

No fewer than twenty-seven expeditions in search of the North pole have been made in the last twenty-five years.

There are between six and seven million Hebrews in the world and two million of these, Sir Samuel Montagu estimates, might be relied upon to go to Palestine if asked.

Hardtack is doomed in the French navy. M. Lockroy has ordered that soft bread baked on board shall henceforth be served out to the sailors instead of ship's biscuit.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Journal has been sending a reporter around to weigh himself on the scales of various grocers. He found his weight vary from 121 to 134 pounds on various scales.

The population of Italy is increasing with great rapidity. This seems, to the Washington Star, to be in line with the philosopher's observation that the poorest people somehow have the largest families.

Canon Gore, in a sermon at Westminster Abbey, London, told his congregation the other day that much of the Bible must have been taken down by shorthand. St. Stephen's sermon, Acts vii, he thinks, could have been reported in no other way.

The publishers' circular estimates that in Great Britain the output of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week; and law one every two weeks.

From statistics just given to the public by the Philadelphia Board of Revision of Taxes, that city has fairly won the designation of "The City of Homes." According to this statement there are in the city 263,249 buildings, of which 240,635 are dwellings, leaving out the whole number of buildings in the city only 22,164 devoted exclusively to business purposes other than dwellings.

It is a subject of newspaper comment in southern California that cents are beginning to be used there in the stores and in commercial transactions generally. It is only a few years since any coin smaller than a nickel was a great rarity anywhere west of the Missouri. If the price of anything figured out two cents the odd cents were deducted, if three or four cents the purchaser paid a nickel.

In the French departments where forests have been cut down there has been a marked decrease in the number of births and an increase in that of deaths during thirty years. In the last five years the excess of deaths over births was 89,682, and the mortality in the departments was nine times as great as in the rest of France. M. Jeannel infers from this that the forests are an important factor in the health of France.

The recently cabled report that Mark Twain has sold the copyright of his forthcoming book for \$50,000 may or may not be true, but it is significant, to the New York World, that such a sum is not considered incredible for the copyright of a piece of light literature. It shows how greatly the multiplication of books has enhanced the earnings of successful authorship. The more extensive the field and the keener the competition in it the greater the rewards of success. And competition was never keener nor the field larger nor rewards more glittering than now. It is true that they are only for the few—only for those who really succeed in giving the reading public what it demands—but they do exist, and the multiplication of schoolhouses is increasing them year by year.

In the absence of dramatic novelties, London is smiling over the accounts to hand of a play being produced at the principal theatre of Bangkok, Siam. If it shows some biological confusion in the Siamese mind, it also exhibits flights of fine fancy much more daring than Ibsen, Pinero, or even Sudermann attains. It makes Ceylon the capital of England, and the drama starts with the assumption that the King of Siam has promised to marry Queen Victoria, and has found it inconvenient to keep his contract. The British Queen, accordingly, invades Siam in quest of breach of promise damages, and there is a magnificent scene in which the Duke of Cambridge, whose youth is miraculously restored, has a terrific battle-axe combat with three Siamese war fairies. The English are defeated with tremendous carnage, but then the King of Siam relents, explanations are exchanged, and he leads the blushing Queen Victoria to the altar after all.

# A Good Story



## HER CAREER.

BY CLARA M. WHITE.

"Well Kathryn, here you are at last. Do you know that it is just a year ago today that we graduated? Dear old Wellesley! When shall I see the beautiful place again? Little did I think that it would be a whole year before you and I should have another talk."

"And little did I think, Marjory, that in a year I should be summoned to help you prepare for your wedding. Do you remember that last night when we spent the midnight hour together talking over our past and future? And do you remember how you declared you should not marry Jack, even though he had asked you before you came away to college? And then, you know you announced your intention of following a literary career? You had not quite decided whether you preferred editing a newspaper or writing popular novels. I have laughed over it many a time since you wrote me of your coming marriage?"

