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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ONE TEAR THE LESS.

If you have caused one tear the less
Down sorrow's cheek to flow;
If you have caused one smile the more
On any face to glow;
Then, friend, you have not lived in vain,
For wherso'er you stray
Through learning's walks, or labor's paths,
Or trouble's tangled way,
You still have this bright thought to cheer,
This memory to bless,
That you have caused one smile the more,
And one sad tear the less.

'Tis sweet to have the things we prize,
And sweet to be content
With whatsoever lot in life
The Gracious Powers have sent;
But sweeter far to feel and know
That kindly word or deed
May help, through seas of care and woe,
Some soul in direst need.

When those brave men who stationed are
On many a rock-bound shore
Put out, at peril of their lives,
Where billows rage and roar—
If they but save from death's cold grasp
One half-drowned, shipwrecked man
They feel repaid for all their toil,
And all the risk they ran.

And thus if we, by timely aid,
Rendered with loving care,
Can save one sad and sinking heart
From surges of despair,
Kind Heaven will smile upon our task
And every effort bless,
If we but cause one smile the more
And one sad tear-drop less.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

WIDOW DRAKE'S BEAU.

BY MARIE MOORE MARSH.

"Well!" said the hired girl, as she took a clothespin from her mouth and carefully fastened a pair of trousers of ancient cut and ample proportions to the clothesline, "when it comes to widows, I own 'em to be beyond my understanding. What Mrs. Drake can see in that there furrin-speakin' westerner, I can't see. But there's no question but what the weddin's to come off soon, an' her telling me to fetch these here close that belonged to number one out and air 'em is to my mind a sure sign sh's goin' to dispose of 'em an get 'em out of the way before number two comes along.

"Her first's been under the sod these ten years an' she's mourned him long enough, the land knows. I ain't in no way against widows marryin' an' tryin' it again if they like; but I do say it 'ud be more seemly to choose a man o' her own Yankee stock than one o' frog-eatin' French descent."

And the hired girl gave the vest which she was shaking a jerk which sent one of the buttons half-way across the yard.

It certainly did look as though there was to be a wedding at Widow Drake's before long, and the neighbors whispered that there was a little romance connected with it. And so there was, but they never could have guessed what it was about, neither could you if you were to try for a month—so I am going to tell you about it.

The Widow Drake was a plump, well-preserved little body, with fresh, rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, and the smoothest of brown hair without a thread of silver in it. She was not young, but no body would have guessed that she was forty, and as a woman is only as old as she looks, she kept her own counsel and let people speak of her as being thirty-five.

Her husband had left her a neat little home and enough money to keep her comfortably without any care beyond a few little economies now and then, in the shape of a dyed gown or a reconstructed bonnet.

Her life was calm and uneventful too uneventful, by half, she thought, as she sat in the twilight stroking the great Maltese cat which was her companion and confidant.

Priscilla, the maid of all work, was a woman of too mature an age to be called a girl in any other sense than a hired girl, and she chose that title of her own free will. She had lived with Mrs. Drake during her brief married life, and the widow had kept ever since because she dreaded being alone in the house. But Priscilla was neither sympathetic nor responsive, and Tom, the Maltese cat, was much more apt to agree with the widow's opinions so it was to him that she whispered, upon this evening in June, that she had half a mind to go west and take up a claim.

And Tom purred his approval and the widow went on and poured into his ear a scheme which had been working in her mind for several days.

Of course every one said that she must be crazy. Odd, over-thrifty and venturesome were the mildest of the adjectives which were applied to this harmless little woman, who was simply tired of the dull life which she was living and who knew of no other way of making a change which would benefit her health and mind and her purse a well.

And this is how it happened that this woman who seemed far too dainty for such a life, was living away out on a Dakota claim, in a snug little shanty of pine boards, banked with sods, and in the midst of the crudest of surroundings.

It was the first of July when she filed her claim and it was required that there should be a six months' residence upon it. Everybody said that she never would stay half the time; but she smiled and stroked old Tom.

It wasn't so bad, after all, she thought. There were plenty of neighbors—not very near, to be sure—but half a mile seems so much nearer in that clear atmosphere which transmits light and sound so marvelously.

Each morning she heard the shrill vocal salute of the two schoolma'ams who lived on the claim next hers; and from her own door she would call back a hearty "hallo-o," which always brought a smile to the faces of those ancient dames.

