

THE DIFFERENCE.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say;
And, be sure, the happy heart
Makes the happy day.

In a cool and shady garden
Phyllis sat. The roses' scent
Fanned a face wherewith were written
Restlessness and discontent;
Lilies nodded, bluebells tinkled,
Birds sang sweetly in the trees;
Merry talk and joyous laughter
Sounded on the summer breeze.
"O'h," sighed Phyllis, "I am stifling;"
And she raised her pretty head.
"O'h," said Phyllis, "I am stifling;"
And she raised her pretty head.

In a warm and dusty city
Janey, pinched and wan and white,
Leaned against a heated building,
Longing for the cool of night.
Suddenly she spied a floweret,
Pale and slender, at her feet.
"O'h!" she cried, and stooped to pluck it;
Looking up in rapture sweet
Through the crowded house-tops, Janey
Caught a glimpse of blue overhead;
And she kissed the little posy—
"O'h! a lovely day!" she said.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say;
And the glad and happy heart
Makes the happy day.
—Gertrude M. Cannon, in St. Nicholas.

COWSLIP GREENS.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.



HEN I enjoyed my
victuals there
wa'n't nothin'
that I thought so
much of as a
mess of cowslip
greens," said Mrs.
Tibbetts plaintively,
surveying a huge pan
filled with tropical
looking leaves
and brilliant yellow
blossoms. "And the
blows carry me right
back to East
Macedonia and the
pretty smells there
used to be there in
the spring of the
year. Seems as if
spring hadn't a fair
chance here in Potiphar City. Your
father used to like a mess of pork and
greens—"

"O'h, ma, I wish you wouldn't want
such dreadfully vulgar things!" Addie
Luella, who was sixteen, had tears of
vexation in her pretty blue eyes.
"O'h! I wish you could get over East
Macedonia. The Parkhursts came
from there, too, but who would think
it? They're the very first people in
Potiphar City—and Augusta
wouldn't invite me to the Charity Club
tableaux.

The reason for the little fine puckers
that had been all day between Addie
Luella's brows had come out now.
Mrs. Tibbetts looked vaguely per-
plexed and troubled; she dimly com-
prehended that to have a mother's
aspirations made life full of pin
pricks for Addie Luella.

In Potiphar City one was nothing if
not stylish. Fifteen years before, the
city had been a strip of unclaimed
prairie; now it was a great lumber
town with most of the appliances of
civilization and all the fashions. Hiram
Tibbetts, coming from East Macedo-
nia in Maine, did his share in re-
claiming the prairie and made a for-
tune in lumber. "Pa" was quite a
magnate of Potiphar City; but of
what use was that, demanded Addie
Luella, with tears, if ma would be so
common and old-fashioned?

"Gibson you'll have to do your so-
cial climbing without your ma," said
good Hiram Tibbetts, gazing with
pride upon his pretty daughter. "Pa"
did understand a little.

"It don't seem a mite like Adeline
Parkhurst to get so stuck up," said
Mrs. Tibbetts, reflectively. "When
we was girls in East Macedonia, there
wa'n't nobody so intimate as Adeline
and me; and I named you for her and
she named Augusty for me. Enoch
Parker and your father are second
cousins, too, and it's a dreadful clan-
nish family; they stick to one another
through thick and thin. But your
father and Enoch had difficulty about
some railroad stocks and hasn't never
spoke to each other since; and then
their goin' to another meetin', and
Adeline gettin' so kind of high flyin';
not but what she's a real good woman
and gives away a sight—"

"She isn't likely to have much to
give away if what I've heard is true."
This was Hiram Tibbetts, junior, a
boy of seventeen, who had just come
in with the importance of a possessor
of news. "It's a secret; I overheard
pa and another man talking about it.
Parkhurst is in an awfully tight place;
they think he'll fail; then his mills will
be closed; they say he's made an awful
struggle to keep 'em open all winter
and—don't you breathe it to anybody,
but they're afraid there'll be a run on
the bank that he's President of; he
hasn't done anything wrong, but he
lost his head when he began to get
into trouble, and there are doubts
about the way some of the bank's
money is invested."

"Do you suppose there won't be any
tableaux, Hiram?" asked Addie Luella,
breathlessly.

