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The richest silver ore in large bodies ever discovered in the United States was struck lately in the Iron Hill mine, near Deadwood, Dakota. Much of it assayed $15,000 to the ton.

Americans probably invest more money in farming tools than any other people. By the census of 1880 the value of agricultural implements made the previous year was $68,000,000. Ten years is a long life to the average of farm tools, and many are worthless after three or four years use or rust. It is probable that the entire amount invested in farm tools now in use is nearly or quite $1,000,000,000.

The death of a sea captain recently was ascribed by medical authorities to blood-poisoning, caused by his vessel carrying a cargo of nitrate of soda. The sailors were affected by what they called rheumatism. The captain, being in the after-cabin, suffered the full force of the evaporation of the nitrate. It is said that four captains in the employ of a leading eastern shipping firm have died within a few years from this same cause.

A naturalist in the west has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl-traps fastened to their legs. He set a trap to catch an owl and it mysteriously disappeared. He set a heavier trap and caught in it an owl which had the first trap attached to one of its legs. The phrase "stupid as an owl" seems a fitting reflection upon a bird which would set about making a collection of owl-traps in such a manner as this.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The mahdi's grave outside Omdurman in the Soudan is now marked by a plain monument, erected by his successor, Sheikh Abdulla. The false prophet is buried on the spot where he died, in his tent, his sword and silver helmet lying on his tomb, where four dervishes watch and pray continuously. Now the grave is enclosed in a stone and brick tower, about fourteen and a half feet in diameter. The outside wall is whitewashed and decorated with an inscription, in huge black letters, stating that the prophet rests beneath.

The unequal distribution of land in Great Britain may be judged by the fact that seventy-five members of the new house of commons own more than three thousand acres of land each, with a rental value of more than $15,000 a year. Two of these own $100,000 each, three more than $50,000 acres, and seventeen over 10,000 acres apiece. Sir John Ramsden's rentals are nearly one million dollars per annum; Sir John St. Aubyn's nearly half a million, and four others are over $150,000 per year. The rentals of twenty-eight members range from $50,000 to $150,000 each annually, and yet there is but comparatively little emigration from "the fast-anchored isle."

One of those heroines of whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, Ga. Her name is Sallie Hansford. Her husband has been bedridden with rheumatism for nine years, and she has had a family of four children—two boys and two girls—to support. Last year she bought 107 acres of land, much of it original forest, and with the aid of her two boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs together, split the rails, built the fence, and burnt the brush, with their help; and made last year nine bales of cotton, also corn and peas enough for her own use, paid for her rent last year, paid her store account, and paid $40 on her land. She has bought her meat for this year and paid for it. In addition to this she has done the cooking and gone to market with eggs and chickens.

Mr. Ivan Levinstein, the president of the Manchester section of the Society of Chemical Industry, calls attention to a new substance which is extracted from coal tar, and possesses sweetening properties far stronger than the best cane or beet-root sugar. The substance, he said, seemed likely to enter into daily consumption. According to Mr. Levinstein, one part of it will give a very sweet taste to 10,000 parts of water, for it is 230 times sweeter than best sugar, and taken in the quantities added to food as sweetening material, has no injurious effects on the human system. Patients suffering from diabetes have been treated for the last few months in one of the principal hospitals in Berlin with saccharin without feeling in the least inconvenienced by its use. The use of saccharin would, therefore, Mr. Levinstein said, be not merely a probable substitute for sugar, but it might even be applied to medicinal purposes where sugar was not permissible.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A TRUST WELL KEPT

BY EDMUND LYONS.

