

LOVE'S PLEASURE HOUSE.

Love built for himself a Pleasure House—
A Pleasure House fair to see—

The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory.

Violet crystal the windows were,
All gleaming and fair to see—
Pillars of rose-stained marble above
The house where men longed to be.

Violet, gold and white and rose,
The Pleasure House fair to see
Did show to all, and they gave Love thanks
For work of such mastery.

Love turned away from his Pleasure House
And stood by the salt, deep sea—
He looked therein, and he flung therein
Of his treasure the only key.

Now never a man till time be done
That Pleasure House fair to see
Shall fill with music and merriment
Or praise it on bended knee.

—[Philip Bourke Marston.]

“SHORTY LOCHINVAR.”

BY R. J. KETCHUM.

I think it may be stated, without fear
Of successful contradiction, that at no
Period of a man's existence does Cupid
Strike so deeply and cause so much

sleeplessness as at the age of one score
or thereabout. I have known quite a
number of young men of about that age
to be deeply, passionately, desperately
in love, and ultimately to recover and go

through similar but less agonizing experi-
ences several times thereafter. But, as I
said, they never, in a single instance
suffered half so much from subsequent

attacks as from that first experience.
Not that they love less, but their capacity
for suffering has diminished—which is
something to be thankful for, for a
man who could suffer at each recurrence

of the complaint as much as he did at
the first, would die of the second or third
relapse. The victim of this first attack is a
pitiable creature, particularly when there

are “obstacles,” which is usually the case.
I always feel sorry for a chap in this
sort of a pickle, and I felt particularly
sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I know
I ought not to encourage him, but he

was such a good, little fellow, and so
much in earnest that I would have defined
a far more severe man than his brother
Jack for his sake. Besides, Shorty was

not one of the chaps who get over any-
thing easily, and I know failure would
go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not
the only “obstacle.” Sam Parker,
Shorty's nettie's papa, also objected.

By any means, but his objections, even
if presented good-naturedly, were none
the less formidable. Parker was a
shrewd Maine Yankee, with a total dis-
belief in the ability of womankind to use

reason, and a record of some sixty years
of devotion to an earnest hustle for the
fascinating but elusive American dollar.
Nettie was the only daughter and the
youngest child in a family of seven, and
the old man, close-fisted as he was, had

spared no expense in educating her
liberally. It was only natural, therefore,
for him to object, especially as
Nettie was barely eighteen, and had only

been out of school a few months. He
called on Jack one afternoon, on his way
to or from town, but with a direct pur-
pose. Jack was under the weather, and
lay on the sofa. I was reading to him

when Parker walked in.
“Howdy, Fleming,” laid up, air ye?
Thanks, Faber; purty warm, ain't it?
Howdy, I will set a spell.” And he sat
down on the edge of a chair and began

tracing figures on the floor with his big
spur. He seemed nervous, and I rose to
leave the room, but he waved his hand
and said: “Set down, Faber. Set still.
Guess I ain't got nothin' to say but what
ye mout ez well hear.”

Here the old man stiffened up in his
seat and stated the object of his mission,
in a good-natured but thoroughly decided
way, closing with:
“Now, Fleming, I ain't no 'bjection

to 't leettle ferret—not one mite; he's a
tip-top good boy, an' all that. But I ain't
in no reason for wantin' to spend
more'n three thousand dollars addin' to a
young 'un, an' then let 'er go an'
marry 'nother young 'un, 'thout air red.
An' that's what it'll come tew, fust thing
we know.”

Now, Parker's remarks were in the
nature of a revelation to us. Of course
we knew Shorty had put in a good many
evenings at the Parker ranch, but we
had never seen the hired attendant,
and I don't want 'em to go. I'll walk
out and head up the road. Hurry up
with the horses!”

In about twenty minutes I was follow-
ing him, riding a horse I had borrowed
from my friend the doctor, and leading
my own. I soon caught up with Shorty,
and he pulled on. Shorty showed me a
large portion of one's attention, it is a
matter of getting in love, which, accom-
plished, is rather more serious than a
mere fall into the same.

Fleming sat up and ran his fingers
through his hair gravely. Then: “I
quite agree with you, Mr. Parker. I don't
know what to say to Percy, but I will
try a little strategy and see if he can't
be kept at home more. If that don't do
I can talk to him.”