"Well, you needn't laugh, Kathryn Ball, it's a very serious matter—the engagement, I mean; and as for my career—"

"Don't look so superior, now. I suppose you will go on teaching, and climbing up and up, till you are a college president, but I don't believe you will be a bit happier than I."

"All right, Marj, I am not going to dispute the point, because I am dying to know how it all came about, this amazing change in your views of life."

"Honestly, I just cannot help laughing, whenever I think of it."

And she burst into a peal of merriment, in which Marjory, though she tried hard to stand on her dignity was at last forced to join.

"You don't deserve to be told a word about it, but I'll be good and tell you anyway, for I must vindicate myself, if possible."

"How charming! Well, begin right away." And Kathryn settled back lazily among the cushions in her hammock, while Marjory, in a low rocker at her side, proceeded to relate what she called her "conversion."

"Of course Jack called bright and early the very evening I returned. It was a gorgeous night and after I had sung for him, we took a little walk in the garden. No sooner had we reached the end of the walk, than he grabbed both my hands and said, 'Marjory, those miserable four years are over at last. Now when shall it be?'"

"When shall what be?" said I, pretending not to know what he meant, and trying to pull my hands away.

"At that he actually kissed me? Why, I was so angry, I don't know what I did or said. It seems the silly boy had taken it for granted that I was going to marry him as soon as I got out of school. I told him that I had never given him to understand any such thing, and that I had quite made up my mind not to marry for a number of years, if I did at all."

"Let's sit down here and talk it over a bit," he said. He seemed quite as serious as I, and asked me if I minded telling him what I intended doing with my life. He was so sympathetic and nice, that I just told him how my great desire was to become a newspaper woman. I said that I thought either of going to some small place and editing a paper myself, or of editing some special department of a city paper. On the whole I thought I preferred the latter, as then I could stay at home and get a little acquainted with my family, after having been away from them for so long.

"That would suit me a little better, too," said he, and then I wished I had said I was going to North Dakota or South America, but I pretended not to hear his remark and went on.

"Now do you suppose, Jack, I could get such a position as that on the Times?"

very gravely whether I had ever had much practice in writing.

"Why, I could do it perfectly well," said I, "I am sure. My essays and theses at college were always considered very fine."

"I don't doubt that," said he, "but you see newspaper work is so entirely different. I am afraid you would have to begin, like the rest, with reporting, and work up gradually."

"If that is necessary, I will do it," I declared.

"He thought an instant and said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Marjory, if you are really in earnest about this thing. The editor of the Times, Mr. Brown, is a personal friend of mine, and perhaps I can get you some reporting to do.'

"Of course I was delighted and told him I was ready to begin that very minute. Then I asked him how long he supposed it would take to work up."

"Well, that depends, of course," he replied, "on your work. From what you say as to your abilities, very likely it will not be long. You must show them what you can do, that's all."

"Well, sure enough, the next day there came a letter from Mr. Brown, offering to let me try my hand at reporting, if I so desired. I was to come to the office the next day and have some work assigned me. I was there at the appointed hour and received my instructions from the city editor. Indeed, I had no dealings with Mr. Brown in person, and in fact never saw him."

Marjory paused a moment, but a voice from the hammock said, "Go on, go on, this waxing interesting."

"Very well. I won't stop just now to tell you of all the adventures I had when out on my rounds; how I went to all sorts of places and to interview all sorts of people."

"You didn't actually interview strange people, Marjory?"

"To be sure I did. Do you suppose I would flinch at anything? I was determined to go through the necessary apprenticeship."

"And was your work always acceptable?"

"It always went in. Sometimes, at first, it was cut a good deal, but usually it was just as I had written it. Don't you suppose a college girl could do acceptable reporting, if she once made up her mind to do it?"

"I never could have done it, I know. But where was Jack all this time?"

"Oh! Jack called often and took me out a good deal, and sometimes when I had to be out late at night, and would be just quaking in my shoes, he would suddenly turn up at some dark corner and see me safely home."

