Let us sit and think,

A grateful shade In a desert land, For the weary feet Of the pilg im band

A flowing fount And a crystal cup. Where the thirsty souls May rest and sup

A glowing fire On a frosty day,
That will drive the glood
Of the heart away,

A real friend In the time of need. When the world seems cold-A friend indeed!

A child's fond trust And a woman's smi When the heart is true And void of guile! A conscience clear,
And a mind at rest,
With a hope of heaven

space between them and grasped net of the arm,

"Get out of this!" he thundered,
"Or, no! You'll be sure to come back
again. I must make sure against that.
There's a bear trap on the hill. A bear
starved to death there, last winter,
caught by one paw. We found his
skeleton this spring. Pil fasten you into
the trap and leave you there. That's
the way to dispose of evil sprints."
Annie uttered a scream. She knew
now that she was alone in the wilderness
with a madman. The last and best!
-[Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in the Ledger

with a madman.
"Jamle! Jamle!" she shrieked, hangng back from his iron grip with all her ANNIS' ADVENTURE. ANNIS' ADVENTURE.

"A bear-leader!" cried Annis Hall, elevating her pug noso contemptuously. "Nothing but a common bear-leader! Our James, with his talents and cultivation, his refined tastes and fastidious fancies, condesending to be the tutor of an ordinary college bumpkin! It can't be possible!"

"Oh, but, Annis, listen!" said Damaris, eagerly. "He isn't an ordinary college bumpkin, as you so inelegantly phrase it. Where's Jamie's letter! Let me read what he says. He's a strikingly handsome young man, six feet high, and features like Apollo—the young man, you know—and they're spending the summer at romantic camp in the Adironducks, all surrounded by balsam forests and gurgling streams, and all that sort of thing, and Jamie is to have a hundred dollars a month for his expenses. Only think of it!"

"How I should like to see him!" said Annis, her fickle imagination veering around at once. "Is it far from Lake Wildeat, Damaris? Couldn't we go out to the camp and visit Jamie?"

"Nonsense!" said soher Damaris. "Girls don't go out so far into the wilderness."

"But indeed they do!" cried Annis, "But indeed they do!" cried Annis, "But indeed they do!" cried Annis,

ning back from his from grip with an inemight.

"There's no use calling for him," gibbered the half witted youth. "Don't I tell you he has gone into the clouds."

"Is—is he dead?"

The man made no reply, but dragged her mercilessly through the woods, muttering to himself as he went and breaking into occasional peals of harsh laughter.

"But indeed they do!" cried Annis, impatiently shaking her red-brown curls. "I know a whole party of lady-campers

Who—"
But just at that moment a domestic
summons arrived, and Damaris Hall hastened way without waiting for the rest
of the sentence.

ner mercuessiy through the woods, muttering to himself as he went and breaking into occasional peals of harsh laughter.

"No," he said, suddenly—"no! The
bear trap is too small. You might drag
it away with you and escape. Evil
spirits are always sly and strong. There's
Rattiesnake Cave—that will be a prison
that no one can escape from."

He made a sudden detour to the left,
crashing through a low, swampy growth
of ecdars and tamaracks until he reached
a stupendous mass of rocks, piled toguether as if in the the mad confusion of
some glacial period.

With what seemed almost superhuman
strength, he pushed her into a black,
yawning recess; and before she could
find voice to remonstrate, he had rolled
a monster stone against the mouth of her
living sepulchre, and vanished amid the
gloomy evergreens.

The whole thing had been done so
quickly that Annis could scarcely believe
her own senses when she found herself
alone in the wild fastness of rocks, with
a deadly chill enveloping her like a
shroud, and the sound of dropping water
filling the silence with its melancholy
iteration.

In vain she exerted her whole strength
to push back the huge doorway of stone;
in vain she screamed for help until the
grim place seemed alive with echoes.

Prisoned here by a maniac, and left to
die a miserable death by lingering starvation! Cold sweat burst from every
pore in her body at the grisly possibility.

She sank helplessiy to the ground, but
the rock was wet, and something—it
might have been rain-soaked leaves or
wet moss, but it reminded her unpleasantly of the gliding, clammy reptile
from which the spot had derived its
name—came in contact with her touch,
and she struggled to her feet once more
with a gasping cry.

