They gave small tips, but they were liked; they didn't do anything themselves, but they were welcome. They looked so well everywhere; they gratified the general relish for stature, complexion and "form." They knew it without fatuity or vulgarity, and they respected themselves in conse They were not superficial; they were thorough and kept themselves up-it had been their line. I could feel how, even in a duli house, they could have been counted upon for cheerfulness. At present something had happened—it didn't matter what, their little income had grown less, it had grown less,—and they had to do something for pocket money. Their friends liked them, but didn't like to support them. There was something about them that represented credit-their clothes, their manners, their type; but if credit is a large empty pocket in which an occasional chink rever-



I'd Rather Look Over the Stove.

berntes, the chink at least must be audible What they wanted of me was to help to make it so. Fortunately they had no chilalso perhaps wish our relations to be kept -the reproduction of the face would betray them
I liked them—they were so simple; and I

had no objection to them if they would suit. But, somehow, with all their perfections I didn't easily believe in them. After all, they were amateurs, and the ruling passion of my life was the detestation of the ama-teur. Combined with this was another epresented subject over the real one. The defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether taey cere or not was a subordinate, and almos always a tiresome question. There were other considerations, the first of which was that I already had two or three people in use, notably a young person with big feet, in alpaca, from Kilburn, who, for a couple of years, had come to me regularly for my illustrations, and with whom I was still-perhaps ignobly-satisfied. I frankly explained to my visitors how the case stood; but they had taken more precautions than I supposed. They had reasoned out their opportunity, for Claude Rivet had told them of the projected edition de luxe of one of the writers of our day-the rarest of the novelists-who, long neglected by the multitudinous vulgar and dearly prized by the attentive (need I mention Philip Vin-cent") had had the happy fortune of see ing, late in life, the dawn, and then the full ight of a higher criticism—an estimate in which, on the part of the public, there was something really of expiation. The edition in question, planned by a publisher of taste, was practically an act of high reparation; the wood cuts with which it was to be en riched were the homage of English art to one of the most independent representative of English letters. Major and Mrs. Monarch confessed to me that they had honed might be able to work them into my share of the enterprise. They knew I was to do the first of the books, "Rutland Ramsay," out I had to make clear to them that n rifeination in the rest of the affair-thi first book was to be a test-was to depend on the satisfaction I should give. If should be limited my employers would drop me without a scruple. It was therefore a crisis for me, and naturally I was makin special preparations, looking about for new specole, if they should be necessary, and se-curing the best types. I admitted, how-ever, that I should like to settle down to two or three good models who would do for everything.
"Should we have often to—a—put on special clothes?" Mrs. Monarch timidly

"Dear, yes-that's half the business.

"And should we be expected to supply ou own costumes?" 'Oh, no; I've got a lot of things. A painter's models put on-or put off-any thing he likes."

"And do you mean-a-the same?"

Mrs. Monarch looked at her husband

again. "Oh, she was just wondering," he explained, "if the costumes are in general use." I had to confess that they were, and I mentioned further that some of them (I had a lot of genuine, greasy, last-century things), had served their time, a hundred years ago, on living, world-stained men and

"We'll put on anything that fits," said the Major. "Oh, I arrange that-they fit in the pictures."
"I'm afraid I should do better for the modern books. I would come as you like,

suid Mrs. Monarch.
"She has got a lot of clothes at home; they might do for cotemporary life," her sband continued.

"Oh, I can fancy scenes in which you'd be quite at home." And indeed I could see the slipshot rearrangements of stale proper-ties—the stories I tried to produce pictures for without the exasperation of reading them—whose sandy tracts the good lady might help to people. But I had to return to the fact that for this sort of work—the daily mechanical grind-I was already equipped; the people I was working with

were quite adequate.
"We only thought we might be more like some characters," said Mrs. Monarch mildly,

petting up. Her husband also rose; he stood looking at me with a dim wistfulness that was touching in so fine a man. "Wouldn't it be rather a pull sometimes to have—a-to have—?" He hung fire; he wanted me to help him by phrasing what he meant. But I couldn't-I didn't know. So he brought it out awkwardly: "The real thing; a gen-tleman, you know, or a lady?" I was quite ready to give a general assent—I admitted that there was a great deal in that. This that there was a great monarch to say, fol-lowing up his appeal with an unacted gulp: "It's a wfully hard—we've tried everything." The gulp was communicative; it proved too much for his wife. Before I knew it Mrs. Monarch had dropped down upon a divan and burst into tears. Her husband sat

down beside her, holding one of her hands; whereupon she quickly dried her eyes with the other, while I felt embarrassed as she looked at me. "There isn't a confounded job I haven't applied for—waited for prayed for. You can fancy we'd be pretty bad first. Secretaryships and that sort of bad first. Secretaryships and that sort of thing? You might as well ask for a peerage. I'd be anything—I'm strong; a messenger or a coalheaver. I'd put on a gold-laced cap and open carriage doors in front of the haberdasher's; I hang about a station to carry portmanteaus; I'd be a postman. But they won't look at you; there are thousands as good as yourself already on the ground—gentlemen, poor beggars, that have drunk their wine, that have kept their hunters!" hunters!"

