

## IN THE OLD BARN LOFT.

"Tis thirty years or thereabouts  
Since I used to roll and play  
And turn all kind of somersaults  
On the fresh and fragrant hay;  
A-jumping and a-tumbling  
On the hay so sweet and soft,  
At my home away back yonder  
In the old barn loft.  
How the pigeons used to flutter,  
And strut about and coo!  
And make love to one another,  
Like sweethearts used to do,  
When I walked the risky cross-beam,  
Or clambered high aloft,  
With half intent of falling,  
In the old barn loft.  
How I used to frighten sister,  
Who was looking for the eggs,  
As I dangled there, head downward,  
Holding by my little legs;  
And, giving them a swing or two,  
I'd strike the hay so soft,  
At my home away back yonder,  
In the old barn loft.  
The twittering of the swallows,  
While making homes of mud;  
The gleeful game of hide-and-seek,  
The slip, the sudden thud;  
The patter of the raindrops  
Above the hay so soft,  
Are memories still clinging  
Of the old barn loft.  
—S. A. Harrison in the Inter Ocean.

## TESTED.

"What shall I do? How shall I act?  
It is strange, but I really do not quite  
know my own heart in this matter."  
Thus mused Edith Lyle, as she sat in  
one of the cozy little rooms of an elegant  
mansion, which the death of her  
father had, a year previous, made her  
own. On the table before her lay  
three very interesting epistles, each one  
in itself being a proposal of marriage;  
and the subject of her meditation was  
what answer to send to those by whom  
they were written.  
Her great fear was to become the  
wife of any person who sought her for  
her wealth, and to avoid this she was  
anxious to adopt any plan.  
The three proposals above referred  
to had come to her within a few days  
of each other, no doubt because each  
had waited until her father had been  
a year dead; and she finally concluded  
to reply to each—namely, a desire to  
await her decision three months, as  
there was a certain matter just then  
undecided which might considerably  
influence it.  
Regarding her three suitors a few  
words may be said. Mr. Harvey Stanhope  
was what might be termed a gentleman  
of leisure, having no pretension to  
any profession whatever, and al-  
ways on the alert for enjoyment. One  
thing was evident, he was rich; any  
one could learn that from his extrava-  
gant habits. His father had been  
wealthy, and had left him sufficient  
property to live as his taste dictated.  
Mr. Hugh Oswald was the son of a  
retired merchant; retired, some said,  
because he had become rich enough to  
provide for his family all they required;  
others said because Hugh was too in-  
dolent to continue the business, and  
otherwise lacked the proper qualifica-  
tions to do so. Be that as it might,  
the father was retired, and the son  
leading a life of ease.  
The third applicant for the hand of  
Edith was a young doctor—"Doctor  
James Norton," the sign of his office  
door read, and though more humble  
than the others, inasmuch as he was  
earning his bread by his profession, he  
had the claim of priority, for Edith  
and they had known each other from  
childhood, and strong friendship had  
always marked their intercourse with  
each other.  
As to appearances, all three were con-  
sidered handsome young men, and as  
Edith had heard nothing to the con-  
trary, she assumed that the character  
of each was what that of a gentleman  
should be.  
"For sale. Apply to Cummings &  
Co."  
Such was the notice that appeared  
on the door of the Lyle mansion about  
a month after Edith had answered her  
three proposals, and rather surprised  
Mr. Oswald, who had come to call on  
her.  
"What can this mean?" he said.  
"It's very strange," and he ran up the  
steps and pulled the bell vigorously.  
No answer, however, came to his  
summons, and he finally learned from  
the lady next door that Miss Lyle had  
ceased to reside there, and had moved  
she knew not where.  
Disappointed, and somewhat annoyed  
that she should move and not let him  
know of it, he returned home and there  
found a note awaiting him, addressed  
by the fair hand of Edith.  
Hastily opening it he read as fol-  
lows:  
Mr. Hugh Oswald:  
Dear Sir: As you see from the above  
address, I am no longer to be found at  
my former residence, and I hasten to  
let you know the reason of my removal.  
In my reply to your esteemed proposal  
I said a certain matter, then undecided,  
might considerably influence my final  
answer. The matter referred to was  
a case then pending at law, and in-  
volved the question whether certain  
securities could be collected off my es-  
tate. The decision is given against me,  
and by it I am rendered penniless.  
Fully understanding the difference in  
my position now and a short time ago,  
I am constrained, in justice to myself  
and you also, to regard your recent  
proposal as not made at all, and forth-  
with free you from all obligations con-  
nected therewith. I am at present liv-  
ing with friends at the above place,  
with no particular idea as to what my  
future may be. Believe me,  
Very sincerely yours,  
Edith Lyle.  
The following day brought Edith a  
letter and two visitors, Mr. Stanhope

