HOW SALT IS MINED.

METHODS EMPLOYED AT THE EXTENSIVE WORKS IN MICHIGAN.

The Supply of Raw Material, Which Is Brine, Is Practically Inexhaustible—The Industry Has Grown Enormously Since 1860, at Which Time It Really Began.

The existence of salt springs in the lower peninsula of Michigan was known to the Indians long prior to the advent of the white men in the country, and they were resorted to by both Indians and wild animals. So well known was this fact of the presence of salt springs that the general government made numerous reservations of lands which were supposed to contain salt deposits. By the act of admission of Michigan into the Union the state was authorized to select 72 sections of salt land, or land where the presence of saline springs indicated the occurrence of salt deposits. On the organization of the geological survey the state geologist, Dr. Douglas Houghton, made an examination, with the view to the selection of these lands, and in 1838 reported the results of his observations. Still these examinations were limited to surface indications, and no extended experiments were made to probe the coast far below the surface.

However, borings were finally undertaken in several localities, resulting generally in such a good measure of success as to stimulate still further trials, developing such gratifying results, especially in the Saginaw valley, that in 1859 the first company was organized for the manufacture of salt, since which period this industry has reached its present stupendous proportions adding greatly to the wealth and reputation of the state and especially to the growth of the cities and the region in which the business is carried on.

The origin of these deposits is not known. Whence the waters, lying so far beneath the surface, derive their saline property there is no apparent means of determining, nor is the boundary of the surface known beneath which these deposits of brine may be found. The Michigan salt group has a wide extent in the state, though thus far the greatest successes have come from the Saginaw valley. Where the lowest horizon is found in the salt group the brine is found to be the strongest, greatest in amount and best in quality. It is for this reason that salt wells in the Saginaw valley have proved to be more valuable than elsewhere. It is the region in which the greatest depression occurs. The salt group here lies at a depth reaching to more than 1,000 feet below the surface of the lake. At what depth below the surface of the lake this brine is found the writer is unable to state. Of one thing there is an apparent certainty, that the supply of the brine is inexhaustible. The extent to which the manufacture of salt in Michigan may be carried on is one of cost and demand. The brine may be assumed as existing in quantity far in excess of our ability to diminish it.

Of the two modes of securing the evaporation of the water, either by the application of solar or artificial heat, the latter is the method mainly resorted to in the Saginaw valley. Solar evaporation is effected by exposing the brine in shallow wooden vats. Such vats as are used are about 18 feet square and 6 inches deep. They are supported on posts above the ground and are provided with a roof, which is readily moved on the vats or off from them to cover the brine from the rain or to expose it to the sun, as required. The process is begun in March and the contents removed in July, the product of the second filling is taken out the 1st of September, and the third and final removal occurs the last of October. The annual product of a single salt vat of this size is 50 bushels.

A kettle block contains 50 or 60 kettles, set close together and in rows inclosed in stonework or brickwork. A launder connects with a cistern kept filled with brine and runs along between the rows of kettles, and from this launder the brine is drawn out into the kettles by opening a lateral spout. When 70 per cent of the water has been boiled away, the salt is dipped out into a basket or sieve to allow the water to run out of it, after which it is emptied into a bin, where, after a sufficient time—about two weeks—it is ready to be put into barrels. But the greatest advance in the way of cheapening the cost of the salt production has been achieved by the use of steam to afford heat for evaporation. For this purpose the exhaust steam of the great mills in the Saginaw region is used.

Pans are also made use of. A so called pan block, consisting of a "settler" pan, and packing room are inclosed in the same building. The brine is drawn from the settler into the pan, to the bottom of which the fire is directly applied, making the evaporation very rapid and causing the salt to form continuously.

The salt business in Michigan has swollen from the manufacture in 1860 of 4,000 barrels to 3,967,286 in 1895.

The estimated capacity of the 113 firms now engaged in the manufacture of salt in this state is 5,950,000 barrels per year.—Detroit Free Press.

Appreciated Scotch.

A well known learned judge, who was a keen politician before his promotion to the bench, went down while yet a plain Q. C. to help the Liberal candidate for a Scotch borough. He began a speech with a Scotch story; but, failing in giving the "awccent" with due emphasis, the story fell flat, and the audience began to murmur. The practiced orator changed his key and resumed in his natural and stentorian voice, "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon our Q. C. proceeded, no doubt very reprehensibly, "and I often drink Scotch." After this he was the unquestioned idol of the hour.—Household Words.

