

Mechanical invention is tending toward simplicity not complication.

Somebody says that there has been spent for physical culture in the United States since the war \$25,500,000.

The pecan nut industry is of considerable importance in Texas. Thousands of people, white and black, make a living by gathering the wild nuts.

The Princeton students have formed a vigilante society whose chief aim it is to put a stop to hazing. A very sensible society this, comments the New York Recorder.

The New York Times feels that it is not particularly creditable to American enterprise that the work of laying a cable across the Pacific should have been left to the Canadians.

Georgia farmers are said to be sick of cotton raising, and if they continue in their present mood the New York Mercury predicts the cotton crop for 1895 will not be over half that of 1894.

Dr. Dagil, a Russian physician, asserts that music produces warmth. It affects the nerve centers governing the circulation of the blood, and causes an enlargement of the blood vessels, and hence greater activity of circulation.

According to a German authority the total length of railway lines in the world is about 1,000,000 miles, of which 540,000 are in America and 380,000 in Europe; in the United States there are about 490,000 miles, which is the greatest in any one country.

The latest statistics given to the public by the British Labor Commission show that in the agricultural districts the weekly wages of laborers average \$3.35, and in many cases the hours of labor are returned at twelve per day. These laborers live in hovels and subsist on vegetables, with meat once a week.

Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by \$2,000,000,000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is \$60,000,000,000. These figures will hardly be reached unless Europe keeps up its armed peace until that date, deciding the fate of nations, not by Jomini, but by Rothschild.

A Manchester (England) packing company had occasion to telegraph to their manager at Victoria, British Columbia, and the sending of the message and the reply occupied only ninety seconds. They state that this is the record. It has never been beaten or equaled in the annals of telegraphic history. The total distance by the wires, out and return, is 13,000 miles.

It is a singular fact, muses the New York Mail and Express, that rails in tunnels last only about one-third as long as upon the open track, although subjected to exactly the same amount of wear. Nearly all the fuel used in locomotives contains sulphur, which combustion and the action of the exhaust steam in the smoke stack changes to free sulphuric acid. This issues from the stack often in as great quantities as five pounds an hour, but is soon dissipated in the open air and does little harm. In a tunnel, however, where the steam cannot escape, it condenses rapidly on the rails and leaves them subject to the direct action of the acid.

To Remove Particles From Eyes.

The oval electrode which has been devised for the removal of particles of iron or steel from the eye is said to prove of peculiar practical value—the use of a magnet directly after an injury, where a chip of metal has penetrated the interior of the eye, always giving far more favorable results as to vision than when used later, so that many cases are on record where large particles have been removed from the tissues of the eye by the magnet, with a hardly appreciable impairment of the vision. It is recommended that in large injuries of the eye, where the presence of a piece of iron or steel within the eye is suspected, the physician should not hesitate to insert a magnet, as inflammation and loss of the eye will ensue if the foreign substance be allowed to remain; if, however, the injury shows but a very small opening through the eyeball, the intruding substance should first be located with the ophthalmoscope, then the wound through the eyeball should be carefully enlarged and the magnet inserted as close to the particle as possible.—Philadelphia Record.

Ships That Can Never Come In.

Oh, wondrously fair are the Islands of West—
Thou'nd islands we never have seen—
But we know they are smiling out there in
west.
Their valleys all glowing in green,
No cloud ever crosses this tropical sky,
And there is no sorrow nor sin,
And snug in their harbors all peacefully
Our ships that never come in
There dwell the fair faces our fancy may see,
With eyes of the tenderest blue,
That come in our slumbers to you and to me,
In dreams that can never come true.
We joyfully greet them, nor wish they were
here
'Mid all the danger and din;
They are blissfully guarding the hopes we
hold dear—
Our ships that never come in.
—Nixon Waterman.

An Unexpected Catch.

Never had nephew better reasons for striving to keep on good terms with his uncle. There was the profitable business in the city which John Goldby had promised should be his when he retired, and there was Bessie. Barnaby Morton thought a good deal more of his pretty cousin than of the business—naturally, for the business had no mind to change, and Bessie had.