and Dr. Norton, the latter of whom  
luckily enough had departed ere the  
other arrived. Both of these gentle-  
men expressed their concern for her  
disappointment in regard to the law-  
suit, but would not allow their propo-  
sals to be set aside on that ground.  
"I love you, Edith, for yourself  
alone," said the doctor, "and whether  
you are rich or poor, that love remains  
imperishable. Nay, more, I am almost  
selfish enough to rejoice in the change  
in your position, as it removes what I  
always considered a barrier and does  
away with the possibility of having my  
sentiments ascribed to any mercenary  
motive."  
"The loss of your wealth by no  
means detracts from the beauty of  
your person," said Mr. Stanhope, "and  
as my wife I can promise you, to-  
gether with the love of an honest heart,  
all the luxury to which you have been  
accustomed."  
While thinking over the fond ex-  
pressions of Mr. Stanhope and the doc-  
tor, and wondering if Mr. Oswald's  
love would outlive the change of for-  
tune also, a letter was brought to her  
from the latter, which quite settled  
that question. It was as follows:  
My Dear Miss: Your communication  
of to-day has quite shocked me, and I  
hasten to sympathize with you in your  
disappointment, and I assure you I am  
exceedingly sorry the law suit went  
against you. Business prevents me  
calling on you to-day, but I will take an  
early opportunity of doing so.  
I am yours respectfully,  
Hugh Oswald.  
"One of the three disposed of,"  
thought she. "Mr. Oswald wanted my  
wealth, that is evident, and is sorry the  
law suit went against me. Very sorry,  
no doubt. His candor is worthy of  
admiration; but how about the others  
whose love is still undiminished?"  
A few evenings afterward, in the  
presence of both lovers, neither of  
whom had any idea that the other had  
proposed, Edith expressed herself as  
not feeling at all well, and retired. On  
their calling to inquire for her the  
next day they learned from Mrs. Gray  
she was no better, but, on the contrary,  
much worse, and under the care of her  
physician, Dr. Musgrave. They would  
see her, but the doctor had given posi-  
tive orders that no one should be al-  
lowed to disturb her. Every day  
brought the two lovers, each to be an-  
swered as on the former one:  
"Not any better yet, and cannot see  
you."  
But one day to this was added the  
further information, relative to her  
illness, that Dr. Musgrave said she  
had the small pox.  
This rather alarmed both gentlemen,  
and the visits of Mr. Stanhope became  
less frequent; and when he learned in  
confidence from Mrs. Gray that she  
would be frightfully marked, he came  
no more to inquire for her.  
Not so, however, Dr. Norton. Day  
after day he came to Mrs. Gray's, and  
at length was gratified to hear that  
the doctor had expressed himself as  
confident that the crisis was past and  
she would recover.  
During her convalescence he was  
very assiduous in his attentions, and  
Mrs. Gray was made the bearer of many  
tributes of affection to Edith—trifling  
in themselves, but not, therefore, less  
expressive of his feelings.  
"I have good news for you to-day,  
sir," said Mrs. Gray one morning as Dr.  
Norton entered.  
"I am happy to hear you say so.  
What is it?"  
"Miss Lyle is able to be up. She is  
out of bed."  
"That is good news, indeed," returned  
the doctor, "but I thought it might  
have been more pleasing."  
"What did you expect?"  
"That I should see her, perhaps."  
"Oh, now, doctor, do have patience  
yet a little longer, and no doubt you  
shall. If she sees anybody, I know  
she will see you."  
"If she sees anybody? What do you  
mean?"  
"She is so much changed in appear-  
ance she don't care to see anyone who  
has seen her before—her beauty is en-  
tirely gone."  
"Don't say entirely, Mrs. Gray. The  
beauty of her soul remains, and is be-  
yond the reach of every malady."  
"Yes, that's so. There, she is ring-  
ing for me. Excuse me, doctor."  
"One moment, Mrs. Gray. Will you  
please ascertain when it is likely I may  
see Miss Lyle?"  
"Yes, doctor, if I possibly can."  
Mrs. Gray soon returned, and said  
Miss Lyle had consented to see him the  
following evening at 8.  
"But I just tell you," said Mrs. Gray,  
as the doctor departed, "you will be  
much surprised when you see her."  
The next evening at 8, Dr. Norton  
was at Mrs. Gray's, and was told by  
that lady that Miss Lyle was in the  
parlor to receive him, but was in the  
dark, as she did not wish the doctor on  
first entering to see the change in her  
features.  
When their first greeting was over  
and Mrs. Gray had left them alone to-  
gether, Edith said:  
"Doctor, I am fully sensible of your  
devotion in continuing to address me  
as usual, but it is unreasonable to ex-  
pect your love, changed as now I am."  
"Edith," replied he, "believe me, I  
speak the truth of my heart. I love  
you now with the same strong, honest  
and sincere love I have felt for you  
from the first, and my only hope of  
earthly happiness is in your accept-  
ance."  
"But you have not seen my face,  
James."  
"Nor shall the sight of it, changed  
though it be, in any way lessen my af-  
fection. On, Edith, my love!" he con-  
tinued, "think how anxious I am await-  
ing your answer. Keep me no longer  
in suspense. Promise to be my wife."  
"Trusting fully in your love, I prom-  
ise," replied Edith, also rising and per-  
mitting him to fold her to his bosom.