And here, by means of my connection with
Shorty's love affair, that evening I was
writing blissfully when some one opened
the door of my den and walked in. It
was Shorty. He sat down quietly and
took up a paper, which he looked at for
several minutes, while I scratched away
at my work. Then he threw down the
paper suddenly, and turned to me with:

“Faber, what was old Parker here for
to-day?”
I tried to dissimble, but Shorty is no-
body's fool, and interrupted: “Oh, rot!”
said he. “I reckon you think I'm a
sucker. Now, honesty, what was he
here for?”

Finally I told him about the conversa-
tion between his brother and Parker.
He sat silent for a few minutes. I could
see his face twitch. Then he turned his
eyes to my face and said, slowly: “Faber,
I know I'm young and all that, but I
know my own mind. Jack's a good
brother and feels in duty bound to take
care of me, but I guess I can't tend to
that myself. I—I've made up my mind
to marry that girl, if she'll have me, and
all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the
world can't stop me.” And Mr. Percival
Fleming set his mouth hard and walked
out. He called at Parker's the next
evening, despite Jack's “strategy.”

There was another caller at Parker's
that evening, in the person of Morris
Cottrell, a wealthy rancher from up the
“Five-Mile.” Shorty, when he got home,
mentioned this fact to me, with some
feeling in his tones. Cottrell was no old
ster. He was a man of thirty, and a
well-read and a gentleman, and the
prospect of having him for a rival would
have sent despair to the heart of any
penniless young man less determined
than Shorty Fleming.

For two or three months Shorty contin-
ued his calls at Parker's, growing
more and more gloomy and savage as the
days went by, for old Sam Parker was
something of a strategist, and managed
to keep the poor lad from getting a
single private interview with Nettie,
thereby giving Cottrell a clear field,
which was evidently satisfactory to the
latter, although he did not seem to make
much progress.

One evening Shorty came to my room
in a state of mind. He had seen Sam
Parker that day, and the latter had told
him, as gently as possible, some galling
truths about his age and his penitential
condition, concluding with the cheerful
information that he “reckoned Ned had
‘bout decided ‘t take up with Cottrell,
anyhow.”

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

Little Jack—Why doesn't Mr. Sapp-
head come to your house any more?
Little Dick—He got th' grand boys.
“From your pop!”
“No; from sis!”—[Good News.]

AN INQUIRING MIND.
Father—Everything I say to you goes
in at one ear and out at the other.
Little Son (thoughtfully)—Is that what
little boys has two ears for, papa?

A STRONG WITNESS.
Judge—Have you any witnesses for
yourself?
Prisoner—Yes, sor; meself.

GREW OUT OF IT.
Mrs. Saidso—You wouldn't think it,
but my boy wrote poetry when he was
twelve years old.
Mrs. Herdso—I should say not; he
seems bright enough how, too, don't he?

DIDN'T HAVE TO BE CALLED.
Papa—What in the world has got into
Bobby? He was up before daylight this
morning.
Mamma—This is Saturday.

THE BEST MAN—GOING.
He (at half-past eleven p. m.)—All the
girls tell me I am the best young man
going.
She (with a yawn)—Yes, much better
than at any other time.
And he mended out into the black
night.

ADVANTAGE OF BIRTH.
Rags, the Tramp—I may be only a
tramp, but I tell you, sir, I got de ad-
vantage of yer.
Adopted Child—In what respect?
Rags—By birth. I can be President
of de United States, but you can't. See?

—[Epoch.]

TOO MUCH LIGHT.
Father—Why don't you start that open
grate in the parlor?
Daughter (with a look of gloom)—The glare
is so unpleasant.—[New York Weekly.]

INCOMPATIBLE TASTES.
Jess—My chaparran has been dismissed
and an older one engaged.
Bess—You didn't have a difference of
opinion, did you?
Jess—Never; we always fell in love
with the same man.

A FACETIOUS MEDIUM.
“If the spirits come to-night,” said
the medium, “we will hear them.”
“Think so?” asked one of the com-
pany.
“‘Yes; it is a cold night and they won't
come without taps.”

MAMMA AND AUNT.
Indulgent Aunt (after stuffing little
nephew with doughnuts and fruit cake)—
What does your mamma give you be-
tween meals?
Little Nephew—Orders not to eat.—
[Good News.]

A Singularly Litigious People.

