

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

The little port of Talal, Chile, is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a three-week-old baby, whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about three years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted. The baby whose palm contains this singular portrait is the child of Garcia Meron, and Mrs. Meron declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends profess to be able to see the strong resemblance to the dead child. When the baby was first put in its mother's arms she looked at the hands, and, with a loud cry, fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Meron was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but was at last convinced that this strange portrait was sent to comfort her. Physicians say, however, that the mother's caress of the dead child impressed her mental pictures of the little girl as she last beheld it. The image on the palm was much clearer the first few days of the baby's life than now, and is thought to be gradually fading away. The family are very sensitive on the subject, and have refused to show the child except to relatives and most intimate friends.

"INDIAN JOHN," an aged Columbia River Indian, was recently committed to the county poor farm near Portland, Ore. According to the testimony of pioneers he is the oldest Indian in the Northwest, his age being placed at more than 125 years. Deputy District Attorney Hall, who has been a resident of Portland thirty-five years, says that when he first knew "Indian John," he was reputed to be at least 100. He was always a friend of the white man. It is related that when Dr. Whitman was murdered at Walla Walla, and the Indians talked of attacking Portland, John was one of those who left The Dalles, went to the city, and warned the settlers to be prepared for a raid. John, whose mind is still clear, relates the following story: "Many years before I became Chief of the Columbia River Indians, my tribe was saved from destruction in a remarkable manner. One day the Klickitats came down into their lands and camped in a bottom under a vast, overhanging cliff near the Sandy bridge. My tribe were few in number, but brave. They would not fly and could not fight their enemies, who were very numerous. So during the night they appealed to the Great Spirit to destroy their enemies, and in answer to their prayers he felled the rock, and the Klickitats were buried beneath it. Not a man escaped."

A STORY comes from San Francisco, to the effect that the British ship Drumcraig on a recent voyage from that city around the Horn, saw a vessel frozen up in an iceberg. The weather was heavy and foggy, and the Drumcraig was making fair headway, when a slight accident compelled her to lie to. Suddenly out of the fog in front loomed up a huge iceberg. Had it not been for the accident the Drumcraig would have run right on to the berg. As the damage on the ship was being repaired the iceberg veered around and there was disclosed a sight that struck terror into every heart. On the berg, high above the water mark, was a wooden bark of about 2000 tons. The ice completely surrounded her hull up as high as her decks, and her masts and rigging were hung with icicles. From her build it was evident that the bark had been launched years ago. With his glasses the captain made out two bodies in the ship's shrouds. The crew would have refused to make any investigation even had not the rough sea prevented. So the derelict, frozen fast in the iceberg, is probably sailing in southern polar seas.

A CURIOUS specimen of the collapsed boom towns that are to be found in parts of the West is Sullivan, some ten miles from Denver, Col. It was started by the promoters of the scheme of the Denver Water Company to dam the subterranean flow of Cherry creek and pump it into an enormous reservoir for the use of the people of Denver. The work was an engineering failure, and a financial one, as many Eastern bondholders found out. While the boom lasted thousands of men were employed, buildings sprang up like mushrooms, prices of corner lots soared, and there was even a bitter post office fight. A year and a half ago operations stopped, there was an exodus of speculators, tradesmen and laborers, the post office was shut up, and Sullivan's greatness was a thing of the past. Among the acres of building materials, sandstone, trusses, pipes, boiler stacks and plates, etc., abandoned when the crash came, the coyote sometimes picks his way now, and he is the only guest at the mammoth hotel that was once the sight of the place.

ALL THE doctors in Bucks County, Penn., are puzzled over the case of little five-year-old Justus Storek, whose eyes seem a law to themselves. One day the boy is crossed-eyed, while the next his eyes are perfectly straight, and this curious alternation has been going on for years. The nonplused doctors call it a case of intermittent strabismus—probably the only one on record—and, despairing of curing it, will soon give the surgeons of the Medico-Chirurgical hospital in Philadelphia an opportunity to study the matter, as the father of the afflicted boy has decided to send him to that institution for treatment. One day the little fellow's right eye squints, on the next both optics are perfectly straight and the day following the left eye becomes affected, and so on the year round. There is another peculiar feature of the case. When the right eye looks squint the child can bring it into the correct line of vision by placing his hand over

the good optic, but as soon as the hand is removed the affected orb again seeks the inner corner of the eye.