And then, out there, everybody was so kind to everybody else, and somebody was always offering to bring ones mail or groceries from the queer low hut which served as general store, post office, machine shop, and dwelling in one.

Of course the bill of fare was apt to be a little monotonous. There was a great deal of salt pork and bacon and dried fish, but there were lots of tinned vegetables and canned fruit from home to help out, and, really, it wasn't at all what one would fancy from the doleful tales one hears of the suffering in new countries.

Then there were papers and magazines and letters from dear ones. Only there was one trouble. The widow had no dear ones. She was all alone. And a little jealous feeling would come in spite of her when the two old maids would stop with their hands full of letters from sisters and nephews and nieces, to hand her a letter from—Priscilla.

Sometimes a tear would drop on Tom's sleek coat, but that was not often; only when she was silly, she told herself.

Now there was, about three quarters of a mile to the right of the widow's shanty a modest little shock, half covered with luxurant vines; over the front door was a roughly made lattice, and this, too, was covered with the vines, and the whole cottage was a picturesque little affair and the envy of the schoolma'ams, who loved flowers, but whose vines always died and whose ornamental gardening was confined to a bed of sickly looking four o'clocks which grew by the door.

The owner of the vine-draped shanty was a bachelor of middle age who spoke with a queer foreign accent. He was an extremely bashful man and he scarcely dared look at the ladies as they passed him, with the good-natured "Howdy" that was the customary greeting of the country.

The widow had watched him often from the window as he plowed up his claim, and she admired his fine manly bearing, and she did wish in heart he'd be a bit neighborly, and she told Tom so; but Tom only purred and stretched himself in the sun.

Now, as I said, the schoolma'ams were passionately fond of flowers and were discouraged and chagrinned that nothing would grow in their door yard. So one day when they saw the owner of Vine cottage, as they called it, setting out for town, they equipped themselves with a basket and trowel and, stopping for the widow, they went on a tour of pillage.

They all entered into the fun of the thing and in an hour or more a drooping, dejected-looking vine was clinging to a string beside the door of each cottage.

And the odd thing was, that while the vine of the schoolma'ams faded and died, that of the widow grew and throve marvelously. So wonderful was its growth that soon it began to spread over the walls and roof until her shanty rivaled the vine cottage in the way of verdure. And the two old maids joked the widow and caused her to blush furiously at the undignified prank she had played in getting the vine.

In time, the shy man grew a little neighborly and sometimes a brace of prairie chickens would be hung, without a word, on the widow's door. Or again it would be a lot of rare pebbles, quartz and agate, or a trout or pickerel from the lake near by. And at each offering the widow would nod her pretty head wisely and smile to herself.

Nature was kind to the pioneers that year. There had been no severe storms, no terrible heat or drought, and in November it was still mild and warm, without a sign of frost. Everyone said that it was a remarkable season, just as though the remark were quite new and original.

The widow was saying to herself one afternoon that after all it had been very pleasant to be a pioneer woman. There had been no great discomforts and deprivations, and now that there were but two months more to stay, she was half sorry.

She had been putting away some of her clothes, and a white Mother Hubbard wrapper, a favorite garment of the widow's, hung upon a clothesline beside the house. It was a dainty thing, white cambric, with lace-edged ruffles and with a pink ribbon bow with long ends at the neck. Indeed, to have seen the widow in it would have reconciled the most prejudiced person to the much-maligned Mother Hubbard.

There had been little fitful gusts of wind all day and late in the afternoon it became quite a gale. The tumble weeds hurried from spot to spot as the wind veered about, and the dainty Mother Hubbard flapped furiously in the breeze, but the widow was reading a very interesting book and never looked up until crash came a flying board against the side of the house and the shanty began to sway and rock like a cradle.

It was a short-lived storm and there was no damage done, and in half an hour the sky was again clear; but when Mrs. Drake went out to look for her gown it was gone. Of course the wind had torn it to tatters. There was no use to look for it; it was gone forever, and with a sigh the little woman went into the house.

The next two months flew very rapidly. The bachelor had grown bolder and had come to call, but the lively widow did most of the talking and he replied in broken monosyllables.

The weather was still bright and pleasant, and there had been no blizzards, no snow. That was remarkable, too, for it was nearly holiday time.