"O'h, Gusta don't know anything
about it yet, of course, nor her mother,
either. I saw them driving around
this morning with that pair of rank-
ing bays and a new carriage. I sup-
pose he thinks he must keep up ap-
pearances."

"I'm glad we don't have to," said
Mrs. Tibbetts, drawing a long breath.
"I declare, if I have gone such dirt-
runt ways I feel a nervousness to Adeline
when she's in trouble. Kind of queer
—that I was thinkin' of her this mornin'."
I expect it 'twas 'cause sheep' them
cowslips in a peddler's wagon fetched
old times right back to me. I run
right out and bought 'em all he had—
now I don't know as I know exact,

what to do with 'em all. Your father
used to like a mess of pork and
greens."

Addie Luella sighed heavily; but
she helped herself to all the blossoms,
and made of her bouquet what her
friend, Trixy Wainwright, called a
symphony in yellow with them, and
flicked a great bowl with them to de-
corate the dinner table. "Ma," said she
loved to smell posies when she was
eating; but she didn't like the candles
with which Addie Luella persisted in
lighting the table, she said candles
were old-fashioned. "East Macedonia
when she was a girl, and what was the
sense of havin' 'em when they had
electric lights?"

"Pa" looked askance at the cowslip
greens; he said he used to like 'em
when he was a boy, but he guessed
with his dyspepsy he wouldn't risk it.
Mrs. Tibbetts looked at the neglected
dish of greens and had an inspiration
(she kept it private, as she did many
of her inspirations) lest they should
be frowned upon by Addie Luella.
She put some of the greens, with a
slice of pork on the top, into a dish
of the old clover-leaf china that was her
mother's—they seemed to belong in
something old-fashioned—and sent
them to Miss Lucretia Lund, who had
come from Maine to keep house for
her brother. She placed the dish in
a dainty basket and slipped a card in-
side conveying her compliments; that
would impart a little air of style to
the affair, which was desirable in view
of the fact that Addie Luella might
find it out.

"Cowslip greens from Mrs. Hiram
Tibbetts; that's what the servant said."
Miss Lucretia Lund took the clover-
leaf china cover off the dish and sniffed
daintily. Then she looked across the
table at her brother—for the basket
had been brought in while they were
at dinner—and made a wry face. "Of
course it's very kind of her, but what
queer messes these Western people do
have!" she said. For Miss Lucretia
was only about thirty, had lived in a
Maine city, and never in her life had
heard of cowslip greens. "We can't
eat them—pork, just think of it! But
it seems they're a delicacy; and I think
I'll send them around to Mrs. Parker,
who sent me that delicious pineapple
preserve; it is so much the fashion
here to send dainties about."

"Cowslip greens, with my compli-
ments, to Mrs. Parker, Mike," she said
to her servant, and dispatched the
basket, all unwitting of the card which
Mrs. Tibbetts had slipped into it.

The Parkers were dining when the
basket arrived; but the meal was a
hurried one, because one of the child-
ren had been taken suddenly ill with
tonsillitis.

"Cowslip greens? dear me, I don't
know what they are," said Mrs. Parker;
"but I am sure they must be
very nice, for Miss Lund is a fine
housekeeper. We don't care for greens
at all; I think I'll send them around
to Mrs. Parkhurst; her mother is a
very old lady from Maine, is visitin'
her, and pork and greens are so old
fashioned."

Mrs. Parker didn't see Mrs. Tib-
betts' card in the basket, and her mes-
senger, who was sent for the doctor at
the same time, gave the basket to one
of the Parkhurst maids without any
explanation. The Parkhurst family
had got to their after-dinner coffee by
the time the basket reached them. As
it had come mysteriously, Mrs. Park-
hurst looked for some token of the
donor, and found the card.

She uttered an exclamation of sur-
prise, and her face flushed as she read
the name aloud.

"Augusty Tibbetts! Why Adeline
—why Adeline! and cowslip greens,
in the clover-leaf china that was her
mother's—the china that Augusty
Pritchard had when she married Na-
huan French! It's just as if 'twas yes-
terday." The wrinkled hands that
lifted the clover-leaf china cover
trembled visibly, and a tear came near
falling upon the pork and greens.
Grandma was childish, the Parkhurst
children thought.

