

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is considered by a French scientist that it is almost certain that the ancient Egyptians and Phoenicians used steel, if, indeed, they did not make it.

There is an effort making in London, England, to test the system of compressed air clocks which have been introduced in Paris. Ten stations are proposed for the British metropolis.

A new French appliance is an electric brake, which is made to operate on the wheelbrake by means of electricity generated during the motion of the train and applied at pleasure.

It is said that the quantity of rain water which finds its way to the ground along the trunks of trees is very considerable, but that some kinds of trees discharge this function better than others.

A Belgium telephone company have made arrangements so that any of the subscribers leaving word any evening may be awakened at any hour next morning by means of a powerful alarm.

Whereas previous investigations have indicated a height of about 250 miles as the greatest extent of the earth's atmosphere, M. Jose J. Linder in a recent paper places it at not less than 22,000 miles.

All of the timbers used in the Sutro tunnel, Nevada, are first soaked in a solution of sulphuric acid and iron. By thus treating the timber it is supposed that vermin will be kept away and that mold and rot will be greatly retarded.

The rare phenomena of an inverted rainbow has been observed at a Prussian town. The ends of the semi-circle, the center of which was the sun, rose and moved westward with the latter for some thirty minutes, when the appearance vanished.

A new theory of the cause of earthquakes has been propounded by Dr. Novak, of Pesth. He considers that, besides the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution around the sun, a multiplicity of the motions of the earth appear in space, in virtue of which the earth's axis and with it the equator, shift their positions. This causes a variation of the forces (centrifugal and centripetal), influencing the earth's form, and the earth's crust has a tendency to adapt itself to this change.

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always paraded his eyes in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably eat with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a bootjack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader he always found out when new worlds were ripe.—*Middleton Transcript.*

aper Plates.

The latest application of paper is the adoption of paper plates by some of the great restaurants and cafes in Berlin. The innovation was first introduced during the summer of last year by the adventurous landlord of a much frequented open air restaurant. Every customer who ordered bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns or similar articles, had them served to him upon a little paper plate, made of light paper mache, adorned with a pretty border of relief, and having at the first glance a great similarity to porcelain. Guests, waiters and host were all pleased with the novelty; it saved the waiters many a deduction from their wages on account of breakages, which the dearest and cleverest can scarcely avoid when he handles hundreds of pieces of crockery during a single afternoon and evening. The paper plates were so cheap that the landlord did not care to assert his ownership over them, and his customers were allowed to carry them away, like the petty serviettes of thin paper used in so many restaurants in Holland. There was also a considerable saving of the time lost, and the chance of accident incurred in the cleansing of earthenware pottery. The success of the experiment has been so marked that the new species of plates is likely to be introduced into a great number of restaurants.

A COLORADO LYNCHING.

Details of the Capture and Exploits of "Billy Le Roy, the Bandit."

A letter from Denver says: A few weeks ago the people of many communities in Colorado were made angry by the escape of the notorious highwayman, Billy Le Roy, from Deputy Marshal Cantril, on the Kansas Pacific express. The story of the escape, as printed at the time, was that Le Roy's sweetheart had planned her lover's release and that she had successfully bewitched the deputy marshal. The true story, as related by the bandit to Dr. Flournoy, of Del Norte, is as follows: Le Roy carried about his person a tiny key, made from a watch spring. When he was stripped and searched on the morning of his departure for Detroit he creased the skin of his neck and placed the key in the crease. His mouth was opened, his hair brushed and his ears examined, but the key escaped the notice of the searchers. When the train was running at terrific speed Cantril left his prisoner, shackled hand and foot, and stepped to the toilet-room. "In two seconds," said the bandit to Dr. Flournoy, "I had my hands free and in another two seconds my feet also. All the passengers in the car, except one lady, were either nodding or half asleep. I knew how to settle the lady. I just gave her one look, ran to the platform and jumped off. I was stunned, but came to in a little while and got away."

