

Welding tubing by electricity has been tried in this country as well as in England, and it is said that the experiment will prove to be successful.

As the result of 20 years of experiments at Rothamsted, England, it is shown that in the winter months more than half of the amount of rain that falls penetrates into the soil and becomes available for the supply of springs, while in the summer only one-quarter of the rainfall is absorbed by the soil. The maximum quantity of water in the soil is at a depth of about 40 inches.

Lake Tanganyika, in Africa, offers a unique field for scientific exploration. This region, like Australia, is one of the few localities where animals still live that have become extinct elsewhere, certain whelk-like mollusks of this lake appearing to have been driven from the ocean and to be identified with fossil forms of old Jurassic seas in Europe.

The type-printing zerograph is now under trial in Germany and England. Fifteen to twenty words per minute can be sent with little practice. Successful trials have been made on an iron telegraph wire from Berlin and Frankfurt. Machines have also worked successfully on metallic circuit lines from Brussels to Antwerp and between Paris and Rouen. This line consists of 100 miles of iron wire and the remainder underground. Two machines are at present on trial in the general postoffice, in London, and have been worked on the new underground cable from London to Leamington.

A new solder for aluminum has recently been patented, which the inventor claims will melt at a low temperature, and will adhere readily to the aluminum, forming a surface which will not be attacked by moisture. The solder is composed of an alloy of tin, zinc, and bismuth, the tin being largely in excess of the other constituents. With zinc chloride as a flux, the solder can be used on brass, copper, nickel, iron, and other metal. The difficulty of finding a satisfactory solder for aluminum has prevented its use in many instances in place of brass or tin, and also in electrical work where close and perfect joints are desired.

There is now in the patent office two watch movement escapements, which, when they appear, it is said, will astonish the world by their simplicity and capacity. They possess more of the best points of timekeeping than the marine chronometer. The advantage of the new escapements is that they give impulse at the line of the centre without drop or engaging friction, and also at the neutral point of the balance spring, a point which the watchmaker will appreciate. Impulse before the line of centres and neutral point distributes and accelerates the balance as the force of the hairspring is added to the impulse in the lever watch. Those who have examined the new escapement say it is an ideal one, with the soft, clean and distinctly musical beat. Springs and timers are just beginning to find out the fault of the lever. All the faults of all old systems are said to be fully overcome in the new escapements, which are the only invention of escapements for a century.

Myriads of Suns. There is quite evident conspiracy on the part of the telescope and camera to belittle this infinitesimal speck of cosmic dust on which we live, and they are succeeding. It was bad enough to knock the earth out of his position as the centre of the universe, but now he is being relegated to a position that, astronomically, seems worthy of very little attention. Professor Wadsworth of the Allegheny observatory is now showing, on a curved plate, a photograph of the constellation Orion and adjacent region, covering 1000 square degrees, or a little patch measuring less than 33 degrees on a side, or about one-eighth of the great circle—and what do you think? It shows 50,000 blazing suns. The professor says he has only been able to catch the light from the larger of the suns in that patch, and that these planets are yet beyond the joint power of the two cyclops, the telescope and camera.

Packing Butter in Glass. A new use has been found for glass. It consists in packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary window glass, the edges being covered with gummed paper. The closed box is then enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris a fourth of an inch thick, and it is covered with a specially prepared paper. As the plaster is a bad conductor of heat, the temperature inside the hermetically sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. The cost of packing is only about 2 cents per pound. It is used to a great extent in Australia. Butter has been sent from Melbourne to Kimberley, in Africa, and the butter was found to be in a perfectly sound condition. Cases are now made which hold as much as 200 pounds of butter.

Alaska's Mineral Value. The United States paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska, and last year it yielded \$5,831,355 in gold and silver alone. These figures are given by the statistician of the mint. The increase over the precious metal product of 1894 was \$3,187,088. Until last year most of the gold and silver obtained in Alaska came from the quartz mines near Juneau, and most of the vast increase of last year came from the new gold fields of Cape Nome. It amounted to about \$2,400,000.

THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Of course the very newest sleeve development—"the sleeve of the year," as it is called—is the undersleeve. As the cut shows, it is much like the



THE SLEEVE OF THE YEAR.

identical article worn by our grandmothers in "antebellum days." "Double sleeve" is another name for it. All the smart challees and foulards boast this arm covering, which, of the foulard or challie, ends at the elbow, while underneath falls a scant fluff of white muslin net or lace, its fluff gathered into a close band at the wrist. The first figure of the cut, reproduced from the New York Evening Sun, shows a pretty frock in mottled foulard having undersleeves and yoke in transparent net. Embroidery



NEW AND NOVEL OUTING COSTUMES.

over velvet trims the foulard, while the left side of the bodice is fastened with silver buttons and clasps. The other cut shows a simpler undersleeve model, but one equally effective. The turn-back finish of the upper sleeve is known as the "Puritan cuff."