The torrent of mutiny in India that had been gathering volume and force in secret for months had burst its barriers at last, and was sweeping along as though past all control. The gallant old Colonel Pratt had paraded his regiment in front of his bungalow, and, with his gray hair rippled by the warm breeze, had expressed to them his ill-founded confidence that, though all the other Sepoys rose in rebellion, they would never rise. His men, whom he always spoke of as "his children," greeted his speech with ringing cheers. Two hours later they had murdered the veteran, and, under their own chosen leaders, were marching to Delhi, their band playing, with the curious inconsistency for which the mutineers from first to last were famous, the English national anthem, "God Save the Queen." Allahabad had fallen. Every officer at the mess table, with one exception, had been butchered by the servant who stood behind him, and struck with his knife when the signal was given. The one who escaped the general doom, and who was called, when the story was told, the "Martyr of Allahabad," sprang through a window of the mess room, and reaching the banks of the Ganges plunged in and swam for many miles; hiding in the jungle during the day, and drifting with the current at night; suffering incredible hardships, to die of native fever induced by the exposure when friends and apparent safety were reached at last.

Other officers belonging to that ill-fated mess escaped. Not many, and those only because they were not at the table when the murderous signal was given. One of them, having been detained by regimental business, was hurrying to join his comrades when a woman stepped from by coming with startling suddenness from the shadow of a clump of bamboos beside the road.

"Sahib, don't go on!" she said, speaking in her own language. "They are all dead by this time. Boden Singh was behind your chair, his knife ready, and had you been in it you would have been with Allah now. Boden Singh was mad with rage, and waiting. He had waited so long that he said he could wait no longer. He wanted to murder you last night when you were asleep on the charpoy, but I told him if he did so it would not be easy to get the officers all together at the mess to-night. So he agreed to wait a little longer and stab you in the back, as the others were stabbed, while he stood behind at dinner. He has killed somebody else by this time, to make up for having missed you. Yes, it is terrible, but why did you put the grease on the cartridges? Ah, here they come!"

The butchery was over, and a troop of soldiers, accompanied by the servants who had slain their masters, were marching down the road, headed by a band playing "Rule Britannia." The woman who had spoken was Pooniah, the wife of the villain Boden Singh. Boden Singh was the "bearer," or body servant, of the officer who had been warned. I was the officer.

"Quick, Sahib!" she exclaimed, hastily, as I stood irresolute in the middle of the road. "They will see us in a minute. Hide in the clump of bamboos! And in a moment we were crouching there, side by side, while the mutineers came on, marching with that steady military step that they had learned so well from their English masters. They had learned some other things, too, from the same teachers, and in the next few months they showed all too plainly that the seed of instruction had not been cast upon barren soil.

"Why did you put grease on the cartridges?" At that moment, with life and death hanging about evenly in the balance, those words and their evil inference were ringing in my brain. Assuredly the pork grease on the cartridges had in some degree hastened the mutiny. The cartridges of that day had to be bitten before they were used, and both Hindoo and Mussulman abhor the flesh of the pig, though the higher classes eat imported hams and bacon, and protest that they are not to be blamed for it at all. The Sepoys had gone on biting the cartridges contentedly, and with no idea that they were putting the unclean thing into their mouths, until the rebellious rajahs, watching for such an opportunity, wilily pointed out the grievance. Several of the regiments protested, and asked that the grease on the cartridges be changed, so as no longer to clash with their religious principles; and had the advice, strongly urged, of the astute Sir John Lawrence, then collector of Agra, afterward governor-general of India, been taken these requests would have been granted at once; but India's rulers, in the pride of a century's almost undisturbed possession, feared nothing, suspected no danger, and drifted blindly on to the sharpest crisis in England's later history.

A clump of bamboos is a good spot for a fugitive to hide in. It is an excellent place also for a party of soldiers to encamp by. The mutineers thought so, and, throwing themselves on the parched grass beside the road twenty yards from where we were hidden, they began to smoke and discuss in low, cautious tones, for they were still distrustful of themselves and each other, the prospects of the desperate venture to which they were now irretrievably committed.

It was quite light enough now to see that Boden Singh was not with the soldiers. Where has he gone to? I asked my preserver, in a whisper. "He has gone to your bungalow," she replied, significantly. "He expects to find you there!"

Situated as I then was, forewarned and, therefore, forearmed, I was sincerely sorry that Boden Singh would not find me in my bungalow.