Several days passed after Le Roy's escape, and the people hoped that he had gone to some other corner of the world. On the night of the 13th ult. the down stage for Del Norte passed the lower corner of Franklin's ranch, when from one side of the dark highway there arose a demand to halt. The quick movement of the robbers frightened the coach horses. Old Jimmy—so he is called—was driving, and he had terrible work to control the horses, though he did his best. The robbers, mistaking the runaway for a deliberate attempt on the part of the driver to evade their clutches, fired a volley into the fast-fleeing coach. One of these shots passed through a man's hat who was on the box with Jimmy, and took off one of his locks of hair.

"Let's go back and surrender," said Jimmy; "if we don't they'll kill me next time."

"For God's sake don't go back," pleaded a passenger, "for I have got \$700 on me now and I will lose the whole of it."

So Jimmy put lash to his horses and the coach got away as quickly as possible. Then Jimmy resigned. He did not propose to be killed in any such style. He knew that the bandits were none other than Billy Le Roy and his party.

Le Roy was next heard from when the stage was ascending the hill about three miles from Antelope Springs and about a mile and a half from the lake. The hill is very steep, and it was while the ascent was being made that the agents jumped from their concealment and fired a whole handful of bullets into the passing vehicle. One of the bullets took effect in the leg of Engineer Bartlett, of the Denver and Rio Grande road, striking him in the fleshy part. The ball struck a silver dollar in Bartlett's pocket and sent the dollar into the flesh, then glanced and went through the leg and out. The silver piece protected the femoral artery and saved Bartlett's life. Bartlett says there were three men in this party, and that one of them—a little fellow—said to the big man of the crowd: "Get on the other side, there, and 'tend to business." The little fellow pulled his self-acting British bulldog and clambered up on the wheel. He pointed the muzzle at Bartlett's head and remarked:

"I am going through you; hold up your hands."

The operation required but a short time. Money and watch soon passed into the deft fingers of the road agent. It became necessary to get into the pocket nearest the wound.

"You are hurting my leg very much," mildly protested the victim.

"Well, you can't stand it," was the reply. The front boot was then cleared of mail, and the rear one being empty, the driver was told to go and that "denuded quick." The inside men were not disturbed. The robbers were evidently nervous, for it was early in the evening—8:20. The "little fellow" was Le Roy himself.

A life and drum corps paraded Del Norte when the stage reached that place, and there was considerable excitement in Denver, and all along the route. The citizens of Del Norte armed themselves for a grand hunt for the highwaymen. Deputy Marshal Armstrong headed the party. The guide was J. P. Galloway, an old and experienced mountain horse-thief tracker. The man-hunters rode up the Savoy into the mountain fastnesses. At dusk on the 23d, when Armstrong was sitting on a boulder, with Mr. Frost and Galloway near, he saw a man emerging from the thin timber. "Halt!" said Armstrong. The man raised his gun and was about to fire, when he saw that he was covered from three points. He surrendered and admitted that he was "Louis Potter," of Le Roy's gang.

The three hunters went toward Alamosa. On the road they saw a little fellow with a pack on his back. At the command "halt" the little man drew a revolver, fired and ran. Armstrong sent a load after him. The ball struck the fellow, and with a quick bound he entered the bush near at hand and rolled down the river bank out of sight. It was a job getting him out of the copse. He would not say a word, and all the coaxing in the world seemed to have no effect. Finally they got to talking about shooting into the copse after him, and this brought the young man to time. He said he was shot and couldn't walk. But they got him out at last, and found that the whole of his calf had been scooped out by the bullet. It was an ugly wound.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he was asked.

"I am Billy Le Roy," he replied.

"Billy the bandit?"

"The same."

Del Norte was crazy over the capture. "The people were wild," said General R. A. Cameron, who happened to be in the place; "the streets were like so many highways of mad bees."