THE OPPORTUNITY CAME.

And Then He Waved Old Glory to His Heart's Content.

Two prominent Cleveland men went abroad last summer, and one of them took with him a miniature regulation flag. It was the handiwork of a neighbor, a lady, and its dainty silken folds were attached to a gilded staff.

"Take good care of it," said the fair flagmaker, "for it means protection, you know, and when the opportunity comes wave it for all it is worth."

Well, the opportunity didn't come for several weeks, but all that time the little flag was within easy reaching distance. At last, when the tourists came to Frankfort-on-the-Main, they were invited to dinner by an American resident, and around his hospitable table they glowed over the glories of Columbia's land until our pilgrims felt fairly homesick.

"I made up my mind right then," said the flag bearer, "that Old Glory would have to wave on some pretext that day, even if I had to stand out in the street and cheer for it alone."

Well, after the dinner they went out to hear the band play, and then a wild idea occurred to the man with the flag. He stationed himself to one side, where he could catch the conductor's eye, and there he waited. Pretty soon the bandmaster looked squarely at him, and then out came the stars and stripes with an eloquent flourish. The leader was a severe looking man, with a stiff gray mustache and a very tight uniform, but he actually smiled and nodded. Then he stiffened up and rapped sharply on his music stand. The musicians stiffened up, too, there was a rapid fire of guitural directions, and then—

And then the great band broke out all at once in that splendid chorus, "'Tis the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave," and you may rest assured the Cleveland man waved it long and wildly and tried to sing, too, and choked up over it, and the other Americans gathered about him and sang the best they knew how and waved their hats and handkerchiefs, like windmills, with the staid German citizens looking on in big eyed amazement.

"I say, do you know," said the flag waver, "that when I heard the glorious old tune it was just like getting in sight of Cleveland smoke again."

Well, the leader played the "Star Spangled Banner" through three times; then he whipped over to "Home, Sweet Home," and wound up with "Yankee Doodle."

"Oh, we didn't do a thing to that bandmaster," said the Cleveland man. "We just took him out and shook hands with him all around and gave him a fine jolly, which he couldn't understand, and then bought him a barrel of beer, which he could understand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Has Cancer Its Special Microbe?

A highly interesting discovery, which will perhaps afford a clew to the cause of cancer, has been made in Professor von Leyden's university hospital here. A young woman of 22 and a man of 63, both suffering from dropsy and cancer of the stomach, were brought to the hospital last spring. In order to remove the accumulated fluid, tapping was resorted to in both cases. The fluid was examined under the microscope, and hitherto unknown living organisms, belonging probably to the protozoa, were discovered.

Professor Waldeyer, to whom the preparations were submitted, advised that they should be sent to Dr. Schaudinn, assistant at the Zoological institute of the Berlin university, who has been investigating the protozoa for years past. He began his examination on July 19, and ascertained that in both cases the fluid contained a rhizopod, which he named Leydenia gemmipara schaudinn. He inferred that it is a pathogenic organism, but both he and Professor von Leyden still abstain from deciding as to the connection between it and cancer, though they admit the possibility of such a connection. They have made a preliminary communication on the subject to the Berlin Academy of Sciences.—Berlin Letter in London Standard.

How Uncle Sam Got His Name.

The nickname Uncle Sam, as applied to the United States government, is said to have originated as follows: Samuel Wilson, commonly called Uncle Sam, was a government inspector of beef and pork at Troy, N. Y., about 1812. A contractor, Elbert Anderson, purchased a quantity of provisions, and the barrels were marked "E. A.," Anderson's initials, and "U. S.," for United States. The latter initials were not familiar to Wilson's workmen, who inquired what they meant. A facetious fellow answered, "I don't know, unless they mean 'Uncle Sam.'" A vast amount of property afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in the same manner, and he was often joked upon the extent of his possessions. The joke spread through all the departments of the government, and before long the United States was popularly referred to as Uncle Sam.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Pope's Rebuke.

Since Leo XIII has filled the chair of St. Peter he has repressed the humorous side of his nature, which made him greatly in demand as a diner out while filling the office of nuncio at Brussels. Always severe in matters of propriety, he was deeply offended on one of these occasions by a baron who passed him a snuffbox on the lid of which was enameled a feminine figure en deshabille. Admirably controlling his annoyance, his future holiness replied: "Very pretty. Is it your wife?"

Nickel Coins.