Yet if she were indeed doomed to die,
were it not better by the poisoned fang
of a serpent than by slow agonies of
stavation?

The day crept on. A single sunbeam
made its way like a golden javelin
through the crevices of rock, and then
vanished. The sound of of the slow-falling of the sentence.

Annis, however, pondered the matter in her heart, sitting there with dark, sparkling eyes and lips dimpled with fun. fun.
"I'll do it!" said she. "There can't
possibly be any harm in a sister going to
see her brother, and it would be such a
delightful surprise to Jamie. Besides, I
should like to show Damaris that I've
got some circulity shout me. Six feet shound like to show Damaris that I've got some originality about me. Six foot high, and as handsome as Apollo! Oh, I must go! I've always wanted an adventure, and now's the chance for it. I do think there never was such a lucky girl as I am!" Aunis Hall's mind was the control of the control

do think there never was such a lucky giri as I am." Annis Hall's mind was made up and she was not a girl ensily to be diverted from any purpose on which she had set her heart.

Balsam Mountain was twelve miles at the very least from Lake Wildeat, at which place Mrs. Hall had decided to spend the summer; but Annis was not discouraged by any such trifling matter of distance. made its way like a golden javelin through the crevices of rock, and then vanished. The sound of the slow-falling water-drops nearly drove her crazy, except when her attention was momentarily distracted by the sound of the distant

ance, as reached by a five-mile "trail," as reached by a five-mile "trail," ing from the highroad; but Anis a good mountain walker, and ally carried a pocket compass with cept when her attention was momentarily distracted by the sound of the distant axe.

The wind sighed in the tree-tops, a strange, gliding, rustling sound at her feet aroused all sorts of horrible possibilities. A singular drowsiness stole upon her; she foundherself laughing out loud at some wittieism she could not remember, and uttering incoherent sentences to Damaris or her mother, whose shrill intonations frightened even herself before she could finish them.

"Am I going crazy," she asked herself, "in this horrible place? But I must be, because—because that isn't Jamie whistling 'Bonnie Dundee'— that can't be. Jamie—oh, Jamie;"

The faint cry died away into the forest sounds. All other sounds seemed to merge themselves into the horrible drip, drip of the falling water, and she knew no more. generally carried a pocket compass what her.

She divulged her intention to no one ("Mamma would absolutely forbit it," she reasoned within herself, "and Demaris would pronounce it an impossibility"), but took the stage that was bound to the nearest settlement, on the plea of buying some postage stamps, and a bottle of essence of peppermint for her mother's toothache; and when they reached the trail she sprang nimbly out, announcing her resolve to walk the rest of the way.

tall stranger, whose dark eyes were fixed upon her inquiringly.

Six feet tall—yes. Handsome—no. Involuntarily Annis shuddered and drew each, for there was something in the ing a bridge which shall unite the two countries is not generally questioned, but a controversy has arisen as to the expediency of thus making the two countries, as it were, one. A few years ago, when it was proposed to construct a tunnel under the Channel, a host of Gallophobists, both in and out of Parliament, raised such a storm of opposition that the idea was practically abandoned. In like manner, certain Englishmen with strong insular prejudices argue now that, if this bridge is erected, England will sooner or later become the prey of France and will eventually lose all her old prestige. If Lord Wolseley is to be believed, no weight is to be attached to such arguments. According to him, England will be in no danger, no matter how many bridges are constructed across the Channel, as in case of war between the two countries neither side would find the bridges available for the transport of troops. back, for there was something in the low, retreating forehead, the furtive eye, the hanging lip, that struck terror to her the hanging lip, that struck terror to her heart.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, trying to speak in careless accents of self-possession; "but I expected to see my brother—Mr. Hall. Isn't he here?"

The stranger regarded her sullenly.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"Didn't you know better than to come?"

Annis tried to laugh, and pass matters off as an excellent joke.

"I—I thought you would be glad to see me," said she. "And Jamie..."

"Jamie has gone up into the clouds," said the stranger, with a short, sharp laugh. "That's where he goes every day. And I stay here to keep the Evil Spirit away. You are the Evil Spirit, That's what you are!"

The furtive eyes lightened, the teeth clinched themselves together, as, with one stride, the young man cleared the space between them and grasped her by the arm.

