[TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On the mantel in Farmer Keller's parlor, stood a large, old-fashioned clock, which for many years had told the hour and warned the members of the household to improve the flying moments; but at last it grew tired of the constant ticking, ticking, and became so weary that its voice was hoarse and faint, and its strokes could scarcely be heard in the next room.

"Time is so much swifter than I," it said, "and why should I tire myself by running after it?"

With these words the clock stopped and stood silent. Then the clock-maker was brought, and when he had examined the works with his glasses and instruments, said:

"I can do nothing for it; it is entirely worn out. It might go for a short time, but its best days are past, and you had better buy a new clock."

Then the farmer bought a handsome new timepiece, called a regulator, which had so loud a voice that it could be heard in all parts of the house. Then, too, it was so strong that it needed to be wound only once in two weeks, while the old clock must be wound every day. Little Henry was greatly pleased with the regulator, and looked on with interest while it was being hung in its place on the wall.

"But the old clock is very handsome," said Henry's mother, "and although it is now old and useless, we shall still keep it on the mantel as an ornament."

"No," said the farmer, "we shall not throw away the old clock; for it has belonged both to my father and to my grandfather, and it has always been a faithful servant. Let it keep its place in the parlor."

When he had heard his father's words, Henry looked carefully at the old clock, and for the first time noticed how really beautiful it was. The upper part was of black ebony, and stood on four columns of almost transparent onyx, which rested on a black base. On the top of the clock was a gilded eagle, and on either side stood two small figures, holding in their hands tiny trumpets. Between the onyx columns was a very small hall, having mirrors for walls. In this space stood a figure of the Grecian goddess, Minerva, wearing a helmet, and holding a spear and shield. The more Henry looked at the old clock, the more sorry he was that nothing could be done for it, and as he stood looking at it, suddenly the regulator went "Tic-tac, zic-zac, schic-schac." And then seemed to be laughing to itself, and Henry was sure he heard a low moaning sound proceed from the clock on the mantel.

That night, Henry did not sleep as well as usual, for his room was next to the parlor, and the loud ticking of the regulator kept him awake. As the little boy tossed restlessly about, he again heard the "tic-tac, zic-zac, schic-schac" of the regulator, and this time it laughed quite heartily, and more distinctly than before came the groan from the old clock. Then Henry fell asleep, only to be awakened by the regulator striking 12, and a moment later he was surprised to hear the old clock, with its silvery voice, also chime 12. At the same time the room was filled with a bright light. Could it be the moon which cast such a glow over the place? As he looked about for the cause of the light, Henry saw the door of his room open, and the Minerva from the old clock entered; but she was no longer a small, silent figure. She had become tall and stately, and advanced toward Henry with a quick, hurried step. In her right hand she carried the spear, and in her left, the shield.

"Come," she said, "the old clock begs for a few moments' conversation with you."

Henry felt that he must obey, and rising from his couch he followed his fair guide, who led the way into the parlor. Heresuch a wonderful change had taken place that the little boy gave a cry of surprise; but Minerva only smiled kindly, and said:

"We must be careful or we shall waken your father and mother."

As Henry looked wonderingly about he noticed that the room was so large that he could scarcely see the other side, and at one end of the parlor stood the old clock. But how large it had become. It now resembled a small palace and gleamed with many lights. As Henry and the goddess approached, the two figures on either side of the clock, sounded their trumpets, and the eagle, after flapping its wings, turned around three times. Then Minerva, still followed by the little boy, mounted the marble steps, and passed down the long hall, lined on both sides with large mirrors. When the end of the hall was reached and Henry was wondering what would happen next, the goddess raised her spear, and the mirrors, opening like folding doors, disclosed a small room in which sat an old man, with his head resting on a table which stood in the middle of the room. As Henry and his guide entered, the old man raised his head, and in a weak, feeble voice said:

"I am glad that you have come, for I feel that in you I have a kind, interested friend. And yet what can you do to lighten my sorrow?"

Henry did not know what reply to make to this speech.

"I am the guardian of the clock," continued the old man; "I have been with your father and grandfather in times of sorrow and of joy; but now that I am weary and old, my faithful service is forgotten, and no care is taken of me. All the attention is given to the fine new regulator, which spends its time mocking me and making sport of my feeble efforts."

Here the regulator's "Tic-tac, zic, zac, schic-schac" was heard, and the old man bowed his head and groaned aloud. Minerva also began to weep bitterly, and in the presence of such sorrow Henry could scarcely restrain his own tears.

"If they would only put me away in the attic, where I could be free from that hateful sound," sighed the old man. Then suddenly his eyes brightened and in a less sorrowful tone he said:

"I had one hope in sending for you. If you could persuade your father to have new works put in the clock then I should serve him as faithfully as before. My old heart grows warm at the thought, and yet I hardly hope for such happiness."