"And now, Edith, I may see your  
face, may I not? Rest assured, my  
dear, I shall not alter my affection."  
Very well, James, you shall," and  
she called Mrs. Gray to come and light  
the gas.  
While she yet stood with her lover  
in the center of the parlor, Mrs. Gray  
did as requested; but imagine the de-  
light and surprise of the doctor when,  
instead of the disfigured features he  
expected to see, Edith Lyle was reveal-  
ed to him in all her former loveliness  
—the features perfect in every particu-  
lar, the skin fair and smooth as alaba-  
ster.  
"Remember your promise, James,  
the sight of your face is not to alter  
your affection."  
"And it has not, my dear Edith; but  
pray explain!"  
And Edith did explain—how she  
learned that one loved her for her  
money, another for her beauty only—  
and, confessing her deception, asked  
only forgiveness, which, of course, was  
readily given.  
They were married soon after and  
took up their residence in Edith's for-  
mer home; and in the after happy years  
she was never perplexed by the ques-  
tion: "Who loves me best?"

### Romance of the War.

The Winchester, Ky., Sun prints a  
gossipy story of a well-known Louis-  
ville attorney: "The recent election of  
Colonel H. L. Stone to the city attor-  
neyship of Louisville by a Republican  
Council recalls an incongruous inci-  
dent which occurred during the war in  
the life of that gentleman, whilst he  
was passing through Winchester. He  
was a Confederate soldier, and was cap-  
tured at one time within the lines  
whilst visiting his home in Bath Coun-  
ty. It was during the reign of Gen-  
eral Burbridge, and he was at once  
sent under guard by way of Winchester  
to Lexington, where it was certain he  
would be shot. On the seat of the  
wagon conveying him and by his side  
was a young Federal soldier who had  
known him and his family before the  
war. As they came into town his guard  
whispered to him that when they  
stopped in front of the Rees House  
here for supper it would be dark, and  
he would give him a chance to escape  
by running up the hill toward the Ba-  
ptist Church, whilst he (the guard)  
would give the hue and cry in another  
direction and draw the other soldiers  
away from the true line of pursuit.  
Sure enough, when the wagon halted  
this plan was carried out and Colonel  
Stone escaped, to return to the Confed-  
eracy and fight to the close of the war.  
A few years ago this same Union sol-  
dier who had saved his life and was  
poor and at work on a farm in Flem-  
ing County, got into a difficulty and  
killed a man, for which he was indicted  
and charged with murder. Colonel  
Stone heard of it, and went at once to  
his help, and by his efforts and ability  
finally got a verdict of not guilty.  
Whilst Morgan's command was pass-  
ing through Indiana on the great raid,  
Colonel Stone was by the boys faceti-  
ously made Brevet Governor of Indi-  
ana, in recognition of his relation-  
ship to Hon. Henry S. Lane, his uncle,  
who was Governor and United States  
Senator from that great state."