"Get out of this!" he thundered.

well of the project, and as those opposed to it form but a small minority, it is very likely that in the near future a massive structure will span the silver massive structure will span the streak of sea which now separates two countries.—[New York Hereld.

# MAKING TOY SOLDIERS.

Prussian Military Spirit.

E. Leon Duplessis, the Vice Consul of France at Nuremburg, has contributed to the Bulletin Consulaire a very interesting description of the manufacture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the artisans of Nuremburg and Furth have a consulaire a very interesting description of the manufacture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the artisans of Nuremburg and Furth have a coad manufacture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the artisans of Nuremburg and Furth have in long been famous. After tracing the early history of this industry, which dates from the Seven Years' War and is due to the influence of the Prusssian military spirit and to the enthusiasm excited by Frederick the Great and describing the phases through which it has passed, M. Duplessis described in detail the differen operations by which the rough metal is converted into a smart-looking soldier with knapsack on back and arm in hand.

The first thing is to make sketche of the intended figures. Great pains are bestowed on them. The best artists do not he sitate when asked to supply models for these toy soldiers, and in making their sketches they have to bear in mind certain fixed rules, while when they make colored sketches they have to avoid deep tints and select gauky colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent belong fatal to the success of the model. At Nuremberg and at Furth slate moulds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice. The sketches of the figures have, of course, first of all been engraved up on the moulds. The metal soon hardens when it has been poured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cutting off any excrescness which may have been caused by the motten metal running over into the interstices.

The soldiers then have to be painted, a

while there are a good many women lso employed as founders who earn goo

check to the other.

'Oh, I don't mid that" said Annis. She could fairly have dended along the county of the count

# THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ratch chain)—What have you in cocket?
Chollie—A postage stamp.
Dollie—Goosie! What postage stamp?
Chollie—The one on your last love letter. I detached it carefully. It touched your moist red lips. It often touched. Hateful Thing—Over Again—He Got a Rais, eetc., etc., Dollie-You dreadful tellow! I'm so Orry! Chollie—Sorry! Why?
Chollie—Sorry! Why?
Dollie — Because I moistened that
tamp by pressing it on Fido's dear, damp
ose.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

CHOLLIE'S MISTAKE.

Dollie (snuggling quite close to his ratch chain)—What have you in that

THE USUAL THING

Travers—Can I get off for two hours, sir, to buy a hat? Head of Firm—Two hours! For grac-ious sake! What do you want so much

Travers—Half an hour to buy the hat and the rest to establish my credit.—
[Clothier and Furnisher.

SARCASTIC.

there would be 'no nam, that ten. Job Lott—Well, there hasn't been. [Puck. UNSYMPATHETIC. Von gi

UNSWIPATHETIC.

Wanderer—Kind dame, can you give me a place to lay me down to die?

The Kind Dame—Certainly. Just go up to the barn. My husband is the county coroner an' he hain't had a case for a month.—[Brooklyn Life.

OVERHEARD.

Absent-minded Party—Hullo, Barkins.
How's Mrs. Barkins?
Barkins—Not very well. She's been
ill all summer.
A. M. P.—I'm very sorry to hear that.
And how is Mrs. Barkins?

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

Mr. Com Placent (visiting newspaper office; to editor)—What do you do to get rid of the beastly bores who stay all day and don't know how to take a hint: Editor (without looking up)—Stay five minutes longer and I'll show you.

EXTRAVAGANCE. "Have they hard-wood or tiles on this hall?"
"Both. Hard-wood on the floor and tiles on the hat-rack.

THE INFLUENCE IS THAT WAY. The engineer with pleasure heeds
The love for a match meant,
Since e'en his locomotive needs
A tender attachment.

A LITTLE HASTY A LITTLE HASTY.

He—I went to my sister's wooden wedding yesterday.
She—Why, I thought she was only ust married?

He—Yes, she married a blockhead.—

HER CHOICE AS TO HAMS

Mrs. Struckoyle (to dealer)—Oh, yes; and you may send up half a dozen hams, Dealer—Yes, ma'am. What brand? Mrs. Struckoyle—You may send can-ras-back hams this time.

TOO REFINED.

WOMAN AS A REFORMER.

The Craze for Collecting.

Dust in the Air.