When the old man had thus spoken he again leaned his head on the table and seemed to sleep. At once it all became dark and still, and it was with difficulty that Henry groped his way back to bed, where he lay for a long time thinking over his strange adventure. When Henry awoke at the usual time the next morning he hastened to his father and related his experience of the night before and begged that new works might be bought for the old clock. At first the farmer laughed and said:

"How came you to have such a wonderful dream?"

But when the little boy insisted that it was no dream, and that he had really seen the old man in the clock, the father became vexed, and said,

"If your head is full of such silly ideas, we must try to get rid of them as soon as possible."

And although it was vacation, he gave Henry three problems to solve, which were so difficult that the boy almost wished that he had never seen the old clock.

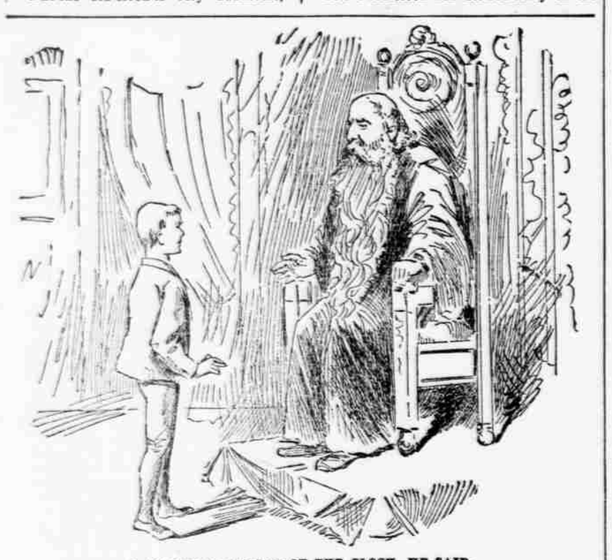
One day an aunt of Henry's came from the city to make a visit at the farm house, and when she had been there several days she said:

"Why do you keep that old clock in the parlor? It is entirely out of style, and should be put away in the attic."

So the old clock was stowed away in the attic, where it had rest and was free from the mocking tones of the regulator.

Time passed on, until Henry grew to be a man and went to live in a distant city. One time when on a visit to his parents by chance he wandered into the attic and there saw the old clock. How distinctly the remembrance of the old man and his sorrow came to him, and again he thought he heard the low groans. Taking the old clock with him to the city he had new works put in it. And now the old-fashioned clock, which had been in the family so many years, stands on the mantel in the farmer's parlor and tells the time as merrily as in its younger days, while the regulator hangs in the kitchen and it is sad to see how slow and false it is.

PAYSIE.



I AM THE GUARDIAN OF THE CLOCK, HE SAID.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly—Home Amusements.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, *Lewiston, Maine.*

1292—A PROVERB.

1293—TRANSPOSITIONS.

I.

Where the Rio *First* goes sweeping,
Was a *second*, lax in keeping:
There a snow-white *third* went wandering,
Fou th at will, serenely pondering:
Never dreamed that *fifth* was nigh him,
Or that enemy could spy him,
Till a sly coyote caught him,
Leaped the *second* wall and caught him.

II.

Amid a schoolroom's muffled clamor,
Recites a lawless class in grammar.
The teacher very well could *first* them,
If riot acts had but dispersed them.
Three slyly nibble *second*, one
Still *third* his nails, and ne'er has done;
Two *fourth* each other with a pin.
The teacher calls, above the din:
"Define and *fifth sixth*, Master Brown."
"A kind of quartz," he says, "a noun;"
And Brown *seventh* all the honor due,
For having made an answer true.

III.

A judge, worn out with *firsts* and courts,
Tries to renew his boyhood sports;
He runs, as once he used to run,
And *second* o'er a fence for fun.
But *third* of years has made him stout;
He flushes, *fourth*, and, quite tired out,
Exclaims, "My bloom of youth is past,
And e'en the *fifths* are falling fast."
While *sixth* of laughter echo 'round,
From those who saw his mighty bound.

M. C. S.

1294.—POTENTATE AND PEASANT.

A ruler of the land one day
Went out to take a ride;
Lured by the beauty of the bay
He neared the water's side.
And there a humble man he spied
Upon his work intent;
Accosting him, he thus replied,
With some embarrassment,
"Were you and I together tied
A *bird* we'd represent.

AIDYL.

1295.—THE DOCTOR'S PROPHECY.

I once knew a *sailor's warning* who was at one time *disinclined*, and fancied that he was nearing the *sad*, so a physician was called who at once saw through the case, and in a *coin estate yang* the *warning* that if he would stop complaining, and stir about more he would soon be *a hole in the ground*. Thereupon the *calm* was highly indignant and ordered the doctor from the house, and gave him instructions never to return. The doctor only chuckled to himself, and he chuckled still more when, the following *feebie*, he saw his former *calm* on the street, and saw at once that he was *a hole in the ground*.