Then came Xmas, such a queer, quiet day with not even a letter from Priscilla. But even then there was genuine regret in her heart when Mrs. Drake began to pack her belongings preparatory to going back to the states. She was in better health and spirits than ever before, and she had a quarter section of land of her own and she had made some pleasant friends. On the whole it had paid well.

It was New Year's eve and she was to leave the next morning. She put on an extra lump of coal and set the lighted lamp in the window. She thought it might cheer some one, you know, and it did; it shone way out on the path and lit the way for the bachelor as he came hurrying across the fields.

As he came into the little room, bare of all the pretty little articles which had made it so cheerful and homelike, his heart gave a thump to think that it would so soon be empty and deserted, and he resolved to say what was on his mind at once.

But the words would not come; he could only open the parcel which he had brought and take out—guess what! The tattered remnants of a cambric Mother Hubbard.

As the widow gave a little squeal of surprise, he said, with a stately bow: "I have bring ze—ze chemise of madame, which ze wind brings to me so long ago." And with an impetuous motion he tore open his coat and there over his heart lay the folded pink ribbon which had been at the throat of the gown.

Somehow after that he didn't need words, for the widow's dark head rested on the ribbon and both his arms were about her.

Now there is something irresistibly funny about the courtship of middle-aged lovers. Young lovers are interesting enough, and old lovers are pathetically grotesque, but when two common-place people in middle life fall in love with each other I defy them to behave so that they are above ridicule.

So we will draw the curtain here, when I tell you that after her lover had gone the widow whispered to Tom: "So romantic, isn't it? But how absurd to call it a chemise." The widow returned to her old home and to Priscilla; and it has leaked out that she is wearing a ring with "Happy New Year" engraved inside, so the neighbors believe that the wedding is to come off on an anniversary of that day.

But I have told all that I am going to, now, and if you really want to know if they are married, just look among the marriage notices on New Year's day.

A Ring Cut Out of Diamond.

Everybody knows how difficult it is even for expert lapidaries to cut diamonds; not only on account of their hardness, but by reason of their structure and veins, which must be well defined before the cutter begins his work. M. Antoine, one of the best-known jewelers of Antwerp, has, after many fruitless attempts, and three years of arduous and patient toil, at last succeeded in cutting a whole ring out of a block of diamond. The ring is perfectly round, with a diameter of 19 millimetres (about three-quarters of an inch). It was exhibited for some time in Antwerp, and was very much admired. Its value is not given, as the maker will not sell it. Outside of this ring there is but one other ring known to be cut out of one stone, and that is the beautiful sapphire ring in the Marlborough collection.

His Galvanized Hat.

This story is told of Dr. George E. Ellis, who always contributed at least his share of wit and wisdom to the feast when he dined out. One very warm day he went to dine informally with a friend and arrived, comfortable in a thin coat, and on his head a manilla hat. A celebrated orthodox divine was also a guest, and in the intimacy of the after-dinner chat, he chaffed Dr. Ellis a little about the "dressy" costume in which he had chosen to appear. The manilla hat was pierced with shafts of fun. Dr. Ellis smilingly replied that he would have a word said against that hat. It was a good friend. He had had it for years. Wonder was expressed that the hat had lasted so long, and Dr. Ellis was asked what made it so enduring. "Well it has been Calvinized," he declared. His host misunderstanding, asked how in the world a hat could be galvanized, and Dr. Ellis, with a droll look at the orthodox Andover professor, said, "I didn't say galvanized, I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in brimstone."

Fat Kings.

The elderly King of Bavaria, of heavy build, with a dull, surly face, looked like a stout German farmer. The king of Wurtemberg made up for the smallness of his domains by the colossal bulk of his person. His stay at Vienna was cut short owing to an unfortunate incident. So enormous was his development that in all the dining tables at home he had a semi-circular space cut out to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him at the Austrian Court dinner tables. One night a great banquet was given to which he was invited. In the course of the meal some remark was made which the King construed as a slight on himself. Wild with rage, he jumped up with such suddenness that the table, caught by his protuberant bulk, was overturned and all the dishes, plate, glass and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His Majesty fled from the room, pursued by shouts of laughter and left for Vienna that very night.

His Skeleton to be His Monument.

