

Mammoth Gun Casting.
The largest gun casting ever made in this country was cast at the ordnance department of the Bethlehem Iron Company Thursday morning. The casting is for the tube of a sixteen-inch gun for the United States Government. It is nineteen feet six inches long, octagonal in shape and seventy-four inches in diameter.
More than 100 gross tons of metal were used in its manufacture. Three furnaces, two of forty tons' capacity each and one of twenty tons, were used to prepare the metal.

Death Rather than Bloomers.
Mrs. Walter Hubbell, the wife of a Rochester (N. Y.) machinist, invested in a pair of bloomers and insisted on wearing them. Her husband used all his powers of persuasion, but neither threats nor pleadings prevailed. Then, rather than live with a woman who wore bloomers, he went and hanged himself. His wife cut him down in time to save his life and has stored her bloomers in the attic. Mr. Hubbell once more has a mono-ocular as his trousers worn in that family.

Russia's New Purchase.
Russia has bought the Sebastopol ship-building yard for 1,900,000 rubles.
A Virtue and a Vice.
Vanity and a proper regard for the feelings of others should both urge you to get rid of that disgusting skin disease. Whether it be a simple eruption, a chaf or a burn, or whether it is a chronic case of Eczema, Tetter or Ringworm, Tetterine will positively and infallibly cure it. Cure it so it will stay cured. 50 cents a box at drug stores, or by mail for 50 cents in cash or stamps from J. T. Saurtrine, Savannah, Ga.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be a chronic case of Catarrh of the bladder. He has been financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.
W. & T. WALKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are silver ingots lying in the Bank of England which have been undisturbed for 200 years.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.
Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest that there is.
File permanently covered. No film or perspiration after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sittin bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 310 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Handled without gloves—Knives and forks, generally.
After six years' suffering I was cured by Pison's Cure. MARY THOMSON, 29 1/2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1904.
Hard money—The money you try to borrow.
Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

CATARRH
Better Health Since Taking Hood's Than Ever Before.
"I was afflicted with catarrh and was in such a condition that every little draught would cause me to take cold. After having taken a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I have been strengthened and I am in better health than I have ever been before." John Albert, 79 James St., New York, N. Y.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the best family cathartic, easy to operate, 25 cents.
Seattle Klondike Alaska
FREE INFORMATION
BY
SEATTLE, WASH., CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUREAU.
SEATTLE, KLONDIKE, ALASKA. Wounded Soldiers, Young and Agricultural Centre, Best Office. Local Prices. Longest Experience. Largest City. Postal Routes. Address Secretary.
PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
LOOK AT THESE
DUMM BELL LINKS. D. M. Watkins & Co. PROVIDENCE R. I.
SHORTHAND We teach you by mail in 12 months a how to position. Suitable students from Country and Village in great demand. Send for particulars and Free Lesson, American Business College, Allentown, Pa.
STRAYER'S COLLEGE Baltimore, Md. Short-hand, Bookkeeping, Best, Cheapest Situation guaranteed.
WANTED A man in every town to work for Collecting Agency. W. T. DEVOL.
CHEW STAR TOBACCO—THE BEST. SMOKE SLEDGE CIGARETTES.

Hungry
The hair is like a plant. What makes the plant fade and wither? Usually lack of necessary nourishment. The reason why Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its normal color, stops hair from falling, and makes it grow, is because it supplies the nourishment the hair needs.
Hair.
Most Costly Leather in Market.
The most costly leather now in the market is known to the trade as "pi-sano leather." American tanners years

FLASHES OF FUN.
Askins—What kind of an alarm clock have you? Hennypeck—My wife's elbow.—Puck.
"Our landlady had to lower the dining tables three inches." "Why did she do that?" "Nearly all the boarders are scorchers."—Indianapolis Journal.
Gentle hint: Danseuse—Baron, if I were to receive a bracelet anonymously to-morrow morning, I should be sure that it came from you.—Fliegende Blaetter.
The golfer's scorn: First golfer—Did you hear about Weever? He's learning to play lawn tennis. Second golfer—He must be paying an election bet.—Brooklyn Life.
"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum. I'm what they call a pioneer. I struck thirty years ago, and I never give in yet."—Detroit Free Press.
A real surprise: Ethel—So he dropped right down on his knees and proposed? Dear me! Did you say "This is so sudden?" Penelope—Oh, no! It was so unexpected, you know!—Puck.
Mrs. Peck—If I had my life to go over again, I wouldn't marry the best man alive. Mr. H. Peck (his chance at last)—You bet you wouldn't. I wouldn't ask you to.—Philadelphia North American.

