ELECTRICITY

OUR GREAT STEAMSHIPS GUIDED BY A FINGER'S TOUCH.

Machinery Operated by the Magic Power. Rudder Guided by the Electric Current. All Signals Verify Themselves—The Plant on the St. Paul.

The real mysteries of all the most interesting parts of a great ocean steamship of the present day are to be found in two parts of the ship which visitors are seldom able to get at.

"Here is the nerve center of the ship," said the officer as he stepped upon the bridge, "and here day and night stands an officer on watch, during every minute that she is under way, posted in the weather side and able with a touch and a glance to guide her, to move her backward or forward, and to know without asking whether each of his orders is being obeyed promptly by the men at the mechanism toiling down in the hold.

"Here," he continued, moving to near the center of the bridge, "is the electric arrangement by which we transmit our orders to the engine room." The device upon which he laid his hand was of brass and was shaped like a drum, supported on its side on a brass standard. In place of the drumheads were plates of glass, and behind these were lettered dials, on which were marked the orders of the engineer. Handles came up through slots in the top of the drum, and these moved, indicating points around the face of the dials.

"One of these dials carries orders for the movements of the port engine," said the officer, "and one for the starboard engine. Move the handles forward of the center and the orders are for going ahead; move them the other way and they relate to the movements of the engines when reversed."

"But suppose the wires are broken or the electric current does not work—what then?" the reporter asked.

"You see the second set of indicators on the dials?" he replied. "When the engineer gets an order, he sets a similar dial in the engine room to the mark indicated, and that second indicator in our dial goes around and stops at the signal. Thus we know at a glance that he has not only got the order, but that he has got it correctly.

"We have, however another indicator here," and he touched a button which lighted up a translucent dial just under the coping of the bridge bulwark, "which tells us at every moment just what the engines are doing."

This dial was perhaps a foot long and narrow, with indicator point resting at the top at a zero mark at its center. On either side were graduated scales with numbers. "The numbers," the officer said, "represent the revolutions per minute which the screw is making, and when the pointer goes over one way the screw is working ahead, and when it goes over the other way it is going aback. There is the other indicator for the other screw. All the signal apparatus is in duplicate also."

Turning to us he pointed to an electric button in the front of the pilot house. "That blows the whistle," he said.

Then he pointed aft to where the whistle stands in front of the forward funnel and indicated two electro magnets, which, when the current goes through their wires, draw open the whistle valve and let the steam into its hoarse throat.

Within the pilot house he then showed another electric contrivance which, in connection with a clock movement, sounds the whistle automatically for ten seconds in every minute during fogs.

Beside that was a set of nine electric switches. "These," he said, "are for the ship's lights. These are for the masthead lights, and the others for the port and starboard bow lights. There are three seperate sets of wires to each light and two lamps in each. If a lamp goes out, this little bell rings and another lamp is switched into circuit at once."

Except for the carefully shaded electric lights in the pilothouse, this was all of that sort of apparatus there, but the steering wheel and its manner of operation were as interesting in another way.

Here, with hardly an effort, one man can control the great rudder of the ship with the certainty and ease with which he might that of the smallest sailboat. It is a simple thing. The wheel merely operates a pump, which in turn injects a column of glycerin through small brass pipes to a cylinder aft, where the rudder head comes up and the plunger in this cylinder opens and closes a steam valve.

Just back of the officers' quarters stands a ventilator, which connects with those quarters. Others, like it, but bigger, along the ship's upper deck connect with and supply air to all parts of the ship except the boiler rooms. These have their own plain shafts. In each of the ventilating shafts is an electric motor driving a fan. Instead of trusting for the entry of air to the wind blowing into the old fashioned wide open mouths of the ventilators these new ones force the air down just as it may be wanted by the electrically driven fans. Beneath the fans again are coils of steam pipe, and in cold weather the air is warmed by these before it enters the saloons, staterooms and other living parts of the ship.

"Down below," said the officer finally, "there are many more uses to which electricity is put on the ship, and then there are her engines—but that is a region where I am as unacquainted as you are. It takes long enough for one to get acquainted with the parts of such a big ship that one has to know about. I have been aboard the St. Paul ever since she has been running, and there are lots of things about her which I ought to know that I don't know yet, such as where to find anything in a hurry in her storerooms. She is a great ship, I can tell you."—New York Sun.