The Cinghalese, of Ceylon, are a singu-
larly litigious people, and this charac-
teristic is developed to an extravagant
extent by the land tenure, and the
property tenure generally, which prevails
there. The minute subdivision of
land of course excites disputes and
lawsuits. So also with regard to prop-
erty in cocoanut trees and groves. A man
may hold a one-hundredth interest in a
tree, and this system again leads to
litigation. Perjury is so common that
justice can hardly be administered, and
an instance given by Miss Cumming is
so capital an illustration that we will
quote a countryman for the payment of
a large sum of money lent on bond. He
produced the bond and a string of wit-
nesses to swear to the signature, and it
looked as if there could be no defence
to the action. But when the plaintiff's
case had been presented the defendant
calmly produced a written formal receipt
for the money alleged to be owing, and
brought forward another crowd of wit-
nesses to swear to the signature of this
instrument. So the plaintiff was much
to his surprise, non-suited; and now what
were the bottom facts of the case? In
truth there had never been any debt.
The plaintiff had forged the bond and
invented the story to injure an enemy.
The defendant on learning the nature of
the suit, and of course knowing the bond to
be forged, had drawn an arrow from the
quiver of his adversary, and prepared a
forged receipt wherewith to meet the
other fraudulent document. What can
judges do with litigants who resort to
such devices?—[New York Tribune.]

Indian Courage.

The annals of no country can show
any savage foe so formidable for his
numbers to trained regular troops of the
white race as the American Indian. The
tales of the Sepoy rebellion, replete as
they are with heroic achievements of
British soldiers, read like absurd fairy
tales to Indian fighters of our army. The
spectacle, repeated again and again, of a
score or so of these Englishmen riding
through as many thousands of opposing
Seps, disciplined, and thoroughly well
equipped with the best of fire-arms, would
be a very novel one to those accustomed
to the temper of the savage of our own
continent. Had Captain Jack or Joseph
or Geromino, with such warriors as they
held, been sent of force to attack the
English power in India, the history of
Delhi and Lucknow would have been
written in far darker characters on the
pages of English history. Self-reliant,
intelligent, fierce in battle, immitable
horsemen, armed with the modern rifle,
our own Indians have often waged suc-
cessful battle with regular troops unsur-
passed in quality and far outnumbering
in response to the general demand to re-
duce the force of the blow in striking
keys by means of rubber pads, but when
a proper touch has been acquired there
is really very little trouble.—[St.
Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Esquimaux in Alaska.

Dr. Jackson says that the condition of
the Esquimaux, on the Arctic coast of
Alaska, is very serious. The destruc-
tion of the whole of the islands and the
sea lion, followed by the incursions upon
the fish of the streams by the canning
industries, have left the natives in an
absolutely starving condition, so that the
process of slow starvation and extermi-
nation has commenced along the whole
Arctic coast of Alaska. Villages that
once numbered thousands have been re-
duced to hundreds—of some tribes two
or three families remain. At Point Bar-
row, in 1828, Capt. Beechey's expedi-
tion found Nauwak, a village of 1,000
people; in 1863 there were 300; now
there are not over 100. In 1826 Capt.
Beechey speaks of finding a large popula-
tion at Cape Franklin; to-day it is
without an inhabitant. He also mentions
a large village of one or two thousand
people on Schismareff Inlet; it has now
but three houses. In this crisis it is im-
portant that steps should be taken at

Thin Iron.

The Papermaker reminds its readers
that in the International Exhibition of
1876 a specimen of iron paper was
shown. This led to some competition
among ironmasters as to the thinness to
which cold iron could be rolled. One
maker produced a sheet of paper so thin
that 1,800 layers of it piled upon one an-
other measured only one inch in thick-
ness. The fineness of the iron foil re-
ferred to may be understood when it is
remembered that 1,200 sheets of the thin-
nest tissue paper arranged in the same
manner measure a fraction more than one
inch in thickness. The iron paper was
perfectly smooth and easy to write upon,
but when held up to the light it was por-
ous. We are not aware of any practical
use to which iron paper could be put,
for, owing to its liability to rust, it would
be far inferior to the paper that we are
accustomed to.

Gold from the Heavens.

A discovery that is likely to excite in-
terest of the keenest character in the
scientific world was recently made by
Geologist H. W. Turner, who was exploring
the gold regions of the Sierra Nevada
mountains. While at Cave City, in Cal-
averas County, Mr. Turner discovered
a meteoric stone covered by a film of
solid gold. The discovery is important
and interesting in more than one aspect.
It is the first of its kind ever made in
the world. It demonstrates to scientists
that there is gold in the worlds of space.
It opens the way for investigation in a
field hitherto supposed to be barren of
results. It may lead to a development
of science, for it proves a fact until now
doubted, that there is gold in meteoric
stone.