Our nickel coins are really misnamed and should be styled copper coins. The 3 cent nickel contains 75 per cent of copper and only 25 per cent of nickel. The ordinary 5 cent nickel in common use has the same proportions of copper and nickel, three-fourths of the former and one-fourth of the latter.

SOME COMMON NAMES.

Fifty of the Most Numerous In Great Britain and Ireland.

These are the 50 most common surnames of the babies born in England and Wales, in Scotland and in Ireland, arranged in the order of their numerical importance:

England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1....Smith	Smith	Murphy.
2....Jones	McDonald	Kelly.
3....Williams	Brown	Sullivan.
4....Taylor	Thomson	Walsh.
5....Davies	Robertson	Smith.
6....Brown	Stewart	O'Brien.
7....Thomas	Campbell	Bryne.
8....Evans	Wilson	Byrne.
9....Roberts	Anderson	Connor.
10....Johnson	Scott	O'Neill.
11....Wilson	Miller	Reilly.
12....Robinson	McKenzie	Doyle.
13....Wright	Reid	McCarthy.
14....Wood	Ross	Gallagher.
15....Thompson	McRay	Doherty.
16....Hall	Johnston	Kennedy.
17....Green	Murray	Lynch.
18....Walker	Clark	Murray.
19....Hughes	Paterson	Quinn.
20....Edwards	Young	Moore.
21....Lewis	Fraser	McLoughlin
22....White	McLean	Carroll.
23....Turner	Henderson	Connolly.
24....Jackson	Mitchell	Daly.
25....Hill	Morrison	Cornell.
26....Harris	Cameron	Wilson.
27....Clark	Watson	Dunne.
28....Cooper	Walker	Brennan.
29....Harrison	Taylor	Burke.
30....Ward	McLeod	Collins.
31....Martin	Ferguson	Campbell.
32....Davis	Duncan	Clarke.
33....Baker	Gray	Johnston.
34....Morris	Davidson	Hughes.
35....James	Hunter	Farrell.
36....King	Hamilton	Fitzgerald.
37....Morgan	Kerr	Brown.
38....Allen	Grant	Martin.
39....Moore	McIntosh	Maguire.
40....Parker	Graham	Nolan.
41....Clarke	White	Flynn.
42....Cook	Allan	Thompson.
43....Price	Simpson	Callaghan.
44....Phillips	McGregor	O'Connell.
45....Shaw	Munro	Duffy.
46....Bennett	Sinclair	Mahony.
47....Lee	Bell	Boyle.
48....Watson	Martin	Healy.
49....Griffiths	Russell	Shea.
50....Carter	Gordon	White.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A FALSE TEACHING.

That Man's Chief End Is to Crucify Spontaneity on the Cross of Drudgery.

The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst writes of "The Young Man at Play" in The Ladies' Home Journal. He asserts that "it is play rather than toil that is most germane to our true nature and that lies closest to the divine intention. The care needing to be exercised as to the quality of our amusements must never be construed into a verdict against amusements in themselves considered. With most of us the play impulse stands far more in need of encouragement than it does of restriction. The proverb, 'It is better to wear out than to rust out' is true in form, but false in spirit.' The flowers do not wear out, but neither do they rust out.

"One reason why so many people are asking whether life is worth living is that we are teaching ourselves that man's chief end is to struggle and to crucify spontaneity on a cross of drudgery. We are not arguing for indolence. Indolence is as distinct from play as a pool is from a mountain brook. But we shall be greatly disappointed in heaven if we do not give a great deal of opportunity for energy to issue in activity. Work takes no thought and is a joy to itself, and an experience that will be saintly in heaven can hardly with reason be criticised as limp and puerile if indulged in before we enter heaven."

He Got Judgment.

A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer $8 for a year or two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him. Meeting him in his store, he said:

"Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant presented a statement of the account against himself.

"All right. I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.

A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer:

"In the case of —— against —— I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is $10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."—Washington Star.

A Unique Village.

Buckland-on-the-Moor, a secluded village of Devonshire, England, has no public house, parson, policeman or pauper. The squire owns all the land. The farms are small, but profitable. The farm laborers live in the squire's cottages. When they fall sick, the squire pays their wages as usual, and when they are too old to work any more they are continued on the pay list and potter about, doing what they please.

The Grewsome Mahratta.

The grewsome mahratta wadkah, the weapon of the Hindoo assassin, is shaped like a tiger's claws and fastened to the fingers of the right hand by rings. With a treacherous embrace the murderer slaps his victim and tears him open, leaving him mutilated in a condition that leads the discoverers of the body to believe a tiger or some other wild beast has clawed the man to death.