"I don't see how she came to do it,"
murmured Mrs. Parkhurst.

"It's holdin' out the olive branch,
Adeline, and it ain't Christian not to
take it so!" said the old woman, bro-
kenly. "Life is too short for lastin'
bitterness; we was young together,
and like own folks! Why, Enoch and
Hiram Tibbetts are own folks."

"Sh!" Mrs. Parkhurst laid her hand
on her mother's and glanced warningly
at her husband.

"They're the kind that hold a
grudge—both of them," she said, in a
low tone. Enoch Parkhurst arose and
left the table silently. He was a taciturn
man by nature, and of late the
habit of silence had grown upon him.
The old lady said she thought Enoch
was burdened; old eyes are dimmed to
some things only to be opened wider
to others; his wife and the children
said he was always so; he had so many
business cares.

As he closed the dining room door
behind him Enoch Parkhurst put his
hand to his head.

"Hiram Tibbetts! he could save
me," he murmured; "he would have
done it once—now it is impossible."

"Adeline, you'll take me to-morrow
to see Augusty Tibbetts, won't you?"
Grandma was saying as the door
closed. "When Augusty has come
more'n halfway so, seems as if 'twas
the least you could do!"

"We haven't spoken for so long,
and she is—in such a different set,"
faltered her daughter.

"I would really have liked to have
Addie Tibbetts in the tableaux," said
Augusta Parkhurst, a seventeen-year-
old girl, whose very plainness was
stylish, Addie Luella said. "She
would make a beautiful Bluebeard's
wife—with her head hung up, you
know, her hair is so long and light;
but she isn't in our set."

"I don't know how Augusty would
take it," pursued Mrs. Parkhurst,
nervously.

"I should think she had shown you

how she would take it, sendin' you
cowslip greens on her mother's clover-
leaf china," insisted Grandma.

The next day the prancing bays and
the new carriage stopped at the Tib-
betts's door. There had been some
anxious and angry looks cast after
them, as they passed the mill, by
workmen who had heard that the
bread was soon to be taken from their
children's mouths; but the two occu-
pants of the carriage were quite obliv-
ious of such troubles. Grandma, ra-
diant with delight, holding the basket
containing the precious china on her
knee, and Adeline Parkhurst, wonder-
ing whether all her acquired society
manner would enable her to be quite
at her ease with "poor Augusty," who
had never acquired any manner at all.

"They are—they are coming here,
ma!" cried Addie Luella, in a tumult
of delight, and earnestly hoping that
everybody was looking. "O'h, ma,
ma, won't you wait till Jenkins opens
the door!" she wailed.

But Augusta Tibbetts's simple soul
and kindly heart had, in an instant,
dropped into oblivion the coldness and
social slights of years; she threw her
large white apron (trammed with
home-made lace, Addie Luella's de-
spair) over her shoulders and hurried
down the steps; nothing less than a
sidewalk welcome would do for Ade-
line and Grandma.

She was a simple soul, but after all
she showed herself quick of wit; she
felt only a moment's perplexity about
the cowslip greens and of that she
made no sign.

"I won't tell 'em it's all a mistake
about my sendin' 'em—not till I have
to," she said to herself. "And if I
can make Lucretia Lund keep still I
don't know as I ever will!"

And it may as well here be recorded
that Mrs. Tibbetts managed the affair
with such truly Machiavellian diplo-
macy that the little comedy of errors
was never discovered by the final
recipients of her cowslip greens.

It was a delightful call. Adeline
Parkhurst forgot that she had acquired
a society manner, and Augusta Tib-
betts forgot that Addie Luella was
being mortified by her bad grammar.
They talk of "faraway and long ago,"
and the broken friendship was ce-
mented by laughter and tears.

Hiram Tibbetts listened in silence
to his wife's story of Adeline Park-
hurst's visit and the renewal of the old
friendship; she had felt a little uncer-
tain how pa would take it, he was one
to hold a grudge; but her delight had
to have vent.

"Mebbe I shouldn't have felt quite
so pleased if I hadn't been thinkin'
considerable of East Macedonia—as I
do, come spring of the year," she mur-
mured, apologetically.

"And Augusty has sent me invita-
tion to take part in the tableaux! I'm
to be Bluebeard's last wife—not just
one of the heads hung up in a
row!" cried Addie Luella, joyously.

