

BLACK ROCKS.

A Story of the Early Days of the Connellsville Coal Region.

A writer in Forest and Stream says that Elias Blank, one of the early settlers of what is now the great Connellsville coal region, in western Pennsylvania, was among the first Americans to burn soft coal. How the thing came about is thus described:

"One night Mr. Blank was aroused by a rapping at his door. Opening it, he admitted a famous Indian fighter, Lewis Whetzell, and a companion, Jonathan Gans, commonly known as 'Long Arms.'"

"Friend Lewis," said Blank, "where have these and our friend been and where bound?"

"I want to get out of here at once," said Whetzell, "and Long Arms is of the same opinion. This country's bewitched, and Long Arms and I are nearly scared to death."

"Friend Lewis, these must not tell such stories to me," said old Elias. "These fellows I am thy friend, and I have saved them when a price was on thy head. I know them as a man of courage, and friend Jonathan Gans, whom some call Long Arms, fears nothing on earth, and I'm fearful nothing anywhere else, and yet thou tellest me that he and thee are scared even unto death. Shame on thee so to declare before thy friend, who loves ye both as he were thy father!"

"No, no, Elias," said Whetzell, dropping into the Quaker speech. "I tell thee no lie. We are scared. Yesterday afternoon we were in hiding about the mile from Dunkard creek, and in the evening we built a fire under the bank very carefully, and we got some black rocks to prop up a little kettle and put them beside the fire rather than in it, and the black rocks took fire and burned fiercely, with a filthy smoke and a bright light, and Long Arms said the devil would come if we staid, and we grabbed our kettle and poured out the water and made our way here, leaving the black rocks to burn."

Elias Blank was much interested. He did not tell Whetzell that the black rocks were, but he found out exactly where the men had made their fire, and when they went away he gave them each a new Ezra Engle rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with our pounds of powder and a supply of lead.

Then he hunted up their camping ground, found the "black rocks" and opened a coal bank into one of the river hills, and this coal bank is still in existence in a 12 foot vein of coal that is absolutely free from slate and burns like pitch.

Resting at Unyanembo.

My ranch is nearly over. I have got back into well beaten tracks and am even occupying a house where nearly every Englishman who has entered this region of Africa has lain and groaned over his fevers, his delays and the thousand and one troubles incidental to African travel. Livingstone waited here with patient resignation for months, ruminating no doubt now on the great lake, upon the "great open sea of the world." Stanley barricaded and loopholed its walls in the war with Mirambo. Here Cameron groaned over his fevers and his delays, and before me rises the picture of Murphy, stout and burly, sinking with a groan to the ground, and Dillon, blind and helpless, lying wearily on his couch. In later times Captain Carter of elephant fame had to flee from the house as from a house infected, and but a few days ago his Scotch assistant and two Belgians were on the point of shooting each other with their revolvers, and, last of all, to close this "strange, eventful history," here lies yours truly, resting from his long and lonely march and feeling as if his work was over.

I am at the present moment a prey to that horrible scourge, prickly heat, making me feel as if needles were ceasing out of every pore of my corpus. Mosquitoes by the million buzz about my ears, but sing no pleasant love song to my maddening brain. I am also a martyr to certain volcanic eruptions vulgarly known as boils, which prevent me from sitting, lying, walking or standing with any degree of comfort. Then the temperature is so high that at midday I have not got out of my pyjamas, while to get a breath of air I have continually to resort to the fan.

—Biography of Joseph Thompson, African Explorer.

Clean Shirts in Germany.

The Berlin Boersens-Carrier tells about a German's invention of a paper shirt front which is intended to appeal to the large number of continental Germans who wear dachshund shirts. The shirt front has a paper collar patch and is in seven layers. As each layer is torn off it reveals another white, glistening front. Thus from one paper dicky the wearer may evolve a clean paper shirt front for every day in the week. The dicky is made to button to any kind of shirt. It costs but 30 pfennig, or about 7 cents; consequently the expense of a clean front is but about a day. In view of the prevalence of the dicky habit in Germany the inventor has taken steps to manufacture his compound shirt fronts in large quantities.

Acids and the Teeth.