An Indianapolis special says: Jeff Garrigus, grave robber, who makes no effort to conceal his ghoulish business, has just made his will, in which he leaves his body to the Indiana Medical College, of this city. He directs that after his body is dissected by the students and made the subject of lectures by members of the faculty, the skeleton is to be placed in an upright position in the dissecting room of the college, with the right hand on the handle of a new spade and the left foot resting on the blade, the latter to be highly polished and the words, "Jeff Garrigus, the resurrectionist," painted upon it in large black letters. Garrigus says that is the only monument he covets, and the faculty has promised to carry out his wishes to the letter.

"Greystone" to be a Hotel.

"Greystone," the home of the late Samuel J. Tilden, situated about half way between Yonkers and Hastings, is to be bought by a syndicate of New York capitalists represented by A. E. Sumner.

The estate comprises about 800 acres, and the price agreed upon is $2000 an acre, making the aggregate nearly $2,000,000. The property will be overhauled in the spring and the house will be fitted with all the modern improvements for a hotel. It will be conducted as a summer resort by the purchasing syndicate, which represents a capital of $3,000,000.

A Curious Clock.

A curious clock has been made by a clockmaker at Warsaw named Goldfadon, who has worked at it six years. The clock represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for the traveler, telegraph and ticket offices, a very pretty well lighted platform and a flower garden in the center of which is a sprinkling fountain of clear water. Past the railway station run the lines. There are the signal boxes, signal lights and reservoirs—in fact, everything that belongs to a railway station, to the smallest detail.

In the cupola of the central tower is a clock which shows the time of the place; two clocks in the side cupolas show the time at New York and Pekin, and on the two outermost towers are a calendar and a barometer. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First of all the telegraph official begins to work. He despatches a telegram stating that the line is clear. The doors open, and on the platform appear the station master and his assistant; the clerk is seen at the window of the ticket office, and the pointsmen come out of their boxes and close the barriers.

A long line of people form at the ticket office to buy tickets; porters carry luggage; the bell is rung, and then out of the tunnel comes a train, rushing into the station, and, after the engine has given a shrill whistle, stops. A workman goes from carriage to carriage and tests the axles with a hammer. Another pumps water into the boiler of the engine. After the third signal with the bell the engine whistles and the train disappears in the opposite tunnel; the station master and his assistant leave the platform, and the doors of the waiting room close behind them; the pointsmen return into their boxes, and perfect stillness prevails till, in a quarter of an hour, the whole is repeated.

Some Curious Trees.

There are many vegetable wonders in this world of ours. Certain tropical trees furnish clothes as well as food, and the inner bark of others is smooth and flexible enough for writing paper. The bread tree has a solid fruit, a little larger than a cocoanut, which when cut in slices and cooked can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread. The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is wet, even in a drouth constantly distilling water in its leaves, and the wine tree of Mauritus Island furnishes good wine instead of water. A kind of ash in Sicily has a sap which hardens into sugar and is used as such by the natives without any refining. The product of the wax tree in the Andes resembles beeswax very closely. Then there is the butter tree of Africa, which produces as much as a hundred pounds at once, only to be renewed in a few months. This secretion when hardened and salted is difficult to distinguish from fresh, sweet butter. Closely rivalling this is the milk tree of South America, the sap of which resembles rich cow's milk and is used as such by the natives. China can boast of a soap tree, the seeds of which, when used as soap, produce strong suds and remove dirt and grease readily. In direct opposition to these useful trees is the man-eating plant of the tropics, which resembles Venus' flytrap in its nature. It has a short, thick trunk armed with narrow, flexible, barbed spines.

Magic in India.

Some recent travelers who have seen the magicians of India, have reported that the skill of these jugglers has been overrated, and that there tricks are really less wonderful than they have been said to be. But Mr. Kellar, who is himself a sleight-of-hand expert, thinks differently. He says that the Hindoo wizards perform tricks that he can neither duplicate nor understand, so marvelous are they. This is what he relates of one whom he saw at the Chaddermunzil Club at Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up; then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this there appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not completed. Hiting the reptile upon the head with his wand the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish-colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. That was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me to-day as it was then."

German Women.

One of the most striking proofs of the backward state of civilization in Germany is the undoubted inferiority of the women to the men. This is to be noticed in all ranks and conditions of life, and is the more curious since the German girl usually receives an admirable education, not aspirations beyond her kitchen and nursery, and no topics of conversation except the iniquity of her servants and the extravagance of her neighbors. Her husband, on the other hand, is, as a rule, original and intelligent, and would be an agreeable conversationalist if he were not too argumentative and self-opinionated. In theatrical matters the same contrast may be noticed. The actors are invariably better than the actresses, the tenors and baritones outshine the sopranos and contraltos; even the male ballet dancers are more agile and graceful than their short-petticoated colleagues.