They were not engaged. John Goldby, perhaps for reasons of his own, possibly in Bessie's interest, had forbidden him to ask the momentous question until she had seen a little more of the world. "There's plenty of time for that," he said, and refused to listen to argument. Had his answer been favorable, most likely Bessie would have laughed in her lover's face—they had so long been as brother and sister. But she liked him better than any one else, and she had told him so.

Such was the situation when Barnaby was requested to look after his uncle's house during the absence of the family at Brighton. "I don't want you to neglect the business, you know," John Goldby exclaimed. "You can leave an hour sooner, then you'll get here at 6. Don't be absent at night on any account; and if you go out for a walk, mind you come in early. The parlor maid goes with us, but the cook will be here to attend to you." His concluding words were: "Now, don't let there be another burglary."

Barnaby promised to obey every injunction faithfully. But—he wouldn't have believed that Bessie's absence could make such a difference—he found those evenings at Maythorn Villa deadly dull. Seven of them he bore, then tempered his solitude with friends, to whom he gave nice little dinners in return for their companionship.

One afternoon the most obliging of these young gentlemen, a doctor, whose practice had scarcely begun to sprout, called at Mr. Goldby's office in the city.

"I want you to do me a favor, Morton," said he. "You know Miss Trevor. I've persuaded her to let me take her to the theatre this evening. Her aunt goes, of course. I should be eternally obliged if you would contrive to meet us—quite by accident, you know—and take charge of the old lady. She's spoilt every opportunity I've had so far, and I want to bring the affair to a head."

"I'm very sorry, Selby," Barnaby rejoined. "You know I promised the governor I would spend every evening at his house."

"Yes; but you're the only fellow I'm acquainted with who knows Miss Trevor and her aunt. I'm afraid a stranger to them wouldn't help me much. When is the governor expected back?"

"Tomorrow."
"And he's been away three weeks. Burglars don't work hap-hazard. If a robbery had been planned, your presence every night would have spoilt it. Besides you'll get home before 12. Come, I make a personal matter of it."

Barnaby hesitated, and, of course, was lost. But he did not abandon the position all at once.

"I know I ought not to go, Dick. It's only two years since the house was burgled. If anything were to happen, uncle would never forgive me. Still, if I were in your place, you would help me out if you could."

"Yes, I would. But why not set a few burglar-traps? You'll be all right then, if this very improbable event should take place."

"What sort of traps?"
"Some of my own invention. You've heard of McCloskey's whiskey that killed at forty rods—dropped the drinker at any rate."
Barnaby nodded.
"Well, my traps are like that. I'll run back to the surgery and get the stuff. Meet me at Waterloo at 4 o'clock."

They met at the appointed hour. Selby had the burglar-traps in a medicine bottle. Thirty-five minutes later they were at Maythorn Villa preparing to set them.

"Three will be sufficient," said the inventor. "One for the pantry, where the plate is kept; one for your aunt's dressing-room, where you say she keeps her jewels; the other for the drawing-room, which is littered with valuable knick-knacks. Half fill three decanters with mixed port and brandy—plenty of brandy, you know, or the burglar may taste the stuff—and get three wine glasses."

Barnaby procured those adjuncts. Selby divided the contents of the medicine bottle between the decanters.

"It's a strong preparation of opiates," he explained. "All you have to do is to put a decanter and glass to each of the safes and another in the drawing-room. If a burglar enters any of these rooms the first thing he'll see will be the wine. He'll pour out a glassful, gulp it down—they're thirsty souls are burglars—smack his lips and drop in about a minute and a half. It won't hurt him, but you'll find him there tomorrow."

"It's a good idea," said Barnaby, "but suppose cook discovers the stuff?"

"You must warn her."
When the traps had been set so that the most purblind burglar could not fail to see them, Barnaby went to the kitchen.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "I'm going out. I've put three decanters of wine about the house. Don't touch them."

The cook fired up on the instant. "What do you take me for?" she demanded.

"A woman, Mary. Remember what happened in Eden, and don't be tempted."