It is a dentist's word that acids are quite as injurious as sweets to the teeth, unless their traces are promptly removed. Oranges or apples eaten at night need the brush as certainly as do candy and other sweets. If persons would be careful, too, what is taken before a teeth filling appointment, those with sensitive teeth will find some mitigation to their suffering. Acids that set the teeth on edge are particularly to be avoided.

Good Argument.

Yabsley—Mudge, what makes you laugh at your own stories?
Mudge—Why shouldn't I? If they were not worth laughing at, I would not tell them.—Indianapolis Journal.

CUBE ROOT MADE EASY.

How Any Bright Scholar May Learn to Tell It Offhand.

To find the cube root of any given number of figures offhand seems an almost impossible feat, but yet it is simple enough when one knows how to do it—so simple, indeed, that any bright boy can learn to do it in a few weeks.

First he must know exactly what a cube is—namely, that it is the result of multiplying one number by itself and then multiplying the product by the original number. Thus, 3 multiplied by 3 equals 9, and 9 multiplied by 3, the original number, produces 27, which consequently is the cube of 3. The cube root of 27 is the original number, 3, and to find the cube root is the reverse of finding the cube. The would be adept at this art should first study carefully the following figures:

1x1x1=1	2x2x2=8	3x3x3=27
4x4x4=64	5x5x5=125	6x6x6=216
7x7x7=343	8x8x8=512	9x9x9=729

A close study of these figures shows that 2 multiplied in this manner by itself results in 8, that 3 multiplied by itself has 2 as a final figure, that 4 multiplied by itself has 4 as a final figure, that 5 multiplied by itself has 5 as a final figure, and that 6, 7, 8 and 9 multiplied by themselves have their original figures as finals. Hence the "artist" knows that any sum given to him the final figure of which is 8 must have 2 as a cube root; that if the final figure be 9, the cube root must be 9, and so on.

For example, give him the figures 74,088, and he can at once tell that 42 is the cube root, for the reason that 74 has 4 as a cube root, as the cube of 4 is 64, while the cube of 5 is 125, much more than 74, and 088 has 2 as a cube root.

Or give him a more difficult problem, as, for example, the figures 324,369. Then he will see at a glance that 324 is more than 216, which is the cube of 6, but is less than 343, the cube of 7. Therefore the cube root of these three figures is 6. In like manner the final figure of 369 being 9, it follows that the cube root of these three figures is 9, and thus the cube root of the six figures has been shown to be 69.

Any one can test this method for himself, and a little practice is all that is needed to make one as deft in such jugglery of figures as the best "lightning calculator."

Of course a skilled arithmetician could easily frame problems that could not be solved in this offhand fashion, but such difficult tests are seldom offered by public audiences, and, as a rule, the "artists" are easily able to answer all the questions asked of them.—New York Herald.

How Cold Metals Sometimes Mix.

Professor Roberts-Austen's discoveries on the subject of the interdiffusibility of metals is most interesting reading. The facts have been to some extent known to savants before the meeting of the Royal Society, at which more public attention was drawn, but on that occasion the results were made more clear. It was then shown that solid metals may be made to mix themselves as if the atoms were living creatures.

Professor Roberts-Austen has, in fact, discovered pieces of metal "engaged in the very act of mixing themselves up one with the other. Of course the interest of this is that the interdiffusion of which we speak has been found to take place when the metals were cold, and, though this property in metals, to be capable of attaching themselves one to the other when cold, has been talked about before, nothing so clearly proved has hitherto been at the service of metallurgists and chemists as the facts adduced by Professor Roberts-Austen.

He shows that when clean surfaces of lead and gold are held together in the absence of air at a temperature of 40 degrees for four days they unite firmly and can only be separated by a force equal to one-third of the breaking strain of the lead. The professor has also proved that if a plate of gold be laid under one of lead about three-tenths of an inch thick in three days gold will have risen and diffused itself to the top of the other metal in very appreciable quantity.—Colliery Guardian.

Lord Palmerston.

A minister who kept race horses and had at his command a good store of very blunt vernacular, who could not be got to admit that he understood an abstract thought, who always knew what he wanted and was determined to carry it out regardless of the opinions of others, who conceived his own ideas to be superior to those of other people, who never looked farther than tomorrow and much preferred not to think beyond this evening, but who at the same time was determined to establish the privilege of an Englishman to the sidewalk all over the world, while men of other nations might step into the gutter—this minister represented aspirations which had long ago sickened under the rounded periods intended to convince humanity that bread and calico summed up their total requirements and were more sufficient for national happiness. This was the popular conception of Palmerston when, in 1855, he became first minister of the crown.—"Yoke of Empire," by R. B. Brett.