### A Queer Kentucky Character.

A queer character died at Columbus,  
Ky., recently. He was known as  
"Ground Hog" Allen, and was a cave  
dweller, and the most mysterious per-  
sonage in Hickman County. Little is  
known of him, and he lived the life of  
a recluse.  
Allen came to Columbus early in the  
seventies, and purchased ten acres of  
land in the vicinity of the Seven  
Springs, about two miles from the  
town. Having no family, he erected  
a house on his ten-acre lot and cul-  
tivated his land, living alone. After liv-  
ing there for some time his house was  
destroyed by fire. He had dug a large  
cistern before his house was burned,  
and after the destruction of the house  
he moved the few effects he had saved  
into the cistern, which was dry, and,  
being dug funnel shaped, was quite  
wide at the bottom. He lived in that  
cistern to the day of his death.  
Allen would come to Columbus occa-  
sionally and buy necessary supplies.  
He soon acquired the name of "Ground  
Hog" Allen, and was known by no other.  
He was very industrious, wore very  
little clothing, and always went with-  
out shoes in warm weather. He was  
polite to all visitors and to some he  
communicated something of his past  
life. He went to California from Ohio  
in 1849, and was absent a number of  
years. On his return he found that his  
wife had procured a divorce, and had  
married again.  
"Ground Hog" Allen believed he had  
enemies, and that his house had been  
destroyed by an incendiary. He said  
that he had determined that no one  
should burn him out again. He had dug  
a passageway from the bottom of the  
cistern where he lived to a spring ad-  
jacent, but if he had caved in, and he used  
a ladder as a means of ingress and  
egress to his strange residence.—New  
York Times.

### A Queer Chicken.

Mr. More, a chicken fancier of Great  
Bend, Pa., has a queer chicken. It  
is a Plymouth Rock, two years old, that  
in addition to all the characteristics of  
a fine cock, possesses the natural in-  
stincts of a hen. He crows and fights  
and conducts himself as most chanticleers  
do; yet he has been known to adopt  
chickens, mother them, scratch  
and pick for them, raise a note of  
alarm when danger appeared and fold  
them under his wings at night. He  
raised two broods of chickens last year.  
As soon as the chicks hatch under a  
hen, Mr. More removes them to a small  
coop, in which the cock is placed. He  
immediately adopts them, and is a  
model mother until they are ready to  
shift for themselves.—New York Press.

## A COYOTE PARTNERSHIP.

### How Prairie Wolves Get an Antelope For Breakfast.

The prong-horned antelope is the  
swiftest animal on the plains, and yet  
the coyotes catch a good many of them  
just by running them down. This  
sounds like a paradox, yet it is quite  
true, and is explained by the cunning  
of the wolves and the habits of the  
antelope.  
A single coyote who under took to  
run down a single antelope would get  
tired and hungry before he accomplish-  
ed much, but when two or three coyotes  
are together it is quite a different thing.  
The coyotes do not all run after the  
antelope together. They take turns,  
and while one runs the others rest,  
and so at last they tire the antelope  
out.  
If when it was started the antelope  
ran straight away, it would of course  
leave all the wolves behind, those that  
were resting even more than the one  
that was chasing it, but the antelope  
does not run straight away. Instead it  
runs in large circles, and this enables  
the wolves to take turns when chasing  
it.  
When three or four prairie wolves  
decide that they want antelope meat  
for breakfast, one of them creeps as  
close as possible to the one they have  
selected, and then makes a rush for  
it, running as fast as he possibly can  
so as to push the antelope to its best  
speed and to tire it out. Meantime his  
companions spread out on either side  
of the runner, and get upon little hills  
or knolls so as to keep the chase in  
sight. They trot from point to point,  
and pretty soon, when the antelope  
turns and begins to work back to-  
wards one of them, this one tries to  
get as nearly as possible in its path,  
and as it flies by the wolf dashes out at  
it and runs after it at the top of its  
speed, while the one that has been  
chasing the antelope stops running and  
trots off to some near-by hill, where,  
while the water drips off his lolling  
tongue, he watches the race and gets  
his breath again. After a little the  
antelope passes near another coyote,  
which in turn takes up the pursuit.  
And so the chase is kept up until the  
poor antelope is exhausted, when it is  
overtaken and pulled down by one or  
more of the hungry brutes. Of course  
the coyotes do not catch every antelope  
they start. Sometimes the game  
runs such a course that it does not  
pass near any of the waiting wolves,  
and only the one that starts it has any  
running to do. In such a case the  
pursuit is abandoned. Sometimes the  
antelope is so stout and strong that it  
tires out all its pursuers.  
It is a common thing for a coyote  
to chase an old doe with her kids just  
after the little ones had begun to run  
about. At that time they are very  
swift for short distances, but have not  
the strength to stand a long chase.  
In such a case a mother will often  
stay behind her young, and will try to  
fight off the coyote, butting him with  
her head and striking him with her  
forefeet. He pays little attention to  
her, except to snap at her, and keeps  
on after the kids. Several times I have  
seen a mother antelope lead her little  
ones into the midst of a bed of cactus,  
where the wolf could not go without  
getting his feet full of thorns. If the  
bed is small the wolf will make fer-  
ocious dashes up to its border, trying  
to frighten the little ones so that they  
will run out on the other side and he  
can start after them again, but usually  
the mother has no trouble in holding  
them.—Forest and Stream.