ETHYL.

1296—NUMERICAL.

All is the boon some mortals crave,
And hope to find it in the grave;
To die, and 1 to 6
Care's lengthy reign. Joy's fleeting stay,
And to oblivion pass away,
Beneath the mystic Styx.

This is no 9, 11, 12, 13
Than simple cowardice, I ween;
If "7, 8 and 10."
If happiness be not our share,
Let us endure our life of care
With courage of true men.

And, O! I could not lose the hope,
Of happy future, but to grope
With poor annihilists;
Life, life eternal is my trust;
I look above, not toward the dust
Of sad-eyed pessimists.

BITTER SWEET.

1297—CHARADE.

My name is *two*. I met my fate in *total's* dizzy maze;
Our glances met, her eyelids fell beneath my ardent gaze.
The music ceased. I sought her side,
While love came rushing like a tide,
Athwart my soul.

She lured me on with blush and glance,
As candle flame the moth enchants;
Nor said me nay in coy alarm,
When round her slender waist my arm
I softly stole.

"Oh, love!" I cried, "I cannot *three*,
Unless you say, 'I love but thee.'"
Behind her *first* she drooped her head;
"I'm married, sir," was all she said.

Colossal fool!

IRON MASK.

1298.—SECRET ORDERS.

(Anagrammatically expressed.)

Two *old owls fed* on my flock of chickens last night and the night before. I am almost as sorry on *Sam's* account as on my own, for I had promised him a new sled from the money received from the chickens. If I find these owls they will be in *danger of my club*. *Trip, hear* me, I don't blame you in the least, I have my opinion of a man who *scolds negro* servants for what the owls have done. *Spar told me go* in the daytime in search of them. *He thinks if Gyp has to* follow far he will be discouraged. He once went with Gyp after owls, and the dog led him to a *nest of ravens*, so he thinks as a bird dog he is not a success. We will have to hunt cautiously, and when we find them, and I give you the *cue, Doe, grab feathers*, feet, or whatever is most convenient.

ETHYL.

1299.—REVERSAL.

He was a weak inebriate,
And wandered on the street,
He seemed fast nearing that sad state
From whence there's no retreat;
Some sought to rouse his addled pate
And turn his wayward feet;
He only muttered "You're too late,
My ruin is complete."

And many shunned him, and some *first*
As wretched to behold;
He only answered, "I am cursed
With idleness and gold;
And so I have attained a thirst
That cannot be controlled;
And yet men say they take the worst
Into the Temperance fold.

"I wonder if 'twould *second* me
From this impending fate;
This downward course of infamy
Before it is too late.
I'll rouse my weak humanity
To 'Labor and to wait,'
And then, perhaps, I yet may be
One of the good and great."

AIDYL.

1300—CURTAILMENT.

We went upon a pleasure cruise;
We went to sketch the river views;
We sailed away, at break of day
Our vessel *total* for the fray.

We took a *one* to *two* the boat—
Which leaked a little, I must note;
And so he bailed, the while we sailed,
And his industry never failed.

BITTER SWEET.

1301—NUMERICAL.

The 4, 8, 1, 2 is urgent.
The 6, 7, 8, 5 is a store.
The 12, 9, 10, 11 is a kind of guitar.
The whole is a good marksman.

H. C. BURGER.

ANSWERS.

1282.—An Indian raid on the frontier (rayed on front ear).
1283.—Met-a-physician.
1284.—Hypnotism, pythonism.
1285.—Hair, arms, blind-man's-buff, tag, the needle's eye, pears, oranges, lemonade (lemon aid), ice cream (I scream), homes (Holmes).
1286.—Rudyard Kipling.
1287.—Tenu, end.
1287.—

M
FED
DALES
DEVICES
FAVEOLATE
MELIORATING
DECLARING
SEATING
STING
ENG
G

1288.—Portioner.
1290.—Cat-tail.
1291.—Pearls, pears, ears.

PAINTING IT RED.

A Riverman Says He Knows How This Expression First Started.

Many stories have been told, each claiming to give the origin of the expression "painting it red," and to swell the list I will tell another, says a river Captain in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*. I think mine is the right one. Away back in the 50s racing was the most exciting feature of river life, and whenever an opportunity was given for the sport every man on the boats would prepare for the contest as if their lives depended on the result.

Upon entering the race the first order of the Captain would be, "Paint her red, boys!" to the firemen. Then the coal would be heaped on till the furnaces glowed like suns, and their crimson glare could be seen for miles ahead on the dark river. Then "Paint it red" grew to mean simply a glorious good time, either on water or land, with us rivermen. The pat expression spread quickly, until now you see what it is—almost universal.

WHAT VOTES COST BOULANGER.

Figures Showing that the Ballots Come Pretty High Sometimes in France.