PAINTERS cultivate what is called the "innocence of the eye," trying to see nature simply as forms and colors, as a child sees it, without reference to what reason and experience may teach them. No two of them see exactly the same way. One painter in New York says that he is astonished to find how gray everything is—even sky and foliage. Another finds the streets full of reds and purples. A younger artist says: "When I began to paint, everything seemed to me dark. The longer I look at nature the more light I find in it. My great trouble now is to get my pictures as light as nature seems to my eye. I find more yellow in the landscape than I used to. But, after all, these things are subjective, and a man paints what is inside of his head, not what he sees outside of it."

"THERE is one trait of character about an Apache Indian that is peculiar," said Judge Porter of Arizona. "The Apaches are very cowardly. They are murderers rather than warriors, and always wait until they get the drop on you or have an unfair advantage. But they are exceedingly truthful. I have tried over thirty for murder. In every instance, with one exception, the Indian would confess to the smallest detail of the fatal occurrence. In the exception I have mentioned the Apache afterward told me that he wanted to tell the truth, but that his lawyer wouldn't let him."

ANDREW FAIRCHILD of Fallersburg, Mich., owned a tame dove that was a favorite pet of his wife until a child was born to them. Since then the dove has refused to have anything to do with Mrs. Fairchild and appeared to be very jealous of the baby. Several days ago Mrs. Fairchild while engaged in housework left the baby alone in the room for some time, until she was attracted by his crying. Running into the room she found the dove picking at the infant's eyes, one of which was so badly injured that the sight is entirely ruined.

A FEW weeks ago, an English lady was obliged to pay four pounds (twenty dollars) as damages for having given a good "character" to a servant whom she knew to be unfaithful. Her written recommendation of the servant enabled the latter to get a place which she could not have obtained without the recommendation, and in which she proved unfaithful and detrimental to the lady who employed her; and it was on the proof of these facts that the damages were adjudged by the court.

THE American hen is a busy and useful fowl. There are 125,000,000 of them, and they lay every year 6,000,000,000 eggs. In Waterloo there is one which is an expert in catching rats. It takes them a while and then releases them. The owner of this remarkable fowl has observed that no rat ever comes the second time within reach of its claws. A report comes from a Pennsylvania town of a fastidious hen that refused to sit upon some colored eggs left over from Easter.

An Illinois man recently tried to dig a well and found a river. That is, he bored a well on his farm to a depth of 77 feet, when suddenly the entire bottom fell out, carrying all but about five feet of the walls with it. At the bottom of the deep hole thus formed could be seen a swift-rushing stream. All efforts to fill up this hole have proved futile, the rushing current carrying away everything thrown into it.

ONE of the most remarkable sights witnessed on the face of the globe is afforded by the subterranean lakes of Sinoia, in Zambesia, in Central Africa. Lionel Decle, the French explorer, has returned from there and reports that the water is of the deepest indigo dye, and that the azure grotto of Capri can in no wise compare with the beautiful color of these wonderful lakes.

A FARMER living near Grand Island, Neb., was thrown from his wagon by the horses becoming unmanageable, and caught one of his legs in the rear wheel. He saved himself from serious injury by grasping the spokes of the wheel so as to keep it from revolving, and sliding with it for a mile before the horses were stopped by running through a barbed wire fence.

PASSENGERS on a train over the Pictaquais division of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad in Maine, one day recently saw an exciting race between a deer and the train. The animal was a buck, and ran alongside the train for a mile or more in a woods road above Shirley. Finally, when the train crossed the road, the deer disappeared into the woods.