I was as reassuring as I knew how to be and my visitors were presently on their feet again, while, for the experiment, we agreed on an hour. We were discussing it when the door opened and Miss Churm came in with a wet umbrells. Miss Churm had to take the omnibus to Maida Vale and then take the omnibus to Maida Vale and then walk half a mile. She looked a triffe blowsy and slightly splashed. I scarcely ever saw her come in without thinking afresh how odd it was that, being so little in herself, she should yet be so much in others. She was a meager little Miss Churm, but she was an ample heroine of romance. She was a freekled cockney girl, but she could represent everything, from a fine lady to a shepherdess; she had the faculty, as she might have had a fine voice or long hair. She have had a fine voice or long hair. She couldn't spell, and she loved beer, but she had two or three "points," and practice, and a knack, and mother wit, and a kind of whimsical sensibility, and a love of the the ater, and seven sisters, and not an ounce of respect, especially for the h. The first thing my visitors saw was that her umbrella was wet, and in their spotless perfec-tion they visibly winced at it. The rain had come on since their arrival.
"I'm all in a soak, there was a mess of

people in the 'bus. I wish you lived near a station," said Miss Churm. I requested her to get ready as quickly as possible, and she passed into the room in which she always changed her dress. But before going out she asked me what she was to get into

"It's the Russian princess, don't you know?" I answered; "the one with the 'golden eyes' in black velvet, for the long thing in the Cheapside."
"Golden eyes? I say!" cried Miss Churm, while my companions watched her with in-tensity as she withdrew. She always arranged herself, when she was late, before I could turn round; and I kept my visitors a little, on purpose, so that they might get an idea, from seeing her, what would be expected of themselves. I mentioned that she was quite my notion of an excellent model—she was really very clever.
"Do you think she looks like a Russian

princess?" Major Monarch asked, with lurkng alarm. 'When I make her, yes." "Oh, if you have to make her-!" he asoned, acutely.
"That's the most you can ask. There are

so many that are not makeable."
"Well, now, here's a lady"—and with a persuasive smile he passed his arm into his wife's—"whose already made!" "Oh, I'm not a Russian princess," Mrs.
Monarch protested, a little coldly. I could
see that she had known some and didn't like
them. There, immediately, was a complication of a kind that I never had to fear

with Miss Churm. This young lady came back in black velvet—the gown was rather rusty and very low on her red hands. I reminded her that in the scene I was doing she must look over someone's head. "I forgot whose it is; but it doesn't matter. Just look over a head."

"I'd rather look over a stove," said Miss Churm; and she took her station near the fire. She fell into position, settled herself into a tall attitude, gave a certain backward inclination to her had and a certain forward droop to her fan, and looked, at least to my prejudiced sense, distinguished and charming, foreign and dangerous. We left her looking so, while I went down stairs with Major and Mrs. Monarch. "Ithink I could come as near to it as that," said Mrs. Mon-

arch.
"Oh, you think she's shabby, but you must allow for the alchemy of art." However, they went off with an evident increase of comfort, founded on their demonstrable advantage in being the real thing. I could fancy them shuddering over Miss Churin. She was very droll about them when I went back, for I told her what they "Well, if she can sit I'll take to book-

keeping," said my model.
"She's very ladylike," I replied, as an innocent form of aggravation. "So much the worse for you. That means she can't turn round."
"She'll do for the fashionable novels."

"Oh, yes, she'll do for them!" my model humorously declared. "Ain't they bad enough without her?" I had often sociably ounced them to Miss Churm.

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.] SHE MADE THE GOD A CAP. Curious Japanese Legend as to the Cruelty

of Silk Production.

In the book called Jizo-klo-kosni, this legend is related of the great statue of Jizo, of Japan. Formerly there lived at Kamakura the wife of a Ronin named Sogn Sadayoshi. She lived by feeding silkworms and enthering the sik. She used often to visit the temple of Ken-cho-ji; and one very cold day she went there, she thought that the image of Jizo looked like one suffering from cold; and she resolved to make a cap to keep the god's head warm, such a cap as the people of the country wear in cold weather. And she went home and made the cap, and covered the god's head with it, saying:

Would I were rich enough to give thee warm covering for all thine august body; but, alas! I am poor, and even this which I offer thee is unworthy of thy divine accept-

Now this woman died very suddenly in the 50th year of her age, in the twelfth month of the fifth year of the period called month of the lith year of the period called Chisho. But her body remained warm for three days, so that her relatives would not suffer her to be taken to the burning ground. And on the evening of the third day she

came to life again.

Then she related that on the day of he death she had gone before the judgment eat of Eunna, King and Judge of the Dead, and Eunna, seeing her, became wroth, and

said to her:
"You have been a wicked woman, and have scorned the teaching of the Buddha. All your life you have passed in destroying the lives of silkworms by putting them int testel water. Now you shall go to the Kwakkto-Jigoku, and there burn until your sins shall be expiated."

Forthwith she was seized and dragged by

demons to a great pot filled with molten metal and thrown into the pot, and she cried out horribly. And suddenly Jizo-Sama descended into the molten metal be-side her, and the metal became like a flowing oil and ceased to burn, and Jizo put his arms around her and lifted her out. And he went with her before King Eunna, and asked that she should be pardoned for his sake—forasmuch as she had become related to him by one act of goodness. So she found pardon, and returned to the Shaba

world It is not lawful, according to Buddhism for any one to wear silk, and by the law of Buddha priests are forbidden to wear it. Nevertheless, nearly all the priests wea-silk, Buddha or no Buddha.

A New Fire Extinguisher.

A new material, which has been intro duced in England under the name of "vulite," has given some remarkable results as a fire extinguisher. For this purpose, although it is a liquid, it is much nore effective than water, inasmuch as it freezes only at a very low temperature and exercises no injurious effects on fabrics or imber. A large fire made with highly in flammable materials was extinguished almost immediately by a small charge of the pre paration. It is also likely to come into use as a protector for the skin for persons who

A SIEGE OF SICKNESS Bob Burdette Fights It Out With a Little Indisposition.