Pall Mall Budget.]

The most interesting thing in the new and concluding chapter of the *Coulisses* is the statement of the sum spent on General Boulanger's elections. We give these amounts below, and add, in a second column, the number of votes polled for the General on each occasion:

	Votes.	Cost, Francs.
Aisne	45,089	25,000.
Nord (first election)	172,880	200,000.
Ardeche	24,763	50,000.
Charente Inferieure	57,266	170,000.
Nord	142,792	230,000.
Somme	76,094	270,000.
Paris	244,070	450,000

The curious in such things will discover for themselves that the cost of a Boulangist vote is, on the average of the whole, two francs! In the Aisne the votes were much cheaper; not much more than 5d. a head. In the Somme they were terribly dear; nearly 3s. a head!

Shipped Himself in a Box.

Here is a picture of the box in which the little Paris tailor, Monsieur Zeitung has been shipping himself over Europe

as so much freight. The directions on the side shown in the cut are in English, on the other in French. Zeitung is a little fellow, not over four feet high, and enjoys the notoriety into which his novel performances have brought him.

A Poor Tenant.

Boston Herald.]

Richards—Your clothing is badly rented.

Hungry Higgins—I know it. I have been the tenant for many weeks.

WE HAVE BUG IN US.

They Are Called Phagocytes and Bacilli and They Fight.

KOCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Wasps Were the First Paper Makers and They Were Good Ones.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S MOVEMENT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

We call the familiar house fly a little animal, but there are other animals, far more intimately acquainted with us, which are so small that 1,000,000 of them would not equal the bulk of a house fly. These infinitesimal creatures are our worst enemies. The sole object of their existence seems to be the destruction of human life. In countless numbers they are perpetually attacking the life of every person, and if they affect a lodgment in the blood death is the inevitable result.

But just here we find another of the many astonishing things in the economy of nature. Right in the blood—the citadel of our life—nature has provided an army of defenders, which can always successfully cope with the enemy if the blood be in healthy condition. Our little defenders are called phagocytes. They not only stand on guard in the blood, but they make their way outside of the tissue in pursuit of the enemy—the bacilli. But these brave little defenders of our lives take no prisoners. They not only kill, but eat and digest the enemy.

DR. KOCH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This wonderful discovery was made by an eminent Russian physician, and it has been verified by many other distinguished members of the medical profession. You may have read within the last few days of the discovery by a famous German physician of a cure for consumption. This dreadful disease is caused by an attack of an army of minute animals upon the lungs; and this German physician is said to have found a means of killing the invaders and saving the life of the person. The study of diseases caused by the inroads if these little animals—so small that they can only be seen with a powerful microscope—has lately become so important that an institute is to be established in Berlin to further the interests of this branch of science.

But we need not worry because science has discovered that in even a human being there are probably more living creatures than the population of the whole earth. On the contrary, there is great hope that the discoveries now making will cause many of the worst human ailments to be as easily cured as a case of measles or mumps.

THE FIRST PAPER MAKERS.

Do you know who were the first paper makers? No, not the Chinese—the wasps. These queer-looking insects, with their apparently tightly laced waists, made paper before Adam's time, and made it, too, in practically the same manner that paper is made in our day, with the exception of the use of machinery. The greater part of the paper used for daily newspapers is made by grinding wood into pulp and then reducing it to thin layers. That is the way the wasp makes the paper out of which he builds his house. He takes bits of wood and bark, grinds them to powder, moistens with saliva, spreads the pulp out in thin layers to dry, and a good article of brown paper is the result. The wasp is probably not partial to white, so he doesn't go to the trouble of using bleaching chemicals, as do the makers of the paper you are now reading.

It isn't a very common thing in nature for the female to be unable to "talk back;" but there is at least one exception and you probably know the little creature well. It is the katydid. You have often heard the male repeat his assertion that "Katy did," and you have fancied that you heard Katy's rejoinder that she "didn't." But Katy never makes any response to the accusation of her husband. She is dumb. In the first place, the sound made by the katydid does not proceed from the mouth. The male katydid has at the root of each wing a stout, horny ridge surrounding a thin membrane. This makes what we may call a pair of drum-heads, and it is by rubbing these drum-heads together that the katydid makes the familiar sound. The female is destitute of this strange appliance, and so she is doomed to silence.

THE AGE OF THE MOON.

How can the moon be a burnt-out, waterless, airless and lifeless body, when, as the earth's satellite, it must be younger than the earth? Yes, it is younger in one sense but older in another. For example, you would call a male person 20 years old a young man, but you would call a dog 20 years old an old dog. The earth is about 80 times larger than the moon. It was a gaseous mass at one time, "without form and void," as the Bible tells us; then it began to condense, contract and cool off. The moon was similarly formed thousands, and probably millions, of years later. But the moon, being so much smaller than the earth, went through the cooling process much faster, just as a cupful of boiling water will cool more quickly than a kettleful.