A YOUNG man in Wrentham, Mass., has been finding amusement in mailing postage stamps and sending greetings to European potentates. He is delighted beyond measure at having already received acknowledgements from the czar of Russia, the king of Greece and a few others.

The 20,000,000 men of the United States are wearing an average of twenty buttons each, making 400,000,000 buttons for all, estimated to weigh 3,000,000 pounds.

Treasures of Ancient History.

The contents of that wonderful treasury of antique records discovered in 1887 by a peasant woman near the ruins of the ancient Arsinoe of Upper Egypt have now been laid before the public in Maj. Conder's work on the "Tel Amarna Tablets," comprising a translation of the text, with introduction and notes, says the London Tablet. Inscribed on clay tablets, subsequently baked into brick, and written in Aramaic, the ancient language of Syria, in cuneiform characters, we have here nothing less than a series of dispatches sent to the Egyptian foreign office about 1450 B. C., from the protected of tributary kings of Canaan, imploring assistance against various invasions. The most interesting are the letter from the king of Jerusalem and other chiefs of Southern Palestine, in them we can trace the dismay and alarm created by the advance of Joshua and the Hebrews, called "Abiri," and "People of the Desert." A very striking passage occurs in one of the dispatches of the fugitive monarch, expressing

after the battle of Ajalon, in which, seeking as it were to apologize for his defeat, he speaks of the leaders of the enemy as "sorcerers," doubtless in allusion to the miracles of Joshua. The date of the Exodus is also shifted back to that assumed by earlier biblical exponents, while the contrary theory of Dr. Brugsch, too hastily accepted as conclusively established, is overthrown.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Camphor put in drawers or trunks will keep mice away.

To purify a room of unpleasant odors, burn vinegar, rosin or sugar.

Just before retiring at night pour into your clogged pipe just enough liquid soda lye to fill the "trap," or bent part of the pipe. Be sure that no water runs into it until next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the oil into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and clear the pipe clean as new.

CLEARING THE CELLAR.—In no part of the house is it so important that the cellar be thoroughly done as in the cellar, writes Maria Parloa in the April Ladies' Home Journal. Not a corner should be neglected. Begin with the furnace. Have the registers closed in every room. Remove all the cinders and ashes and clean out all the flues and pipes. Many housekeepers have the pipes removed, but the smoke-pipe is really the only one that it is necessary to take down. This pipe is liable to rust, because of the moisture it gathers from the chimney; nevertheless, if there be no way of heating and drying the house during a cold, damp period in summer except by building a fire in the furnace, it would be cheaper to renew this smoke-pipe every few years than run the risk of having the family made ill from receiving a chill. While the men are in the house to clean the furnace it would be economy to have them clean the flues in the range and also the chimneys. Open the cellar windows, to bring everything into the light. Have the coal bins cleaned. Brush everything free from dust. Now sweep the ceiling and walls as well as the floor. Brush the walls once more. Wash the windows and any closets, shelves or tables there may be in the cellar. Now have the walls white-washed. Before the various articles stored in the cellar are put back in place, brush them again. Sweep the floor once more.

A Learned Irishwoman.

The Actonian Prize of one hundred guineas has been awarded to Miss Agnes M. Clerke by the managers of the London Royal Institution, for her works on astronomy, as illustrative of the "wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty." Unlike most prizes, the Actonian is awarded without competition, and Miss Clerke was ignorant of its existence until March 7, when she was informed that at the meeting of the Royal Institution, on the preceding afternoon, it had been conferred upon her. Oddly enough, Sir James Crichton Broome, M. D., who has said and written so much on the inferior brain-power of the sex, presided on this really interesting occasion. It is a triumph for all women, and especially the Irish women and Catholics; for Miss Agnes Clerke is of purely Irish descent, was born near Skibbereen, and is a devout member of the Catholic Church. Her father, though Irish, had a legal appointment in England, and for this reason his family have for many years made their home in London. Miss Agnes Clerke, however, has been a great traveler, and passed some years of her early girlhood in Italy. Later, after she had made astronomy her special study, she made a voyage to Cape Town, on the invitation of the head of the Observatory there; and yet more recently she has been to the extreme North and to Russia, in order to enlarge her experience. Save for these occasional absences, Miss Agnes Clerke lives with her mother and sister in a charming home in Radcliffe square, and is of too home-loving a disposition to thoroughly enjoy her travels.