IT WAS A FIVE DAYS' ENGAGEMEN'

Pleasant, However. PUN WITH THE CROWS AND THE CLOCK

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) "Is there no hope?" the sick man said. The silent doctor shook his head, And took his leave with signs of sorrow, Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

But it wasn't the sick man who wrote this satirical quatrain; oh, no; it was the gay man. The sick man never jokes about physicians and medicines. They are very serious things to him. For his part he cannot have too many of them. A few weeks ago, with the shallow idiocy which is a part of exuberant health, he laughed over the old

See one physician, like a sculler pli-The patient lingers, and by inches dies; But two physicians, like a pair of oars, Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian

shores. But he is sent to bed with some slight sickness, and he believes that enough physi-cians, should they pull together, could row him up Niagara, back to life, out of the very whirlpool of death.

Really, it isn't such an unpleasant thing to be ill, if one knows how to be. It has its compensations. For a hurried, busy man, who undertakes more than he can do, sickness comes as an angel of rest; although when she flies into the room with her message, the terrified patient thinks he can smell brimstone on her wings, and hence is apt to mistrust the visitant. But that is his own fault.

Driving in the Pickets. The time comes in your active life when your infirmity of temper warns yourself and the family that you have got out of bed on the wrong side. The cheery meal of incense breathing morn doesn't taste right. You find fault with the coffee in a tone that turns all eyes upon you. The egg they gave you



Can't Lie on the Plat of Your Back Without

is "limed," you can't be deceived on that.
There hasn't been a "store egg" in the house
in five months, and the "egg compelling"
hen who turned out the one you are finding fault with, for this especial breakfast, would be justified in learning to crow, if she should hear your criticism.

Plainly you are "off your feed," a bad sign in horse or rider. But you say you "are all right," and keep up and make everybody and everything else all wrong all Night comes and you go to bed early. Somebody anxiously suggests that you should "see the doctor." You utter an illnatured sport of derisive contempt and fierce refusal, with your foot on the stairs, that
may be heard clear down into the cellar.
This is your cheerful "good night" to your
anxious and loving family, who make
gentle excuses for you should there be visi-

ors in the perlor. Morning finds you in a bed that suggests night in a centrifugal drying machine Your surroundings do not look restful. You make one or two ineffectual efforts to dres and come down to breakfast. But you decid that you don't care whether you ever get anything to eat again in all this world; you lie down again and wait for somebody t

Out on the Skirmish Line,

Someone comes, taps at the door; you say "Come in" in the sickest tone you can invent. If you are going to be sick, you propose to let people know it. So you strike a melancholy whine, pitched on a quavering alsetto and say feebly-a startling contrast to your good night snort is your good morn-ing pipe—"Come in."

Someone peeps in the door. "Why—for nercy's sake! I thought you were dressed Aren't you coming down to breakfast?"
That just about breaks your heart. "C ing down to breakfast!" you, a dying man! Well, for just about a minute you have a great mind to get up and go down and die at the breakfast table. But then you remem-ber just in time how many notices there have been in the papers the past few weeks of people choking to death on pieces of meat stuck in their windpipes and one place and another, and it would be just like the reporters to get that off on you. That

would never do. And, beside, if you are really too sick to get up, you don't harbor feelings of resent-ment very long. You decide not to die for several days anyhow; you lie still and ex-plain things. You abandon the querulous whine of the amateur invalid, finding that your natural voice has pitched itself to a quaver that is a little strange to yourself. You take little interest in the task of re-constructing your room, which is going on without your co-operation; you find your-self listening for the doctor; in your constrained position you bathe your hands and face awkwardly; the water runs up your arms and trickles off your elbows without appearing to surprise you very much, although you can't remember that this is its sual custom; you are a little irritated that you upset some things and drop others so easily, and when you are out of breath at the close of your toilet you are out of pati-ence with yourself. Certainly you are going to be sick and you are not used to it, nor very sure that you shall like it.

The General Takes the Field.

The doctor comes. Happy invalid that ou are, you have a personal friend and physician in the same man; cheery, quick, confident, a man to whom you dare not lie; whom you are convinced knows more about yourself than you can tell him; to him your extended tongue is a mysterious parchment, written over with characters that are Sinaitic hieroglyphs to you but plain English to him; he is on easy, familiar terms with your tonsils, and knows by name and sight all the Greeks residing in the region of your disphragm, and all the Latin fellows on both sides of the road between your pharynx and stomach. You feel a little better even before you have the prescription filled, and you hear, with a sigh of satisfaction, since it must be so, his parting injunction, fired backward over his shoulder as he passes out

of the door, "Stay in bed."

Now, this begins to be something like being sick; your conscience reproaches you, a little; tells you really this is a luxury that you can't afford. A woman wouldn't give up and go to bed in this easy fashion. are exposed to intense heat. A very convincing feature of the merits of vulite is that after it has been applied material that was previously combustible will not ignite. But then you reflect that it would be 100 per cent better for the woman if she would, and you are not going to commit suicide just because she does. And if you should,

there are a thousand easier ways of killing one's self than by wearlly dragging one's self to death, year after year, weak, aching, miserable years of self-immolation. Moreover, when you are really sick, conscience deen't seem to be able to worry you any more than do the other things of life.

Driven Inside Your Intrebchments Driven Inside Your Introduments.

Downstairs you can hear the little murmur of voices which tells you that the family, as the manner of the family in all families is, has waylaid the doctor and is catechising him with queries that never co-curred to you. You hear the front door, far below, slam its "goodby," there is a rush of wheels, and you are alone. Out of your windows you can see the tops of the trees, and note, what you would not have noticed had you been well, how the red buds of the maples are swelling. Nobody Was Seriously Hurt, but It Wasn't

maples are swelling.