In 1861 Mendoza suffered from an earthquake, which shattered many houses, and fire broke out among the ruins, occasioning the most terrible conflagration the city had ever known. Over 10,000 lives were lost on this occasion.

Wheat, in 100 parts, contains 14.4 of water; mineral elements, 2; albuminoids, 13; carbohydrates, 67.6; crude fiber, 3; fats, 1.5.

Noise and the Death Rate.

It is of course impossible to state exactly what part noise in New York city plays in the death rate and the sick list, but every physician knows it must be considerable. Often the physician in his daily round finds it necessary to prescribe "perfect quiet" in order that the flickering spark of life remaining in the patient may be fanned back to a healthy flame. Yet in nine cases out of ten that perfect quiet he deems so important cannot be had owing to the noise from the street. Especially is this true in warm weather, when windows must be kept open.

The makers of unnecessary noise in New York are not confined to any one class. All are more or less guilty, from the church people to the organ grinder and the street peddler. Any one who studies this subject and observes carefully will be astonished and disgusted at the reckless disregard of each for the health, peace and comfort of all others.

If you should go for a walk in Fifth avenue on a fine afternoon and all sorts and conditions of people were to begin to assault you with switches, you would call the police. They would be promptly arrested and properly punished. What for? They have not killed you or maimed you or drawn any blood, and you are apparently none the worse for these assaults. What they have done is to irritate the nerve terminations of one of your five senses—viz., that of touch, or the tactile sense, and through the nerves of this sense they have made you conscious of painful sensations. This is exactly the treatment you do receive from these same people by their unnecessary assaults on another sense—viz., that of hearing. But should you ask the authorities to interfere in this case, you would likely be arrested yourself and your sanity inquired into.—North American Review.

Naval Experience.

Unhappily for naval science—happily for all other interests—experience during the 40 years of the life of modern warships has been rare and inconclusive. The effect is that the opinion of naval architects and naval officers is left halting between experiment and experience. And the very infrequency of actual fighting at sea during a period in which the navies of the world have been completely transformed is liable to lead to a one sided or vastly exaggerated estimate of the historical data at our disposal. There is a tendency to exalt the weapon which has proved its efficiency most lately into the one considerable factor beside which all others may be neglected.

The school of experiment needs correction, but the school of experience often lacks balance. It is apt to forget that the experience which it generalizes is always fragmentary and often irrelevant. Thus, after the American civil war, with its Merrimac and its Monitor, armor became the one thing needful. After Lissa, because Tegethoff happened to sink the Re d'Italia, the ram was to be the deciding factor in all future combats. The engagements on the Danube and Black sea coast in 1877 and 1878 brought about a similar apotheosis of the torpedo. And the China-Japanese war is likely to sow as confident a conviction that the navy which has quick firing artillery and high speed has every necessary element of force to secure an impregnable supremacy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Russian Translator of Dickens.

Irinarch Ivanovich Vredensky was the son of a poor but intelligent village pope, or priest, who tilled his globe to feed and clothe his large family of daughters and this only son, to whom he still found time to impart the rudiments of education. Irinarch was a sickly and lonesome boy, cut off from all playfellows by his ascetic though well meaning father, and he grew up to manhood in bitter poverty, having sometimes literally nowhere to lay his head. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, he became a distinguished scholar, a versatile linguist and a beloved pedagogue in the military schools at St. Petersburg.

He was growing in fame and favor with the authorities and had been called upon to undertake educational work of the highest importance, when his blindness and premature death cut short his brave career. His translations of Dickens, Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, etc., are classical and laid the foundation of the wonderful popularity which their works still enjoy in Russia.—Notes and Queries.

Had Never Heard of Him Before.

"A new slang phrase is picked up and worn out in a day in the great cities of the country," said a commercial traveler, "but sometimes years elapse before they are ever heard in rural districts. I was side tracked in a little mining camp in southern Oregon a few days ago and was playing freeze out with some of the natives. In the course of events I got three tens and made a small bet. A big, red shirted Hoosier opposite raised me. I raised him back, and he came back at me with another raise.

"'Well, I'll have to call you,' I said. 'My name is mud.'

"He raised up from his chair, seized my hand in his big paw and shaking it enthusiastically said in all seriousness:

"'Glad to know you, Mr. Mud. My name is Jenkins.'"—San Francisco Post.

Carlyle to Thackeray.