He retreated in a hurry, dressed, and left the house with Selby, perfectly easy in his mind. At the theatre he met his friend and the ladies, by the merest chance most carefully arranged, of course; but despite his earnest endeavor to be of service, he could not procure Selby the desired opportunity. However, when they reached the street after the play it was raining fast and the doctor had an inspiration. Instead of calling a growler he hailed two hansoms, bustled the younger lady into one, jumped in himself and was driven off, leaving the astonished, angry chaperone with his friend. The trick succeeded admirably, but Barnaby missed the last train to Twickenham in consequence.

Meanwhile the Goldbys had been enjoying their annual holiday, especially Bessie. She had formed the acquaintance of a certain Captain Dashbury and, alas! for woman's constancy, had almost made up her mind that she could never be more than a sister to Barnaby now. And John Goldby was equally well disposed towards the gallant officer; indeed he told Mrs. G. that with the money Bessie would have, he had always expected her to marry into one of the professions.

Just about the time that Barnaby and his chum were setting the burglar-traps Mr. Goldby and his new acquaintance were sauntering along the King's Road.

"By the way," said the Captain, "I think of running up to town tomorrow. If you don't mind, Goldby, I'll travel with you."
John Goldby expressed the pleasure he felt. "You must come to Twickenham and dine with us," he added. "I won't take a refusal."

"I shan't give you the chance," laughed the Captain.

When they separated John Goldby hurried to the nearest office and sent a long telegram of instructions to the cook, reply prepaid. He also wired to Barnaby at the office—there was just time to catch him before 5—and the cook would need money to get some of the things he had ordered for dinner on the morrow. He then returned home to await the answers. None were forthcoming. He waited an hour, then thinking the telegrams must have miscarried he repeated them, sending Barnaby's to Maythorn Villa. Still there was no answer. By this time he was thoroughly alarmed.

"There must be something wrong," he told his wife and daughter. "Who knows? The house may have been robbed and Barnaby and cook both murdered in their beds. I shall go home at once. You had better follow by the first train tomorrow. Mind you bring Captain Dashbury," and he rushed away.

Shortly after 11 next morning Mrs. Goldby and Bessie, escorted by the Captain and accompanied by their maid, arrived at Twickenham station, and leaving the luggage to follow proceeded home in a hired landau. Fif-

teen minutes later they reached Maythorn Villa. Captain Dashbury rang. No one came to the door. He rang again and knocked. No result. The house seemed deserted, strangely silent. Then Mrs. Goldby noticed that all the blinds were drawn.

"What can have happened?" she cried and ran to the back. The door was wide open. Passing swiftly through the hall she admitted the others and went straight to the drawing-room. Next instant a shriek, such only as a terrified woman can utter, startled all within hearing. Bessie followed quickly and found her mother staring with frightened eyes at the body of a man lying flat on its back on the hearthrug.

It was John Goldby, not dead, indeed, but snoring almost loud enough to wake the dead.

"He's been murdered!" cried Bessie, and she burst into tears.

But Captain Dashbury knew better. "No, no! It isn't so bad as that. Don't distress yourself. He's only in a fit," he said, and stooping he unfastened the insensible gentleman's collar and tried to lift him into a chair. But John Goldby was no light weight, and the Captain had to let him fall; indeed, he fell with him, rising deathly pale.

"I'm afraid I've wrenched myself," he said, looking ready to faint.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," murmured poor, terrified Mrs. Goldby, glancing hastily round for a cordial. A decanter and wine-glass stood on a gipsy table. Seizing both, she filled the glass—overfilled it, for her fingers trembled so that she quite spoiled the carpet. "Drink this!" she cried.

He took the glass and gulped down the wine. As he did so the maid burst into the room, wringing her hands.

"Oh, if you please ma'am, I've been to the kitchen. Cook's fast asleep in her chair and I can't waken her!"

"What shall we do," cried Bessie. "Captain Dashbury, what are we to do?"

But the Captain was staggering about the room.

"That wine's drugged!" he muttered, and fell on an ottoman insensible.

The maid rushed from the house shouting for the police. At the garden gate she ran against Barnaby in evening dress. He had been to the office to see the letters, and had now come to assure himself that all was right at Maythorn Villa, change his clothes and give the cook a sum of money, as was instructed by telegram.