Before you went to bed there were robins and bluebirds on the lawn, and you idly wonder what they did when the blissard



Queries That Never Occurred to You.

be so quiet; you are out of the world up bere. The sense of slience and rest is punctuated with an ache here, and a pain Mattresses should be made with a hump across the middle to fit the small of the back. across the middle to fit the small of the back. You construct an artificial one. Ah, that's comfort! Straightway you invent a mattress of that kind. You turn over; the "hump" doesn't answer so well when you lie on your side. You have to invent a new mattress with an automatic hump. Too much trouble; you will let the doctors attend to that. You are not alcepy, but it isn't easy to keep your eves open. isn't easy to keep your eyes open.

The Progress of the Siege,

You trace the course of a crack in the ceiling; you discover rather artistic designs and most expressive pictures in the natural tracery and knots of the furniture; the footboard of the bed is a panorama; wonder, you never noticed it before; when you get well you will copy some of the pictures. Which you never do. You hear wheels; hey stop at the door; it is somebody to inquire after you; you arrange yourself for callers in a little touch of importance and complacency. They do not come upstairs. Ah, not permitted to do so! Evidently your case is more serious than you supposed; you are quarantined. Somebody comes to give you your medicine.
"Who was it called this morning?"

"Who was it called this morning?"
"That was the meat wagon."
"Profound impression on the part of the patient, who doesn't say anything about it, however. You guess what time it is by the shadows on the wall, missing it only a few hours. You hear the clock tick, but the high back rocker stands so as to hide the dial. The clock never ticked that way before. You notice, especially during the night, that it doesn't tick evenly; it limps a little; and at intervals there is a little metallic, hell-like ring to the tick. Once in metallic, bell-like ring to the tick. Once in a while it chokes, and sometimes it stumbles. It goes! "tick, tock; tick, tock; tick, tock;" you get tired of this and try to head it off and make it go "tock, tick; tock, tick." You can't do it; the effort makes

Everything makes you tired. You will just look out of the window and not think of anything. You can see the crows fly over the tree tops; that is your universe away up under the roof—the sky. You have way up under the root—the say, I ou have half a mind to get up and open a window. You have seven-eighths of a mind, however, to lie quite still. You find yourself laying little bets with yourself, not too high, which little bets with yourself, not too high, which way the next crow will fly. When you win you are passively elated. When you lose you are strangely depressed and wonder if you haven't gone into this thing a little too deep. By and by you lose heavily, doubling your bets three times in succession. You make up your mind that somebody has "seen" your mind, and that racing is just as uncertain in the air as on the ground. Beside, it isn't right to gamble even for fun if you're going to be sold out by your own crows every time.

rows every time. You wish you had a book. You can't go downstairs after one, and you are afraid to ask for one lest someone should ask the doctor next time he comes to forbid your reading. You wish you had kept—why, there did used to be some books in this room; someone has taken them away. In which surmise you are quite correct. The vandering aimless eye of a sick man which eventually finds everything, sees one, after a while, partially concealed over there behind your shaving case. It looks like a re-ligious book. If it isn't too religious it will do. If it is the "Memoir of John Mooney Mead" you would prefer another heat or two on the crow track. Youget up, and with guilty stealth start across after it.

Negotiations for a Surrender.

Help, oh mighty Hercules! Your legs are made of knees, that work both ways. A man might as well walk on a pair of "lazy tongues." You didn't know a fellow could get so weak and wabbley before death. How-ever, by the aid of a triendly chair you get there. The book is not "John Mooney Mead." Hardly. It is one of Bret Harte's tracts, entitled, "Two Men of Sandy Bar." Somebody is coming up stairs; you toss the book back and get to bed, so weak that you can't ley on the first of your back without can't lay on the flat of your back without holding on. It is luncheon. You chew and swallow something, but you do not eat. Everything tates ex tiv alike, and nothing fastes like anything. When someone goes away the "Two Men of Sandy Bar" mys-

away the "Two Men of Sandy Bar mys-teriously disappear.

You pile your pillows up into an easy back rest; you will change your position a little; you lie down and the top pillows come tumbling down over your face. You pitch them out on the floor with feeble strength, but strong utterance. Then you remember that you may die before you get well, if not sooner. You teebly fish in the evicted pillows and compose yourself in the popular old "Crusader attitude" — feet crossed, hauds crossed on your breast, eyes closed, tranquil, serene, silent. The shadows fill the room, somebody is reading aloud down stairs; the lamps are lighted, then; the voice goes murmuring on, a perfect imitation of a running brook; you hear the sleet dash against the windows, the weather has changed, then; the voices and the dashing sleet blend confusedly—and the morning and the evening are the first day.

Boots and Saddles at Last,

When you open your eyes, the unbroken silence tells you that you died about a week ago and have now been buried four days. You don't mind it very much; it isn't so bad as you thought it would be. But the dim night lamp and grotesque shadows it limns on walls and ceiling, tell you that you are still in the service, and the clock announces that it is ready to help you pass the night. And so, in the usual manner you

get through it.

"Well!" you manage to say, when you've thought over the heartlessness and ingratitude of the old world that runs right away from you after you've lived in it so long; cancel your lecture engagements, for you couldn't stand on your legs half an hour if you were wired with lightning rods: telegraph the editors that you can't come, and you'll crawl around to the typewriter and tell THE DISPATCH why you can't write a letter this week. And this is the reason.

BURGLARS. Electricity Seems to Be the Only

Thing They Cannot Master.

THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER. New Theory as to the Interior of the Earth and Its Motion.