A Permanent Paste.

Soak an ounce of refined gelatin in cold water for an hour, then drain off and squeeze out the water as much as possible. Put the gelatin in a jelly pot and place the pot in a pan of hot water over the fire. When the gelatin has melted, stir in slowly 2½ ounces of pure alcohol. Put in a wide mouthed bottle and cork tightly. This glue or paste will keep indefinitely and can be melted for use in a few minutes by setting the bottle in a basin of hot water. As it contains a very small percentage of water it affects the gloss of the prints but little and dries almost immediately.—Harper's Round Table.

NAMES IN JERSEY.

SOME OF THE TOWNS THAT MAY BE FOUND IN EVERY ATLAS.

Picturesque Nomenclature That Is Original and Fresh From the Soil—A Native Jerseyman's Explanations of Some of the Appellations.

"Other states may be bigger and richer and turn in a heavier vote," said the man with the woodbine whiskers twining gently about his face, "but for picturesqueness of nomenclature New Jersey takes the gold medal."

"You're from Jersey, sir, I suppose," said the man who had just come in from the smoking car.

"I am, sir, and I'm proud of it. I come in on this train every day to business in the city, and in my leisure moments I make a study of the geography of my native state. I may say, sir—I think I may say with confidence—that few men are so well informed as I upon this interesting subject of New Jersey's geographical nomenclature. You observe, sir, that I say New Jersey, not Jersey, which is an undignified beheading of a noble title."

"Possibly it is because I'm a New Yorker," said the man across the aisle, "but I have always thought New York to be pretty strong on interesting names."

"A great error, sir," declared he of the whiskers. "A very great error. Your names are mainly corrupted Indian titles or direct cribes from ancient days—Ithaca, Marathon, Utica, Homer, Virgil, Syracuse, Sempronius, Moravia, Rome, Cato, Palmyra and a score of others. You have borrowed the glories that should have been buried with Greece and Rome. Our titles, sir, are dug up from the soil and replete with meaning. Let me cite some."

Here he pulled a small notebook from his pocket, and the other man, with regretful politeness, said he would be glad to learn something on the subject.

"Consider, sir," continued the Jerseyite, "the appropriateness of such names as Raptown, Breakfast Point, Camp Gay, Polidry, Radix, Pluckemint, Pocktown, Tillitidulum and Succasunna."

"Some of them sound familiar," said the New Yorker, "but are all of those real names?"

"Every one of 'em on the map, sir," replied the other warmly. "I'll give you \$100 for any one of those that isn't a real place, and they fairly reek of the soil. Now, here's another batch—Bone Hill, Wickatunk, Bamber, Ato, Wollyfield, Blue Anchor, Blazing Star, Hockamick, Jahokeyville, Oneys Hat, Kalamara, Flyat, Flickerville, Zingsem, Wakeake and Batsto."

"They sound as if they were taken from Jabberwocky," remarked the New Yorker. "They're utter nonsense."

"Taken straight from the countryside," averred the geographer. "They may not be very strong on sense. Those names I cite merely as instances of pure beauty of sound. If you're looking for meaning, I can give that to you. For instance, there are Barley Sheaf and Wheat Sheaf, poetically suggestive of the agricultural riches of our beautiful state. Our domestic animals are commemorated in such fitting titles as Goosestown, Hensfoot, Hogtown, Monkeytown, Horseneck and Peacocktown, while for other animals there are Skunktown, Pole Tavern, which used to be Polecat Tavern; Postertown (if a poster isn't a wild animal I don't know what it is), Snake Hill, Turtletown, Frogtown, and I don't know but what Batsto ought to come in there. The frogs get another show at Manunka Chunk, which is the name they gave it themselves, singing of nights out in the swamps."