### A Remarkable Operation.

A remarkable operation has been per-  
formed in a New York hospital which  
demonstrates that a depression in the  
skull can be cured, which has always  
heretofore been considered impossible.  
Edward Haicke, a circus performer,  
whose specialty was lifting heavy  
weights, began to have epileptic fits  
about a year ago, and surgeons who  
examined him found that a depression  
had been caused in his skull. An in-  
cision was made and a section of his  
skull sawed out, and the brain, which  
had grown fast to the bone, was cut  
away. A gold plate was then used  
to line the remaining section to prevent  
the brain again knitting to it, and the  
piece replaced. This worked for awhile,  
but recently Haicke had another fit.  
The surgeon removed the trap door in  
his skull and found that the pressure  
of the brain had broken the gold plate,  
and the brain had again become knitted  
to the skull. As a final effort the gold  
plate was removed and a thin sheet of  
celluloid, especially prepared for the  
purpose, was substituted. Then the  
trap door was closed and the scalp  
sewed up. Although this was nearly  
three weeks ago, there has been no  
trouble since, and the physicians are  
confident that the celluloid will never  
crack nor break, and that the operation  
will prove a successful one. It is the  
first time such an operation has ever  
been performed, and it has attracted  
much attention.—Detroit Free Press.

### Cheney and His Frost Fish.

State Fish Culturist A. N. Cheney  
tries to read everything bearing upon  
the subjects of fish and fish culture, but  
his busy life renders this next to im-  
possible, and his family aid him all  
they can by marking in the exchanges  
such articles as might be expected to  
interest the great fish expert. He tells  
this story of a recent experience: "If  
an item is not marked with pencil the  
papers may be ever so carefully ar-  
ranged in consecutive order and con-  
veniently placed, and yet I miss it.  
Very recently I was told that there was  
an article about frost fish in one of the  
papers, and it had not been marked,  
but I could easily find it in a certain  
paper of such a date, as the caption  
was, 'Frost Fish' in large letters. It

was something past midnight when I  
got to the frost fish business, and then  
I searched the file of the particular pa-  
per and searched it again without  
avail. The house was still and I finally  
gave up the search and retired. The  
next morning at breakfast I remarked  
that I had searched for the frost fish,  
but could not find it, and in the future  
if articles were not marked I could not  
undertake to look for them, and the  
only time to mark an article was when  
the paper was in hand. My wife said  
she could find the item at once, as she  
knew exactly where to look for it.  
This she did, and handed me a paper  
containing two sticks of matter headed  
'Fish-Frost.' It proved to be a mar-  
riage notice of Arthur Fish and Mary  
A. Frost, with a list of the persons  
present at the ceremony."—New York  
Mail and Express.