PRESH APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE

At a recent lecture in Berlin on "Electric Appliances for the Security of Property,' an interesting incident was the exhibition of the tools of thieves. The modern equip-ment of a safe breaker takes up but little space, and can be conveniently stowed away. The most important instrument, and at the same time the fulcrum for most of the other tools, is a carefully wrought compound breaking lever with which very great force can be exerted. An "advanced" burglar has at his disposal two such crowbars. At one end of the bar there is an arrangement which allows of a hammer being attached, while the other end admits of the insertion of a series of other tools. If it is required to remove the door pillars met with in many safes, a pointed and curved iron is attached with which the pillars can be easily grasped. If they resist this attack a kind of claw is screwed on, and with the help of the crowbar even the strongest pillar may be burst off. If it is intended to tear away the angle books at the corners of the safe, a forceps in fitted into the lever, and if a lever is applied at each corner, and the two levers pressed together, very strong walls may be forced in and connections be loosened.

The first step in the foiling of these simple but effective methods has been to manufacture safes which afford no point of attack for claws and pincers, and thus safes have been produced welded in one piece. The attempt to make boring and filing impos sible by the use of steel plates which resist every boring tool has also been made, but as these plates are so brittle that they can be broken in pieces with a hammer, the steel plates were next welded together with plates of wrought iron, and thus the attack with the hammer has been rendered impos-sible. But still another mode of attack had to be guarded against. The experienced burglar carries with him a melting lamp, with which, in the course of 10 to 16 minutes, he can operate upon ordinary plates so as to produce a hole through which he can creep into the safe. More massive structures, however, ofter considerable resist-ance, and require the work of hours.

It has been found that the use of elec-tricity is the only means of successfully meeting the attacks of the burglar. A German electrician has lately produced an electric safety signal, which depends on the well-known principle of thread contact. The apparatus is placed within the safe, and the current is introduced through holes. These holes, however, afford new points of attack, and M. Berg, who gave the lecture on the subject in question in Berlin, emphasized the necessity of a different principle of construction. He places his apparatus free and open on the safe, and exposes the wires connection in with the signal and construction. the wires connecting it with the signal ap-paratus in the watchman's room. In view of the fact that many burglars have been found to possess considerable practical knowledge of electrical devices, this construction has one great advantage, it makes it impossible even for a trained electrical engineer to render the apparatus in any way inoperative. As soon as the safe is exposed to any agitation, or as a blast flame acts upon it, or as the circuit is interrupted, the alarm bell is at once set in action, and the thief thus betrays his own presence.

It seems likely that by the time all the venomous snakes have been killed off the face of the earth science will have discovered a means of neutralizing the effect of heir poison. But, in the mean time, every remedy that does this even partially means a saving of human life. A child who was bitten in Queensland by a "death adder" has just been saved from death by the administration of strychnia. The child on being bitten was taken to the nearest house, the end of the finger in which the fangs of the snake had been fastened was removed, the stump being sucked and drenched with ammonia, the ligatures being applied to the arm. In three hours the child was almost comatose, the body and the extremities cond, pupils dilated and insensitive to light, and the pulse rapid and irregular. The child was then wrapped in hot fiannels, heat was applied to the limbs, while four minims of liquid strychnia were administered hypo-dermically and a strong faradic current applied to the nape of the neck and along the spine. Fifteen minutes later another four minims of strychnia were injected, and lmost immediately a change began to mani

fest itself in all the symptoms.

In a short time the child recovered consciousness and improved so rapidly that the next day she was apparently well, and none the worse for her dangerous experience ex-cept for the loss of her finger. It is stated that hypodermic injection of strychnia has been adopted in many similar cases, with ness and improved so rapidly that the almost unvarying success, and it is now re-garded by the medical profession as a most valuable remedy for the deadly poison of snakes.

When Doctors Differ.

A solution of the problem why the magnetic needle, instead of pointing due northward, inclines to a greater or less degree to one side, and why the region to which it is directed keeps slowly shifting, has been offered by Henry Wilde. Mr. Wilde be-lieves that the outer shell of the earth and the great mass within rotate somewhat independently of each other. The interior portion, still in a liquid condition, he conceives as continuing to revolve about the axis which our planet had in its infancy; that is, one perpendicular to the plane of the elliptic. He thinks that when the moon was thrown off from the earth the crust of our globe was skewed over to one side about 23°, and this part, therefore, revolves about what we call "the geograph-

The inner mass, like the other planets and the sun, he regards as electro-dynamic while the shell is electro-magnetic. Mr Wilde's demonstrations are worked out with great care and ability, and he claims that, "from the various movements of de-clination and inclination needles, correlated with each other in direction, time and amount on different parts of the earth's surface, the theory of a fluid interior may now be considered to be as firmly established as the doctrine of the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis." On the other hand, the notion that the earth is solid to its core is still stoutly maintained by a large number of eminent physicists, and no less an authority than Sir William Thomson has ex-pressed the belief that the whole globe is as rigid as glass, if not as firm as steel.

The successful long distance transmission of power by the Lauffen-Frankfort plant has given a decided impetus to operations in this field, and the results of the present steps toward utilizing the Niagara Falls for this purpose are being eagerly anticipated. There has been a good deal of wild talk on the subject of using the power of Ningara in New York City, and a leading electrical paper wisely says that it is vastly more within the bounds of likelihood that New Yorkers will have to drink the water of Lake Erie instead of running their factories

There are two new ideas on the subject of the electrical transmission of power which from their source, deserve special attention.

Prof. Elihu Thomson speaks of transmitting 130,000-horse power '240 miles at 500, 000 volts through three wires about as large as a good sized knitting needle, and to send this underground, too, through a small pipe, using only cotton and cheap oil as the insulators. He also proposes to supply the central stations of a city with cheap electrical power fissead of with expensive cent. Mr. Tesla, on the other hand, makes the statement that there will be no necessity in the future to transmit power to great distances, because we shall be able to get cheap power at any place in the universe.