The clump of tall, thin bamboos were singing their endless song to the night breeze, felt by their sensitive, lofty tops, though not perceptible below; and, our voices lost to the mutineers in the groaning and creaking of the branches, I learned from Pooniah her reason for saving me. A few weeks previously, when the shadow of the advancing mutiny had fallen on the country, I caught Boden Singh, who could read and speak English remarkably well, about to open a letter given to me by a messenger from Sir John Lawrence to deliver to the commissioner of Jubbulpore. In view of the expected outbreak such an intention, if exposed, would infallibly have been quickly followed by Boden Singh's execution; but he had read nothing of the dispatch, and, yielding to Pooniah's entreaties, I was silent, and his life was spared.

"The time is close at hand, sahib," said the grateful wife, "when I may do for you what you have done for him, and"—she stooped down, picked up a small piece of earth and swallowed it, following a well known custom of Hindoo fanaticism—"may this choke me if I betray the trust."

Boden Singh, too, pledged himself to repay the debt I had placed him under. How the husband and wife kept faith with me the coming ordeal showed.

"Pooniah! Why are you here?" It was Boden Singh who spoke. Coming by a short cut from my bungalow he had approached the rear of the clump and nearly fallen over us. In another second he had seen me, and his knife—a carving knife from the mess table—was in his hand; and in the next I had him by the throat, disarmed, and on the ground. He would have shouted for help, but Pooniah stooped, and in quick, nervous tones whispered: "Boden Singh, utter one word and I will run out and say you were saving your sahib! You were his bearer, and gave him warning in time to prevent him from going to the mess table. How long do you think you would live after that was told? The sahib will spare your life again if you will promise not to join the mutineers. Lie quiet now, and you will never see me after tonight."

The villain saw his only chance for safety. Sullenly he gave the promise required of him, and lay still for twenty minutes. Then the Sepoys moved away, and half an hour later I, for the second time, allowed Boden Singh to go in peace.

"Sahib," said Pooniah, "I have kept my trust. I can do no more for you. Salaam." She was gone, and I never saw her again.

More fortunately than the "Martyr of Allahabad" I got safely into Lucknow, and came out with Sir Colin Campbell's men when they marched to our relief. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Boden Singh's word was broken. He was an active mutineer. I saw him for the last time near Cawnpore. He was one of a long line of Sepoys tied to a staked rope running forward from the muzzle of a shotted gun.

"Boden Singh," I said, "I cannot save you this time."

"Would you if you could?" he asked.

And as I looked on the traitor's face, and recollections of the past crowded upon me, I could only reply:

"I don't think I would."—*New York Star.*

A Novel Trade Custom.

"A novel commercial custom came to my notice in Vera Cruz, Mexico," says a traveler in that country to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter. "I went into a tobacco shop to buy a cigar. I got one for five cents, which pleased me, and then asked the price of a box. I found that if I bought a box I would have to pay at the rate of five and a half cents apiece. They look upon our middle-men as robbers, and claim that we have no right, if we can sell a box of cigars for three dollars and a half, to charge five cents apiece."

A Simian Sentinel.

Abu Tama's band of Soudan guerrillas have a pet baboon, who accompanies them on all their expeditions, and performs picket duty when his two-legged comrades are overcome with fatigue. His coughing bark has several times foiled the attempts of the enemy to surprise them, and as they advance of hostiles, and he seems to understand the purpose of firearms, for at the first flash of a rifle he will fling himself flat on the ground.—*Chicago Times.*

SINKING THE ALBEMARLE.

HOW THE CONFEDERATE RAM WAS DESTROYED BY CUSHING.

Attaching a Torpedo to the Vessel and Blowing Her up—A Daring Midnight Deed.

A writer in the Detroit *Free Press* gives a thrilling account of the destruction of the Confederate ram Albemarle by Lieutenant Cushing, of the Federal navy. We quote from the article as follows, beginning at the time that the little midnight expedition of thirteen had arrived close to the Confederate vessel in their launch:

"The wharf where the ram reposed, grim and confident in its strength, loomed upon the expectant vision of Cushing, who in a whisper directed that the gear of the torpedo should be ready for prompt action. The boom was shipped in its place, the torpedo adjusted, guys hauled taut, and trigger line placed close to Cushing's hand. The speed of the boat was slackened, a position taken abreast of the ram—the launch was headed straight for the monster, and the long-looked for decisive moment had arrived.