A CUNNING COLLECTOR.

He Has Devised Means by Which He Is Able to Reach Elusive Debtors.

The regulations of the postoffice department forbid postmasters to furnish to inquirers the addresses of persons who have removed from the residences or places of business formerly occupied by them, the reason for this rule, as given in the official instructions, being as follows:

"The agents of the postoffice department are furnished with the names and addresses upon letters and other articles of mail matter for the sole purpose of enabling them to make delivery thereof to the persons intended. Such names and addresses are to be regarded as confidential, and this confidence must be respected."

Among those to whom this regulation furnishes a protection against undesirable intrusion are some who have followed the Arabian custom of silently stealing away after due folding of tents, but have omitted to settle with their grocers, butchers and milkmen. The anxious creditors, on seeking from the letter carrier or at the postoffice for aid in finding the delinquents, are confronted with this rule and retire from the search baffled. An ingenious man, however, whose business is that of a collector of such debts, has hit upon a method of smoking out these modest and retiring nomads, and has practiced it with success. His plan is to send each of them a circular bearing a heading which gives the impression that he is in the express business, and informing the recipient that he has a package for him which he is unable to deliver for lack of knowledge of his present address, to which it will be promptly dispatched on receipt of the necessary information.

This circular is directed to the former address of the man who is "wanted," and is then redirected and forwarded by the postman to that which has been confided to the postoffice. Inspired by wild hopes as to the possible value of the package, the debtor takes the wily author of the circular also into his confidence, sends him his new address and awaits the arrival of the mysterious bundle, only to find too late that men betray. He receives a call from his creditor's representative, with demand for an immediate settlement or threat of a lawsuit. Thus does the cunning pursuer of the oft flitting debtor bring to naught the august mandate of the government.—New York Tribune.

RAILROAD YARD TERRORS.

Even Trainmen Cannot Cross the Tracks at Night Without Fear.

"It's hard for the ordinary traveler to realize the terrors of the average railroad yard," said an old and experienced trainman at one of the big Jersey City terminals to a reporter. "The commuter who scans the yards daily as he is smoothly riding through them naturally enough fails to appreciate the mass of detail in the duties of the men who are employed to switch him safely into the station. Let me use the routine work we do as an example. It is with responsibility and danger, but it comes mechanical enough to us, but there is one thing that [illegible] to do with cool[illegible] in the years I have been em[illegible] and that is to cross this network of tracks at night. The experience of [illegible], the freight clerk at [illegible] Valley station in Communi[illegible] proof that I am not the only [illegible] railroader afflicted in that way. [illegible] was run down by an engine because he got bewildered in the maze of tracks. I don't blame him. Why, it's enough to give a man heart disease to attempt to cross such an aggregation of rails, with a lot of headlights moving all around him and scores of bells and whistles ringing in his ears.

"Every time that I am compelled to make such a trip—and I only do so nowadays when I am compelled to—I get the lay of the land well in my mind and note which engines are moving and which are not, but it is of no use. By the time I'm in the middle of the yard my head is in a whirl, the headlights are dancing all around me, and I skip and dodge around frantically until I get safely on the other side. Usually most of the locomotives are standing still in the train shed, but it's hard to believe it when you are in front of them. Some commuters who work in Jersey City have a trick of walking into the station from the yard to save the trouble of going around by the regular way, but when I can I always warn them of the danger of doing so."—New York Sun.

A Variable Preference.

"What is your favorite color?" the young woman inquired.

"Under what circumstances?" Colonel Carter rejoined.

"Why—I should think one's favorite color would be the same at all times."

"Decidedly not, miss. Decidedly not. Now, if I happen to be admiring a sunset, my favorite color is red an yellow an something of that sort. But if it should happen that I am engaged in a friendly game with a select circle of puffect gentlemen, in which pokah chips appear, I have a very strong prejudice in favor of blue."—Washington Star.

An Indication of Character.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man.