Her father's rugged features reflect-
ed Addie Luella's joy.

"He's felt her little slights if he is
a man. She takes after him in think-
in' so much of them kind of things,"
thought Addie Luella's mother.

"I've been thinkin', ma," said Hiram
Tibbetts, huskily, and little a
shamefacedly, to his wife, the next
morning. "I've been thinkin' that
mebbe I'd better help Enoch Park-
hurst a little. It's so's I can about as
well as not—"

"I was hopin' you would, pa!"
cried Mrs. Tibbetts, joyfully. "It
ain't worth the while to hold grudges
and—mebbe you was some to blame."

There were only a few who ever
knew how Enoch Parkhurst weathered
his financial storm; but the mills did
not close and there was no run upon
the bank; instead of those catastrophes
he seemed to be entering upon a new
era of prosperity, and Potiphar City
felt renewed confidence in the sound-
ness of its rich men.

And Addie Luella really was Blue-
beard's last wife in the tableaux. Be-
ing a simple soul, to whom it is nat-
ural to share her experiences, Augusty
Tibbetts has sometimes wanted to
tell, but she has so far contented her-
self by saying, aloud, when she was
quite alone:

"'Twas all an overruln' Providence
—and them cowslip greens!"—Inde-
pendent.

Mushrooms as Food in Europe.

As an article of food mushrooms are
becoming more widely and favorably
known each year. Immense quanti-
ties are grown for market in caves
near Paris, some of the beds being
seven miles long. One grower has
twenty-one miles of mushrooms grow-
ing at Mery. In Italy the truffe-beds
are so valuable that they are guarded
as carefully as are game preserves in
England. But the poachers, quite
equal to the necessity, train their dogs
to go among the beds, dig up those
mushrooms of marketable value, and
bring them out to the edge, where
they are waiting to receive them.
Mushrooms bring in a revenue of
\$20,000 a year to Rome, and M.
Roques calls the despised toadstools
the "manna of the poor."

Mr. Julius Palmer, our own author-
ity on mushrooms, says: "Were the
poorer classes of Russia, Germany,
Italy or France to see our forests dur-
ing the autumn rains, they would
feast on the rich food there going to
waste. For this harvest requires no
seed time and asks for no peasant's
toil. At the same time the value of
mushroom diet ranks second to meat
alone. America is one of the richest
countries in mushroom food."—St.
Nicholas.

Strougest Vault in the World.

A vault, said to be the strongest in
the world, is being prepared for the
New York Clearing House. It weighs
650,000 pounds and is burglar and
mob proof. The height is 11 1/2 feet,
the width 24 feet and the depth six-
teen feet and eight inches.—New York
Times.

LIGHTNING.

POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT A
DANGEROUS SUMMER VISITOR.

Fires and Fatalities Which It Has
Caused—More Risk From It
in Country Than in Town
—Lightning Rods.

THE Department of Agricul-
ture has just issued a bulletin
by Alexander McAdie, of
the Weather Bureau, on the
subject of "Protection From Light-
ning," which, the Louisville Courier-
Journal declares, is of rather more
interest than the usual run of such
publications. Since 1891 the Weather
Bureau observers have carefully in-
vestigated all reports of deaths, fires and
other accidents from lightning; and
the conclusions deduced therefrom by
the author are sure to attract atten-
tion.

In the first place Mr. McAdie shows
that the danger from lightning is not
imaginary. An immense amount of
property is destroyed and many lives
taken by this subtle agent every
year. The Weather Bureau records
do not contain any figures as to the
loss of property, but the "Chronicle
Fire Tables," compiled from reports
of fire departments, insurance com-
panies and the press, have very full
and reliable estimates. According to
them there occurred in the United
States during the nine years ending
1893 no less than 4175 such fires with
an aggregate loss of \$14,309,015. Dur-
ing the ten years ending 1893 there
were 2679 barns, 831 dwellings and
129 churches struck by lightning. A
curious circumstance observed but
not explained is that there have been
notable increases in accidents from
lightning in certain States. Connecti-
cut, Illinois, Maine, Massachusetts,
New York and Michigan, for instance,
report many more than Alabama, Ar-
kansas, Kentucky or California.