She has had several most pressing offers of professorships, lectureships, and the like, in American observatories, but she never felt the least inclination to "emancipate" herself. She is, indeed, the most modest and retiring woman in the world, and it was long before her friends connected her with any achievement more intellectual than music, in which she and her sister are both exceedingly accomplished. Miss Agnes Clerke was chosen by the Women's Committee of the Chicago Exhibition to select the scientific books written by women—a post for which she was admirably fitted both by her scientific and literary knowledge and her extremely just and gentle character. Miss Clerke has the fluent pen, characteristic of her nation, and her "History of Astronomy" can be read with pleasure by persons quite ignorant of the subject.

The "Barometer Well."

In the town of Great Valley, in Cattaraugus County, New York, there is an interesting curiosity locally known as the "Whistling Well." It is located on the Wesley Flint farm, and was dug about fifty years ago. When the well had been sunk to a depth of about forty feet without striking the coveted vein of water old man Flint and everybody else declared the venture a flat failure. A few weeks or months later some member of the Flint family noticed that occasionally there would be a strong current of air rushing into the well for some hours in succession, and that it would again be belched forth for a corresponding length of time. By way of safety the well was covered with a large flat rock. This rock had a drill hole through it about an inch in diameter, and through this opening the air would ebb and flow unceasingly. Finally a whistle was fitted to the opening and the whole contrivance has ever since been relied upon as an accurate neighborhood barometer. In settled weather the whistle is silent. An approaching storm is heralded by the whistle as the air rushes out to mingle with the atmosphere. As clear weather approaches the air is again drawn in, the whistle

FOR THE LADIES.

RAINBOW DRESS.

A recent order in this city was for a rainbow dress which was exceedingly pretty. The ground was of soft gray with the skirt trimmed with very wide bands of ribbon, following the colors of the rainbow. The very full puffed sleeves were also ribbon-trimmed, and a large gray fan was shaded in the same way. The beauty of this dress was that the wearer did not try to overdo matters. There were no patchy effects, merely the long, wavy lines of color on the soft gray ground. The waist had a trimming of crystal beads and no color whatever. This rain-drops effect was very good indeed, and gave a dainty and artistic character to the whole outfit.—[New York World.]

A FEMALE MUSICAL DOCTOR.

With the single exception of the Princess of Wales, who holds the title in a purely complimentary sense, Annie Wilson Patterson is the only woman in the British Empire who is a Doctor of Music. Doctor Patterson is a native of County Armagh, Ireland. She is a young and handsome woman of brilliant attainments. Her career has been an exceptionally promising one. When but fourteen years of age, Miss Patterson was proficient in the Italian, Latin, French and Greek languages. She had previously given evidences of the possession of great musical ability, and when fifteen years old she entered the Royal Irish Academy of music, from which she graduated in due time with high honors. Subsequently she became the conductor and musical director of the Dublin Choral Union. Doctor Patterson has written many songs and cantatas of great merit and has been the recipient of silver medals in recognition of her ability. She was graduated from the Royal Irish university as bachelor of music and bachelor of arts in 1887 and was graduated as doctor of music at the Royal Irish academy in 1889. She has written some very pretty poetry and many able musical essays.—[Chicago Herald.]

HANDSOME IF STOUT.

The stout woman who wants to make a handsome appearance, will wear, suggests the New York World, either seed patterns or plain weave, hair stripes in flat tones of color, straight draperies and trimmings, if at all, put on in vertical lines, if she wants to look trim. Tight sleeves and gloves give the arms the outlines of a ham and the hands the appearance of abbreviated head-cheeses.