The cost of working steamships is, in comparison with many industries, excess sive. During last year six of the steam ships of a large company carned a gross profit of \$800,000. Out of that sum there was first paid for the wages and provisions of the crew, \$69,000. Port charges came next in smount, and over \$55,000 was so paid, while the cost of insurance was \$45,-000. The bunker coals cost \$35,000; the cost of loading and disubarging was \$40,000, and the commissions paid to merchants and brokers, with dispatch money, aggregated \$20,000. When deek and engine stores, the cost of docking, painting, etc., and the cost of management is added, the total expenditure is brought up to \$815,000; so that only about one-tenth of the original gross profit remains to be divided among the owners of the vessels. It is easy to say that the cost of working is excessive, but it would be much more difficult to point out hew it can be reduced by the efforts of the owners. Insurance and dock charges are two items that admit of little modification. In the cost of coals there is always a fluctuation, as it varies not only with the actual price, but also, in some degree, with the nature of the trade in which the steamers are engaged; and there is also a decrease in wages, because during recent years the employment of men has not increased concurrently with paid, while the cost of insurance was \$45,and there is also a decrease in wages, because during recent years the employment of men has not increased concurrently with the increase in the size of steamships. Speaking generally, the cost of fuel is being decreased by more perfect machinery, and also by the increased development of coal mining. Still, when allowance has been made for all this, the cost of the working of steamships is very heavy, and should freights keep low, the attention of those interested will need to be given to the reduction of that cost.

Improving the Memory of Figures.

The fault with most artificial memory systems is that they are too elaborate, and break down from the impracticability of their conditions. For the purpose of improving the memory of figures, a little trouble and common sense will go further than most of these so-called mnemonic systems. It is beyond question that some people have the inestimable boon of a good emory, but in many cases a poor memory is mainly the result of carelessness and want of attention. By the exercise of steady determination the power of concentration necessary for improving the memory can be gradually gained. The mind must not be loaded too much. A little every day is quite enough, but that little must be well and earnestly grappled with. If this is done

conscientiously the results will soon be most gratifying.

The amount of money spent daily, no matter how inconsiderable the items may be, may be written down at night from recollection. ollection. If a note is given or taken the amount of it, the time it was given and the amount of it, the time it was given and the date of its maturity, together with the rate of interest, can be held in mind with little difficulty. The number of a street in which a ffiend lives, and such things as the number of apple, peach and pear trees in your orchard, if you are lucky enough to have one, and innumerable other items of daily life can be utilized as memory lessens. The main point is that there must be no shirk. life can be utilized as memory lessens. The main point is that there must be no shirking. The memory is debilitated and indolent, and the indisposition to exert itself can only be oversome by resolute will power, until it has been toned up to healthy and vigorous action. The discipline is not altogether pleasant, but it pays.

Unjust Maligning of Domestic Birds The maxim that a certain gentleman of unsavory reputation is not so black as he is painted would seem to apply to the charges which are preferred against many of our doabuse, is accused of pulling up shoots of young wheat. It is now found that the food these birds is mostly insects, and that therefore they do a great deal more good than harm. How little they deserve the odium into which they have fallen is shown by the fact that in the stomachs of 30 larks 100 seeds, 25 caterpillars, 57 grasshoppers and 87 beetles were found. The robin and the bluejay have no character to speak of, yet two of the former birds have been known yet two of the former birds have been known to take to their young 50 cutworms within an hour, in a country where berries were plentiful, while the bluejay is one of the most voracious insect feeders known. It is estimated that two jays and, say five young birds, require for food in 100 days 20,000 insects that are harmful to fruit and food

plants.

The woodpecker, which is looked upon as decidedly outside the pale of ornithological respectability, subsists on insects and grubs that injure fruit, and the sparrow hawk, which no one will say a good word for, destroys great quantities of snakes, mice and insects. The only birds which appear to be hopelessly mischierous and destructive, for which no saving clause can be entered are which no saving clause can be entered, are the crow and the sparrow, and these fully deserve all the abuse that has been heaped

The Electric Motor in the Industries It was prophesied not many years ago that the electric motor would be the mean of effecting a very considerable modifica tion of the factory system, by the ease with which it would enable the artisan to work at his own home. There are many signs that the fulfillment of this augury is approaching. Already 3,000 people in the city of Rochester use electric motors in making their living. Many of these people live in the outskirts of the town, and do their work at their homes. So much has the utilization of the electric current for sewing machines been taken advantage of that a local company has extended lines to 275 tailoring shops, nearly all of which are in the rooms of the owners' homes. This number includes several that have been adopted by seamstresses and workers on a small scale. The company has 800 motor in different parts of the city, varying from one-eighth to 25 horse power. There is quite a demand for them among dressmakers, small printing offices and dentists, besides other industries. So thoroughly have the inhabitants of Rochester begun to realize the advantages of electricity that it is believed before matther year has passed is believed before another year has passed street cars and many small offices will be heated by the electric current.

Electric Express Locomotives. The idea of running express trains on trunk lines by electricity is not confined to

this country. M. Bonneau, engineer of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, has published a striking paper on the future application of current to the traction of heavy express trains. M. Bonneau considers that it would be a comparatively easy matter to build an express locomotive which would perform the journey between Paris and Marseilles in nine hours, or a lit the more than half the time consumed by the present fast trains. He is an favor of generating the current in stations placed at suitable distances along the line and con-ducting it to the locomotive through the rails. America will soon have some very practical information on this subject, which M. Bonneau may find it to his advantage to utilize in the construction of his propose line. Experiments are now being conducted in this country which ducted in this country which promise within the next year very remarkable de-

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THE LAND OF LACES.

