don't
know, so they give me some such ridicu-
lous thing. I knew very well when
that gentleman said 10 he was giving
me the size of his cuff, so I took his
measure."

"Why didn't you inform him of his
mistake?"

"No use. He would forget in five
minutes. Besides, I should have been
obliged to argue with him. Most men
won't admit that they are mistaken on
matters of that kind. Some regular cus-
tomers are very queer. One young 'nag
prides himself in telling his acquaintances
that he wears a ladies' No. 8, and he
really believes that he does. Another
one always let me measure him and
then calls for a size smaller than he can
wear. I never give it to him, but he
thinks I do, and he goes away satisfied.
A prominent actor who purchases here
always has to buy two pairs of gloves in
order to wear one. His left hand is two
sizes larger than his right hand."

Platinum and its Uses.

"Isn't platinum found in America
asked a reporter of a worker in New
York." "Not to any extent. We do
get some from Oregon and South
America, but not much, and the trouble
now is that the price is going up
while there are no supplies forthcoming.
It is manufactured chiefly for laboratory
use in colleges and elsewhere. The
sheets and wires are made into small
vessels and fine wires for experimental
purposes, the value of the metal consist-
ing in its resistance to heat. It takes
double the heat to melt it that is requir-
ed to work cast iron. The articles
made from it includes boilers, alem-
berics, crucibles, siphons, tubes, wire-
gauze, blowpipes, stopcocks, spatulas, re-
fining siphons and jewelers' coloring
baskets. I supply colleges with these
articles in all parts of the country."

The speaker here showed the reporter
a piece of the sheet platinum. It mea-
sured twelve inches long by six inches
wide, and was about a half inch thick.
It had the appearance of dull silver,
and was very heavy. "You might not
think it," he added, "but I