"Now, for the temperance folk there are blazing signs of warning in such names as Whiskey Lane, Gin Point, Juggtown and Bum Tavern. There used to be an innkeeper in the latter place, by the way, who sued the authorities once a year for maintaining such a title and always compromised for 5 cents, with which he bought himself a drink and was well satisfied. One year the authorities started in to fight the case and the innkeeper in disgust quit the business and Bum Tavern simultaneously. A place with a suggestive title is Naughtin, which got its name from a large farm owner's sign, nailed on a tree at the roadside, 'No right of way here.' They got calling him Old No Right, and when the village sprung up they called it after him, but a man who had spelling reform the wrong way made it as it now stands. Speaking of spelling, there's one village you can spell either Packack, Paquaack, Pequaack or Pequaack, but you can't pronounce it as the natives do, no matter which way you choose."

"There are some names more suggestive than beautiful—Scrabbletown, Scrapetown, Slabtown, Samptown and Solitute, for instance. Some belie their names, like Recklessford, which is as peaceful as a graveyard, and in the same general line of business, keeping its inhabitants buried far from the cares of this busy world. Then there's Roundabout, which is a plain four corners crossing, and Small Lots, with nothing but wide stretches of countryside. As for Pelletville, I've heard that there isn't a drug store there, but I can't swear as to that, not having been there for many years."

"Look here," put in the New Yorker. "I believe you're the man who writes the suburban stories in the comic papers and you're practicing names on me."

"You do me great injustice!" cried the geographer. "Every name has its local habitation, and you can find them all in the atlases. Next you'll be caviling at such well known places as Sunftown, Ringes, Rustic, Absecon, Hackle Barney, Solo, Backville, Rural Place, Sodom, Blue Ball, Allamuchy, Totowa, Buckshutem, Duty Neck, Warbass and Smith's Turn Out."

The New Yorker rubbed his nose and said nothing.—New York Sun.

GEM SCULPTURE.

Something About the Making of Cameos and Intaglios.

Gem sculpture, or lithoglyphics, is an art of great antiquity, having been practiced by the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Hebrews and the Greeks. Afterward it sank into decadence, but in the fifteenth century was revived in Italy. It is an art that calls for great elegance of taste and much skill, for on a small stone, generally precious, designs are represented either in raised work, as cameos, or by being cut below the surface, as intaglios.

To cameos the term "minute sculpture" is indeed applicable, for since the days of Greek art celebrated statues have been copied in this way. The first intaglios were the scarabs, or beetle shaped signets, worn in rings by the Egyptians from a very remote period. One side of the stone was shaped like a beetle, the other side was flat, and the name of the kipp or wearer was cut into it. A hole was then drilled in the strong wire was passed to hold it in position in a ring. The flat or seal side was always worn next to the finger, but when used as a seal it was turned.

In the art of gem sculpture the Greeks excelled all predecessors. The Etruscans, contemporary with the Greeks, also attained excellence in gem cutting, and it is said that "on these early gems of Etruscan or Greek origin may be read in a book the forms of their religion and the subjects of popular interest in politics, song and fable for centuries."

Under Augustus gem sculpture flourished among the Romans, many of them possessing cameos and intaglios of great value, and cabinets of costly gems became numerous. It is said that Caesar sent six cabinets of rare gems to the temple of Venus.

There are many fine cameos and intaglios in the British museum. Among the finest of them accessible to the public are the "Cupid and Goose" intaglio, the "Dying Amazon," the "Laughing Fawn," "Bacchus" on red Jasper, and the "Julius Caesar" of Diocircius. In modern times gem sculpture has reached a high state of perfection and beauty.—Philadelphia Times.

THE FUNCTION OF ETHER.

Without It There Would Be No Light, Radiant Heat or Magnetism.

"Whatever difficulties we may have in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether, there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body which is certainly the largest and probably the most uniform body of which we have any knowledge."

Such was the verdict pronounced some 20 years ago by James Clerk Maxwell, one of the very greatest of nineteenth century physicists, regarding the existence of an all pervading plenum in the universe in which every particle of tangible matter is immersed. And this verdict may be said to express the attitude of the entire philosophical world of our day. Without exception the authoritative physicists of our time accept this plenum as a verity and reason about it with something of the same confidence they manifest in speaking of "ponderable" matter or energy. It is true there are those among them who are disposed to deny that this all pervading plenum merits the name of matter, but that it is something, and a vastly important something at that, all are agreed. Without it, they allege, we should know nothing of light, of radiant heat, of electricity or magnetism. Without it there would probably be no such thing as gravitation—may, they even hint that without this strange something, ether, there would be no such thing as matter in the universe. If these contentions of the modern physicist are justified, then this intangible ether is incomparably the most important as well as the "largest and most uniform substance or body" in the universe. Its discovery may well be looked upon as the most important feat of our century.

—Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

A Good Story of Sheridan.

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched.

When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig."

Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and I repeat it, you shall not make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."—Liverpool Mercury.

Spilled Pleasure.

Mrs. Meyer—What's the trouble, Mrs. Schulz? You are in bad humor this morning.

Mrs. Schulz—You see, my husband staid at the club every night last week until after midnight. Last night I sat up, determined to give him a certain lecture, when he got in late. And what do you think? The fool came home at 9 o'clock.—Fliegende Blätter.

Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the 16 years ending with 1866 there were 457 deaths from apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

The eruption of Etna has entirely destroyed the chestnut woods on the mountain slopes, the trees being devastated by the lava.

HANDS OFF THE BIRDS.

Time was when man made ready war And in his covetous lair Bearded his fellow's teeth and wore The trophies in his hair.

Time is when ruthless savage, swart, And slaves of fashion, fair, Play God's sweet choristers to sport The trophies in their hair.

Where lies the onus of the doom? Who fanneth symbols' pain? The principals are those for whom The innocents are slain.

How long, Lord God, shall blood price gain Buy inhumanity? How long shall sanguined stigma stain The brow of vanity?

Hands off the birds, whose worship pours From every templed grove! Let live earth's fittest metaphors Of beauty, joy and love! —Benjamin Lander in New York Times.

LONDONER'S PAST PLEASURES.

How Its Inhabitants Amused Themselves a Century or Two Ago.

The Londoner in the long past might retire to Bagnigey Wells, near the present King's Cross, or Florida gardens, Brompton (Brompton was noted 100 years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone gardens and Bowling Green, mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668, or the Bayswater Tea gardens, which flourished till after the middle of the present century, there to sit in a summer house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbrier, drinking tea, then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage, and eating cheese cakes, "heart cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Music," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward his visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the day," a great attraction, doubtless, for Londoners at a period when fruit and flowers were neither so cheap nor so abundant in the metropolis as they are at present. Nor were more artificial amusements lacking. In addition to illuminations, fireworks and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every sort.

A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "the flying man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveler in English atmosphere" by contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road, then a resort of fashion, and was uproariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later aeronautic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century—were reckoned as another of their special attractions and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator."—Temple Bar.

Japanese English.

The Rev. Masazoo Kagaren brought me a present of a tin of native preserved apricots put up at Nagano, bearing the inscription, "This apricot is very sweetest." Another tin—I think it was a sort of Japanese "Liebig"—was still more remarkably inscribed: "All the medicines of our company used to sell are not only manufactured of the pure and good material, but also, unless the article are inspected by the superintendent, they are not sealed. It is true that their quality is best. If there was suspicion about it, trust on official examination. If even in the slightest neglect the result is not good, our company should be responsible for it. Beware the trademark, sealing wax and wrapper of our company." In this connection I may remark on the curious signs in English (?) composed in cheerful independence of outside help. I have seen the equivalent of the English "mangling done here" rendered "the machine for smoothing the wrinkles in the trousers" and "Washman, ladies only."

"Clothing of woman tailor, ladies furnished in upper story," "Instructed by the French horse leech," (this adorned the door of a veterinary surgeon and referred to the tuition under which the gentleman was trained).—From "Mountaineering in the Japanese Alps," by Rev. Walter Weston.

Inopportune Shelling.

The troops were storming a temple or a palace, and O'Shaughnessy stopped before a mirror and stood twirling his mustache and admiring himself, though the bullets were whistling round him.

"Bedad, Shaugh," he said to himself, with a grin, "ye're a fine figure of a man."

Crash came a bit of lead, which started the said mirror into a thousand cracks, quite obliterating Shaugh's features.

"Bedad," said he coolly, "ye've sp'iled a foine view that I had of meself."—London Mail.

The Minister's Mistake.

In a rural parish in the Mearns an Aberdeen divine, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, occupied the pulpit. Only one person attended service, and the minister apologized for the length of his discourse. His audience signified his approval of his preaching, and the minister continued. Guess his consternation when he discovered his audience consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

SHE WAS WRONG.