The butler—Hand every night at the hour of midnight the ghost appears and groans and wrings its hands. American tourist—Ah! Must have died in the cucumber season.—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Old lady—This must be a very healthy place. Now, what was the death rate here? Gravedigger—Wonderful steady, mum—wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.—Sketch.
"I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompkins, glaring fiercely at his wife. "Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompkins, sweetly; "it couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?"—Tit-Bits.
"Poor Robinson! There goes his funeral." "What is Robinson dead?" "I imagine he is. Perhaps he is just riding around town in that hearse for the fun of the thing, however."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.
"Miss Grabbs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight." "That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne; "she saw him first."—Washington Star.

Amateur theatrical heroine (indignantly)—You say you don't think the persons in the back of the audience can hear us speak our lines? Professional coachee—No; but don't let that worry you. They can hear the prompter, so they won't lose track of the play.—Puck.
Charitable old lady (to little beggar girl)—There's some bread for you. It is a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it.—Tit-Bits.
As he finished drinking his soda he laid his hands upon the fountain in an unobtrusive way and remarked, "I suppose this is charged?" "Yes," said the drawer, reaching under the counter for a pistol; "so is this." "The money's yours," said the drinker, throwing down a dime.—Boston Transcript.
"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time." "Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson; "who was the woman?" "My wife."—Tit-Bits.
A parting gift—A brush and comb.

MAKING GOOD COFFEE.
New York Hotels Have a Man Especially For That Purpose.
If there is one particular branch of the culinary art in which the average housewife prides herself, it is her ability to make good coffee. As far as compounding the favorite breakfast beverage is concerned, she nine times out of ten does not delude herself, but ask any man who is the least bit of a bon vivant and he will tell you that not one woman in a hundred can make after-dinner coffee that is fit to drink. The coffee that is set before him at the family table is as different from the clear, brown-black stimulating liquid that is served in the clubs, restaurants and big hotels as is water from wine. He wonders why this should be, but were he to pay a visit to the precincts sacred to the stewards of our large hotels, and there learn just how much time, care and money is devoted to the preparation of this one concomitant of a well-served dinner, his respect for the housewife's efforts would probably increase, while his enjoyment of the post-prandial nectar would doubtless be augmented.
One of the most important officials in every large hotel and restaurant in the city is known as the "coffee man." His sole duty consists in buying, blending and making the gallons of coffee that are consumed daily by the guests. He is very apt to have pronounced ideas regarding blends and mixtures, but his final coffee pot or urn to be used in concocting the beverage.
The views of the Waldorf coffee man differ from those of the superintendent of the Imperial; at the Fifth Avenue another blend and another mode of compounding are adopted, while at the Arena the method of coffee making is peculiarly their own. At the Waldorf the blend favored for breakfast coffee is two-thirds of a pound of Mocha to one-third of Java. The Waldorf coffee man does not favor coffee that is finely ground, soaks it in cold water for a full hour before it is put in the large sieves of the countless huge silver urns of the establishment. For breakfast he uses about one pound of coffee to five quarts of water; this is poured through the sieve and strainers, which are arranged in the urns in the regulation French coffee pot fashion, four times. The result is a clear, amber-colored liquid of excellent flavor and strength.
For the after-dinner coffee he prefers a blend that is composed of rather more Java than Mocha, and but four parts of water are allowed to the pound. The process of making is the same.
At the Arena coffee is made on the tables in Viennese coffee pots, by what is known as the steaming process. There the mixture consists of equal parts of Mocha and Java. About one ounce is allowed to each individual pot. The pots themselves are quaint-looking affairs of hammered brass, porcelain lined, and with glass tops. Upneath is swung a small spirit lamp. In the body of the pot is placed a sufficient quantity of cold water, while the allotted ounce of Mocha and Java is put, perfectly dry, and very finely ground, in the glass top. When the water boils the steam slowly ascends through a tube, and as it permeates the dry coffee, drop by drop the pure coffee essence falls into a receiver, with the result that a perfectly pure, full-flavored coffee of the richest strength is obtained. This process is also used by many of the quaint restaurants affected by the foreign element, but the coffee used is the strong black blend popularly known as Turkish.
At both the Imperial and the Fifth Avenue the Mocha and Java mixture is favored, but at these hotels both French and Viennese pots are tabooed, and the old-fashioned method of straining the coffee through a flannel bag prevails.—New York Times.