You Can Watch a Plant Grow.

A French scientist, M. Ragonneau, has just discovered how to make a plant grow from the seed in 30 minutes as much as it would under ordinary circumstances in as many days. Heretofore nature has shared this secret with the Yoghis of India alone, and the methods pursued by the clever magicians in performing this trick have been often described. They plant a seed in the earth and cover it with a cloth. In a few moments the cloth begins to be pushed upward by the growing plant, which in a short time attains the height of several feet. Various theories have been advanced as to the modus operandi of this miracle, one of the latest being that the spectators are all hypnotized by the magician.

During his travels in India M. Ragonneau saw this trick performed frequently and noticed that the Hindoos always imbedded the seed in soil which they brought with them especially for that purpose. At last he learned that they obtained this earth from ant hills. Now, as every one knows who has inadvertently eaten one of these industrious insects, ants contain a large proportion of formic acid, with which in time the soil of their habitations becomes charged. This acid has the power of quickly dissolving the integument surrounding a seed and of greatly stimulating the growth of the germ within.

After a little experimenting with this acid the learned Frenchman was able to duplicate perfectly the Hindoo trick. His further researches have led him to believe that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar can be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using earth moistened with a solution of 5000 parts of water to one of acid.—*New York World.*

To Clean Carpets.

It is often the case that accidents happen when one is far away from a cleaner's or when perchance the carpet may not be worth the expense of the professional's service, but would be extremely useful if put in good order.

A simple and effectual means of cleaning is to rip the breadths apart, if the carpet is large; take one breadth at a time over a common kitchen table or wide board and scour with prepared soapsuds, if necessary, or naphtha. If that substance is to be used, scrub the carpet thoroughly with an ordinary scrub brush. If the washing is done with soapsuds, it is well to rinse the carpet thoroughly, which may be done by throwing on pailfuls of water and scrubbing it out with the brush to rid the fabric of the suds as nearly as may be. If the carpet shows symptoms of fading, or if the colors threaten to run, it is quite worth while to go over it again and again with the brush and with soft cloths and remove the water as rapidly as possible, meanwhile having the board or table tipped at an angle so as to allow all surplus water to drain away as quickly as it can. This is rather slow work; but if well done, the result will be a carpet entirely cleaned, perfectly wholesome and quite good enough for an upper room or for the rugs and pieces that are required in every house.

We Need New Noses.

An Austrian scientist has been attacking the European nose. He says it is a miserable, degraded organ and a disgrace to civilization. He admires the large, full nostrils of the negro, and says that is the sort of a nose to have. That is the nose that can smell. The nose of Europe cannot smell; our olfactory sense is gone. The London nose could never snuff the London atmosphere; nor, he might have added, the much more complicated odors of cologne. He attributes this degeneration to cigarette smoking, and life in crowds, and has such a poor opinion of the organ which now obtains that he does not think it worth the while to interfere, otherwise science might take us by the nose, he considers, with great advantage.

American Locomotives Abroad.

American locomotives have been found cheaper to maintain in foreign countries than English locomotives, and this is largely due to their greater simplicity and easy accessibility for repairs. American engines are the most comfortable and easy to fire and run, and as a rule are easier riding. These qualities win the admiration of the enginemen, and constitute a powerful factor of success on the railways of the world. English manufacturers are beginning to appreciate the truth of this, and to modify the construction of their engines accordingly, and in recent English engines intended for export we find efforts made toward the adoption of some of the popular features of the American locomotive.—*National Car Builder.*

Making Up Lost Time.

In regard to the difficulty of making up lost time on railways, a writer in a foreign paper says: Thus, to take a case, 10 miles to be run at 60 miles an hour, average line, suppose the engineer is a couple of minutes late when he comes to this length of 10 miles, which he generally runs in 10 minutes. If he run it at 65 miles an hour, he is then only making up one minute in every 13 miles, and if he runs at 70 miles an hour, he makes up one minute in every seven miles. He is probably timeed to make it necessary to do the 10 miles about as fast as he can every day, so that trying to gain even a couple of minutes in this length is out of the question. Again: if he relaxes the speed 10 miles, say, to 50, he is losing time at the rate of one minute in every five miles. Thus, from a speed of 60 an increase of 10 miles only gains one minute in every seven miles, but a decrease of 10 miles loses one minute in every five miles.—*Power.*

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

Secrets of the Kitchen.