"One day a note came from Mr. Brown telling me that he would like to have me try my hand at writing some weekly articles suitable for the Woman's Column. I did so, and they proved quite a success. My pay was increasing right along, and I was quite happy, feeling that I was working up."

"This went on for several weeks, and finally, about the last of October, Mr. Brown wrote that the lady who edited the Woman's Column was about to leave the city, and he thought me quite competent to go on with her work. Perhaps I wasn't delighted at that! He asked me to come to his sanctum the next day at ten to make final arrangements."

"I had always felt greatly in awe of that room. I had never been in it. I think I dressed with special care that morning. At last I entered the sanctum. The editor sat writing away at his desk. He looked up as I closed the door, and—'he was Jack.'"

Jack!" gasped Kathryn.

"Yes, Jack. I just couldn't speak, my feelings were so mixed, you know. So he rose and said, 'Marjory, I do hope you will forgive me. You know if you had taken much interest in my career, it would not have been possible for me to have practised this deception.'

"I winced a little at that and felt a blush slowly mounting to the parting of my hair."

"'You have done splendidly,' he went on. 'I had no idea at first that you were so gifted. I am in sober earnest about the offer. We might make it a partnership affair. What do you say?'"

"So now you see, Kathryn Ball, I have not given up my career at all, and as a married woman I shall go right on with my literary work."—Womankind.

## The Boers and The Cyclist.

About three years ago a wandering cyclist threw a whole district of the Transvaal into a paroxysm of superstitious terror. Traveling by night, his advent would have been unnoticed if two young Boers, early abroad in search of strayed bullocks, had not seen the "spook" or track of the wheelman. With the curiosity of their race, they followed it for some miles, being anxious to see "the man who could trundle a wheelbarrow so far without a rest."

After an hour's tracking, one remarked:

"This fellow must be a thief; let us go and tell the landroost (magistrate)."

Accordingly, the worthy Dutch "beak" was brought on the scene, and he was accompanied by a score of armed Boers.

The whole party followed the path taken by our cyclist. Halting at noon while the horses grazed, the mysterious trail was the object of much scrutiny.

Suddenly one farmer exclaimed: "Look here, landroost, if it was a barrow, where is the 'spook' of the man who wheeled it?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed the official, "I never thought of that. Let's see—yes, here is the wheel right enough, but where is the footprint? It is, it may be—yes, yes; ride, boys ride, its a spook (ghost)!"

To this day that portion of the road is not traversed by any of the Dutch farmers.—London Answers.

## A Substitute for Building Stone.

An enthusiastic advocate of wood pulp for building material as a substitute for stone is Mr. G. D. Rice, who has made the subject one of close study and investigation, says the New York Sun. His conclusion is that it possesses the needed elements of a durable constructive substance, being at the same time devoid of some of those features which detract from the value of stone and brick. He summarizes some of the qualities presented by this new factor in building as consisting in its being light in weight, exceedingly hard, a poor conductor of heat and sound, and sufficiently elastic to meet all the usual requirements for the purpose; it is tough, though a nail can be driven into it, and it can also be drilled, while the other necessities of a stone substitute, as enumerated, together with resistance to frost and heat, with ability to stand strain, and so on, are said to be met, besides the important item of saving the cost of transportation. It is urged further that the difficulty of procuring perfectly square stone blocks, except at high rates, is thus overcome, for the pulp blocks, being cast in a square mold, are necessarily uniform. Differing from stone and brick, which absorb so much heat in summer, the proposed material is claimed to be cooler in summer, while in cold weather it prevents dampness, so common in stone.—Paper World.

## The River a Streak of Sand.

"In parts of Texas and Arizona I found a river to be a streak of sand across the prairie, while a lake is a body of sand surrounded by mosquito bushes," said P. L. Ireland of St. Louis at the Metropolitan.