Hungary's Laboring Population.

0

Bazar.

Upson Downes—Why, you told me here would be "no hurry" about paying

REALIZED ON HIS PRESENTS

THE ONE HATEFUL THING.

A man will take a cold, a joke, a drink, a walk, a wife, A rest, a hint, his medicine, an insult or A rest, a him, he had a nice, an ice, A warning, poison—will, in fact, take anything in life

Except that well-meant, hateful thing that people call advice.

—[Racket.

OVER AGAIN.

OVER AGAIN.

Across the pathway, myrtle fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate;
"Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nellie home,
I used to pause and wait.
"Good night," I'd say; "Good night—
good-by!"
"Good night" from her, with half a
sigh—

sigh— irom her, with half a "Good night." "Good night!" And then—

then—
And then I do not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again!
—[Pawtucket Times.

IIE GOT A RAISE.
Charley Silliboy—Mr. Duste, do you consider me worthy a slight increase of salary?

salary?

Mr. Duste—A difficult question to answer, but I will see what I can do for you. You believe in the old adage, "Time is money?"
Charhe—I do, thoroughly.

Mr. Duste—All right, then; hereafter you may work twelve instead of ten hours each day.—[Jeweler's Circular.

TWO ON A TOUR.

A story is told that on one occasion Charles Dudley Warner, who is neighbor and friend to Mark Twain, wanted hin to go walking and Mark, as usual, re-fused. Dudley insisted, but to no purpose.
"You ought to do it," he said, finally.

"You ought to do it," he said, finally.
"It's according to Scripture."
"No 'Mark-the-perfect-man' chestnuts on me," replied the wily humorist.
"Where's your authority?"
"The fifth chapter of Matthew, verse
the forty-first," said Mr. Warner,
"which reads thus: 'And whoever
shall compel thee to go a mile, go with
him, Twain."
Mr. Clemens went with Mr. Warner
that time.

DROP OFF.

DROP OFF.

Scattle, Wash, is a trifle hilly.

"My friend," said a new-comer meeting a native on Thirtcenth street, "can you direct me to the shortest route to First street? I am in a hurry."

"Wal," responded the native, "jest go to the end of this block and drop off; where you land will be First street."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Every cloud has a silver lining. Is that your experience? Yes. I'm a lawyer.

A REALLY, TRULY, MARTYR. Eisen—You are getting near-d, madam. You should wear

glasses.

Mrs, Gidet—O Doctor! My nose is too small to hold eyeglasses, and spectables are so very unbecoming. What shall I do?

THE LATEST WRINKLE.

Miss Roxie Sand—Oh, papa! Lord lazonberrie wants to have "P. T." put the corner of our wedding invita-

tions.

Mr. Sand—"P. T."—Private terms—
h!—but that is a trade expression.

Miss Roxie—Oh, yes; but he says he
doesn't care to have every one know
what we paid for him.—[Puck.

what we paid for him.—| Puck.

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families.

Father—That's all right, but I want to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.—|Judge.

OF MORE CONSEQUENCE.

Visitor—Excuse me, sir, but are you the President of the college? Important Person—Well, I guess not. I'm the janitor. is an amateur Egyptologist, with a pro-found fondness for mummies, recently had a very curious experience. An agent of his purchased two mummies for him in Egypt, and paid for them \$2,500; \$400 more was paid when they came to the New York custom house. When the packages reached Milwaukee the million-aire opened them in the presence of his friends, but as soon as the Milwaukee air got at the mummies they crumbled into half a dozen handfuls of dust, and even to a millionaire \$3,000 seemed to be a pretty steep price for so ordinary a commodity. The millionaire wants now to get back the \$400 in duty from the United States government.—[Chicago Herald. HE WASN'T UP IN NAUTICAL TERMS.

HE WASN'T UP IN NAUTICAL TERMS.
Alonzo Gushington (to Miss Anastasia Prim, his afflanced)—See yon yacht, Anastasia, how it lingers near the shore, as if loth to leave it. I am as the yacht, with you the shore, Anastasia.

Miss Anastasia (stiffly)—Alonzo, you are not a nautical man, are you?
Young Gushington—No, Anastasia.
Miss Anastasia—The 1 I pardon you.
Young Gushington—Pardon me, Anastasia? Why pardon?
Miss Anastasia—Because you are evidently not aware that yon yacht is hugging the shore.