A bulky woman should never wear white, not even at night, and in her will she should state a preference for dark grave clothes. She has no business with lace, passementerie, decollete bodices, high shoulders, curled feathers or a low style of hair dressing.

Let her wear her hair on the very top of her head, to increase her altitude; let her wear a high comb or hair ornament, quills in her bonnet, high but broad heels, and a trained skirt for the same object; let her avoid jewels, perfumes, cosmetics, and bright colors to escape notice, and let her walk slowly and look up for the dignity of men that becomes great people.

IS THE CRINOLINE INJURIOUS?

The hoop-skirts of our grandmothers were not only unsightly objects to behold, but owing to their great weight they were often injurious as an article of dress. When they first came into vogue they were made of heavy steel wire, and their weight added to that of the dress material caused a heavy drag upon the waist. But subsequently they were improved so that their weight was greatly reduced. But even at their best they increased the weight and pressure around the waist. They cannot be supported well from the shoulders, and to prevent them from falling out of position a tight band is required around the waist. This led to bands, which became so fashionable that the wasp-waist of a woman was considered the ideal of perfection. The crinolines of to-day is no improvement upon the old hoop-skirts so far as the healthfulness of the article of wear is concerned. The crinoline material is heavy and stiff, and it sets out from the waist like a balloon. Besides making the weight from the waist wide, the wide expanse of material offers a large target for the wind, which can make it a burden for one to travel through our streets on windy days. The chance of catching cold is much greater with the crinoline than with any other fashion that has been in vogue for many years.—[Yankee Blade.]

BUSINESS HINTS FOR GIRLS.

Whether a woman is poor or rich, it behooves her to acquire methodical business habits, keeping her little accounts accurately and knowing to a cent just what she does with her money, whether she has ten cents or \$10 to expend on her own little personal wants. An allowance is the first step toward this end, if at the same time it is impressed upon her that every sum spent should be set down with unfailing regularity. In black and white one notes how much more quickly it goes and just what foolish little things have lured it from our pockets. Without setting down each item, it is ten chances to one that you will conclude you must have lost some money when you can not see how that \$10 bill went when you only bought such a few things. The neat little figures are a genuine restraint, besides instilling a habit and system that will be of great value if ever fortune smiles and a great estate comes to your hands, and still greater if economy is a necessity and the dollar has to be forced into doing duty for two.

Unless the accounts are kept accurately, and the cash made to balance every evening, you had better not attempt any book-keeping at all, for slipshod methods are worse than none, and only confuse everything rather than help matters. If anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and there is nothing so productive of future good as the habit of looking carefully out for the pennies when school days are the only trials, and the allowance of fifty cents a week goes for candy and pickles. If this plan is once established in childhood, the girl will grow to womanhood with a clear knowledge of

where her money goes and what she has to show for it.—[Baltimore Herald.]

WOMEN AS ARCHITECTS.

On the interesting subject of female architects the Real Estate Record says: "Women as architects and builders," is the latest from New York, and a writer there claims that there are few occupations to-day that promise more favorable results to the fair sex than those of the architect and builder. As the woman manages the household, it seems only natural that she should seek to know how best to arrange the dwelling; indeed, it is evident that this is her legitimate province. A few women have turned their attention to the study of architecture and others are contemplating taking up the business of building. This is as it should be, and it is not too much to hope that before long we shall see better arranged and more comfortable houses than those in which many of us are now forced to live.

There are thousands of points in building that the man, who has no practical realization of the inconvenience of certain things, never seems to dream of. Why a woman should not be able to make estimates for a cellar wall as well as for the amount of fruit and provisions necessary for a family is a question for philosophers. At all events, she is coming into the field as a designer and builder of comfortable, rational, sensible homes, and success to her efforts. When to theoretical knowledge she adds the practical information gained only by experience, let us hope that we will find houses where comfort is not sacrificed to a bit of architectural effect, where convenience is of more importance than picturesqueness, and where rooms are so arranged that one-eighth to seven-eighths of a width of carpet in every room need not go to waste on account of a fault in adjusting the dimensions of the apartment. Every fraction in the measure of a room means just so much added expense in carpeting, and every angle and curve means just so much slashing and cutting, all of which renders the carpet useless for any other than the room to which it is fitted. This is an item of the greatest importance to those who rent houses, and frequent movement means an outlay for floor covering that is a serious drain upon moderate purses.