For 1894 the Bureau records are
very full. During the year 336 per-
sons were killed and 351 severely in-
jured; besides which 268 barns were
struck, with a damage of \$407,500;
fifty-five churches were also struck,
damage unknown, and 261 dwellings,
and several oil tanks, factories and
elevators, the total damage to these
amounting to not less than \$351,000.
The great bulk of these casualties
happened during the months of June,
July and August, but there were two
fatalities during February; and Janu-
ary, November and December were
the only periods exempted.

Many interesting points were no-
ticed. For instance, the risk in thickly
settled places is light. There is but
little need for lightning rods in towns.
The oak tree is the most frequent vic-
tim in the forest, the beech the least.
Trees struck are generally on the edge
of forests or out in the clear, and their
height averages from fifty-two to sixty-
six feet. The proportion of suscepti-
bility to lightning, if the beech be
represented by one, will be fifteen for
the pines, forty for other trees and
fifty-four for oaks.

Mr. McAdie is a believer in the
lightning rod, but he shows how wide-
ly authorities differ as to the value of
these conductors. He insists that the
rods be of good iron or copper, and
that they should be as well "grounded"
as possible. If the rod be near gas
or water mains it should be con-
nected with them, but an independent
"ground" is preferable to the mains.
The top of the rod ought to be pro-
tected from rust.

In spite of the old proverb to the
contrary, lightning does often strike
twice in the same place. It is unwise
to stand under trees during thunder
storms, in the doorway of barns close
to cattle or near chimneys or fire
places. On the other hand it is not
worth while to try to insulate one's
self in a feather bed.

The fatality of the shocks from light-
ning strokes is an interesting consid-
eration. The only record the author
knows of is that of 212 persons struck
seventy-four were killed. Of forty-
three victims twenty were struck in
doors and twenty-three outside, four
being under trees. It is certain that
in many cases death is not instantane-
ous, but animation is suspended and
the patient may die unless properly
treated at once. All the authorities
advise that every effort be resorted to
to restore respiration, and this should
be kept up at least an hour if the vic-
tim do not show signs of recovery
sooner.

The subject of accidents from light-
ning is a curious and singularly fasci-
nating one. Many people, women
especially, have the greatest dread of
thunderstorms, and no amount of rea-
soning can give them courage. Yet it
may be said that while it is true, as
Mr. McAdie observes, that the danger
from lightning is a real one, so also is
the peril from falling walls and build-
ings. And if lightning be more deadly
in the country there are many more
walls and buildings in cities, and these
ought to be looked out for. A care-
less hod carrier or mason may let drop
a brick upon a passer at any time.
Only last week a man recovered \$8500
from a warehouse in this city because
a shutter fell on his head as he was
passing. If all such casualties were
compiled the number would probably
equal those from lightning. Still,
Mr. McAdie's publication is an in-
teresting and valuable little treatise,
and its suggestions can do no harm.

Lightning Aids a Butcher.

Butcher George Grathwohl, of Cut-
choque, N. Y., had a fine fat pig in
front of his place for slaughter. Sudd-
enly a furious thunderstorm came up
and when it was at its height, a bolt
descended and killed the pig. The
lightning also skinned the porker and
all the butcher had to do was to cut
the animal up for sale.—Chicago
Times-Herald.

Interesting Hypnotic Experiments.

Dr. A. A. d'Ancona has developed
into quite a successful hypnotist. He
entertained the students in the Dental
College with an exhibition of his
hypnotic powers last evening. The
exhibition was given in the lecture
room of the college in the Donohue
building and proved one of the most
interesting and amusing entertain-
ments that could possibly be im-
agined.

Three young men who are subject
to the hypnotic influences of Dr.
d'Ancona aided the professor of physi-
ology in his exhibition. Two of the
young men are students. The third
is the agent of a blackboard company,
and one day, a few weeks since, he
happened in the lecture room while
Dr. d'Ancona was delivering a lecture
to the students. At the hypnotic ex-
hibition last evening Dr. d'Ancona
placed the young man under his mes-
meric influence and made him repeat
from memory the lecture as he had
heard it. At Dr. d'Ancona's request
several people in the audience at-
tempted to interrupt him in the mid-
dle of his recital, but without effect.