The sheriff locked the two prisoners in the rear cells of the strong jail, and a committee of influential citizens were appointed to act as guard for the night. About 10 o'clock the sheriff stepped across the way on business. He was seized, locked in a room and kept under guard. Everything was quiet. Apparently everybody had gone to bed. At 11 o'clock a party rode up to the jail door and knocked. The guard asked what was wanted. "This is your relief; walk out." The guard walked out and was seized and bound, one by one. The party then went directly to the cells where Le Roy and Potter were, took them out, gagged them and left the jail with the prisoners. Not a word was spoken.

At 12 o'clock, midnight, a man rapped at Coroner Holland's house. Holland put his head out at the window.

"Hello!" said he.

"There's two men hanging on a tree near the river."

"What?"

"That's what I said; and, by the way, it's very curious, but I found the keys of the jail just up the street. Are they are."

The stranger tossed the keys in at the window and walked away. The coroner went to the river and cut down the dead bodies, which were those of Leroy and Potter. The next day the coroner's jury found a verdict exonerating all concerned in the affair.

As the dead bodies were stretched aside by side many persons remarked upon their close resemblance. Upon Le Roy's right arm were tattooed the letters "A. P.," and upon Potter's right arm the letters "S. P." Le Roy's real name was Arthur Pond, and Potter's real name Samuel Pond, and the dead men were brothers.

The Vagabond Sage.

An old man of very active physiognomy was brought to the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! What do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.—*Exchange.*

Salaries of British Ministers.

The salary list of the British government shows the relative rank assigned to Washington as a diplomatic station by the European powers. The British minister at Paris receives an annual salary of \$50,000; at Vienna, \$40,000; at Constantinople, \$40,000; at St. Petersburg, \$30,000; at Berlin, \$35,000; at Peking, \$30,000; at Madrid, even, \$27,000; while at Washington Sir Edward Thornton is obliged to live on \$25,000 and a very considerable number of allowances. In point of grade the Europeans rank Washington practically with the missions to Brazil, to Japan, to the Hague and to Lisbon.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Jennie June on Underwear.

The choice of underwear is a great element in its coolness and daintiness of summer dress. Square cut and neatly made combination garments of thin, but not very fine batiste are best for workers who cannot afford linen, lawn and cambric. As for silk, they should only be worn occasionally, even by the rich, in summer, as they will not look well nor remain soft after many washings, and cleanliness in hot weather requires frequent changes. A gauze shirt of wool or silk is recommended under the combination garment for comfort, health, neatness and the preservation of outer clothing. It does not add perceptibly to warmth, it can be changed often, and it absorbs that unpleasant moisture which, in the case of stout women, so often makes dreadful havoc with clothes.

It is noticeable that ladies who make a great display on occasions during warm weather are apt to be slovenly in the intervals; they keep up the pressure all the time, and they alternate between dragging around a long train and displaying before the gaze of the multitude a most elaborate get-up, from hairpins down to highly embroidered hose, and lounging in tangled hair, sack and short skirt for the benefit of whoever has the right to share their privacy. There is no delicacy, no innate refinement, in a habit of this kind.—*N. Y. York Letter.*

Dressing the Hair.

If any prof were wanting of the difference of pace at which people in towns and people in the country live in these days it would be found where wise men never think of looking for it—on the heads of the women. Whereas those in the country, of the lower orders especially, wear their hair in precisely the same style for decade after decade, those in towns exhibit a cycle of change in every ten years. On the continent the same style of hair-dressing has continued for centuries as the distinguished mark of certain nations, of certain provinces and sometimes even of certain villages. Who would fail to recognize a Dutch woman by her gold horns, a Swede by her little cap of embroidered leather, a Swiss by her long plaits? In France alone there is an enormous contrast between the gigantic black ribbon of the Alsatian women and the cotton cap of the Normans. In towns a different order of things reigns. Without exactly emulating the wife of Marcus Aurelius, who in nineteen years had her hair done in 300 different ways, the women of cities change their coiffure at least ten times in a similar period. One need not be exactly an octogenarian to remember seeing ladies in turbans, and later on there was the hideous chignon, which took the place of the almost equally ugly puffs and rolls stuffed with prepared horsehair. As to our forefathers they were in worse case. In their time they saw the feminine head raised to the height of absurdity in the form of a frigate in full sail, a cabriolet or hedgehog, and as suddenly sink to the curly little coiffure of a la Titus, and that a la Grecque, which was equally in-aggressive. The "cabriolet" period was a fine time for hairdressers. Five or six hours were necessary to erect the huge edifice of the hair. In France the grotesque reigned as completely as here. Mme. de Charolais, going to a royal ball, made the hairdresser arrange a little garden on the top of her head; in the garden a grove, and in the grove an altar supporting the portrait of her husband. Mme. Lambelle's coiffure on a similar occasion represented a three-decked vessel, masts and sails complete. From statistics of the time it appears that in Paris alone 15,000 hairdressers subsisted by the industry of hairpins and curl papers.—*London Life.*