He Believes in Witches.
Near Galena, Ill., there lives an old German wood sawyer named Conrad Seip, who declares that he is constantly tormented by witches, and, as he appears to be perfectly sane, his statements have attracted the attention of a large number of investigators. He is about 70 years of age, is well educated and is still an earnest student and reader. He says that he is constantly surrounded by witches, who often try to take him up and fly away with him. To defeat this a sack-like belt filled with chunks of lead and weights his ankles with minerals to such an extent that he is barely able to drag one foot after the other. He subsists entirely upon herbs, which, he says, keep the witches away at a safe distance, and eschews all kinds of meat, vegetables and other food usually eaten by man. He has a number of cheap alarm clocks, which are set for every hour in the night, under the belief that their striking will keep the witches away from his house. The latter is a miserable hovel located on the outskirts of the city, where he dwells alone. The place is almost filled with bottled toads, lizards, snakes and other repulsive objects, which, he says, possess an occult power or influence which protects him, to some extent, against injury or harm by the witches. These articles appear on every hand and in all sorts of receptacles. There are also scores of dried snake skins suspended from the mortarless rafters, and a number of skeletons of dogs and cats, most skillfully articulated and polished, are set up on a shelf over the old man's bed. Before meals and on retiring at night he repeats various incantations to propitiate the witches, and when about his work, and not talking to other people, he constantly mutters and talks to the hobgoblins, by whom he claims to be at all times surrounded.

Plucky Peenie.
If a man does a thing bravely and well, even though it be directly at variance with our habits of thought and action, it is impossible to withhold from him a certain sort of respect. He has courage to assert himself, and, say what he will, we all secretly like that quality, even when it tells against us. A person who goes creepingly and self-deprecatingly through the world like a shy dog in a strange place, momentarily expecting a pursuing stick or stone, will generally get it, but let him "show fight," and he may choose his road free from cowardly interruption. The most courageous win. Our moral is that this courage should have the right direction. How many good men are lost to good enterprises through moral timidity. When the time of action comes they are in fact "deserters." The negative evil they do can not be estimated.—The Ledger.

Why He Believes in the Supernatural.
A resident of Brazil, Ind., writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:
"I have read the story of a twelve-foot white ghost that walks at midnight on a dismal Eastern beach. It reminds me of a bit of experience that belongs to my boyhood days. I did not believe in ghosts then and nothing could convince me that supernatural appearances ever stalked abroad in the gaze of earthly vision. My disbelief, however, was dispelled one lonesome night late in November. The moon was not shining, but the star-light filtered down, uninterrupted, through cloud masses and slightly tinged the dark, heavy air so that objects were visible to the steady gaze. On some quest I had gone to the barn alone. Just before reaching it, however, I saw a sight that turned the currents of my blood back on themselves and made the very hair on my head stand up, as it were. Just in front of me, with arms outspread and supporting a thin, unsubstantial vesture of grayish white, loomed a spectre whose head must have been at an altitude of three times my own. There was no doubt about the matter. Riveted to the spot I, at first, gazed awe-struck. The spectre moved not nor did it vanish. My disbelief in ghosts asserted itself, however, and I found myself emboldened enough to question the spectre, after a short spell. I did more. My foot struck a hard substance which, on examination, proved to be a brick-bat. It occurred to me to test his ghostship. I did so. Moving a pace forward I deliberately hurled the bat full at the body of the apparition, thinking, if it were a tangible fraud, practicing deceit, I would get even with it. The bat, true to the aim, struck the spectre, but, to my great consternation, it passed through it and hit the barn beyond with such noise as I thought I had never heard before. I thought I heard a sigh, and, in the uncertain light, I thought I distinguished a rustle of the airy robes, but this was all. There stood the spectre still; but I did not longer tarry, leaving abruptly and in firm faith in the supernatural."

The Peanut Cure For Consumption.
In dealing with consumption two things are essential: too keep up the heat and vitality, and also kill out the tuberculous germs. One means used to keep up the heat is cod-liver oil—which we do not think very much of, as we much prefer sweet cream, fresh butter and the oil of various nuts.
The Journal of Hygiene states that Dr. Brewer has a new idea concerning food for consumptives. His treatment consists of the inhaling the fumes of vinegar and the eating of peanuts. He gives his patients as many peanuts as they can eat without injuring their digestive organs. Two young ladies, who had been the rounds of the doctors and taken cod-liver oil and tonics till they were nearly dead, were put on his treatment and recovered. Concerning these cases Dr. Brewer says: "I now commenced feeding peanuts. One would think this a very indigestible diet, but they craved them, and it has always been my policy to find out what my patients desire to eat, and unless it is too unreasonable I humor them. Both young ladies have become quite plump, and after a year's inhalation have ceased coughing, and I pronounced them well. The peanut was long known as an excellent fat-producer, and much more agreeable than rancid shark-oil that oftentimes is sold for cod-liver oil. While not all can digest peanuts, a great many, even with feeble digestion, eat them without discomfort. It beats the Koch lymph, and is the most satisfactory treatment I have ever tried for these diseases."