The Original Poem Wasn't by Cowper as All, but by Some One Else.

There is a woman's literary club on the South Side which is having the hardest imaginable time to keep together. Unlike most similar organizations, it is not from want of money that this association of fair students is constantly threatened with disbandment. A spirit of discontent and rivalry stalks through the meetings.

The original purpose of the club was a thorough criticism of the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Sir Edwin Arnold. But, although this laudable intention was adhered to for several months, afterward some of them got to writing essays and other papers to be read before the society. The book trade may not have noticed it, but at that time there was a considerable run on concordances, glossaries, books of synonyms and literary dictionaries. Ever since then things have gone from bad to worse. It seems impossible to maintain harmony.

The vice president of the organization, a charming young lady, whether considered mentally or from her photograph, recently wrote a rather extended poem in a very lofty strain. She read it to the club. Amid the general applause which followed there came from several remote corners of the room something like murmurs. A couple of her auditors were heard to say that she had never written anything like that before; that they didn't believe any one in the club was capable of it; that, in fact, several passages sounded strangely familiar.

Finally one member with glasses and a very penetrating expression, addressing the author of the poem, said: "Didn't you get some of that from Cowper? I'm sure you did."

"I did nothing of the kind," retorted the vice president, flushing at the accusation.

"Oh, but I remember almost the exact lines!" persisted her accuser.

"How dare you say so!" returned the poet hater.

"But we'll get the book and look," persisted the other.

"You're a mean, mean thing," said the vice president, bursting into tears. "I didn't get this from Cowper at all. And now that you're so smart I'll not tell you where I did get it."—Chicago Tribune.

NOT USED TO HOTEL WAY.

A Young Woman After Registering Gives the Clerks a Surprise.

She drifted into an uptown hotel by way of the women's entrance. She was plainly but neatly clad and did not look like a girl who was used to the system in operation at a big hotel. She had a bright, pretty face and looked fresh and charming. The two clerks on duty eyed her curiously and exchanged comments about the girl. She hesitated a moment when she reached the office, but after some little display of embarrassment walked up to the desk and picked up a pen in a diffident manner. The clerk wheeled the book round so that the place for signatures was in the proper position and waited. She chewed nervously at the end of the pen, then dipped it slowly in the ink, and with a great deal of pains wrote:

"Miss Mary McClosky, 373 West Ninety-third street."

Then she eyed her effort approvingly and carefully laid the pen down. The clerk, who had been watching the operation with a good deal of curiosity, said: "Room, miss?"

A flush mantled her face, but she said sweetly, "Yes, if you please."

"Would you like a room with a bath?" asked the clerk in a puzzled tone. Again she seemed embarrassed and hesitated, but finally said in a low tone: "Yes, if you please. That would be very nice and I would thank you very much."

"How much do you care to pay for a room?" said the clerk as his eye swept the rack.

"Pay?" she said in sheer surprise. "Pay? Why, I didn't expect to pay anything. I got a job here today as a chambermaid and I have just come down."—New York Tribune.

A Miraculous Draft of Fishes.

The dwellers on the banks of the Neckar, near the good old German town of Heilbronn, had an experience the other day which must have reminded them of the miraculous draft of fishes. A few days ago, toward evening, the worthy Heilbronners perceived that the Neckar was toward both its banks one moving mass of fish, through landward in seeming anxiety to be caught. Nor was this tacit appeal at all disregarded, for every man, woman and child of the vicinity ran out with pots and pans, with spades and rakes, and pails and baskets to help himself or herself to a share of fish. The explanation of the miracle, which perchance might prove a hint to fisher-folk, was that the river had become so muddy after recent heavy rains that the fish found it difficult to breathe in the "thick" water and had approached the banks for more air.—Westminster Gazette.

Bees' Brains.

The brain of the honeybee has recently been studied by Dr. Kenyon of Clark university more thoroughly, it is said, than ever before. It is thought that the source of a bee's power to adapt itself intelligently to its surroundings has been discovered in certain peculiar objects in its brain called the "mushroom bodies."

The quantity of gas made in Germany last year, according to official returns, was 25,887,000 cubic feet, in the manufacture of which 2,750,000 tons of coal was employed. The number of flames in use was 5,735,000.

In ten years \$1,000,000 has been paid out by the casualty fund of the British Benevolent institution to injured railway men and their families.