Fashion Notes.

Shirred sleeves take the lead in fashion.

Steel lace grows more and more popular.

Old-fashioned challies are again in vogue.

Yellow and red are as fashionable as ever.

Narrow belts are more worn than wide ones.

Silver ornaments are worn in half mourning.

Sleeves are worn very tight or very loose.

Vermicella lace collars and scarfs are much worn.

Lisle thread gloves will be as fashionable as ever.

Bunting remains the favorite seaside dress fabric.

White bonnets are worn with black and sober toils.

Brown costumes with bonnets to match are much worn.

Round waists grow more and more in popular favor.

The seersuckers retain their hold on popular favor.

Gay colors and combinations are worn in the street.

The taste for plain and simple sunshades is on the increase.

Cut jet is glittering. Sea jet is dull and non-lustrous.

"Minerva's eye" is a new shade of blue, of positive tone.

Very wide sashes of ombre surah are worn with white dresses.

The rage for trimmings of jetted passementerie is as great as ever.

Delicate and dainty colors are reserved for house wear this season.

Flat, screen-shaped fans of Japanese design are the most fashionable.

Gold braid is used on children's flannel, yachting and seaside suits.

Strings of hats are very wide, and edged at the bottom with lace.

Striped watered silk is revived for lower skirts of all sorts of dresses.

White French bunting and nun's veiling are as fashionable as ever.

Deep wide collars, square or round, are worn by little girls and boys.

Black bonnets are worn with white, light and bright-colored costumes.

Plaids and black figured goods are used for combinations with plain fabrics.

Steel, silver and jet ornaments as accessories of the toilet are worn to excess.

For a light traveling dress or fatigue suit there is no better material than beige.

Fayal hats trimmed with white, black, blue or rose India mull are in demand.

Little girls' dresses are given tabliers just like their mothers and older sisters.

Cashmeres, Albatross cloths, surahs, muslins, satines and silks are all shirred.

The box plaited belted hunting jacket of Cheviot is a favorite wrap for schoolgirls.

White lilacs and lilies of the valley are worn by brides amid their orange blossoms.

Stripped straw, Fayal and Leghorn hats will be worn in midsummer for demi-toilet.

Tanise and black nuns veiling are the best fabric for inexpensive summer mourning.

All sorts of bonnets and hats are worn, but the pokes are most in favor at the moment.

For stylish dresses young girls wear lower skirts of Louisiana silk under Greek polonaises.

Cheviots and flannels remain the favorite fabrics for fatigue suits and traveling costumes.

Tea gowns are frequently shirred in the back of the neck, sometimes formed into a yoke.

The popular sun umbrella is of medium size, plain and black, dark green, brown or iron gray.

Driving a Hen.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly to the delinquent, and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it is a woman and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do that way. He goes out doors and says: "It is singular nobody can drive a hen but me," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and observes: "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove wood, fruit cans and clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back again to the coop, and all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, and whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration has no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles, and the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes.

These cases of driving are applicable to other cases than hens. The person who goes about the business gently and calmly will seldom fail of success, while for him who resorts to the fire and thunder plan we may always look with doubts as to successful results.—*Mobile Register.*

No More Tobacco for the Cadets.