"Never mind about papa," said the young woman. "I'll fix him."

For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary.—Indianapolis Journal.

New Castle's Tin Mills.

It does not seem to be generally known that New Castle, Pa., has the largest tin plate mill in the world. Yet that is the fact. It has 22 mills. The nearest one to it is in Swansea, Wales, which has 18 mills.—Philadelphia Times.

The points of a crossbill's mandibles do not meet, but cross each other. This peculiarity is of great service to the bird in forcing open the pine burs, on the seeds of which it feeds.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

The Teuton's Civilizing Influence as Seen Through English Spectacles.

At the very moment that the press of the fatherland was hurling imprecations against Great Britain in the name of humanity and civilization and holding us up to universal infamy as a nation of "brutal shopkeepers, devoid of culture and ideals," at that very moment one of the Kaiser's agents sent to civilize Africa was being tried in Germany for beating the German name into disrepute there. Wehlan—this is the administrator's name—who is only one of many, had been sent out as vice chancellor of Cameroun, had occasionally represented the governor, and during the Bakoko rising had acted as chief of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of a hippopotamus hide whip to compel him to confess. When this sentence was executed, the man's body was a jelly. Dr. Valentin said that "a raw hacked beefsteak was nothing in comparison." A cook who humanely gave a [illegible] to a man charged with larceny had 29 lashes of the same instrument of torture.

The government interpreter, Eteeki, stole some money and spirits, and to punish him the German vice chancellor and assessor, Wehlan, kicked him so long and so cruelly that the engineer of the German steamer Nachtigall had to turn away unable any longer to look upon the sight. Then Wehlan ordered 15 lashes to be administered to the wounded man, and finally gave instructions to have a rope tied round his waist so that he could be plunged into the water. One of three prisoners whom he had in custody was helped by a cook to escape. Wehlan ordered the cook to be seized and killed with the two prisoners—beaten to death, "no weapons to be used." They were kicked and thumped until half dead, when their necks were struck and their heads battered in. The corpses were horribly disfigured. During the Bakoko insurrection villages were burned to the ground and the throats of helpless old women cut. Prisoners, when taken, which was not always, were delivered up to the soldiers to be scalped alive. "A cut was made in the lower jaw with a knife, the fellow seized by the teeth, and the whole scalp drawn over the face and head." Two German gospel missionaries testified that these were the most efficacious means of improving the niggers!—Fortnightly Review.

SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

Statistics Show That a Man May Travel 181 Years Before Being Killed.

In The Ladies' Home Journal John Gilmer Speed writes entertainingly and instructively on the construction and operation of railroads under the caption "Running a Train at Night." He preferatorily asserts that the most remarkable achievements of modern civilization probably are those which affect traveling, making it at once quick, comfortable and secure. We cross states and continents at the rate of 30 miles an hour with greater security against accident than our grandfathers enjoyed in their stagecoaches, and we have, even when on the cars, comforts unknown in the palaces of kings when our grandfathers' grandfathers were young.

During the year from interstate commerce commission's report for year ending July 1, 1894) one passenger was killed for every 1,985,133 passengers carried, and one was injured for every 183,823 carried. This surely is as safe as living ordinary humdrum lives in large cities. The report further shows that a man's chances against injury were such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed. At the rate of 30 miles an hour a man could travel, if nature permitted, on American railways for 181 years, without leaving the cars, before being killed, or with the same amount of security against accident he could go round the earth 1,903 times before meeting his death by accident and 176 times before getting hurt.

Du Maurier and Clara Moscheles.

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Huysmans and Bource. My sister at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized, and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—they seemed the gift of her godmother, the famous Malibran—reflected the artist's soul, and a grand soprano voice spoke its powerful language. Du Maurier and she were seen on a brother and sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

Cheap Reputation Easily Gained.

"My son," said the aged man, "as you are now about to enter the great world this little bit of advice may be of great use to you: Whenever you make a 10 cent purchase, slam a dollar down carelessly on the counter in payment. In this way you may acquire a reputation for being a whole souled fellow to whom money is as naught at a mighty small expense."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with woe, have in her school been taught, as are enough to consecrate distress and make ambition even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.—Thomson.