"Back already!" he cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Go in, go in!" she answered, and shouted "Police!" louder than before.

Instinctively he guessed something of what had happened, but he was quite unprepared for the reality. Hurrying into the house, he saw his uncle and a stranger lying insensible, his aunt and cousin in hysterics, and ran at his best speed for a doctor and a stomach-pump.

"This has ruined me!" he muttered as he ran. "Uncle will never let me have Bessie now. Dick Selby you'll have something to answer for."

Luckily, Dr. Maddox was at home. Bringing antidotes and the necessary instrument, he returned with the remorseful Barnaby. A police-sergeant and a constable were in the room. They had lifted John Goldby into a chair. Having tasted the drugged wine, Dr. Maddox examined the master of the house.

"He'll soon be all right," he said, cheerfully. "He'll wake of his own accord shortly. Better let him sleep it off where he is." He returned to Captain Dashbury, whom the officers were steadfastly regarding. "I understand this gentleman has only just taken the opiate. He'll come round sooner if I use the stomach-pump. Perhaps you'll carry him out of the room, officers?"

"Before we move him," said the sergeant, glancing toward Mrs. Goldby, who, assured of her husband's safety, was almost herself again, "I should like to know what he calls himself and what he's doing in Mr. Goldby's house?"

"He is Captain Dashbury," she answered. "He is here by Mr. Goldby's invitation."

"He may call himself Captain Dashbury," rejoined the sergeant, with a grim smile. "He went by the name of Robert Hawkins the last time I saw him. It was at the Old Bailey, where he got five years for swindling. I should say he's on ticket-of-leave now and I should get him out of this double quick. Junes," turning to his companion, "fetch another officer and a stretcher. He'll go very quietly, I don't doubt, and the police surgeon will bring him round. I'm curious to know where he reported last."

The constable left the house.

Pale enough had Bessie been until the sergeant uttered the statement. Her face, as she stole from the room, was crimson.

Barnaby was saved, though he was quite unaware of it.

Mr. Goldby awoke dazed, unable at first to comprehend what had happened to him. But when all was made clear he wrung Barnaby's hand.

"Don't worry about dosing me, my boy," he said. "I owe you more than you think. I was in a pretty state when I found the cook asleep and was unable to rouse her, and I drank a glass of wine to steady my nerves. I must have dropped almost instantly. But we'll say no more about it."

The cook also recovered speedily. She had slept since 5 o'clock the previous evening. Of course, she declared that she never would have thought of touching the wine if Barnaby had not roused her curiosity.

John Goldby never told Barnaby what had passed between the bogus captain and Bessie at Brighton, nor has Mrs. Barnaby Morton yet found courage to confess. Of Mr. Robert Hawkins nothing more was heard, except that he was handed over to the authorities of another town and sent back to prison for failure to report himself.—The Million.

How Screws Are Made.

The process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled" and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size, and the neck put in at the same time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and after another rattling, and through drying, the screws are assorted by hand (the fingers of those who do this move almost literally like lightning) gressed by weight and packed for shipping. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little thing that looks like and opens and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. This is about the most wonderful piece of automatic skill and usefulness I have ever seen, and it has done its distinctive work at the rate of twenty-one screws a minute, although this rate is only experimental as yet; ninety-three gross per day, however, has been the regular work of one machine.—Utica, (N. Y.) Herald.

Grand Engineering Feat.

The recent completion of the tunnel under East river, cutting through Blackwell's island, marks one of the grandest engineering achievements of the age. It was constructed by a private company to convey illuminating gas from the company's factory on Long Island to New York City, and is over 2,500 feet in length. Its inside measurements are ten feet in width by eight feet six inches in height, and the surveying was so perfect that the two opposite cuttings from each side of the river were only three-quarters of an inch out of alignment at the meeting point. This gas tunnel was begun in 1892 and its speedy and cheap construction is suggestive. It is profitable for a gas company to bore such a tunnel almost large enough for railroad trains, is it not surprising that a number of similar tunnels have not been built for passenger and freight traffic between New York and her populous suburb across both the East and North rivers?—Atlanta Constitution.

Why Steam Casts a Shadow.