There is consternation and great tribulation at West Point. The secretary of war has prohibited the use of tobacco among the cadets. It is said that four-fifths of the young men at this school for war are addicted to the use of the narcotic. From the time when a servant of Sir Walter Raleigh dashed a pail of water on the spruce gentleman to put out the fire in him on the occasion of his first smoke in England, to the present, tobacco has caused much grievance of mind in one way or another. The poor cadets of West Point will now betake themselves to speculating on the vexed question: "Is life worth living?" with renewed gloom.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Work.

Strong gales keep the clouds from raining; Work lulls the sad heart's complaining; Through the task and the toil runs the yearning ache,

Yet duty grows dear for her own grave sake, And muscles are stronger for straining.

Each life has some prize for gaining; Each one has a balm in its paining; So we seek for it long in faith and prayer, For the finger of God is everywhere,

While the days are dawning and waning.

Though the mildew its bloom is staining, The rose has some scent remaining; Through the darkest hour, still trust in the light;

Wait the hand has to do, let it do with its might— Strong gales keep the clouds from raining.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A good trade mark—A big advertisement.

All fish do not swim through water, the shad roes.

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.

The days are here when white pantaloons and custard pies have an affinity for each other.

Some pretty expensive suits are seen on the streets, but not as high priced as those to be found in the courts.

Etta had a student lamp— 'Twas full of kerosene— She knocked it off the table, And—it didn't burst.

When a couple of dogs fight for the possession of a knuckle of ham, they may be said to be engaged in a joint debate.

When the cow jumped over the moon she must have wanted to be milked a while had from the manner she left the milky way behind her.

Young lady examining some bridal veils—"Can you really recommend this one?" Over zealous shopman—"Oh! yes, miss. It may be used several times."

"The only lady that ever impressed me much," said an old bachelor, "was a 300-pound woman, who was standing in a car, and when the car turned a corner fell against me."

A New York paper speaks of a man who was "beaten in three suits," which reminds one of the old-time schoolboy who used to pad his trousers in anticipation of a thrashing.

"Nothing is impossible with the persevering," says a writer who manufactures philosophy at four dollars a column. Then, Mr. Philosopher, suppose you try to convince your wife that she doesn't need a summer bonnet.

"You say there ain't no 'w' in French," says Tumbleton. "Then how the deuce does them chaps spell 'water,' I should like ter know?" The question was referred to the full house, with power to send for persons and papers.

Pleasures of hotel life: "Here's a fly in my soup waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry sir; but you can throw the fly away and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can. You didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible deacon to a man who was trying to force a passage through the crowd at a church doorway. "No, I presume not," returned the stranger, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

An over-fastidious fellow, dining at a first-rate restaurant, was complaining because a beefsteak was not cooked to suit his taste. "It takes away my appetite," he said, "to eat it." "Then it must suit you," said a friend. "Why so?" "Because that is what you are eating it for!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The czar's fear of Nihilists does not confine him strictly to one apartment. When he gets tired of sitting on the water-bucket down in the well, he can be drawn up and crawl into a large empty cannon near by and lay down and rest. His legs, at last accounts, were just as sound as anybody's.

A young man whose mustache is, like faith, "the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen," called on his prospective father-in-law, and gave notice that he intended marrying the old gentleman's daughter at an early date. "It had better take place on some Saturday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically remarked the old man.

'Twas the first twilight interview. She, swinging in the hammock on the side veranda, and he sitting submissively at her feet, with his legs dangling off the boards. "How refreshing at the closing hour of day," he gently remarked, "to thus in sweet companionship await the rising of the stars that will soon fleck the cerulean dome of heaven with spangles of silver. I would ever thus, with thee at my side, revel in the glories of the azure—azure, as sure as—"

"What exquisite language," she said, with a sigh. "How can you afford it on six dollars a week?" The young man was not quite "as sure" as he was, and slid down the pillar to the yard, sealed the fence, and was seen no more thereafter; forever.