A WONDERFUL FUEL.

FACTS ABOUT THE DISCOVER NATURAL GAS.

The First Well was Opened in No York—The Principal Gas Fields
—Some Interesting Figures.

The First Well was Opened in New York—The Principal Gas Fields—Some Interesting Figures.

The history of natural gas in the the control of the principal of the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty, and the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty, and the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty, and the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty, and the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty, and the supply applied in asmall way to illuminating and heating purposes. More than fifty and the surple was the surple was a surple was the surple was a su Mrs. Fangle—How do you like your new maid, Mrs. Jingle?

"Oh, she'd be all right if she were not so over-refined."

"In what way?"

"She never breaks anything but the most costly Dresden china."—]St. Joseph "I wonder why Perkins always car-ries a cane since he's been married ?"
"Oh, that's his wife's scheme to cure him from putting his hands in his pock-ata."

The Craze for Collecting.

The craze for collecting sometimes takes very curious forms. An old New York merchant has a fancy for collecting trusses of all kinds. Mary Irene Hoyt, the contestant in the Hoyt will case, has a fondness for corner lots. It has been her habit for years to buy a corner lot in any town that she might visit, and here in New York she has a handsome collection. The late George W. Kiefer collected skulls and mummies. It was while he was making a collection of Peruvian antiquities that he contracted the disease which ended fatally. His desire was to dispose of his entire collection to some leading American museum. After his death it was purchased by Dr. G. J. Fischer and Charles Steigenwalt. Herman Frank, a Milwaukee millionaire, who is an amateur Egyptologist, with a profound fondness for nummies, recently had a very curious experience. An agent shows the control of the control of

It is curious to note the sources whence the dust of the day is derived. Somewhere about 1828, Ehrenberg, the German naturalist, who interested himself deeply in the history of animalcular life, undertook the examination of the air of Berlin. Some of his microscopic researches in the direction yielded extraordinary results. In the air of the German capital he was able to detect organisms or living specks which were proper to Africa, and the atmosphere of Portugal revealed traces of animalcular life common to the prairies of North America. It is not to be wondered at that the air-dust, whatever its nature, should be transported for immense distances by the winds, or that the dired and desiccated form one continent to another as mere specks, unseen save by the eyes of science.—[Chicago Herald.

According to the last special consul regot issued from the State Department at Washington Austria-Hungary has 756 hand and 338 power looms running on earpets; that the industry employs 1,260 men, 1,009 women, and ninety children; that hand-weavers, men, receive from \$2.00 to \$4.50, and power-loom weavers, men, from \$2.40 to \$3.75 and women from \$1.70 to \$2.55, and power-loom weavers, men, from \$2.40 to \$3.75 and women from \$1.70 to \$2.15 per week. Eleven hours constitute a day's work, one-half hour's time being allowed for dinner. The sycarly product of the Austro-Hungary mills is valued at \$1,97,295. This product is nearly all consumed at home.

[Chicago Times.

we'l is flowing freely, and another is drilled in the same neighborhood, the former at once shows a falling off in its flow, the inference from which is that both wells are drawing from the same reservoir.

eservoir.
When oil wells cease to flow recours

reservoir.

When oil wells cease to flow recourse is had to the pumps, but there is no such remedy for gas wells.

In 1885 the total displacement of coal by natural gas was 2,13,1,600 tons, valued at \$4,857,200. In 1886 the coal displaced was 6,453,000 tons, valued at \$10,012,-000. In 1887 the displacement was 9,859,000, valued at \$15,417,500. In 1889 the displacement was 14,063,830 tons, valued at \$22,629,875.

It will be seen that the displacement of 1888 over 1887 was 4,204,830 tons or an increase of 42½ per cent.

Projects are now on foot to convey this natural gas to New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, and it is not at all unlikely that these places will get their heat at least, if not light, from this wonderful earth-born fuel.—[Commercial Advertiser.