"No trace of water is visible in some of the lakes and rivers, except immediately after a rain, but they are valuable nevertheless, as by scraping a hole in the sand water can be obtained. The Virginia Dale gold mine is situated at the end of one of these lakes. It had a five-stamp mill, and was run with profit for so small a plant. While I was out there, a storm came up, the sand shifted, and for several days no one could venture out on account of the sand. When it subsided, no trace could be seen of the stamp mill. It had been covered by the sand. It would cost more to dig it out than to build a new mill, so the company is now putting up a new ten stamp mill on top of the old one. A thousand years from now, some one may unearth the mill and write learned articles upon the age in which it was built.—Washington Star.

## He Took No Chances.

"Here's a good scheme," she said, looking up from the paper she had been reading.

He seemed a trifle suspicious, but it was so evident that he was expected to ask about it that he made the inquiry.

"Why, it says that some wives shave their husbands and in that way save what they would ordinarily pay to the barbers," she explained.

"Mary," he said, after a moment's thought, "you may get that gown you spoke about this morning. It won't be necessary for you to get at my throat with a razor."—China Post.

## MODELING IN CLAY.

### How Sculptors Prepare Their Difficult Work.

#### The Principal Tool is the Artist's Forefinger.

Modeling in clay is completely a practical art. The tools, called modeling tools, are made of wood and wire, but no tool is more useful than the finger; indeed, tools have been invented as mere aids to the fingers, and are designed only to do what they cannot perform. Wire tools are the most useful, being fashioned into loops of various shapes and sizes, round and angular, and fixed into wooden handles. The wire is sometimes notched or indented, to give a rough surface to the clay. The wooden tools are made of box and ebony, of various shapes and sizes—curved, straight, pointed, rounded and flat and broad—the broad tools being notched, and designed chiefly for working the large convex masses or large folds in drapery. In modeling a bust, especially the features, great nicety is required, and the modeler must be particularly careful not to injure what is already done, by retouching with the tool while clay is adhering to it, or he may risk the complete destruction of his work; the adhering clay will drive up the surface.

The clay used is common potter's clay, but should be of the best quality. It must be so wet that it will not stand in a mass much higher than its own width without support. The supports for the clay are a most important consideration, for, if not properly attended to, the finished work, the fruit of months of labor, might suddenly fall to pieces by its own weight.

Sculptors generally model figures of the ordinary size upon a bench or stand called a banker, about thirty inches high and about thirty inches square—for a bust it most, of course, be much higher; above this a solid circular plinth is fixed on a wooden boss, and is revolved upon six or more wheels, or, what are better, short, slightly conical rollers, fixed on the plinth near the circumference. On the centre of the plinth there must be fixed vertically a strong iron bar, about the height of a man, and from about six to ten inches in circumference, according to the weight of the figure; it must necessarily be strong and firmly fixed, as it is the main support of the whole skeleton of supports.

In modeling a bust very little support is necessary, an upright piece of wood with a crossbar at the shoulders being quite sufficient, but a small crossbar at the head would do no harm. Another essential part of modeling is preserving the moisture of the clay, which should be always uniform if possible; it must never be allowed to dry, and it can be kept moist with very little trouble.

When the model is complete, the next process is to take the cast to work the marble from, or to make other casts from. The whole model, while wet, must be covered in two or three masses, or more, if necessary, with plaster of Paris; when this is fixed and dry, the whole may be separated at the joints, without any regard to the preservation of the model, for when the mold is taken the model is no longer of any value. When the clay is completely removed from the mold, the component parts of the mold must be again put together, and in the place of the original clay it must be filled with plaster of Paris, and when the cast is well set, the mold may be carefully broken off in fragments, and the cast is exposed and complete, the finished work. If casts of it are required, a new working mold or safe mold, as it is termed, must be taken in many parts, and, if the figure is to be executed in marble, it is copied by the carvers, with the assistance of the pointing machine. It is so contrived that it can diminish or increase the scale of the model with perfect ease and nicety. It is always best to make the model of the size of the intended figure if practicable, because any error in a small model becomes multiplied in a larger one in proportion to the difference in size.