Suddenly there flared up from either bank a broad belt of light, illuminating the dark bosom of the river with almost the distinctness of day. The launch, with its fatal number of thirteen, was revealed to the keen eyes of the guard on shore.

"Who goes there?" hailed a sharp, clear voice. "Who's in that launch? Report, or I'll open fire upon you." This was followed by the rattle of firearms, as an unseen force made ready for the next command. The Shamrock's cutter at this juncture was cut off, with orders to proceed down the river and capture the force on the Southfield, if possible, or to try and spike the guns there.

Cushing, realizing that concealment was no longer possible, while every moment to him was worth its weight in gold, rushed toward the ram with torpedo poised ready to do its work. His tall form towered above the rest of the crew as he stood erect, his eyes flashing and hair streaming out from beneath his cap. Again there was a hail, and Cushing, allowing his natural dare-devil spirit to gain the ascendancy, replied:

"Yankees—you, lookout for yourselves!" He laughed recklessly as a volley of rifle balls whizzed about his ears, but his eyes never even lost sight of the ram. The smooth sides of the launch were splintered and torn, riddled in fact through and through, and the water spurted up through the planks, in half a dozen places.

The guard on the wharf aroused by the alarm came pouring forth from their quarters, half asleep, bewildered and not knowing which way to turn to meet the foe. The huge ports of the ram swung open, her decks appeared covered with men, rushing wildly to and fro, demoralized, filled with consternation, and unable to ward off the impending danger. The bow gun of the Albemarle, trained down the river, was fired, probably at random, but its thunderous echoes rang throughout the town with startling effect, arousing both citizens and soldiery, who mingled in a surging mass as they rushed toward the river to discover what was the cause of the alarm.

The flash of the gun revealed the low over-hang of the ram to the sharp eye of Cushing, and for that point he directed the launch, when, as he came within striking distance, he discovered for the first time the raft of logs surrounding the ram. The bell of the ram, together with a number of alarm rattles were creating a fearful din, while the confusion and jostling of the mob prevented anything like concerted action. This probably saved the life of Cushing, for, although the air seemed full of bullets, no one appeared to know at what they were firing. In the midst of the wild fusilade a blast from the river, a storm of grape and canister tearing through their crowded ranks and the Confederates fell back, yelling that the Yankees were upon them.

Cushing had trained the howitzer in the bows of the launch upon the throng, firing full in their faces. Before they recovered from the panic which had seized them, Cushing had taken a sharp sheer with the launch, making a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her bows on. The fleet little craft was flying through the water, Cushing standing by the tiller, intent upon one result—the destruction of the ram. Musket and rifle balls were singing through the air in every direction, the clothing of Cushing had sustained several rents, but none had scratched him.

"Leave the ram!" he shouted. "Jump, for I'm going to send you sky high!" With a heavy thud and sharp shock the launch struck the boom of logs directly opposite the ram's port quarter, pressed them down, thereby gaining several feet. To quote Cushing's own words will best illustrate the situation: "In a moment we had struck the logs, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in driving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploded it at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her."

A seam twenty-five feet in length and three inches wide had been opened in the ram, proving her death wound, and the Albemarle, with the shattered remains of the little launch, sank to the oozy, muddy bed of the river, side by side.

Cushing refused to surrender, and, ordering the crew to save themselves, jumped headlong into the water, followed by the hiss and zip of a torrent of leaden missiles. He swam to the middle of the stream, and when about half a mile below the town came across Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the Commodore Hull. Cushing assisted him all he was able, but failed to get him ashore.

Completely exhausted, Cushing managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when he managed to creep into the swamp close to the fort.