A farm laborer in India is fortunate if he receives 10 cents a day for laboring from dawn until dark.

TRICKED AN OFFICER

HOW A YANKEE OUTWITTED A SUPPRESSOR OF SMUGGLING.

A Convenient Snowdrift, a Runaway Horse and a Cool Nerve Did the Trick—Another Proof That the Race Is Not Always to the Swift.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada has been the scene of no end of exciting adventures, because the desire to cheat our Uncle Samuel out of his lawful tariff dues is something that seems to be deeply rooted in the human breast. There are professional smugglers, but the larger per cent, I imagine, are those who, being on the Canadian side of the line and finding goods very cheap, cannot resist the temptation to try to get them across.

Between Maine and the British possessions is an enormously long stretch of boundary line, and patrolling it is entirely out of the question, but still, with all their slips the customs officers do occasionally get hold of a clew and run it to the ground—sometimes with results that are not so pleasant. This was the case with the officer whose story I am about to tell. At just what part of Uncle Sam's farm line it occurred need not be told. The story starts upon the Canadian side at a secluded spot in the woods, where a man, a horse sled with an enormously big box upon it, a good horse and a trunk filled with valuable articles make a break for the American side of the line. In some way an officer has got wind of the attempted smuggling, and with a still better horse he starts at full speed after the mysterious trunk and the driver of the horse sled.

It was not until some distance across the line upon the American side that the driver of the horse sled discovered that he was pursued.

Far back on a distant hill he saw a man coming at full speed, and knew its meaning. He got up steam on his craft immediately, and the old sled went into and out of "thank ye marms" in a way to make one's hair rise, but the driver knew very well that he could not escape being overtaken. He only desired to get over the next hilltop and out of sight for a moment. When over the brow of the hill, he suddenly pulled up, took the trunk up in his arms, climbed on top of the enormous box on the sled, and holding the trunk as high as he could over the side dropped it into a big snowdrift, where it sank completely out of sight. Then the race began again.

Back at the summit of the last hill appeared the customs officer in hot pursuit, and now he yelled to the man ahead to stop, but that individual appeared singularly deaf and in a great hurry as well. He kept his horse at top speed, and looked neither to the right nor left.

A half mile more and the officer had drawn up close behind, which pretense of not hearing his profane calls could no longer be made. The driver of the sled gazed backward over his shoulder, and then, in apparently great surprise, he pulled up—so suddenly that the officer's foaming horse nearly plunged head foremost into the big box.

"What-what-what d'ye want?" drawled the man ahead.

The reply of the officer is totally unsuited for publication. "I sw'ar to ye, I hain't got a thing here," said the driver of the horse sled.

"Then I should like to know what in hades you were trying to get away from me for," said the officer.

"Git away from ye!" said the driver. "Wy, gosh mighty! I got to git home 'n' milk eight caows afore dark, so I hain't got no time ter be a-loafin on the road."

"Well, you just haul up," replied the collector of Uncle Sam's duties, "and I'll have a look. I know well enough that what you've got there."

"Tell ye I hain't got a thing here but this old sled 'n box," protested the driver; but the more he protested the more certain became his pursuer that he had contraband goods concealed in the big box, the only opening to which was a little door at the end, the normal use of the box being for the conveyance of live pigs.

The two teams came to a standstill, and the officer got out and investigated the contents ahead. He opened the little door in the rear and looked in. With his eyes blinded by the glare of the bright snow, he could see nothing but Stygian blackness. He looked about for a pole or stick with which to probe the inky interior. Stone walls were beside the road and nothing else.

The suppressor of smuggling was a man of action. There was nothing else to do, so he would crawl in the box and explore the interior. He did so, when, quick as a flash, the door flew to, the button turned, and the horse in front of the old sled broke into a run that threatened demolition to the whole outfit. Over the uneven road went the team at the top of its speed, the sled swaying fearfully and jumping into the air at every leap of the horse. The man inside was shaken about like peas in a bladder, the man outside all the while plying the whip and shouting "Whoa!" "Quit your running away!" "Ha, there!" "Stop!" and various other remarks tending to acquaint the unfortunate gentleman inside with the fact that the horse, suddenly becoming startled, had run away.