The meteor is seven inches in diam-
eter, and looks not unlike nickel with a
tough grain. It was only by the great-
est difficulty that a piece was broken off.
The gold covers the entire surface, one
of which is about an inch square. Mr.
Turner is of the opinion that it fell from
some star. He will give it to the Smith-
sonian Institution.

Mr. Turner has just finished an investi-
gation that has taken months. He has
closely examined the richest gold belt of
the State, that country between Nevada
City and Angels in Calaveras. The re-
sult of his investigations will soon be
published.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

Little Jack—Why doesn't Mr. Sapp-
head come to your house any more?
Little Dick—He got th' grand boys.
“From your pop!”
“No; from sis!”—[Good News.]

AN IMPOSTOR.
He—And you wish to break off the en-
gagement?
She—I do.
He—For what reason?
She—You know well the reason. You
told me you were poor and I have dis-
covered that you are rich.

HE—I meant to give you a surprise.
She—You should not have done so.
You led me to love you by pretending
you were poor. But it is finished. Go.
I am determined never to marry a rich
man.—[New York Press.]

THE GALL IN THE HOSEY.
“Life isn't such a pleasant thing after
all,” said Chappie.
“Why not?” asked Cholly.
“‘Well, it's pretty hard, duntcherknow,
to have to sit at a club window all day to
show to the world you haven't got to
do anything to make a living.”—[New
York Press.]

TOOTH GROWING.
So many discoveries have been made
during the past fifty years that people
are beginning to cease being surprised
at man claiming any fresh power over
nature. According to a German journal,
a Moscow dentist can grow teeth for us.

At this interesting gentleman would
only grow painless teeth for us at the
outset, and save us constant agonies
from birth to death, he would not
only prove a benefactor to the human
race, but to his own peculiar welfare. At
present, however, he confines his atten-
tion to growing new teeth on the
rains of old ones, which are said to grow
as firmly into the gums as natural ones.
Even this advance in dentistry will be
good news to those who have to wear
false teeth, which insist upon falling in-
to the lap of the proud owner just as
wishes to impress upon a rival how cap-
tivating her row of white pearls makes
her.—[Hospital.]

With the other objects, illustrating
the character and mode of living of this
ancient people, are thousands of skulls.
Respecting them there is much mystery,
inasmuch as they represent two entirely
opposite types anthropologically. Some
of them are round and “bullet shaped,”
while others have an elongated form be-
tokening a different race. Scattered
thickly among the remains were pieces
of jaw bones, prepared by manufacture
in an extraordinary fashion for which
there seems to be no reasonable account-
ing. Not only the jaws of human beings,
but those of many species of animals
were thus treated, the bone being cut
through so as to leave the alveolar part
in a thin slice holding the row of teeth.
The method followed was the same.

Evidently this was done with a view
to which must have been so extremely thin
and sharp that the marvel is how savages
could have obtained the necessary tools.
Among other curiosities are tools and
ornaments made of copper. Some of the
objects are of strange forms, the uses of
which can hardly be imagined. For ex-
ample, for what purpose could a hollow
metal bird with many perforations be in-
tended? There are things which look
like small vessels of various shapes also,
but likewise with a number of holes in
each. Not a few of these are wonder-
fully artistic in design, and the same
may be said of numerous carvings in
soft stone, such as soapstone and ser-
pentine. One of them, a pipe, represents
with exquisite detail a duck riding on a
fish. No traces have ever been found
of any savages in America who did not
smoke tobacco.—[New York Sun.]

A Lion and Lavender Water.

Wishing to test for himself the reputed
fondness of many animals for perfumes,
a visitor paid a series of visits to a
menagerie, providing himself with a
basket and a packet of cotton wool, and
there tried some harmless experiments,
which apparently gave great satisfaction
to the inhabitants of various cages. Lav-
ender water was received with particular
favor, and most of the lions and leopards
showed unqualified pleasure when the
scent was poured on the wool and put
through the bars. The first leopard to
which was offered a piece of scented wool
shut its eyes, opened its mouth and
screwed up its nose. It then laid
down and held it between its paws,
rubbed its face over it, and finished by
lying down upon it. Another leopard
smelled it and sneezed, then caught the
wool in its claws, played with it, and lay
back and rubbed its head and neck over
the scent. It then fetched another leop-
ard which was asleep in the cage, and
took the scent of the wool in its mouth,
and the last corner ended by taking the
ball in its teeth, curling its lips well back
and inhaling the delightful perfume
with half-shut eyes. The lions and
lioness, when their turn came, tried to
roll upon it at the same time. The lion
then gave the lioness a cuff with his paw
which sent her off to the back of the cage,
and having secured the wool, he laid his
head back and rubbed the morsel of cotton
and purred with satisfaction.—[New York
Recorder.]