### Primitive American Cooking.

"You can talk about your chefs at  
Delmonico's or Sherry's, or anywhere  
else," said an enthusiastic tenderfoot  
who was on a hunting expedition in the  
southwest, "but I know a cook that  
suits me pretty well, I can tell you.  
There aren't any frills on his cooking  
and he don't need any truffles or an-  
chovy sauce to go with his dishes,  
either. I brought into camp a nice,  
big turkey. Your wild turkey beats  
your civilized bird all hollow, for the  
wild gobbler has far more white meat,  
his breast bone being shorter, and  
there's as much fine white meat on an  
eight-pound wild bird as there is on a  
fat eleven-pound city gobbler.  
"Well, what does our cook do but  
dig a hole about three feet long and a  
foot wide. Into this he heaped wood  
until the hole was hot as a furnace.  
Then the hole was cleared of all ashes  
and the bird was placed on a spit in the  
hole which was covered with poles  
and leaves. Mr. Turkey was well sea-  
soned before being thus interred. We  
left him there all night and when we  
opened the hole in the morning an odor  
came forth that was most delightful,  
while the bird was as brown as could  
be. I never tasted anything so nice in  
all my life. It was like going back to  
first principles, this primitive cooking.  
And he could do all kinds of cooking  
like that. To go with Mr. Bird was the  
water from the spring which gushed  
forth from the rocks and beat all your  
bottled waters, I can tell you. So I  
say, hail to primitive American cook-  
ery; down with your sauces, spices,  
pastes and foil-de-rol of these imported  
chefs! Hail to health; down with in-  
digestion, atonic dyspepsia, stomach  
troubles and kindred ailments of our  
modern civilization!"—Detroit Free  
Press.

### Mysteries of Bank Treasures.

In one of the old London banks a  
box was recently found, containing  
money and valuables, which had not  
been opened or called for within 160  
years, and which now remains with-  
out a claimant. Incidents of like  
sort are not infrequent in banking his-  
tory, though there is no other recorded  
instance of a package held in trust re-  
maining so long unexamined. Some  
years ago the Merchants' National  
Bank of Baltimore discovered a box  
containing \$10,000 in bonds of the  
Pennsylvania Railroad, the ownership  
of which could not at first be traced.  
The coupons for the preceding fifteen  
years were still attached. It was  
finally discovered that the bonds be-  
longed to the Hagerstown (Md.) Bank,  
and had been deposited as collateral.  
The President of the Hagerstown bank  
died; the cashier was superseded, and  
the institution lost all traces of the  
transaction. The disappearance of the  
securities, however, always remained  
an unpleasant mystery until it was thus  
happily cleared up. One of the  
private banking houses of Frankfort,  
during the first half of the century,  
a box containing a large sum in money  
and securities was deposited for safe-  
keeping, and when called for a few  
days afterwards could not be found.  
The banker had himself received it,  
and, as he supposed, put it in a place  
of security. He was so overcome by  
the occurrence that he went home and  
shot himself. The next day the treas-  
ure turned up, safe and sound, the  
receiptacle having in a moment of ab-  
sence of mind been stored away in an  
odd corner and overlooked.—New York  
Tribune.

### A Coin That Has Disappeared.

"Though the penny of 1856," ob-  
served a numismatist, "was issued in  
great sufficiency, the coins soon dis-  
appeared from circulation, and are held  
as rarities. They are seldom offered  
for sale, but those which have been of-  
fered brought a large price. There are  
several theories existing among coins  
experts as to the disappearance of this  
penny, being of the older style and  
large, but the most generally accepted  
is that the penny was gobbled up in  
consequence of a rumor which was  
started on the authority of an employe  
of the United States mint where the  
pennies were made. This rumor was  
that in making the composition of the  
metals for the coin a bar of gold was  
melted up by mistake for a bar of nick-  
el, and that the reason why the penny  
disappeared was in consequence of its  
intrinsic value. The result of this and  
other stories about the 1856 penny is  
that though there were just as many  
coined as there were of '54, '55 or '57  
pennies, one of the '56 pennies will to-  
day bring nearly one hundred times as  
much money as those of the other years  
mentioned. Some numismatists have  
even gone so far as to test the com-  
position. They found no trace of gold.  
It is one of the many peculiar things  
about the scarcity of some coins."—  
Washington Star.

### Utilizing Water Power.

According to present indications, the  
waterfalls and rapids in the country  
which some day be utilized as a gen-  
erator of electricity. The latest achieve-  
ment in the way of utilizing power is  
throwing a large wing dam across the  
St. Lawrence at the Lachine Rapids.  
This dam runs out something more  
than a thousand feet into the river,  
and takes in an immense body of water.  
The entire length of the dam is to be  
occupied by a power-house with an un-  
broken interior of at least a thousand  
feet. A large number of minor streams  
are being used for similar purposes.  
With a good fall, a force sufficient to  
run a good-sized dynamo may easily be  
secured.