The exhibition was full of amusing
incidents. All three of the subjects
were placed in chairs on the platform
and hypnotized. The doctor then
told that when he counted three he
would disappear through the ceiling,
and at the same time a fountain of
five-dollar gold pieces would spring
into existence in the middle of the
floor. Two of the young men nearly
came to blows in their eagerness to
corral the stream of gold pieces, and
were restrained from hurting each
other only by physical force.

A barber shop scene, in which two
of the doctor's subjects were lathered
with chalk and shaved with a pencil
by the third young man proved highly
amusing. To prove how completely a
person under the influence of hypno-
tism can be controlled by the operator
Dr. d'Ancona prevailed upon one of
the young men to believe that he had
lost all feeling in his right hand below
the wrist. Persons in the audience
were permitted to prod his hand with
penknives, but the prodding failed to
produce the slightest indication of
pain or feeling. Dozens of other ex-
periments were made, and the students
were kept in a continual round of
merriment and surprise for over two
hours.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Tramp, a Sparrow and a "Cop."

He sat slouchingly upon the end of
the park bench, his head hanging list-
lessly over his breast. There was
complete dejection in his attitude.
An old hat that resembled a piece of
"ouls" in a rag shop lay on the
ground, where it had fallen from his
head. On one foot was an old felt
slipper, and on the other an old rid-
ing boot with the top cut off. His
trousers and coat were of a dull,
mottled gray that comes from hard
wear and dust. Twice had he been
insulted by the "sparrow cup," and
he had made his way to a bench that
was secluded and shaded by a tree.
He had gone to sleep.

In the tree the sparrows hopped and
twittered in the shade of the foliage.
Suddenly through the branches came
twisting a tiny feathering, striving
hard to make its tender wings bear up
to the weight of its body. It failed, and
fell on the gravelled walk at the old
tramp's feet, stunned and breathing
with difficulty. Something caused the
tramp to open his eyes, and they
lit on the little sparrow. He looked
at it stupidly for a minute. Then
drawing his hand across his forehead
he leaned over and picked it up tend-
erly. He gazed at it in a wondering
way, and then gazed up at the branches
of the tree, where the mother bird
fluttered and chirruped in fright.

He drew the bench a little closer to
the tree and climbed upon it. That
put him within reach of the lower
limb. He laid the little bird carefully
on a forked branch, and with a
strength surprising in one so appar-
ently feeble he drew himself up and
sat on the limb. Above him, but with-
in reach, he saw a nest. It was tipped
over so that he could see in it two
downy bits of birds like the one he
had. He gently placed the bird he
carried in the nest, let himself down
to the ground, drew the bench back to
its original place and turned to go
just as a "gray coat" called out to him
"Come, now, get on. You've been
around here long enough."—New York
World.

The Monkey Up a Tree.

"I see a monkey up a tree. He sees
me and gets behind the truck of the
tree. I start to go around him and he
keeps going around as I do, keeping
the trunk of the tree between him and
me. I reach the place I started from,
with the monkey still opposite from the
tree. Now I have been around the
tree. Now I also have been around the
monkey?" A Boston woman is quoted
as saying: "I tried it on my husband.
I had him for the monkey, and I took
a whisk broom and went around him
brushing his clothes. He kept turn-
ing around just as I did, and when I
had been clear around I had only
brushed one side of him and one leg
of his pantaloons. Now, all the pro-
fessors of Harvard University couldn't
convince me that I had been around
that man, and neither had the man
been around the monkey in the tree."
—Buffalo Express.

His Peculiar Name.

Everybody is laughing over the
latest remark of a society woman
whose habit of getting words wrong is
proverbial. They were discussing Mr.
Mackey-Smith before her not long
ago, and somebody said:
"Is his name Smith, with Mackey
for a middle name, or is it all one
name?"
"it's all one name," she said. "He
writes it with a siphon."—Washington
Post.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Overhead trolley lines will soon be
perside steam on the Mount Holy (N.
J.) branch of the Pennsylvania Rail-
road.

A scientific mission is to be dis-
patched next year to Madagascar for
the purpose of reporting on the phys-
ical geography, geology, fauna and
flora.