Outing Costumes. Although wheeling hasn't nearly so many devotees among the fashionables as it had several years ago, the fair society belle still rides in a desultory fashion and still keeps a correct and up-to-date wheeling costume in good order in her wardrobe. There is not much difference between the bicycle costume as prescribed by fashion now and that worn for golfing, only the golf skirt is a little longer. As women are riding in much longer skirts at the present time the majority of them make the one costume do for both.

Another thing, the rainy-day or short skirt is so much the vogue, even for clear days, that several find a place among ma belle's gowns. The two new ideas shown in the large cut will serve equally well as bicycle, golf, outing or rainy-day gowns, and are reproduced from Harper's Bazar. The side-pleated shirt-waist of the first one is a most attractive model for any shirt-waist, either of wash goods or silk, for utility or dressier wear. The front has a centre-stitched band and three deep outward-turning pleats from shoulder to waist. The back is similar, only with a box-pleat in the centre. The design of the skirt, with its unusual yoke effect, is especially suited to heavy galatea pique or very light weight two-toned cloth. This yoke is quite fashionable with New York women, and gives quite a trimmed appearance to an otherwise plain skirt.

The salient feature of the brown covert cloth one, trimmed with stitched bands, shown at the right, is its charmingly unique little jacket. This is belted in at the back, and fashion's autocrats aver it is sure to be popular, as it is so practical, besides looking well either in wash goods or heavy material. The hat is also a good one, as it is soft and becoming, yet it shades the eyes, too. It is of the latest style, heavy lined, corded with black velvet and trimmed around the crown with bands and rosettes of the velvet.

Tunic a la Grecque.

For a lace dress worn over a lace slip, you can have a tunic a la Grecque, draped in all one piece, in a fashion copied from the classical drapery noted in the friezes of Hellenic architecture or on some antique vase. In case this place is adopted, remember to follow the line unbroken from the left shoulder downward and over to the right hip, from which point the drapery can be adjusted as you will so as to secure a symmetrical habit. Keep the lines as long as you possibly can.

The Lace Bolero.

The lace bolero is still seen on some of the evening dresses, and this is beautiful in the real fabric over a delicate tint of rose pink, which will become popular as an evening shade.

Fitted With Darts.

One feature of French underclothes is that they are never made with yokes. They are fitted with darts, and where fullness is necessary it is gathered in with a ribbon or tape.

A Fashionable Summer Cape.

Among the most unreasoning fads of the day is the low-necked summer cape. An idea of the arrangement may be had from the accompanying small sketch reproduced from the Chicago Times-Herald. The cape is made of peau de soie and trimmed either with liberty silk ruffles or heavy silk fringe. It is contrived especially to reveal the wide guimpe or yoke of the bodice beneath, and is avowedly more ornamental than useful.

The same craze has manifested it.

THE WORKING MAN.

He lays his hand upon the stubborn soil, And lo! a mighty miracle is done; It glows, responsive to his touch of toll, Fruitful and fair beneath the golden sun.

At his behest the prairie is transformed; He digs the desert and it disappears; Before his plow the wilderness is stilled, And leagues of corn lift up their spindling spears.

Amid his sheaves he stands a happy man, Nor seeks to solve the things beyond his ken; Content with the All-wise, Eternal plan Of Him who shapes the destinies of men.

The sky that bends above him shows no stars At noon; and yet he knows the Power Divine That shaped the Pleiades and fashioned Mars In their appointed time will bid them shine.

His hearthstone is the altar, he the priest Of home's sweet sanctuary, day by day, In joy or sorrow, indignance or feast, Where love unswayed keeps its gently sway.

No narrowing envy occupies his breast, No schemes of avarice distress his mind; By Heaven-sent peace his simple life is blest, And in his tasks he blesses all mankind.

His labor brings the harvest to the plain, And through his brave exertions millions live; He works the miracle that grows the grain And all the crops that pregnant acres give.

To him the crowded city looks for food; From him gaunt famine flees and squalor hides; His energies sustain the multitude And where his blessings fall pale want subsides.

For him the sun and stars give forth their light; For him the restless ocean ebbs and flows; For him the radiant day, the peaceful night And all things beautiful their charms disclose.

He builds the mighty ship whose progress spurs The roaring tempest on the trackless sea; His strenuous life the wheels of commerce turns And cleaves a wider space for Liberty.

Oh! wonder-working toil! God's gift to man, What blessings follow where thou art applied, In strict accordance with the Master's plan, And what disasters where thou art denied.

God bless the honest toiler, everywhere, In mill and mine, in factory and field; His life's the antidote for dumb despair, His sturdy arm the Nation's surest shield.