## GLOVE MAKING IN AMERICA.

### The Industry of Fulton County, New York, and Its Importance.

The statement made recently by an  
importer of gloves that the United  
States plays an unimportant part in  
that line has brought the American  
manufacturers to the front with a state-  
ment which shows that the industry is  
a large one and that thousands of peo-  
ple are engaged in it. In the report  
prepared by Congressman Lucius N.  
Littauer for the Committee on Ways  
and Means, showing the industries of  
Fulton County, the following figures  
appear: Men employed in factories  
making gloves and mittens, 4,000; wom-  
en employed in the same factories, 7-  
000; women employed making gloves  
in their homes, 2,900. To these people  
\$5,400,000 is paid annually in wages,  
and the sales amount to \$12,000,000.  
The capital invested is upward of \$5-  
500,000.  
In addition to the glove industry Ful-  
ton County is a headquarters for glove  
leather, employing about 2,000 people  
in its manufacture who receive per year  
\$1,500,000 for their work. The centre  
of the industry is Gloversville, al-  
though Johnstown, Mayfield, North-  
ville, Broadbain and other nearby  
places contribute largely to the produc-  
tion. Gloves have been made in that  
locality for over fifty years, and Mr.  
Littauer, in speaking of the business,  
said:  
"The manufacture of gloves at Glov-  
ersville, in a place rather far from the  
commercial centres, sometimes sur-  
prises people, but we who have seen  
the development of the industry can  
readily account for it. The place was a  
centre years ago for the pedlers who  
sold their wares in the Adirondack re-  
gion. They took deer skins in exchange  
for many of their goods, and these they  
brought to the little village of Glov-  
ersville, where the hides were dressed and  
tanned, and then they were cut and  
made up into gloves by the women and  
children. The home-made articles were  
disposed of again by the very men who  
brought the raw skins from the shores  
of Saranac Lake.  
"The village was still small and diffi-  
cult of access when its products were  
known all over the country, and gradu-  
ally machinery supplanted the primi-  
tive manufacturing outfits, factories  
took the places of shops, and the ham-  
let, to which a stage came once every  
week from the nearest railroad town,  
grew to be a city of 18,000 inhabi-  
tants.  
The best glove-makers and the most  
improved glove-making machinery  
drifted towards Gloversville, and al-  
though the supply of material is no  
longer the Adirondack region, leather  
gloves of all grades and description  
are still made there from stock which  
now comes principally from Central  
America.  
A large business is done in Glov-  
ersville making gloves for the work-  
men. "This is the only country in  
which of the workingman's wages and  
standard of living are such," said Mr.  
Littauer, "that he can afford to wear  
a pair of gloves to protect his hands  
from hard usage at work."—New York  
Tribune.

### The Doll as a Symbol.

The Indians of New Mexico are fam-  
ous weavers. Incidentally to the busi-  
ness of making large blankets for the  
real folks, the good mother turns out  
some little blankets for her children's  
dolls.  
Among the Indians it seems to be  
quite usual to bury dolls with children.  
The custom apparently is of great an-  
tiquity, for such manikins are often  
found in old graves in that region.  
The same practice is followed in parts  
of Africa, and to some extent it is  
pursued by the Africans in the United  
States. In the cemeteries of colored  
people in the South not only dolls, but  
all sorts of playthings that belonged to  
the dead child are placed upon the  
grave and permitted to remain there.  
Available facts are scant about the  
dolls of the savage tribes of the Ama-  
zons, who are the nakedest people in  
the world, many of them wearing no  
clothes whatever. Perhaps they have  
no dolls. The natives of Terra del  
Fuego certainly possess no dolls. They  
have no art of any kind, their entire  
attention being constantly absorbed by  
the very difficult problem of procuring  
food for a day ahead.  
In Europe the business of making  
dolls is an important and extensive in-  
dustry. You can purchase in Italy for  
a few dollars a set of dolls accurately  
representing all classes of the people,  
with the whole scheme of national cos-  
tume. The same may be said of China,  
India and Japan, in all of which coun-  
tries the dollmaker plays an important  
role. The Chinese are very fond of  
dolls representing mandarins. In Japan  
you can get dolls illustrating every  
class, profession and rank from the  
Mikado down to the humblest peasant.  
The costumes for Japanese plays, such  
as Gilbert & Sullivan's "Mikado," are  
always obtained from dolls. Thus they  
are sure to be correct in every  
detail.

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