Rare Fabrics That Queen Marguerite Will Send to the Fair.

UNIQUE STYLES OF BOOKKEEPING.

The Agitation in England Against the Custom of Handshaking.

MAN WHO IS FAMOUS AS AN ORATOR

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. It is announced that Queen Marguerite

of Italy will send an exhibit of lace to the World's Fair. This should prove an interesting and instructive display as the Italian queen has always been an enthusiastic patron of the lace industry. It was mainly through her patronage and the efforts of two of her country women of noble birth that the

Queen Marquerite, manufacture of that lovely and most perfect of laces, Venetian point in relief, was revived at Burano, one of the little islands that cluster around Venice. Venice, as it is well known, was the home of the lace-making art. No precise date can be given as its first appearance, but it was some time in the fifteenth century, and it was either the result of an effort at imitation of the embroiders in gold, silver and colors brought to Italy by the Greeks or is the direct descendant of the magnificent Saracenic ornaments left by the latter people in Southern Europe. But no matter what the origin, Venice was the first to attain perfection, notwithstanding France and Flanders claim the honor.

The Frenchman, Colbert, endeavored to imitate and rival the Venetians, but was at last compelled to suborn women from Venice and distribute them among his workshops. The result was the superb French laces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which are really, as a matter of course. Venetian laces transplanted

Point d' Alencon is an exact imitation of Burane point, and, to be honest, it has never equaled the original. Among the important pleces which Queen Marguerite is likely to send to the country are the reproduction of Pope Clement XIII'S laces. Her Majesty is also the owner of the originals. It took 15 work-women two years to make them. One piece, which was exhibited at Paris in 1876, is valued at 6,000 frames, although it is only three meters long and 55 inches wide.

Another piece, which may be excluded, is a copy of the wonderful collar made for Louis XIV on his coronation. This masterpiece of Venetian point required two years to make, and cost 250 pieces of gold. These few facts will serve to show how important the Italian Queen's exhibit may be made.

Stories of the Early Laces. A very pretty story holds among the

Venetian laceworkers of the origin of Venetian point. A young sailor returned from distant seas, bringing to his love a specimen of the sea plant known as "mermaids' lace;"
in science, Kalimelia
opuntia. The girl observes with sorrow the
pretty plant withering and losing its as "mermaids' lace;" ing and losing its beautiful symmetry, beautiful symmetry,

and endeavors to imitate it withneedle and thread. The fabric thus produced was des- Cencia Scarpagi most beautiful art works. Equally inter-esting was the revival of Venetian laceart reached its greatest perfection in the seventeenth century, and then the knowlseventeenth century, and then the knowledge of it and the trade gradually died out, until about 30 years ago, when the Buranos scarcely retained a tradition of it. During the winter of 1872 famine almost depopulated the little island. While aiding the people, the Countess Adriano Marcello found in the possession of an old woman named Cencia Scarpagliola several specimens of old Venetian lace. She had made them in her youth. Although of great age, she was immediately placed in charge of a lace school and workroom. The reincarnated industry throve beyond expectation; Burano's lace is known all over the world, and when the art was a secret bound deep and when the art was a secret bound dee within the brain of one weak, decrepit of woman a score of years since, now hundreds are practical workers and find a demand for the lace beyond their ability to supply.

Odd Ways of Keeping Books. Everybody has heard of the storekeeps who unable to write kept his books by drawing rude symbols of the article sold on his slate or book. For instance a circle indiested a cheese, the same circle with a little square in the center represented a grindstone, while a repetition of the same circle inclosing radiating lines stood for a wagon wheel. There are other original methods that have been invented by uneducated persons to keep track of their business, and which are too well known to require recapitulation here, but the curious of all books of the kind I ever heard of was that found among the effects of a bankrupt storekeeper in the West of England recently. It was not the articles that were oddly designated, but the names of customers to whom credit had been, given. One was the Woman on the Key; then there was the Coal Woman; Old Coal Woman; Fat Coal Woman; Market Woman; Pale Woman; A Man; Old Woman; Little Milk Girl; Candle Man; Stable Man; Coachman; Big Woman; Lame Woman; Quiet Woman; Egg Man; Little Black Girl; Mrs. In a Cart; Old Irish Woman; Woman in a bankrupt storekeeper in the West of Eng-

Bonnet; Blue Bonnet; Green Bonnet Green Coat; Blue Britches; Big Britches; The Woman That Was Married; The Wo-man That Told Me of the Man. She Has Written Out Her Living There is not much of shrinking woman ood about Mrs. Lynn Linton, the English woman whose articles

In a Cart; Old Irish Woman; Woman in Corn Street; A Lad; Man in the Country; Long Sal; Mrs. Irish Woman; Mrs. Feather



is essentially a working woman, for since since she was 23-and she is now 70-when she lost by unfortunate investments the Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. small estate left her

father, a clergyman in the lake country, she has earned her own living with her pen. As one so often finds in the case of these fiery writers upon women's wrongs, Mrs. Linton is separated from her husband, W. J. Linton, the reformer, writer and en-graver, who has for many years made his home in this country. Perhaps this is why she writes of divorce with such zest. But she does not spare her own sex. In her last article on "Decay of Modesty in Women" she rides rough-shod over her sisters in the London drawing rooms who wear "skirts so tight as to be little more than an apaque film molded to the figure, and bodices with only a shoulder strap for a sleeve, and so low as to leave no impression of a bedice at

Mrs. Linton's later polemics upo

ethics have to some extent shronded her record as a novelist, yet she wrote several works of fiction before she was 30. She writes for five hours each day still, or was writes for five hours each day still, or was doing so a year or two ago, and the papers and magazines must have published hundreds of her articles in the last 20 years. It is her epigrammatic style that makes her popular. The public like big thoughts in small compass. For instance in one of her recent papers upon "Wild Women" she says: "The unsexed woman pleases the unsexed man," and hits off in a phrase the sympathetic relation between morally unhealthy people of both sexes.