An Elegant Pig Sty.

One of the most expensive, and we
may say curiously constructed pig sties
in Pennsylvania, or perhaps in the United
States, has just been completed at Econ-
omy. Its cost is \$3,000. It is constructed
entirely on sanitary principles, but with
special regard to the comfort of each and
every porker which finds a place within
its walls. It is heated by two large stoves
and the entire pen is covered with a glass
roof with proper ventilation. The eating
room is separated from the rest of the
sty and everything is kept scrupulously
clean by two attendants, whose sole duty
it is to take care of the pigs and look
after the heating and ventilation of the
building. At present the pen contains
300 as fine young porkers as can be seen
anywhere. They seem to thrive in their
well-kept home, and appear to realize
their superiority over a new-comer, which
they eye with disdain.—Beaver Falls
(Penn.) Journal.

Danger of Berlin's Streets.

It is hardly safe to look at a military
sentinel in the streets of Berlin. Indeed,
it is hardly safe to go anywhere near
them. It seems that sentinels have on
several occasions been insulted by pas-
sers-by, and have received instructions
from the military authorities to shoot any
such aggressors. It is not long since a
man who had a few words with a sentry
was shot at in the Oranienstrasse of Ber-
lin. The bullet missed him, but went
through the shutters and window of a
tradesman. In another case, about five
months ago, a man was shot at in the
Lustgarten while that place was crowded
with people, and in a third case a sentry
fired a shot, merely desiring to frighten
him and his servant girl in the arm.
In all these cases the conduct of the sol-
diers was approved by the commanders.
—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Time to Run.

Pretty Girl Teacher—What! Do you in-
tend to withdraw from the Sunday school?
Wah Lee—Yessee. Me fliaidee stay
here.
Pretty Girl Teacher—Afraid? What
are you afraid of?
Wah Lee—Thissse leap year.—[New
York Weekly.]

FOR LOVE.

She married for love—she said so at
least—
She refused many offers, and all
thought her rash.
But now that she is widowed, with plenty
of stuff,
She doesn't deny it was love—of the
cash.

HOPEFUL VIEWS.

Little Dick—The school is closed be-
cause so many children is sick.
Mamma—They will probably be all
right again in a week or so.
Little Dick (hopefully)—Perhaps the
rest of us 'll be sick then.—[Good News.]

CHASING SWORD FISH.

once to afford relief.—[Philadelphia
Bulletin.]

AN EXCITING AND DANGEROUS OCCUPATION.

Hunting the Fish on the New Eng-
land Coast—Its Strength and
Agility—A Terror to Other
Fish.
A sword fish, when swimming near the
surface, usually allows its dorsal fin and
a portion of its tail to project out of
water. It is this habit which enables the
fishermen to tell when the game is present.
The creature moves slowly under ordi-
nary conditions, and the fishing scow,
equipped with a light breeze, finds no
difficulty in overtaking it. When alarmed,
however, it exhibits enormous strength
and agility. Sometimes it is seen to leap
entirely out of water. Its long, lithe,
muscular body, with fins snugly fitted
into grooves, is admirably adapted for
the most rapid movement through the
water. Prof. Richard Owen, testifying in
an English court respecting its power,
said:

The sword fish at full speed strikes
with the accumulated force of fifteen
hammers swung with both hands. Its
velocity is equal to that of a swivel shot
and the shock is as dangerous in its
effects as that of a heavy artillery projectile.
The sword fish never comes to the sur-
face except in moderate weather, accord-
ing to Dr. G. Brown Goodie. A vessel
pursuing them has always a man stationed
at the mast head, which, with the keen
eye which practice has given him, he can
easily descry the tall-back fins at a
distance of two or three miles. When
the prey is sighted the watch gives a
shout and the craft is steered in the di-
rection indicated. The skipper takes his
place in a sort of “pulpit,” so-called, at
the end of the bowsprit, armed with a
harpoon which has detachable heads. He
holds the pole which forms the handle of
the weapon with both hands, directing
the man at the wheel by voice and gesture
how to steer. There is no difficulty in
approaching the intended victims with a
vessel of some size, although, curiously
enough, they will not suffer a small boat
to come near them.