Thackeray had asked Carlyle to send in something for The Cornhill Magazine, and this is Carlyle's reply:

Oct. 31, 1859.

DEAR THACKERAY—Right gladly I would if only I could, but I can yet bethink me of nothing in the least likely. Indeed I am so crushed to death amid Prussian rubbish these long years past I have nearly lost the power of thinking in any form and am possessed by one sad, futile ghost of a thought. How am I to get out of this cursed thing alive? If ever I do live to get out of it and find the Thackeray magazine and editor still lively, then!

Meanwhile I do not quite give the matter up—your matter, I mean—as desperate, and if any possibility do offer be sure I will lay hold of it. With prayers for the new periodical and you, yours ever. T. CARLYLE.

—Cornhill Magazine.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

They Suggest the Curious Activity of the Youthful Mind.

Many of his questions cannot be connected with his reading, but appear to result from reasoning or a recognized analogy. "How do plants make themselves bigger when they grow?" he asked when we were talking about planting his garden. I heard him saying to himself, "Wildness, wildness." I asked him what he was talking about, and he replied: "About plants that are not wild. What are they called?" "Garden or cultivated plants," I answered. "What made you say wildness?" "Why," said he, "I knew that harmless means something that wouldn't do any harm, and so wildless means plants that are not wild." He mentioned the fall, and I asked him what he meant by fall. He replied: "The winter at first; the first of it. Do they call it fall because everything is falling?"

There was some talk about dressing him or putting on his dress, and, reasoning from analogy, he asked, "When God puts the skin on people, is that skinning them?" I once read of the people in the moon being like grasshoppers and told him about it. When I had finished the story, he said: "When we look up in the sky, we see the moon rolling on above us, and when the people in the moon look up in the sky they see the earth rolling along above them. What is the strange puzzle about that?" I told him that his specimen of mica was silicate of potash, and he asked: "Why is mica silicate of potash—because they put ashes in a pot?"

These questions have been recorded to represent an innumerable number unrecorded and to show the wide range of thought and the variety of reasonings that a child under 6 years of age may have. They show his natural method of acquiring knowledge, but they can only suggest the ceaseless activity of his mind during all his waking hours.—Henry L. Clapp in Popular Science Monthly.

MISLEADING TELEGRAMS.

Efforts at Brevity Often Result In Ridiculous Misunderstandings.

A very ludicrous incident occurred at Vienna some time ago, when Max Halbe, the successful playwright, who had come to close a contract with the managers of a Vienna playhouse for the performance of one of his dramas, found that his shoes had been stolen during the night just preceding his return home.

In Vienna hotels it is the custom to place one's shoes in front of the bedroom door before retiring. The hotel porter calls for them, cleans them and replaces them. On that particular day some sneak thief had entered the hotel and walked away with half a dozen pairs of shoes, among them Halbe's.

In Munich, Halbe's wife was anxiously awaiting his return, and, to quiet her fears, since he could not arrive on time, Halbe sent her the following dispatch: "Could not leave hotel; stole shoes. Max." An hour and a half later telegrams began pouring into Vienna to Halbe's friends, to the manager of the theater where he had just concluded arrangements to have his play produced and to the chief of police, with the request to help Mr. Halbe at once and to get him a good lawyer.

The wife of Mr. Halbe had misunderstood her husband's telegram and believed that he could not leave Vienna for having stolen shoes. Although she could not possibly understand why he should steal shoes, the poor woman believed that he had had a fit of kleptomania and had been caught in the act. After another exchange of telegrams the misunderstanding was explained away.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Moon Will Never Change.

The headline may give the reader the idea that something has gotten wrong with our satellite and that in the future Luna's fair face will not get through the regular phases of new moon, first quarter, full moon and last quarter, as has been her wont since the time "when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary."

But such, dear reader, is not the idea we mean to convey, but we do mean exactly what the headline says, that under existing conditions (and the conditions which have existed on the surface of the moon for perhaps millions of years) it is a physical impossibility that the face of the moon should change one iota. There are neither outside nor inside influences that can be brought to bear to make a change in the configuration of "our silvery sister world." Her internal fires have long since died out and there is an utter absence of both air and water. Existing under such conditions it is utterly impossible that the face of the moon should undergo change or disintegration even in the course of a hundred million years.—St. Louis Republic.

Sure Preventive.

"Professor," said the fair leader of the reform delegation to the reticent neighborhood philosopher who was supposed to know everything, "we're trying to make this world better and have taken the liberty of seeking your advice. What is the surest way to prevent divorces in this country?"