Thus the moon's fires were burnt out long ago, while the earth is still "red hot" inside, and just at the right condition to sustain animal life on the surface. The time will come, however, when the earth will be a planetary ghost. Its internal fires will gradually subside, animal and vegetable life will cease to exist, the water will disappear, then the atmosphere will follow, and the earth will make its annual journey around the sun as lifeless as the moon in its monthly tour around the earth. But we need not trouble ourselves about that stage of the earth's existence. The time is many million years in the future

THE SUN DO MOVE.

You know that the earth turns around every 24 hours, and that it makes a journey around the sun in a year. But, do you know that the sun is moving through space at the rate of half a million miles a day, taking with him his children and his grandchildren—the planets and their moons? Yes, every star in the heavens is moving and every one of them that you can see with the naked eye is a sun. It was at one time thought the whole mystery of the location of heaven was solved by this discovery of the movement of the stars. The theory was advanced that all the stars are moving around a common center, as the planets move around our sun, and the conclusion was drawn that this mighty center was Heaven, the hub of the universe, the home of the Great Jehovah!

It was a grand, beautiful, sublime theory, but it failed to stand the test of scientific examination. Astronomers began to trace the individual motions of the stars, and they soon discovered that instead of revolving around a common center they are all traveling through space in helter-skelter fashion, with no two apparently moving in the same general direction.

TWO LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

One of the familiar old adages is "You can't make water run up hill," and another is "You can't make a stone swim." But you can do both. Even adages are not always infallible. Water is often carried over hills in pipes, and no matter how high the hill water will flow up it so long as the reservoir from which it comes is higher than the outlet of the pipe. This system is very important in conveying crude oil from the wells to the refineries. You can readily test this principle by making a simple syphon, thus: Take two small tubes of any kind—straws if nothing better is at hand—and join them at an angle of about 45°. If you use straws you will need a little glue or similar substance to make the joint air-tight, and one stem must be longer than the other. Then take a bowl of water, place the shorter stem in the water with the long one outside. Exhaust the air from the tube by suction and the water following the vacuum will flow until the bowl is empty.

You can make a stone swim in the way: Take a thin, flat stone—a piece of school slate will do very well. Balance the slate on the ends of your fingers, and slowly immerse your hand in a pail of water, taking care that the surface of the water be quite still. When the slate comes to the water it will float just as if it were a chip. You see, the buoyancy of the water depends upon the superficial area covered by the floating object. It is thus that a good swimmer can float by covering as much water surface as possible.

I. H. WEBB.

TAILORS AGAINST TRAVEL.

That is, They Do Not Favor Travel Which Leads to Foreign Purchases.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Few people realize how much trade American tailors lose through the increase in the travel to Europe. Last year it is estimated that 50,000 Americans visited Europe. Suppose a third of these to have been men, and that the average cost of a foreign suit is $40. It would be by no means a liberal estimate to suppose that each man bought four suits during his trip. This would amount to the neat sum of $2,666,000 transferred from the American to the European tailors. It really amounts to much more, as our prices are higher. Tailors do not view with pleasure the increase in foreign travel.

A BOY'S QUESTION.

It Followed Some War Stories and Was Rather Hard on the Narrator.

Youth's Companion.]

An old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a 4-year-old boy who never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would not permit the slightest variation.

"The story is a little rough on me," said the officer, "but if you know a child, you know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of I's, and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said:

"'Father, couldn't you get any one to help you put down the rebellion?'"

ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICH.

Baron Hirsch, Whose Intimacy With Prince Tummy Has Caused Talk.

Baron Hirsch, who has figured lately in such close intimacy with the Prince of Wales, is one of the wealthiest men in the world. All sorts of stories are current in England about him, but it is admitted that if his manners were not unexceptionable the Prince would not have regarded him with favor. His full name is Morris de Hirsch de Gereuth, and he

Baron Hirsch.

is 59 years of age. His father was a wealthy merchant in Bavaria, who, for services rendered to the State, was ennobled in 1869. After his father's death the present Baron associated himself with the European banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldsmidt, and was the first to plan the system of railways leading from Buda Pesth, in Hungary, to Varna, on the Black Sea. By dint of sheer will and financial abilities of the highest order the Baron's plans were carried out, and great wealth accrued to the originator of the road. Having married Miss Bischoffsheim, the Baron some years ago retired from business.

The Baron and his wife are constantly carrying forward good works. An office has been established with a corps of clerks for the management of the details of their philanthropic plans. In Egypt and European and Asiatic Turkey many schools, educational and industrial, have been founded, and are maintained by the Baron. For instruction in Galliola he has given $2,000,000. To Russia he made the munificent offer of $10,000,000 for public instruction, with this sole proviso that no distinction should be made in the application of the funds as to race or religion. The Russian Government declined.