And may God keep the toiler free and brave, From petty tyranny of clique or clan That seeks to dwarf his soul and to enslave The free-born spirit of the Working Man! —John E. Barrett, in the Scranton Truth.

PEPPERED THE BANDIT.

An Amusing Western Experience.

"It's queer what different ideas men have as to how they'll act in case they ever get involved in a train or stage 'stick-up,' or hold-up, as you call it back this way. Myself, I've been stuck-up at the point of one or more guns on three different occasions and on each occasion I've pointed my two mitts heavenward without any fuss of feathers whatsoever, and delivered the goods with nary a whimper. But I never figured on doing anything else. Before I ever got held up at all I always said to myself that when the time arrived for some fellow to poke a gun into my face and request me to elevate my arms, I'd do what he asked me to do without any question at all, and let him have all he could find on me without any side-stepping or murmuring. I considered that that was the only sensible thing to do, and I consider so yet. So, while its cost me a heap more than I really could afford to fork over my little valuables on the three occasions the boys of the road have nailed me, I always patted myself on the back and told myself that, while I mayn't have been very heroic or dare-devilish, I did the wise thing in getting away with a complete and unpunctured hide.

"But I've often met chaps who were simply going to cut a dog in two in case anybody ever tried to stick them up at the end of a gun. They were going to decline to be held up, and teach the bandit or bandits a lesson. It's remarkable the bravery some of these fellows were going to exhibit whenever any bold, bad proposition with a mask tried to coerce them into handing over the stuff they had on them. In nine cases out of ten these large and ample talkers are the very first to cast up their paws when the command rings through the car or coach, 'Hands up!' and the last to take them down when the robber has fired his little parting volley and taken to the tall cactus. But you can never tell how a man's going to act in a stick-up.

"About six years ago I was riding through southeastern Colorado on a westbound train. I was only making a six-hour journey of it, and so I took the smoker and stayed there. There were about 25 or 30 men in the smoker, all pretty comfortable looking chaps. A dyspeptic-looking little man, about 40 years old, with a Bostonese dialect, sat in the seat ahead of me, and an hour or so after I boarded the train he engaged me in conversation. "Belong out this way?" he asked me in a characteristic New England drawl.

"'Yep,' said I. "Reason I ask you that," said he, "is that I've heard there have been a lot of hold-ups on the railroads out this way lately. That right?" "Pretty near," said I. "Ever find yourself mixed up in one of those affairs?" he asked me. "Couple times," I told him. "Did you let them go through you?" he asked me, with a searching look.

"Don't you think otherwise for a holy minute, said I. "I am my sole remaining support, and, in general, I find life a pretty good game. It's the

best I know anything about, anyhow." "Well," said the dyspeptic-looking little chap, in his piping drawl, "I'd just like to see the loafers get any of my money, that's all! I'd just like to catch them at it!"

"I couldn't help smiling amusedly. "Why, what would you do?" I asked him, grinning right in his teeth. "I couldn't have helped it to save me.

"Never you mind, sir, what I'd do!" said the little man, choppily. "I'd take good care that they didn't get any of my goods, however! I'd fix 'em! Yes, sires, the train robber doesn't walk in shoe leather that's ever going to relieve me of a copper cent, and don't you fail to remember that!"

"The little man, who, as I afterward ascertained, was on his way to California for his health, looked so puff-toady and fierce while he was getting off these brave remarks that I couldn't help but laugh in his face. That nettled him a trifle, but I smoothed it over and made a remark or so to him about the general matter of train hold-ups.

"My friend," said I in conclusion, "the only advice I can give you is, if any of these chaps ever comes along your way and asks you to call heaven to witness with your hands pointing to the zenith, just you do it, that's all, and do it in a hurry; do it a-running, be nice and good about it, and don't get gay. Don't endeavor to be frivolous with a man that's got the edge on you with a 45 caliber lead-spitter."

"Just let one of 'em try it with me, that's all!" exclaimed the little man fiercely, and then we changed the subject.

"Well, at about 9 o'clock that night we pulled up at a little station called Tyrone to give the engine a drink. We only halted there about four minutes, but it was long enough. The train hadn't got more than five miles out of Tyrone before we heard a lot of shots up forward—the smoker was the second car from the engine—and the train came to a halt. The wheels had scarcely ceased to revolve when the front door of the smoker was thrown open with a bang, and the commo-d rang through the car like the crack of a whip.

"'Everybody put 'em up! Quick!' "A tall, raw-boned man, with a straggling red mustache, stood in the door calmly waving his gun from side to side with the characteristic movement of an expert gun-fauner. He looked business all over. I decided instantly—I'd put my hands up before I'd done any deciding, however—that he wasn't any amateur, and that he was going to get all that was coming to him. I couldn't help but notice that the dyspeptic-looking little man in front of me threw up his hands with the rest, although he did a little bit of fumbling with his right hand before it went up in the air.