The Seattle (Washington) Post-Intelligencer says: Anybody who travels in the western part of Washington, or visits the numerous islands in Puget Sound, or further up in the Gulf of Georgia, will remark a peculiar tree, occupying the rugged barren domes, where there is scarcely a handful of soil. It belongs to the Coniferre, and it is commonly called Western red cedar or juniper. This red cedar of ours is a very peculiar tree, and differs in leaves, wood and fruit from a similar Eastern species. The trunk is frequently enormous, for it measures often eight feet in diameter, though the tree itself is not tall, especially in higher attitudes. It has very strong and po werful limbs, mostly bare at the ends, though here and there densely evered, while the top in old trees is almost always dead. Sometimes the tree is as broad as it is high, and is merely a weathered stump, though if by accident the soil is good, the juniper of Washington attains quite a considerable height. The red cedar is more like a block of rock than a tree. Even its bright einnamon-colored bark looks something like a deep hue of porphyry. The wind of the Olympic Mountains has no power over it; the heavy and rigid trunks of this tree defy the power of the storm. It is always silent, no matter if the wind roars in canons and uproots pines and firs; or if the day is calm and full of sunshine, the burly juniper is always immovable, always rigid, like a celumn of ice, and grand in its silence; and if it dies it is only from old age, for the juniper can brave the storms of centuries.

# A Chalk Mountain.

for both domestic and manufacturing uses. It is estimated that the natural gas companies of Pittsburg are supplying more than 27,000 domestic consumers and 1,200 manufacturing consumers from 500,000,000 to 650,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas per day, varying with the condition of the weather (which, or course, affects all consumers), and with the activity of manufacture. It is said that in the city of Pittsburg and within the activity of manufacture. It is said that in the city of Pittsburg and within the activity of manufacture. It is said that in the city of Pittsburg and within the consumers had to depend exclusively upon coal, would have required during the year about 8,500,000 tons. If to this should be added the amount of cond which would be taken by consumers in the parts of the State, who now depend upon natural gas as a fuel, the amount would be increased to at least 10,000,000 tons!

Much waste is occasioned by burning the gas both high between heats and excessive use of the gas in Keeping trances hot between turns. Careless employees waste the gas because there is no check upon its use, and because there is no inducement to prevent waste. In one mill great care in consuming the gas brought the consumption down to 21, 535 cubic fect in making a ton of iron, and further improvements reduced the consumption to 18,952 feet. At one mill, and that not a large one, where measurement was taken, it was found that 3,000,000 feet of gas had been used between Saturday evening and Monday morning in merely keeping the furnaces warm. On the whole it is estimated that at least 50 per cent, of the gas now used in Pittsburg mills is lost through ineffective methods and bad management.

There is no evidence to show that natural gas is still forming or making. In time it must be exhausted, but how the most important questions affecting the worst sinner in this respect, For years warm. On the whole it is estimated that at least 50 per cent, of the gas now used in Pittsburg mills is lost through ineffective methods and

# of the way. "It's a goodish stretch," observed the driver, shifting his tobacco from one check to the other. "Oh, I don't mind that!" said Annis. She could fairly have danced along the path, bordered with tree ferns and dalntily overgrown with wood sorrel and vivid green mosses. Overhead the wind murmured in the balsam bouchs, and mervy little sourirels

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

Realized on his Presents-The One

"Have you broken off your engage-ient, old man? What's the matter?"
"Well, I was hard up, you see, so I uarreled, and had all my presents re-irred, and was able to realize upon em. Couldn't possibly have raised the toney any other way."—[Bazar.

troops.

English engineers, as a body, think

An Industry Springing From the

Prussian Military Spirit.

while there are a good many women also employed as founders who carn good wages.

The final process, also intrusted to women, is that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 126 or 240 pieces (weighing one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half or one pound) for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48 or 96 pieces (of the same weight) for the cavairy. These wooden boxes all come from Sonneberg, in Thuringia, the cost of those holding one-eighth of a pound, which are by far the most numerous, not exceeding one shilling per 100. These boxes are all hand made, so it is easy to imagine how poorly the workmen who produce them are paid, and who, it is said, nearly all die of consumption. The soldiers made of solid lead are generally packed in the cardboard boxes with glass cases made in Nuremberg, and resembling the celebrated gingerbread boxes made then by the book-binders. Each layer of leaden soldiers is separated by a thin sheet of paper, and the whole regiment is bedded between two beds of wood shavings, the latter taking the place of the paper shavings formerly used.