Soon afterward the Baron's attention was directed toward the United States in regard to the actual condition of the Russian Jews coming here, and plans were developed for their relief. The Baron gave $240,000, and monthly payments of $10,000 have been made since March last. Russian emigration is not to be encouraged, but every effort is to be used to thoroughly Americanize the new comers. Boys and girls are to be sent to schools, model farms are to be provided and co-operation is to be sought for. The Baron's principal residence at present is in Paris, but a great part of his time is spent in England. His recent hunting trip with the Prince of Wales was the subject of considerable unfavorable comment.

TWO POLITE MEN.

Talmage and Seth Low Never Ride Sitting Over Brooklyn Bridge.

Philadelphia Press.]

Seth Low, President of Columbia College, for years shared with Dr. Talmage the general reputation of being the most polite man who crossed the Brooklyn bridge regularly.

"I believe," said a guard one day, "that neither one of these gentlemen ever rode the entire length of the bridge sitting. If there was a woman on board who had no seat she would be sure to catch the eye of either Mr. Low or Dr. Talmage, and she always got a seat. I mentioned it one day to Mr. Low, who simply replied: 'Well, a little thing like that will never shorten my life much.' And I hope it won't."

A score and more of just such instances might be enumerated of men, busy with big affairs, who always find time to be polite.

SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

It Cost $600 and Never Was Used Because It Came Too Late.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Great Seal of the Confederate States is now in the office of the South Carolina Secretary of State. The seal and its press are of silver, having been made of that metal because it is not affected by climate and moisture. The handle is ivory and the seal itself bears a likeness of Washington, modeled after the equestrian statue in Richmond, a wreath composed of leaves and flowers of the staple crops of the South, an inscription, "The Confederate States of America, 22 February, 1862," and the motto, "Deo Vindice."

The seal and press were made in England at a cost of about $600, and reached Richmond just about the time of the evacuation in 1865, so that no official use was ever made of it.

Not Slaves to the Senate.

"One of the most gratifying results of the late election," said Mr. Calvin S. Brice yesterday, "is the proof it affords that a very large majority in the United States Senate could speedily be changed to a minority if the people so willed."

The Tale Grows.

Atchison Globe.]

Win a man's friendship by telling him to-day that he is the smartest one in his family, and you will have to tell him to-morrow that he is the smartest man in town, and the next day that he is the smartest man in the State.

DEVELOPING PLATES.

Second of the Series of Papers Upon Amateur Photography.

MYSTERIES OF THE DARK ROOM.

Solutions Used in Drawing Out the Picture Upon the Glass.

THE PRECAUTIONS TO BE OBSERVED

NO. 2.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

To the average beginner in the art of photography the process of developing plates, with the imagined difficulties of preparing a "dark room," is a sort of bugaboo. But let him once overcome this impression and get a fair idea of the attractive nature of developing and he will forget that the process ever seemed difficult. As a matter of fact, it is so simple that young folks can take it up and be fully as successful as their parents. The only quality necessary is a fair degree of patience, it being taken for granted that the intending operator has yet to attain the judgment which only experience can bring out.

After the plate has been properly exposed in the camera it must not, under any circumstances, be taken out of the plate holder except in the dark room and under the influences of ruby or orange light. It is well, perhaps, to explain right here that the plate is extremely sensitive to the least ray of white light until after it has been fully developed and submersed in the "fixing bath," as described below. Therefore utmost care should be taken that the slide of the plate holder is not permitted to slip even a little bit when being handled in white light. The effect of white light on the undeveloped plate is to "fog" it—that is to say, to destroy the very purpose it was made for. If fogged before or after the exposure is made the result is the same—a dirty-looking blank surface, when the developing fluid begins to act on it.

THE DARK ROOM.

It is by no means necessary to fit up a dark room on the exact plan in use with professional photographers, although it is well to have such a room. You can use a large closet, your bathroom, or even your bedroom, provided you can so curtain your windows and doors as to exclude every particle of white light. At night this is simple enough, but during the day the light will find its way through clinks and keyholes in a most provoking manner. But the writer has yet to find a house, or even a "flat," in which some room or closet cannot be found from which the light of heaven may be entirely shut out. A small window can be turned to account by fitting into it a light of ruby glass to serve in place of the dark-room lamp if the operator wishes to work in the daytime.

The ruby light should not be too strong, where "quick" plates are being manipulated. A screen made of orange paper, such as is used in postoffices, will serve to soften the light sufficiently. The light-tightness of the room being assured, the next thing to look after are your "tools." A table or fair-sized shelf is the best thing to work on. Have it large enough to hold your lamp, your various trays and the bottles containing your solutions. If you have running water in the room or closet selected so much the better; if not, its substitute can be found in a good-sized basin or foot tub filled with water, or in one of the regulation water coolers with a basin. Plenty of clean water is a desideratum in developing.