The ancient sculptors used to bake their models, but this is not so good a plan as making plaster casts from them, though less troublesome and much cheaper. These baked models are called terra cotta (baked earth) figures, are extremely numerous and are generally of small dimensions, but there are a few of a large size in various European museums. There are four at Naples which were found at Pompeii, and the inferiority of these works is some proof of the advantage

of the modern method of taking plaster casts from the models over the ancient system of baking them, for the errors in the proportions of these works are probably to a great extent due to the shrinking of the clay in the oven. The ancients made also molds of clay, which they likewise baked, and they formed their casts by the pressure of clay into these; This practice of pressing clay or any malleable substance is still occasionally had recourse to in works of fine art, and constantly in the potteries and by frame makers.—The Architect.

#### Utilizes Turtles in His Business.

"There are ingenious contrivances that do not find their way into the patent office," remarked a clerk in that department to a Star reporter. "I might also say, in the same connection, that there are men who seem to be able to turn almost anything to account. I was thinking of a fisherman I know down on the Florida coast. A casual observer would see nothing remarkable about him, and a visit to his rude hut would give the impression that he was poor and shiftless. The principal thing that interested me when I happened to call at his house for a drink of water while hunting one day, was the presence of two monster sea turtles, both alive."

"We started a conversation, the result of which was that I employed him to take me in a boat on a fishing expedition the following day."

"In the morning I called at his house, and he was ready. He held two stout leather thongs in his hand, one end of each being attached to a turtle. I was somewhat astonished when he started driving the sea reptiles ahead of us, but in reply to my questions, he said, 'You'll see.'"

"And I did. We entered the boat, and the turtles began to swim, drawing the boat through the water at a good rate of speed. The thongs were fastened to their necks, and he could guide them by simply turning their heads, exactly as he would horses."

"In about an hour we reached the fishing place, and tying his turtles to a tree on land, my companion proceeded to the business of the day. We went back drawn by the turtles in the same way."—Washington Star.

#### Furs From Southern States.

The raw fur trade of the United States is estimated at \$1,000,000 annually, and it is likely to surprise many persons not connected with the trade, says the Tradesman, that the Southern states contribute largely to the fur markets of the world. During the season of 1893-94 the following amounts of furs were shipped from the Southern markets, and as is always the case many furs are sent direct to New York and other markets by trappers and small dealers. The exact amount is considerably larger than the figures given here: Black bear, 2,200, worth \$15,000; otter, 2,700, worth \$12,500; beaver, 3,100, worth \$15,000; gray fox, 14,000, worth \$7,000; red fox, 18,000, worth \$15,000; mink, 223,000, worth \$140,000; opossum, 270,000, worth \$30,000; skunk, 340,000, worth \$230,000; muskrat, 440,000, worth \$40,000; raccoon, 210,000, worth \$84,000, a total of nearly \$600,000, besides small shipments which would amount to probably \$50,000. It is safe to say Cincinnati and St. Louis manufacture enough furs from this section to make the value of a season's catch fully \$1,000,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

#### The Awful Truth His Weapon.

Dr. English of San Francisco, who is now stopping in Philadelphia, is a practical joker of rare ability. The doctor possesses the most essential qualification of a joker—that is, perfect command of his facial expression. A few days ago, while a rainstorm was at its height, a pompous man of large girth rudely pushed the physician aside as he rushed for a Tenth street car.

Just as the fat man puffed his way to the platform, Dr. English yelled and wildly beckoned him back to the pavement. With much astonishment and labor the passenger waddled to the curbstone and asked what was wanted. Placing his hands on the fat man's shoulders the doctor asked him earnestly if he knew the day of the week.

"Why, it is Tuesday," was the reply.

"Are you sure," entreated the doctor.

"Yes, sure."

"Great heavens!" yelled English, as he hopped on a passing car. "Then yesterday must have been Monday."—Philadelphia Record.

Ah Wang, a prosperous Chinese laundryman and merchant of Aurora, Ill., is about to marry Georgia Shrader, a German girl, who has been for some time a clerk in his store.