The end came when the driver at last got his horse under control and a sorry looking object crawled out of the little door.

"Gosh mighty," said the driver of the horse sled, "it was saw bad the hoss should take it intew his head to run away jest w'en you wux in thar!"

But the minion of the law was too chagrined for utterance, and he limped slowly back a mile to where his team was standing. That night the trunk was lifted from its bed of snow by the light of the moon and carried safely away.—Lewiston Journal.

EFFECT OF TEA CIGARETTES.

They Give One a Sensation of Thickening in the Head.

One of the most injurious and dangerous of new fashions is the tea cigarette. That this is no empty, baseless story of a new craze is shown by the application made last week to the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington for permission to manufacture tea cigarettes in Michigan. The applicant was told that to engage in such manufacture he must comply with the law governing the manufacturing of tobacco cigarettes, tea being a substitute for tobacco; that he must register, give bond and so on, and that the cigarettes, when made, must be packed, stamped, branded and labeled, exactly as the tobacco cigarettes, before the government would sanction their removal from the factory for sale.

Several descriptions of the tea cigarette have been printed, but these have erred in the presumption that the tea was taken as sold, rolled up in a paper and smoked. This would be practically impossible, as the sharp edges of the tea would cut the paper in all directions, spoil the draft and render the cigarettes unsmokable.

To make the tea cigarette one takes a grade of green tea which has but little dust, being composed of unbroken leaf, and dampens it carefully, just enough to permit the leaves to be unrolled without being broken, and so as to be left pliable and capable of being stuffed in the paper cylinder, while the dampness is not sufficient to stain the paper. The cigarettes are laid aside for a few days and are then ready to be smoked.

The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not so disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the tyro is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or sit down. If the beginner quits them, that settles it, he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration. The nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skirt dancing or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoke continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in.

Words cannot describe the final effects of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step toward a cure is a cup of tea. An hour afterward comes the craving for the tea cigarette.—Cincinnati Tribune.

PORTUGUESE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

They Have Done Nothing to Explore or Develop the Country.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast, from Delagoa bay to the Zambezi and Mozambique. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambezi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau dampened their desires and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior.

Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of south central Africa was scarcely extended, and it was not till some 60 years ago that the Dutch Boers in their slow wagons passed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spots where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854-6 that David Livingstone made his way through Bechuanaland to the Victoria falls of the Zambezi and to the Atlantic coast at Loanda; not till 1889 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, explorers and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike native tribes, but drawn on by finding everywhere a country in which Europeans could live and thrive, while the Portuguese, having long since lost the impulse of discovery and conquest, did no more than maintain their hold upon the coast, and allowed even the few forts they had established along the course of the Zambezi to crumble away.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

How He Revenged Himself.

A capital story is told by a well known bishop concerning the squire of a parish of which he was formerly vicar.

This gentleman had a rooted objection to his pew being invaded, and upon one occasion, at the conclusion of a service, he came to the vicar with a bitter complaint against a stranger who, uninvited, had ventured to intrude into the pew, which was a large, old fashioned, square structure, capable of holding nine—they two, the squire and the intruding visitor, being the only occupants.

"I would not," added the squire, "disturb divine service by putting him out violently. The only thing I could do with propriety was to sit on his hat."—London Tit-Bits.

Singular Compliment.

An author some time ago received a singular compliment. A burglar broke into his house and found the manuscript of a novel, which he took, leaving the following note: "Sir—I began to read your novel, and I was so deeply interested in it that I was obliged to carry it away, but it will be faithfully returned when finished." The manuscript was duly sent back, with a really clever critique on it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Affection.

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill it in full of refreshing; that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—Longfellow.

DOTTIE'S GARDEN.

I'm glad that springtime's coming
When the days are warm,
When the winter time is over
With its snow and storm,
'Cause papa has promised
That he will make for me
The cutest little garden
That ever you did see.

And when papa has made it
I'll give it lots of care
And raise the prettiest flowers
And give them everywhere.
I'll send you all a violet,
A pansy and a rose,
And buttercup and daisy
And every kind that grows.