THE PROPER LIGHTS.

Dark room lamps are now made in dozens of different styles, and at prices ranging from $1 to $5 and $6. If you have gas in the room a specially prepared burner and cylinder is now to be had at a cost of about $3, which is the best for the purpose. A good kerosene lamp will cost about $2. These lamps are all arranged so that no white light can leak out. Their manipulation in all cases is very simple. When working at night it is an easy matter to darken even the larger rooms of a house. Close your shutters, pull down the shades and see to it that no light creeps in from adjoining rooms. In this way the operator can secure plenty of elbow room, and need not confine himself to cramped quarters. Better ventilation is another advantage of working by night.

It is now necessary to lay in your stock of chemicals and trays. Any dealer in photographic supplies can furnish them all. There are many different kinds of developing fluids to select from, but for all practical purposes the writer advises that either "Hydrokinone" or "Eikonigen" be used. Up to a year or so ago the old "Pyro and Potash" developer was the standard among amateurs as well as professionals, but since the two new ones have been introduced they have the call, and deservedly so. They are much simpler, keep fresh longer and get better results out of indifferent plates.

THE BEST SOLUTION.

These two developers are made up either in one or two solutions. For the beginner it is better to use the single solution, but if that is not attainable the simple and explicit directions on the bottles will inform him how to proceed. The writer has used the single solution Hydrokinone developer for almost two years, and has yet to find it wanting.

In addition to the developer two other baths are wanted. The first, a fixing bath, is absolutely necessary, and the second, an alum, both advisable. Buy a couple of pounds of hypo-sulphite of soda and one pound of alum to begin with. Then get a four-ounce glass graduate to measure water and a cheap letter scales to weigh your solids. Three trays are necessary. Get them of a size proportionate to the dimensions of the plates used. Glass is best for the developer and hard rubber for the "fixing" and alum baths. A word of caution here: Never use your hypo or fixing tray for anything else!

The fixing bath is prepared in a few hours. Weigh out say four ounces of hypo-sulphite of soda and dissolve in 16 ounces of water. A quart fruit jar is the best thing for the purpose. The solution can thus be kept for a long time. Pour out enough into the tray to completely submerse a plate. This solution should be thrown away after using for one batch of plates. The formula to remember is: "Hypo-sulphite soda, one ounce; water, four ounces."

TO HARDEN THE PLATE.

The alum bath is simply a saturated solution. Take another quart fruit jar and dissolve in it as much alum as the water will take up. The alum dissolves slowly and should be allowed 24 hours. The object of this bath is to harden the gelatine film of the plate so as to avoid scratches and tears. Enough of this bath should be poured into the third tray and it, too, thrown away after using.

When everything else is ready, pour a sufficient quantity of the developer into the first, or glass tray, to completely cover the plate, shut your door, light the ruby lamp and begin work. All these instructions seem complicated, but a trial will prove how simple the process really is.

Now take an exposed plate out of its holder and lay it, face up, in the developer. Rock it gently until every particle of the face is covered and no air bubbles remain. It is well to continue the rocking from time to time, although with the hydrokinone developer it is not always necessary. When the plate is put into the tray its surface is perfectly blank, but under the influence of the developer the image will begin to appear after a little while. At first little indistinct streaks and spots will be noticeable. Gradually these will extend until the whole image is brought out. It is here that written instructions must give way to experience as a teacher. The only point that can be added is that the plate may be considered fully developed when the high lights begin to fade away and the image is visible on the back of the plate. This can be found out by lifting up the plate with the point of a penknife blade.

IN THE FIXING BATH.

The plate is then rinsed in water and laid, always face up, in the fixing bath. Here it must remain until every particle of the white or milky appearance disappears from the back, leaving the plate transparent. This process takes from 12 to 20 minutes. Another rinsing and then the plate is submersed in the alum bath for five minutes. It must then be thoroughly washed in clean water to remove every trace of the hypo, which if allowed to remain in the film, will destroy it. The best plan is to leave in a base with running water for an hour, or if running water is not available, give it two or three changes of water in a similar length of time.

The operator can develope many plates in a short space of time, because in the above described manipulation one process does not interfere with another. As soon as one plate is put in the fixing bath, a second can be laid in the developing tray, and so on. It is important, however, that whenever the operator puts his fingers into the "hypo" bath, he should immediately rinse them in water so that no trace of hypo gets into the developer or on the surface of an undeveloped plate. The final washing can be done after the work of developing is all through with, as the plates are not affected by white light after once subjected to the "hypo" bath. When they have been thoroughly washed stand them up to dry spontaneously. Do not expose them to the hot air of a stove or other heating apparatus, because that will melt the gelatine and, goodby, negative! In clear weather the plates should dry over night. Then they are ready for the printing frame. A simple rack can easily be made for drying plates by nailing strips of wood together in the shape of an old-fashioned saw-buck, with little notches along the cross-bars to hold the edges of the plates.