The Man Who May Nominate Hill. It is a rather interesting and withal un-

fortunate fact that among the statesmen of of the United States there are at present but few brilliant orabut few brilliant ora-tors, and not one who could really be termed great. Blaine has the ability, but he cannot at present be classed among the speakers, inasmuch as he has not been heard from in a long time, nor, from indications, is he likely to be heard in the fu-

ture. Leaving Blaine Seaborn out of the case, to whom can we out of the ease, to whom can we turn as a representative American orator? Of the Congressional debaters there are quite a number able to present masterly arguments on any question that may come up, but they are usually read from a manuscript in a dry, hard manner that lulls a few of the talker's colleagues to slumber in their seats, and drives the remainder to pleasant seclusion

drives the remainder to promise of in the cloak room.

Happily for us, however, the promise of the future is more encouraging. If the "young eagles," who are pluming themselves in various parts of the country justify present expectation, the coming genera-tion may find successors to Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner in the Bryans, Dalzells and Wrights who are making themselves heard oratorically both in and out of legislative

halls.

Probably the most interesting figure at present is Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, a young speaker who is electrifying the people of his native State with his magnetic ple of his native State with his magnetic eloquence. Men who have heard some of the greatest speakers of the time say Sea-born Wright has no equal on the rostram to-day. His speeches glow with all the warmth and fervor of the South; his lan-guage is of the best, while his argumenta-tive shifter is above, great while his argumenta-

guage is of the best, while his argumentative ability is always great.

It is to this Southern Demosthenes that the Hill wing of the Democratic party has turned as a banner bearer of the Chicago Convention. He is to be asked to make the speech that will nominate Tammany's favorite, and already the enthusiasts look forward to a stampede to the famous David B., induced by Seaborn Wright's eloquence. Mr. Wright is a young lawyer who has achieved considerable fame in the South. His reputation extended into the Northern States last year as one of the leading consel in the celebrated Winpee Dietz-McKee States last year as one of the leading counsel in the celebrated Winpee Dietz-McKee murder trial, a Georgian case which attracted much attention at the time on account of the intricate law points involved and from which Mr. Wright emerged triumphant, although arrayed against him were the flower of the Southern bar.

The Custom of Handshaking. According to some of the English news-

papers, the custom of handshaking, the old familiar salutation, is falling into disuse, for no other reason apparently than that to the civilized person it is entirely superfluous; that one can greet one's friend cor-dially enough without going through the common every day formality of shaking hands. There may be something in this, but any tendency in the same direction has not been observed in this country. Ac-quaintances and friends still hold to the ancient Eastern custom of cordially "wringancient Eastern custom of cordially "wringing" the "working hand" until it is often
unfit to write, draw or do any work with for
hours after. However, the mere lack of
signs that it is going out of fashion here, is
no reason why there may not be more truth
in the reports published in English journals
that it is going out of fashion in their country, and if it is there is bardly any doubt
that the same tendency will manifest itself
in this country as soon as it is proved to be
the English idea. I suppose no one would welcome such an innovation more than the American politician, whose campaigns are often for the most part made up of "hand-shaking beea." I do not think it protable, shaking bees." I do not think it probable, however, that the custom will become obsolete soon. If it should, some other method of salutation would take its place, for good good friends will insist on some manner of showing their pleasure at meeting. To refrain from doing so would be like the behest of Elisha when he sent his servant, Gehazi, to lay his staff on the face of the land Chromonic whild. "If then meet a meet of the dead Shunamite child: "If thou meet a man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, anwer him not again."
What then may be the form of salutation

that will likely take the place of hand-shaking? We borrowed that custom from the orientals, and it is not only interesting to conjecture what the new fashion may be, but also the source from which it may be derived. If trees and plants were more plentiful in the cities we might adopt the beautiful custom of the New Guinea people, who place a garland of leaves on the heads who place a garland of leaves on the heads of those to be saluted. If any token at all is to be presented, the above must be given the preference over the South Sea Islanders' fashion of casting a jar of water on the head of your friend; the sucient Persian's opening of a vein to offer a drink of blood, or the other South Sea Island notion of spitting on the hands and then rubbing the face of the greated one. If none of these methods should be satisfactory, the negro idea of snapping and cracking fingers or the clapping of hands might be adopted. Again, if none of these is expressive enough we have none of these is expressive enough we have the Australian custom of sticking out the tongue, the Turkish kissing of the hand, the Gond's pulling of the ears, the Esquimaux' rubbing of noses or that most charming of all customs designed, and it is to be hoped copyrighted by the Chittagongs, the smell-ing of each other. For our Western people who dwell in unsettled parts the salute of ing of each other. For our Western p the Moorish horseman might be adopted. It is a custom that is strangely illustrative of the suspicion engendered by living in dis-tricts where one is as likely to meet a deadly enemy as a friend. At the top of his speed the Moor rides at the stranger, then suddenly pulls up and fires his gun over the stranger's head, as if recognizing him to be a triend

instead of a foe.
All frivolty aside, what could be more expressive than the custom which Herbert Spencer traces to the movement which would be likely to occur if two persons desired to draw the hands of each other to their lips, and each at the same time en-deavored to withdraw his hand in deprecation of the submissive salutation, but which others, and I think more reasonably, derive from an ancient usage that the offer and ac ceptance of a weaponless hand inferred peace and brotherhood. W. G. KAUPMANN.