A great deal of room in the moderate house is wasted in angles and corners that might be utilized as closets and cupboards. This, too, will be the mission of the woman architect to reform, to a certain extent at least, and give to the house-wife some of the conveniences of which no man can fully realize the need.

FASHION NOTES.

New silks are not very characteristic this season.

Rough materials for day gowns are in considerable variety.

The shapes of carriage parasols are changed to a rounder dimension.

Silk and other blouses are more popular than ever, and also more fanciful.

Tricolored bows, with sharp upstanding ends, are among stylish forms of hat trimming.

In brocades, May lilies arranged in bunches, flutings, palms and thistles are successful.

A particularly pretty party frock is of white crepon, with insertions of green baby ribbon.

Some new dresses of woolly-looking camel's hair are trimmed with ruffles of black satin ribbon.

A novelty in evening dresses will be spotted colored tulle, draped over silk of the same color.

A French conceit in gauze is an undulated azure silk tissue, sprinkled with fine, irregular spots.

The use of lace for trimming will constantly increase from this time on throughout the summer.

The capes of velvet with narrow fur bordering are quite a feature of the present season's fashions.

A dainty evening wrap is of ivory molleton cloth, with warmly quilted lining of pale salmon-pink.

Very old coins are set in rims of gold and worn as pins. Whoever has an antique silver piece may make this use of it.

Rival factions in Paris are contending for the supremacy of flowers or ribbons as millinery trimming, with odds for the flowers.

Vivid scarlet blouses are shown which are to be worn with black beaded zouaves, having lace epaulettes and bows on the shoulders.

A few white satin parasols are shown with ruffles of lace around the top of shade, and long streamers of satin ribbon from the steeple.

Round yokes of galloon, with wide, round collars, also of galloon, are worn with dresses of cashmere and other thin woolen materials.

Wide ribbon strings on bonnets are once more to the front. They are of shot and brocade ribbon, and tie beneath the chin in the old fashion.

Ostrich boas will certainly be worn both curled, or, as the French call them, rase—that is, close shaved and uncurled. These taper toward the points.

The new corduroy silks come in Persian and Algerian stripes and in pretty tricolors—green, gold and English rose—and various other bright combinations.

The fashionable purple known as emineuse is by no means a universally becoming color, and women who have not really good complexions should shun it.

"Creppe plisse" is one of the materials which bid fair to become favorite this spring. It looks as if it were accorded-pleated by hand, but it is bought by the yard already pleated.

An exceedingly smart little English hat of black felt has a wide brim, bent in and out in a becoming fashion. Three squirrels' tails tied deftly together with rosettes of vieux rose velvet trim the crown.

The popular short-waisted Empire effect is often obtained by bands of broad velvet ribbon in two rows, with lengthwise bands of the same ribbon running between the upper and lower rows all around the waist.

Once upon a time black satin was only worn by middle-aged ladies and

dowagers. Now, however, it is the material of which the smart girl's dinner dress is made. Frequently one sees it trimmed with green.

Long stemmed flowers in high quivering clusters, and in contrast, many flat wreaths of briar roses, hawthorn, geraniums, etc., are on new French hats. Grasses, thorny stems and pussy-willow sprays are arranged in novel ways.

A pretty way to utilize the skirts of lace dresses of which one has become tired is to have them made over into little Russian tea jackets, with a lace skirt portion about half a yard deep gathered and added to the lower edge of the waist which belonged to the dress when it was new.