"Don't get married."

And the delegation filed out.—Detroit Free Press.

We Must Sail.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Alexander the Great was designated by his subjects the Conqueror, a title bestowed by his people on Alfonso of Portugal and Aurangzeb, the emperor of India. The same title has been given also to James I of Aragon; Osman I, sultan of Turkey; William the Conqueror of England.

Spoiled a Sale.

A friend of mine was in one of the emporiums the other day and there ran across a very swell acquaintance sitting in the shoe department, where she was buying $3 shoes for her daughters.

The haughty one seemed quite flustered when she saw my acquaintance and stammered out:

"I—I just came down to get some shoes for my servants."

Then, as she saw that the intruder was greeting one of her daughters, who was just in the act of trying on the aforesaid plebeian shoes, she hastily added:

"Addie is trying them on for her, as she has the same sized foot as Bridget."

But this struck Addie as a little too ridiculous, and, as she was a plain, everyday American girl, without frills, she laughed aloud, much to her silly mother's discomfiture.

"Oh, don't mind ma!" she said. "That's just one of her jokes. These shoes are for me, and I wear twos. Bridget wears sixes, I guess."

"The shoes are very good here," said my acquaintance, "and very much cheaper than on Broadway."

But the silly mother would have none of it.

She was furious with her plain spoken daughter and handed back the shoes to the amused and amazed shopwoman.

"I'll send our servants down," she said shortly. "That will be better. Come, girls. Hope to see you again, Mr. ——."

And she swept out, with her nose in the air, followed by her giggling daughters.

"You spoiled a sale," said the shopgirl as my acquaintance sat down, "but she'll come back again. She's a regular customer."—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Goldbugs.

The most remarkable goldbugs in the world are found in Central America. They belong to the genus Plusiotis, and one might easily imagine a specimen to be the work of some clever artificer in metal. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished, with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of metal, and it is hard to realize that the creature is a mere animal. Oddly enough, there is another species of Plusiotis from the same region, which has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from $25 to $50 each. The finest collection of them in existence today is owned by Walter Rothschild of the English banking firm. Though a young man, only 23 years of age, he has already spent $300,000 on beetles. Every year he sends two men to Central America to gather beetles. One of the most beautiful bugs in the world is a small beetle known to science as the blue Heptiff. Its back is an exquisite iridescent sky blue, and the under part of its body is of a bright silver hue. The notion that it contains silver is widely entertained, and attempts have frequently been made to extract silver from it.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Hundred Thousand Screws In a Thimble.

The smallest screws ever made are used in the manufacture of the miniature watches which are sometimes fitted in rings, shirt studs, bracelets, etc. They are the next thing to being invisible to the naked eye, looking like minute grains of sand. With a good glass, however, it may be plainly seen that each is a perfect screw, having a number of threads equal to 1,240 to the inch. These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter and seven one-thousandths of an inch in length. It is estimated that a lady's thimble of average size would hold 100,000 of them. No attempt is ever made to count them, "tiny triumphs of mechanical ingenuity" other than to get a basis for estimation. The method usually pursued in determining their number is to carefully count 100 and then place them on a delicate balance, the number of a given amount being determined by the weight of these.—St. Louis Republic.

The Schoolboy and the Emperor.

The organ of the schoolmasters, The Allgemeine Deutsche Lehrerzeitung, relates an episode of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit to Wiesbaden. When he was riding along the Taunus strasse at the head of his suit on Monday, a small boy ran after him and cried out as he frantically waved his cap, "Herr Kaiser, Herr Kaiser, get us a holiday tomorrow!" The emperor laughed, and, with a friendly wink to the lad, called out, "We shall manage it." Accordingly on the next day all the lads and lasses of the town were informed that the day was "schulfrei," and wherever the kaiser appeared he was naturally greeted as a liberator, with the full power of youthful lungs.

Hogs and Storms.

Hogs are always more restless than usual on the approach of bad weather, and when these animals run to and fro with mouthfuls of straw, leaves or branches the indication is for very foul weather. In their native state pigs probably made their own beds, and when bad weather was coming perhaps gathered a larger supply of straw or leaves than usual to serve as a protection against the rain.

The Influence of Clothes.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs, I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit, my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress, my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank.—Pick Me Up.

Some Left.

The Toronto Mail asks, "Did the prehistoric man eat pie?" If he did, he did not eat it all. You can find prehistoric pie at almost any railroad restaurant.—Boston Globe.