Music and Respiration.
The influence of music upon the respiration, the heart and capillary circulation was tested recently in Paris. Experiments were made upon a well-known musical composer, and the investigators endeavored to determine effects produced by musical sounds alone, as distinct from those due to emotions aroused by pieces associated with dramatic incidents or words. Isolated notes, chords in unison, and discords were first tried. Both major chords struck in a lively manner and discords quickened the respiration, the latter more especially. Minor chords tended to retard respiration. When melodies were tried it was found that all, whether grave or gay, produced quickened respiration and increased action of the heart. The lively tunes produced the greatest acceleration. Where the sound was wholly uncomplicated by emotional ideas, as in single notes or chords, the heart's action was accelerated, but not in so marked a degree as when a melody either grave or gay was played. During operatic pieces, or those well known to the subject, the acceleration attained its maximum.

Miles and Knots.
A statute mile is 5,280 feet. It is our standard of traveling measure, adopted from the English, who in turn adopted it from the Romans. A Roman military pace, by which distances were measured, was the length of the step taken by Roman soldiers, and was approximately five feet long; a thousand of these paces were called in Latin a mille. The English mile is therefore a purely arbitrary measure, enacted into a legal measure by a statute passed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it has not connection with any scale in nature.
A nautical mile, on the other hand, is equal in length to one-sixtieth of the length of a degree of a great circle of the earth. But the circumference of the earth is nowhere a true circle; its radius of curvature is variable; hence, the nautical mile as a matter of fact, depends for its length upon the shape, as well as the size of the globe sailed over; and hence, strictly speaking, the length of the nautical mile should vary with the latitude from 6,944 feet at the equator to 6,169 feet at the pole. Such extreme accuracy is not necessary in navigating, and cannot be well attained without any undue labor.
The English Admiralty, therefore, have adopted 6,080 feet as the length of a nautical mile, which corresponds with the length of one-sixtieth of a degree—or one minute of an arc—of a great circle in latitude 48 degrees.
The United States Coast Survey has adopted the value of a nautical mile as "equal to one-sixtieth part of the length of a degree on the great circle of a sphere whose surface is equal to the surface of the earth." This gives the length of one nautical mile as equal to 6,080.27 feet, which is very nearly the value of the Admiralty mile adopted in the English navy. Practically the nautical mile is 800 feet longer than the statute mile. In other words the nautical mile is equal to 1.1515 statute miles; or one statute mile is equal to 0.8693 nautical miles. Multiply nautical miles by 1.1515, and the product will be statute miles; or multiply statute miles by 0.8693, and the product will be nautical miles.

Indian Spirits Carried Him Home.
A Mount Lebanon, N. Y. correspondent of the Hartford Times, writes: "Granville Sprout, 79 years of age, who had been a member of the Shaker Society at Mount Lebanon for over 20 years, died on the 23d, inst., at the house of the Canaan family at 1:20 o'clock p. m. He had a large circle of friends outside, having been a prominent man as a school-teacher, magistrate and preacher. He taught the first public school in Chicago. He was, also, for some twelve years, a self-sacrificing missionary among the wild Indians of the West and was dearly beloved by them. When dying, while sitting in his chair, the room was filled with Indian spirits who had come to escort him home and welcome him to their 'Happy Hunting Grounds' beyond the sphere of their cruel friends—the pale-faced enemy of their race. He understood several Indian dialects. The Indians were devotedly attached to him and were often with him. They held communion together, like Jesus with Moses and Elias. Granville and sisters will miss him extremely, but he will be a minister of good to them in their spiritual meetings."

An Apparition.
A Chicago merchant, while conversing with the writer recently upon the subject of supernatural phenomena, said: "My first experience was in youth. I was eight years old. One night, while sleeping with father, I was suddenly awakened. I turned my face toward father, as I slept in the back part of the bed. I had been sound asleep. I saw a woman standing at the front of the bed, apparently looking at father. I said nothing, but watched her until I got afraid. I then shut my eyes so I wouldn't see her any more; on opening them again she had gone. Although the night was quite dark I could see her plainly. In the morning I told mother what I had seen and described the apparition so correctly that she recognized it as Aunt Cash, father's sister, who was living, so mother and father said. I had never seen Aunt Cash, not even as much as a picture of her, we living so far apart. Two weeks afterward we received the sad news of her death."
A Great Pump.
A great pump is the "Michigan," as it has been christened, of the Calumet and Hecla Mines. It will discharge 15,000,000 gallons of water hourly, and with less noise than is made by the old-fashioned sewing machine. It is a triple expansion pumping engine, with a capacity of 60,000 gallons, nearly 50 feet high, and requiring 1,500 horse power. It has been proved that the capacity can be easily maintained indefinitely without injury or strain, and that pushed to its fullest capacity it could handle 75,000,000 gallons per day. It furnishes water for the stamp mills, which have twenty-two steam stamps in operation, pulverizing daily 5,000 tons of conglomerate rock into sand so fine that it can be removed by a swift stream of water.—New York Times.
Small Jeweled Nations.