A new and cheap hydraulic motor
recently invented consists of a water
wheel stationed on two boats in a nar-
row channel. The separation of the boats
gives a space, in which the wheel re-
volves.

If the new hypothesis of Prof.
Newcomb proves to be correct, the
planetary system includes a ring
planetoid between Mercury and Ven-
us similar to that discovered during the
present century between Mars and
Jupiter. The hypothesis is an im-
probable one.

Some of the London electrical sup-
ply firms are taking steps to enable
the public readily to enjoy the advan-
tages of electrical heating. They are
not only lending electrical cooking
stoves to customers, but are prepar-
ing to supply a separated metre and
half rates for cooking.

It is calculated that if the sun was
composed of pure carbon and pure
oxygen in the proportion to form car-
bon dioxide, the heat developed by
burning it up would only last 172
years at its present rate of radiation.
The energy evolved, however, by the
merely contracting one tenth of the
sandy part of its present radius would
keep up its present radiation for 213
years.

A recent invention is a pneumatic
India rubber boat, shaped like a horseshoe
collar, from the forward part of which
two boots or leg cases depend. The
bottoms of the boats are provided with
collapsing paddles, which open out
back stroke and close on the forward
stroke. A rudder is attached to the
stern. The boat may be inflated in ten
minutes, when the space inside the
collar forms a comfortable seat. Pro-
pulsion is entirely by the feet. When
not inflated the boat loses its charac-
teristic shape and may be packed away
in a valise.

One of the latest uses to which
paper has been turned is the making
of telegraph poles. The paper pulp em-
ployed is saturated with a mixture
of borax, tallow and other substances.
The mass is cast in a mould with
core in the centre, forming a hollow
rod of any desired length, the end
pieces being held by wooden blocks
driven in on either side of the pole.
The paper poles are said to be lighter
and stronger than those of wood, and
to be unaffected by the many weather
influences which shorten the life of
the wooden pole.

Production of Meerschmamm.

Mr. Cumberbatch, British Consul
Angoria, in his latest report, dis-
cusses the rich deposits of meerschamm
found twenty miles to the south of
Eski Shehir, an important station on
the Anatolian Railway.

The meerschamm is extracted in
the same way as coal. Pits from two
to five to 125 feet deep are dug, and
soon as the vein is struck horizontal
galleries, sometimes of considerable
length, are made, but more than
galleries are seldom to be found in
pit. The stone as extracted is called
"ham tash," or rough block, and is
soft enough to be easily cut with
a knife. It is white, with a yellow
tint, and is covered with a red, clayey
soil of about one inch thick. In
state the blocks are purchased by
dealers on the spot, not by weight
measurement, but according to ap-
proximate quantity, either per
three sacks or per cart load, accord-
ing to the quality. These blocks are
and subjected to certain prepara-
tions before being conveyed to Eski
Shehir. Some of them are as small as a
brick, while others attain the size of a
foot. Those which combine the
largest quantity of surface and size are
the most valuable. The manipulation
required is simple, and the blocks
they are ready for transportation
long and costly. The clay soil
moved, and the meerschamm is
exposed to the sun's rays, but
before a room heated to the tempera-
ture is necessary, and the drying
process takes eight or ten days.

When dried the blocks are
sorted into about twelve classes,
and each class being packed with
gunny bags in separate cases, and each
case being wrapped in cotton wool.
The meerschamm is sent to Eski
Shehir, where it is worked and dis-
posed over the world.

A Bogus Dime.

Counterfeit silver ten-cent pieces
that contain as much if not more
than genuine coin, have been
discovered in the United States
Treasury. They have been re-
ported from banks and are so carefully
made that it requires the trained eye
of an expert to detect their bogus
character. The coins have the appearance
of well-worn, a result of careful
attention on the part of the counterfeit-
ers. The valuable aid to their circulation
of the coins have been sent to the
secret service officials, who pro-
hibit them most dangerous counterfeit
express the belief that they were
made in Europe and sent to this
country for circulation.—Philadelphia
Ledger.

China Old in Art.

Besides the art of printing, the
manufacture of paper, and even the
invention of newspapers, the Chinese are
credited with having made use of
iron and steel for 2000 years. It
is recorded that they threw a
mass of cast iron over a ravine in
China in the first century of the
Christian era.—Chicago Times-Herald.