And we must plant some other things,
The kind that's good to eat,
So we can help the poor folks
Who live on our back street.
And when my garden's finished
You all must come and see
It growing in the little box
Papa has made for me.

—Womankind.

BEAUTIFUL JAVA.

Its Scenery Said to Be an Example of Tropical Perfection.

The scenery of Java is, I think, tropical perfection. No sameness in the landscape wearies the eye. All is valley and mountain, cultivated with beautiful crops—irrigated ricefields, emerald green stretches of tall, waving maize, small thickets of bamboos, gracefully bending to the breeze—or covered with a tropical verdure only equaled in beauty by the forests of South America. Being only midday when we arrived at Tassikmalaya, we ordered tiffin and two carts to be ready an hour later to take us on a 25 mile stage to Bandjar. So at 2 o'clock we were once more en route in the usual conveyances of small awning covered carts—each drawn by three ponies—one for ourselves and the other for the baggage. For the first few hours we passed frequently through small villages, where the ponies were watered, and our drivers chatted with the fruit sellers, and smoked small tapering cigarettes, which they bought for a quarter penny the packet.

The last part of the journey was through tall jungle, and as the sun had set some two hours before our arrival at our destination, it was no easy matter for the drivers to keep the road in the inky darkness. Finally a long, steep hill took us down from the comparative coolness of a high altitude into the fetid swamps where lies the town of Bandjar. At first sight you would think these swamps inhabited, in such myriads do the fireflies flit to and fro, or hang motionless, lamplike, in the misty air, giving one the idea of the lights of some distant village. All the natives here, as elsewhere in the island, hold the white man in great awe, and as you pass along all doff their huge brimmed hats, and some kneel by the wayside. In such towns in the interior as Bandjar there are no hotels, but the Dutch government provides free stopping houses for travelers—dirty, tumble down places for the most part—where a caretaker will look after them for a "consideration."—Westminster Review.

African Dwarf Palm.

Of late years the dwarf palm so abundant in Africa has been profitably utilized by French artisans, the leaves, it is stated, furnishing 50 per cent of a fiber which is extensively used as a cheap substitute for horsehair, according to the following process: The fiber is extracted either by hand combing or by means of drums with needles and knives worked by steam power. The green fiber is twisted or curled in its raw state and finds several applications. The black sort is at first dyed in baths of sulphate of iron and logwood, then twisted and again dyed. This fiber, it is alleged, possesses two advantages over animal fiber, which have led to its extensive employment, it being exempt from insect destruction and some 75 per cent less expensive than horsehair. There are, it is said, large works in Algeria, where the leaves are bought in large quantities and the fiber cleaned on a commercial scale. In Oran one factory prepares daily some 60 bales of 200 pounds each. In another, by a particular process, a firm prepares the material black and brilliant, without smell or dust, at the rate of 50 tons per month. As material for the coarser descriptions of paper it has also proved serviceable.—New York Sun.

A Baltimore Carriers' Stamp.

Dr. John Morris of this city has in his possession a stamp which was issued by the carriers of Baltimore antecedent to the inauguration of the free delivery system. Dr. Morris was postmaster of Baltimore from 1857 to 1861, and it was during his administration that the carriers' stamp was employed here. It is a 1 cent stamp.

The stamp was issued by the carriers for their own convenience. The system obtaining at that time, by which they collected the cost of postage from patrons of the postal service to whom letters were delivered, was troublesome to the carriers, and in order to save themselves the inconvenience, the carriers instituted this stamp. It was continued until the act of congress was passed establishing free delivery. The stamp is a great rarity, very few of them being in existence.—Baltimore American.

Attractive to Bicyclists.

"Have you visited the Phipps' conservatory lately, Miss Gracewell?"

"No, Mr. Dukane, I haven't."

"I think you would enjoy a visit very much. You are such an enthusiastic wheelwoman."

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly see the connection between a conservatory and bicycling."

"Well, the conservatory is full of bloomers, you see."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The smaller the drink the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood, which are great benefits in temper and business.—William Penn.

Delaware people are called "Muskrats," an allusion to the former abundance of these animals.