"'Seen that m' podner's busy keepin' tab on th' loco-driver,' said the raw-boned bandit—he didn't wear any mask, and there was a certain twinkle to his eyes as he spoke—'I'll jes' ask you gentlemen to spring what you've got on you with one hand at a time, as I pass along, and I'll do the rest."

"He wore a hickory bag, suspended by a string around his neck, in front of him—a bag similar to those worn by carpenters or lathers for holding nails—and he just reached out his left hand and dropped wallets, watches and chains and loose rolls into the bag as he passed along. None of the victims had a chance to hold out anything on him, for he was one of the eagle-eyed species, and he seemed to see all hands in the car at once. He walked sideways down the aisle so as to make sure that he wouldn't be plunked from behind after passing along. He was a scientist in his business, all right, was that raw-boned man, and he didn't miss a trick. Every man up forward unquestionably passed over his belongings to be dropped into that roosty bag. The little man with the Bostonese accent amused me, with his hands sticking up there as rigid as poles, that I almost forgot to worry about what I was going to lose when it came my turn. He had gone as white as a sheet and he looked more ghastly as the raw-boned robber approached him. Finally it came to his turn. The robber looked him over with a half grin.

"'Sorry, my saved-off friend,' the robber started to say, when, puff! the right hand of the dyspeptic-looking little man opened with a cat-like rapidity and the robber got a fist-full of red pepper square in the eyes! He let out an howl, and the little man dropped to the floor like a flash. So did I, for that matter.

"The robber, yelled like a mad man, lowered his gun hand and groped around with it, and half a second later he was butted in the stomach with all the force the little man from New England had in his head. That doubled the robber up, and a minute later we were all on top of him at once.

"You will try to appropriate what doesn't belong you, hey, dog-gone you!" the dyspeptic-looking little man muttered, standing over the blinded bandit, who was almost insane from pain. We bound him securely, did what we could to alleviate his pain, and put a guard over him. The robber who was holding up the engine, bearing the agonized shouts of his partner, concluded that there was nothing doing, and firing a few bluff shots, scampered off the tender into the darkness. We took the raw-boned bandit to Trinidad, where he was tried, as I afterward learned, and got 20 years. And that's one time I got fooled up a whole lot in a stick-up."

In Danger.

Mrs. Brooks—John, do you think Mr. Joblotz is going to marry our daughter?

Mr. Brooks—Yes, if he doesn't look sharp.—Puck

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grains; the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. $\frac{1}{2}$ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Card playing is said to have well nigh died out in England.

What Shall We Have For Dessert? This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

A Lithuanian in Chicago bears the name of John Uppermost Short.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An active demand for agricultural implements is reported from Louisville, Ky.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Japan has gone into cloak making and exported \$77,615 worth last year.

Jell-O, the New Dessert Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

Chicago's total debt is \$17,000,000, while New York City owes \$298,000,000.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S FASTEST and MOST RELIABLE. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

In forty-eight months there were 343 suicides in New York City.

You Will Never Know what good ink is unless you use Carter's. It costs no more than poor ink. All dealers.

The distance from Philadelphia to San Francisco by rail is 3177 miles.

HOW MUCH YOU EAT

Is not the question, but, how much you digest, because food does good only when it is digested and assimilated, taken up by the blood and made into muscle, nerve, bone and tissue. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores to the stomach its powers of digestion. Then appetite is natural and healthy. Then dyspepsia is gone, and strength, elasticity and endurance return.

Stomach Trouble—"I have had trouble with my stomach and at times would be very dizzy. I also had severe headaches and that tired feeling. When I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was relieved." Mrs. ANNE J. JARVIS, 5 Appleton St., Holyoke, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy

Windmills in France. Windmills are largely being used in France as a source of mechanical power, used to generate electricity. The wind as hitherto bloweth where and when it listeth, but now whenever it blows there is a wind-mill with a dynamo geared to it, and it may be made to charge accumulators whether it listeth or not, and the accumulators will give up their stored energy when the wind is taking a rest.

Wearily Women

Rest and help for weary women are found in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It makes women strong and healthy to bear their burdens, and overcomes those ills to which women are subject because they are women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is known from coast to coast. It has cured more sick women than any other medicine. Its friends are everywhere and they are constantly writing thankful letters which appear in this paper.

If you are puzzled write for Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will charge you nothing and she has restored a million women to health.

PILES If you have got the PILES, you have not used DANIEL'S SURE PILE CURE, or you would not have them now. The Only Guaranteed Cure. No detention from business, no operation, no opium or morphine. 12 Supporters (10c. or 25c. box of ointment) \$1.00, postpaid by mail. Send for book of valuable information on Piles. FREE, whether you use our remedy or not. THE DANIEL'S SURE PILE CURE CO., 24 Apple St., Hartford, Conn.