But four of the thirteen escaped. Some were drowned, others shot and a number captured. The prisoners were surrounded by the now thoroughly aroused and infuriated mob, who swore they would kill the Yankees on the spot. Swords, revolvers, rifles and bowie knives were branished and leveled. The guard having the prisoners in charge appeared powerless, when the commander of the Albemarle forced his way through the crowd and gained the side of the captives. He was a tall, powerful man, and exerting his strength soon cleared a space sufficient for the guard to re-form and fix bayonets. Then drawing his navy revolver he stood between the glaring, fuming soldiery and their would-be victims. Facing the crowd he swore he would die by their side before a hair of their heads should be harmed, and the first one offering to molest them would be shot. "I have been thirty-five years in the United States navy," he said, "and this is the bravest deed I have ever known or heard of."

Under the protection of the Confederate naval officer the survivors were soon lodged in a place of safety and left to their own reflections. But they had heard enough to convince them that the grand object of their mission had been accomplished, and that the Albemarle was a thing of the past.

Cushing rested in the secure depths of the swamps until the sun had risen and then started through the dense mass of mud, water and entanglements of roots until finally he came out upon solid ground some distance below the town. Here he met a negro who proceeded to town and soon returned with the information that the ram was sunk. Proceeding through another swamp he came to a creek, where he captured a skiff or dug-out belonging to one of the advanced pickets. With this and the aid of a paddle he managed to reach the Valley City about 11 o'clock that night.

It was a gallant exploit, unsurpassed for coolness in the history of any navy on the face of the globe. A naval writer thus renders the tribute of praise to his brother officer. "A more heroic picture can hardly be conceived than Cushing. Standing in his launch, running hard on to the Albemarle, the glare of the fire on shore throwing its lights and shadows on the doomed ram, and illuminating the man, who pushed on, placed the torpedo by his own hand, when he desired exploded it, and received at the same time, at the cannon's mouth, the blast of a 100-pounder rifle. He was at that time twenty-two years of age."

With the loss of the Albemarle, the last vessel of the Confederate iron-clad navy disappeared. The Merrimac, the Arkansas, the Louisiana, the Mississippi, the Manassas, the Atlanta and the Tennessee, had all been captured, sunk or blown up.

An Elephant Wrecks a Bustle.

Catherine Cole, one of the best known literary women of the South, told a New York *Mail and Express* reporter that the worst fright she ever got in her life was from the defunct elephant, Jumbo. The lady described the thrilling incident as follows: "I was in England and visited the Zoological gardens frequently. That was before Jumbo became noted for having the 'moost,' as the Mahouts call it—bad temper in English. One fine day I attired myself in a new dress with an exceedingly large bustle, as was the style then, and in my rounds dropped in at the Zoo.

"I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to scream, but I could not, I didn't have the time. The power that raised me aloft had me by the bustle, and I could hear that protuberance crushing together as if a mountain had smashed it. Then I described a semi-circle and was let down, bustle and all, on the walk. I heard a shout of merry childish voices and Jumbo passed with twenty or thirty children on his back. It seems that I was just in front of him and quick as thought he seized me by the bustle of my dress and carefully lifted me to one side. His gentle squeeze of my bustle broke it into a useless wreck, and I lost five pounds of flesh from concentrated fright. It took me an hour to realize exactly what had happened and take an inventory of the smash-up. I never went back to the Zoo any more. I am now as a Texas cowboy is about Indians. He likes them better dead. So do I elephants. I always bustle to get away from these mastodons when I see them coming."

An Obliging Animal.

Horse-dealer—"That's a beautiful hoss, sir, just beautiful. I wouldn't part with that hoss for the money to anyone but you."

Inexperienced Buyer—"But there seems to be something the matter with his ribs. Why, you can see every rib in his body."

Horse-dealer—"Yes, but just look at the advantage. How many hosses do you suppose there are whose ribs can be seen? Not one in ten, sir; not one in ten. Why, that hoss is so obliging that if he had an idea that he had another rib stowed away somewhere he'd actually feel sad if he couldn't show it. Yes, sir—yes, sir! Shall we call it a bargain?"—*Tid-Bits.*

The oldest Episcopal church in the United States is that in Williamsburg, Va. It contains the font in which Pocahontas was baptized.