Broad sashes, also ribbons of all widths, are to be worn as much as ever. Many rows of velvet ribbon are used for trimming dresses. Ribbon trims in the same way. A new gown recently exhibited showed rows upon rows of ribbon, or of bias velvet three inches in width, which came up to within a quarter of a yard of the waist.

FIFTY THOUSAND A DAY.

When and How the Crisp Bank of England Notes Are Made.

In a picturesque Hampshire nook in the valley of the River Test stands a busy mill, from which is produced that paper whose crispness is music to the human ear all the world over. Since 1719 this Leverstock mill has been busy in the manufacture of the Bank of England note paper, and at the present time about 50,000 of the coveted crisp pieces of paper are made there daily.

To a careless observer there does not appear to be much difference between a Bank of England note of the present day and one of those which were first issued toward the end of the seventeenth century, but when looked into it will be found that the present note is, as regards the quality of the paper and the excellence of the engraved writing, a much more remarkable production.

The fact is, the Bank of England and forgers of false notes have been running a race—the bank to turn out a note which defies the power of the forger to imitate it, and those nimble-fingered and keen-witted gentry to keep even with the bank.

The notes now in use are most elaborately manufactured bits of paper. The paper itself is remarkable in many ways; none other has that peculiar feel of crispness and toughness, while the eye (when it has satisfied itself with the amount) may dwell with admiration on the paper's remarkable whiteness. Its thinness and transparency are guards against two once popular modes of forgery: The washing out of the printing by means of turpentine, and erasure with the knife.

The wire mark, or water mark, is another precaution against counterfeiting, and is produced in the paper while it is in a state of pulp. In the old manufacture of bank notes this water mark was caused by an immense number of wires (over 3,000) stitched and sewn together; now it is engraved in a steel-faced die, which is afterward hardened and is then used as a punch to stamp the pattern out of plates of sheet brass. The shading of the letters of this water mark enormously increases the difficulty of imitation.

The paper is made entirely from pieces of new linen and cotton, and the toughness of it can be roughly guessed from the fact that a single bank note will, when unsized, support a weight of thirty-six pounds, while when sized you may lift fifty-six pounds with it.

Few people would imagine that a Bank of England note was not of the same thickness all through. It is not, though. The paper is thicker in the left hand corner, to enable it to take a better and sharper impression of the vignette there, and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the centre letters, and under the figures at the ends.

Counterfeit notes are invariably of only one thickness throughout.

The printing is done from electrotypes, the figure of Britannia being the design of Maclell, the late Royal Academician.

Even the printing ink is of special make, and is manufactured at the bank. Comparing a genuine with a forged note one observes that the print on the latter is generally bluish or brown. On the real note it is a velvety black.

The chief ingredients used in making the ink are linseed oil and the charred husks and some other portions of Rheish grapes.

The notes are printed at the rate of 3,000 an hour at Napier's steam press, and the bank issues 9,000,000 of them a year, representing about £900,000,000 in hard cash.—[London Answers.]

Odd Freaks of Collectors.

A Jersey City man devotes himself to the collection of doorknobs, old and new, and claims a museum numbering over 3,000 samples.

Nebraska boasts proudly of a collector who gathers locks of the hair shaved from the heads of noted criminals when they enter the penitentiary, labeling and indexing them with great care.

Philadelphia is the abiding place of a collector of cast-off horseshoes, who will risk his neck to secure a prize in the street, and whose house is decorated with them in all sizes, shapes and degrees of dilapidation.

Boston can produce a collector whose specialty is old bricks, each having been secured from some historical local edifice while it was being demolished, and being tagged with a resume of the history of the building from which it was obtained.

A New Orleans person is a collector of sugar samples, and is believed to have a flask of the granulated product of every plantation in the State, some being of actual historical interest.

Slow-Burning Wood.

In England they use the wood of the willow for flooring, in many cases because it is of slow or not ready combustion. It contains very resin or essential oil, is fine grained, and takes a smooth finish, and so is suitable for inside work, and would make good sheathing.—[Boston Post.]