The waiter carries his order to a man who is known as the "dummy-man" and quietly repeats it to him. The dummy-man takes down on a slip the number of the waiter, the time the order was given and the items of it. All this is shorthand, but not the shorthand written by the giddy young thing who chews gum and can't read her notes. The dummy-man is inventor and patentee of a shorthand of his own which has its advantages even if it does make an order look like a Chinese laundry ticket. For instance, two short horizontal lines stand for a sirloin steak. If there is a little circle just above the lines it means that the man who gave the order is not going to call on his fiancee and will take onions on his steak. If the circle stands at the end of the lines it means he wants mushrooms.

When the waiter has given the order to the dummy-man his work is temporarily over. It is the dummy-man who really starts the machinery. Right behind him stretch the great ranges, manned by twenty cooks. Turning to them the dummy-man quietly calls off the order in its different portions. There is a cook for each department or section of the commissary, so the vegetable part of the order is turned over to the vegetable cook, the fish to the fish cook, the steaks go to the broiler, while game, fowl and roast meats are dealt with by the carver. When the orders have been separately prepared they are turned over to the chef, who inspects them carefully. If they pass muster the order goes on to the dummy-man, who checks it up by his record, garnishes it, puts it on the steam table to keep hot and presses a button. This causes a drop bearing the waiter's number to fall in the dining-room and is the waiter's notice that his order is ready.

People generally suppose the chef to be a busy cook working at the range with his crew of men. Such is not the case. In the modern restaurant the chef's entire duties are those of an overseer and disciplinarian. Strange as it may seem, behind the scenes it would be considered a less offense for a subordinate cook to send out a tough lobster or an underdone steak than to talk. Beyond the doors the chef is absolute master, and holds each man to his work. The result speaks for itself. The entire kitchen of this mammoth restaurant runs like clockwork, and at the busiest time, when there are five hundred guests without waiting to be served, a man can speak at one end of the great kitchen and be heard at the other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

What is the Sun's Heat?

The estimates of the heat of the sun differ widely, some scientists stating it as 1500 degrees, others even as high as 5,000,000 degrees centigrade. Only very few of the figures so far given are the result of scientific measurements, most of them being more or less wild guesses. Of the older measurement, Rosetti and Le Chatelier came nearest to being correct, the former estimating the heat at 10,000 degrees, the latter at 7600 degrees centigrade. On account of the enormous distance of the sun and insignificent instruments all attempts to correctly measure the heat of our brilliant asterisk failed. At last an experiment was made with a boy's radiomicrometer by Messrs. W. E. Wilson and R. L. Gray. The heat of a platinum wire at white heat was projected upon the instrument, which turned to a certain angle under the influence of the heat, the quantity of which is known.

On the other side the sun's rays projected through a small opening, diverted the instrument in the opposite direction. The opening of the instrument admitting a known quantity of artificial radiating heat was regulated until the resulting deviation of the radiomicrometer was absolutely identical on both sides; the subsequent calculation shows the heat of the sun to be 6200 degrees centigrade, or nearly 11,200 degrees Fahrenheit.—*Neue Freie Presse.*

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no medicine has had greater success in curing coughs, colds, hoarseness and consumption than Pan-Tina. This celebrated remedy stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs and induces a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and life-saving virtues of this great remedy. Pan-Tina costs only 25 and 50 cents at Benford's drug store.

Why the Boy Was Tied.

One of the managers of a home for destitute colored children tells a funny story about the way Christmas was celebrated at the institution. She went out there in the afternoon to see how things were getting along and found a youngster as black as the inside of a coal mine tied to a bedpost, with his hands behind him.

"What is that boy tied up there for?" she demanded of the attendant.

"For lying, ma'am; he is the worstest, lyingest nigger I ever seen."

"What's his name?"

"George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply.—Washington letter in the Chicago Record.

An Italian editor with a turn for the curious has collected statistics with reference to European fads during the year 1894. In England it has been clay modeling, the chief victims having been Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt; in Paris it was riddles; in Italy and Southern France it was jumping beans