THE STARS SHINE OUT.

The stars shine out and gild the sky,
Softly the night winds breathe and sigh;
And, as the world fades from my sight,
I feel the presence of the night
Wrapped in its strange deep mystery.

Dark vapors rise—their fingers lie
Coldly upon my brow, but I
Lift up my tear-stained gaze, and bright
The stars shine out.

Trust on, sad heart, nor question why
The shadows and the night draw nigh.
The mists of doubt will melt in light,
God's face will yet burst on thy sight.
Till then, look up, for still on high
The stars shine out.

—*Walter T. Field, in the Current.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Post of duty—The custom-house.

Toe martyrs—People with corns.

Sharps and flats—Needles and dudes.

A deed of trust—Lending a man a dollar.

A policeman, like a man climbing a ladder, goes the rounds.

Men who are always giving themselves away are no more generous than others. —*Life.*

Anyone who is quick at repartee must necessarily have a great response ability. —*Merchant-Traveler.*

A very slim dude and a very stout cane have been known to pass for brothers.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street car driver twice.—*Texas Siftings.*

Two fashionable young ladies were walking down street, one on either side of a young gentleman, extremely swell in attire and equally meagre in proportions. A street gamin grinned at them, then remarked dryly, much to the discomfort of the dude: "Ain't much in that sandwich."—*Boston Record.*

At a masquerade, where people strayed,
A dude wished to be there;
So he asked a belle if she would tell
What costume he should wear.
"Go as a tree, my dear," said she,
With countenance serene;
"I tell you that 'twill fit you pat;
Go as an evergreen."

—*Goodall's Sun.*

One little girl was heard to say to a playmate: "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children." "When they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em." "You mean thing. What have they ever done to you?"—*Boston Journal.*

Curious Timepieces.

In the year 1839 a transparent watch of small size, constructed principally of rock crystal, was presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. The works were all visible; the two-teethed wheels which carried the hands were of rock crystal and the others were metal. All the screws were fixed in crystal and each axis turned on rubies. The escapement was of sapphire, the balance wheel of rock crystal and the spring of gold. It kept excellent time.

A curiosity in the way of watches was shown by the director of the Watchmakers' school at Geneva before the horological section of the society of arts at a meeting last year. This wonder is nothing less than a watch with one wheel, manufactured at Paris in the last century.

A recent number of the *Jewelers' Circular* describes an ancient musical clock now in possession of a citizen of Marietta, Wis. "It is 235 years old and keeps good time. The movement is made of wood, lead and iron. The weight that runs the musical part weighs fifty pounds. It plays a piece every hour, but it is rather hoarse at present from old age. The dial is large, and has the paintings of William Penn, describing his history. At the top are five musicians dressed in uniforms, who raise their instruments to their lips as they begin to play. The case is made of maple and mahogany. It was made in the year 1649, and was brought to this country in 1847 by a party of emigrants, being the only timepiece brought with them."

A paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago, describing the novel invention of a Salt Lake jeweler. It is a timepiece in the shape of a steel wire stretched across a show window, on which a stuffed canary hops from left to right, indicating as it goes the hours of the day by pointing with his beak at a dial stretched beneath the wire, and having the figures from one to twenty-four. When it reaches the latter figure it glides across the figure to one again. There is no mechanism whatever that can be seen, it all being inside the bird. The inventor says he was three years in studying it out.

A novel form of clock has recently been designed by an English artizan. The face has the form of a tambourine decorated with a wreath of twelve flowers at equal distances apart. These mark the hours, and over them glide two gayly painted butterflies, one larger than the other. These are the hands, the larger indicating the minutes, the smaller the hours. The works are concealed behind the tambourine, and the motions of the butterflies, which are made of magnetic metal, are produced by magnets carried on the arms, forming the real hands of the clock. Another clock worthy of mention is exhibited in a well-known clock maker's window in London. In is a framed and colored photograph of the houses of parliament, Westminster, with a real dial let into the tower to represent "Big Ben." The dial is very small to match the photograph; nevertheless it is said to keep good time. —*New York Observer.*