The water in the water-gauge of my locomotive casts no shadow, while the steam in the upper part of the gauge does. Why is this? "Pure water in a state of rest is of uniform density, and the rays of light, although they may be refracted, pass through it almost unimpeded in parallel lines. On the other hand, steam is composed of vapor of varying degrees of density, and always intermingled with more or less air. In the steam gauge these are constantly in a state of agitation, so that when the rays of light enter they are not uniformly refracted. This being the case they interfere with and neutralize each other, the result as far as the shadow is concerned, being as if the steam and the intermingling had really combined so as to form an opaque body."—New York Advertiser.

In a garden at Fort Meyers, Fla., there is a date palm which was planted by General W. S. Hancock during the Seminole War while he was in command of the fort.

TWO SEA PESTS.

Ravages of the Voracious Teredo and Limnoria.

A Fortune Awaits Him Who Will Exorcise Them.

Two strange-looking creatures, one a gelatinous, slimy mollusk, headless and legless, and the other a diminutive shrimp, cost the Harbor Commissioners of San Francisco about \$250,000 annually.

They are the teredo and the limnoria.

The State owns about sixty acres of wharves along the water front of this city, and the piles of these wharves are being devoured by the teredo and the limnoria.

In the Patent Office at Washington are registered over 1,000 devices for dealing with this worm, but no method as yet affords absolute protection. The Pacific Bank of San Francisco became involved to the extent of \$14,000 in one of these patents. It was a scheme for boiling the teredo. Sealding water was to be forced through the pores of the wood, and it was hoped that this would cook the teredo, but the headless mollusk was proof against this scheme of the Pacific Bank.

From piers taken from the bay teredos have been extracted measuring all the way from a few inches in length to four feet. What keeps them from becoming as long as the pier is that they have a high regard for the rights of their fellow teredos, one never crossing the trail of another.

After a teredo begins to eat he never stops until he either reaches the domain of a brother or the pier collapses.

The teredo is not a social creature. He is a sort of a hermit anarchist—a blind Samson pulling down piers. He begins life as a spawn and drifts about, untaught and unattended, along the mud line until he strikes something hard. There he sticks, and, without the slightest provocation or knowledge of economics, turns anarchist at once, and his life-long work of demolition begins. From his birth to the day of his death he has no companions. His tail, armed with two feather-like spurs, guards the little pinhole entrance.

Marsden Manson ex-engineer for the Harbor Commissioners, has made a study of the teredo. "It is rather remarkable," said he, "that scientists have not devoted more attention to the teredo nautilus. There is a colossal fortune awaiting the man who can offer the governments of the world a protection against this animal. The teredo costs America about as much as our navy—and is probably more formidable. But somehow the teredo has escaped the serious attention of men devoted to science."—San Francisco Examiner.

What Football Players Eat.

"Starvation as a principle of training," said Ben Donnelly, the great football player, "is utterly exploded. Years ago men were kept on edge and their appetites tantalized once in a great while with weak tea and half-done meats. This idea is now buried beyond all resurrection. The modern college football player, who has the roughest and fiercest work that ever an athlete tried, gets four meals a day at the training table and consumes more solid nourishment than two ordinary citizens. The morning meal at Princeton was commenced at 9 o'clock, and consisted of steak, chops and eggs.

"At noon another meal—cold roast beef and mashed potatoes. Dinner was scheduled at 4 o'clock, and was a feast—meat and potatoes in abundance, with grapes and apples for dessert. At 7 came the evening meal, and the men were in bed by 9. There should be no grease and no pastry. All exercise should be outdoor if possible, and a man should run, jump, put the shot and throw the hammer. With such a system fat will turn into muscle, and the weight will increase rather than lessen. No more powerful athletes exist than the college football players, and there is not a light, starved out, skinny man among them."—Chicago Tribune.

A White Partridge.

J. R. Scoggins received a white partridge in a consignment of birds from the West. The partridge has the soft whiteness of a dove over all its body, and here and there a feather that resembles chocolate with too much cream in it. The bird is normal in size and fully developed. Mr. Scoggins said it was the first white partridge he ever saw.—Baltimore American.