The developer may be used for another lot of plates if filtered and kept in a bottle other than that holding the unused portion.

In the printing of pictures it is that the inherent artistic qualities of the operator are brought out. Printing, toning and mounting will be the subjects of next week's installment of this series.

W. O. ESCHWEGE.

LUNCH AND LUNCHEON.

The Early Use and Derivation of These Words and Their Present Application.

Pall Mall Budget.]

Lord Coleridge does not recognize the English word "lunch." It is the word, not the institution, which suffers from this judicial severity. The Lord Chief Justice and all the judges of the High Court recognize the claims of the meal and punctually adjourn for it. As to the word, "lunch" seems just as worthy of recognition as luncheon. It strictly means a lump of bread, and the longer word strictly means the same.

Nor is luncheon a new-fangled term. Its history can show an indefeasible claim, based on continuous use. "While you stood staring like an oaf"—says one of the characters in Dryden—"I cut a luncheon from the loaf." In fact, "the English word lunch," if not current at home, enjoys a large foreign circulation. It has become, in the last few years, quite a French word, and seems to be ousting the regular gouter from its own tongue.

Etymologists might find curious illustration of national character from the derivation of both words, for "lunch" means a lump of food, and gouter means to taste. The one suited the solid eater, the other the epicure. Lunch now ranks with "punch, 5 o'clock, skating, great attraction, and meeting" in that singularly selected list of phrases which the French have recently annexed and assimilated. Thackeray makes one of his characters, forgetting the word gouter, say "apres louche." It is quite clear that in 1860 "lunch" was not a French word.

HEIGHT OF FLOWERS.

A Description of the Growth of Familiar Plants in Sunny California.

Philadelphia Times.]

The Eastern visitor to San Francisco has probably already heard that the heliotrope and fuchsia grow very tall, sometimes up to the second story of a house. But he is likely to be a little surprised to see that they do not quite take the form of trees, as he expected.

They climb and are trained against a house like running roses. Some fuchsias, however, form quite tall bushes three or four times as high as they are ever seen in the East. One plant bears hundreds of flowers. There are not, however, very many varieties of fuchsia—not more than about 20 in all. All of these may be seen in the East, except, perhaps, two. One of these has a long, red and yellow tube somewhat like that of the coral honeysuckle. The other is called the "autumn fuchsia" on account of its orange-tinted foliage.

Flowers with white calyx and crimson center, or red calyx and white center, and red calyx and purple center are quite common. Perhaps the original species, or "lady's eardrops," may be seen in a fuchsia having a tiny red blossom. It is an old story that geraniums here grow very tall. They can be trained to form hedges, to wreathe arbors or climb over the side of a house.

HEALING BY A STING.

Perhaps Some People Would Think the Cure Worse Than the Disease.

From Chambers' Journal.]

A curious observation made by Dr. Terc, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological Society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effects of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to smallpox. This protection lasts for six months, or less, according to the number of stings received.

He also records that persons suffering from acute rheumatism require a large number of bee stings before they feel much inconvenience from the poison received, but that after that they are not only inoculated for six months against the effects of further bee stings, but will also remain free for that period from rheumatic attacks! We fancy that if victims to this painful remedy can purchase immunity from its pains at the expense of a few bee-stings, they will be very glad to do so.

A TRICK FOR THE BOYS.

How to Suspend a Ladle in What Seems Like Unstable Equilibrium.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Hang the ladle on the blade of a penknife in such a manner that the blade and handle of the knife form an angle of about 45 degrees. You may think that is an impossible position.

A Ladle Suspended in the Air.

Try it, however, and you will be surprised to see how easily it can be done. You will find the center of gravity by laying the end of the handle of the knife on the edge of a table, or your thumb, or better still on the edge of a goblet filled with water.

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

Mr. Depew Tells the Story of His First After-Dinner Effort.

IT WAS IN HIS SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

Now He Gives on an Average Three Post-Prandial Talks a Week.

MONEY SPENT IN GIVING BANQUETS

"My first post-prandial speech? Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, well! That's funny. Why, it's been 40—I mean 30— years since I thought about it."

Chauncey M. Depew was sitting at his desk, before a roaring grate fire, in his office at the Grand Central depot, says the New York *Herald*. He had just arrived from Peekskill, thrown his overcoat aside and settled himself for his day's labor.

"Now that I come to think about it," continued Mr. Depew, "it was rather a funny affair all round. My first post-prandial speech was made at the close of my sophomore year at Yale College and came about in a rather peculiar way. In fact, the speech was made after the first banquet that I ever attended in my life. I was a country boy, you know, and we country boys knew little or nothing about banquets and banqueting. Ward McAllister hadn't then told the world how he found society, and the youngster living away from New York had no way of fin