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Although there would be no difficulty
in bringing the end of the bowsprit
directly over the fish, a skillful harpener
never waits for this. When the prey is
from 6 to 10 feet in front of the vessel it
is struck. The harpoon is never thrown,
the pole being long enough to enable the
expert to punch the dart into the back of
the animal close to the back fin. When
the dart has thus been fastened to the
fish the line attached it is allowed to run
out, the pole being retained in the hand.
As soon as the rope has run as far as the
stricken creature will carry it the line is
passed into a small boat which is towing
at the stern. Two men jump into the
boat and pull upon the line until the fish
is brought alongside, when it is killed
with a whale lance stuck into the gills.
Then it is lifted upon the deck of the
vessel with tackle.

There are any number of stories re-
garding the ferocity of the sword fish.
In several well-authenticated cases they
are said to have pierced the sides of ves-
sels, projecting their weapons through
copper sheathing and several inches of
planks. Cases are on record of the find-
ing of such swords broken off in the sides
of craft which had been pierced. What
the fishes which were thus deprived of
their instruments of offense managed to
do without them can only be imagined.
There does not seem to be any reason
for taking it for granted that they could
grow others. Attacks by sword fish are
included by insurance companies among
sea risks.

Such a large and formidable animal as
the sword fish can fear but few antago-
nists. Others of its own kind, horse
mackerel and sharks are its only rivals.
Without doubt the last are its worst foes.
In 1854 there was exhibited to the Boston
Society of Natural History the jaws of a
shark in whose stomach nearly the whole
of a large sword fish was found. It was
a tiger shark, the most ferocious of its
kind, and ten or twelve wounds in its
flesh gave some notion of the conflict
which must have occurred. In 1878 a
small mackerel shark was captured in
Glochester harbor, and in its nostrils was
found the sword, about two inches long,
of a young sword fish. When this was
pulled out the blood flowed freely, indicat-
ing that the wound was recent. Tremendous
combats have often been wit-
nessed between sharks and sword fish.

Sword fish are a terror to schools of
mackerel, blue fish and comparatively
small fry. They rise among the prey,
striking to right and left with their
swords until they have killed a number,
which they thereupon proceed to devour.
Sometimes they appear actually to
throw the fish in the air, cutting them in
two as they fall.

Although hunting the sword fish is re-
garded as a profitable pursuit, it is
New England coast, employing many
vessels, it is not likely to bring about any
serious diminution of the game. One
reason is because their habits are soli-
tary. It is said that two are never seen
swimming close together. Although a
number are apt to be found in the same
neighborhood, wherever the food they
seek is plentiful, they never run in
schools. Considerable quantities of sword
fish are annually salted in barrels at
New England ports. Being regarded as
a delicacy they are in great demand in
certain sections, particularly in the Con-
necticut valley, where a barrel full may
be found in almost every grocery store.
The fishermen have a theory to the effect
that the sword fish can see nothing directly
in front of him, owing to the pecu-
liarity in which his eyes are placed, and
it is stated that these animals are
sometimes approached and killed by
hunters in skillfully managed ways.—[Washington Star.]

Esquimaux in Alaska.

Dr. Jackson says that the condition of
the Esquimaux, on the Arctic coast of
Alaska, is very serious. The destruc-
tion of the whole of the islands and the
sea lion, followed by the incursions upon
the fish of the streams by the canning
industries, have left the natives in an
absolutely starving condition, so that the
process of slow starvation and extermi-
nation has commenced along the whole
Arctic coast of Alaska. Villages that
once numbered thousands have been re-
duced to hundreds—of some tribes two
or three families remain. At Point Bar-
row, in 1828, Capt. Beechey's expedi-
tion found Nauwak, a village of 1,000
people; in 1863 there were 300; now
there are not over 100. In 1826 Capt.
Beechey speaks of finding a large popula-
tion at Cape Franklin; to-day it is
without an inhabitant. He also mentions
a large village of one or two thousand
people on Schismareff Inlet; it has now
but three houses. In this crisis it is im-
portant that steps should be taken at

Thin Iron.

The Papermaker reminds its readers
that in the International Exhibition of
1876 a specimen of iron paper was
shown. This led to some competition
among ironmasters as to the thinness to
which cold iron could be rolled. One
maker produced a sheet of paper so thin
that 1,800 layers of it piled upon one an-
other measured only one inch in thick-
ness. The fineness of the iron foil re-
ferred to may be understood when it is
remembered that 1,200 sheets of the thin-
nest tissue paper arranged in the same
manner measure a fraction more than one
inch in thickness. The iron paper was
perfectly smooth and easy to write upon,
but when held up to the light it was por-
ous. We are not aware of any practical
use to which iron paper could be put,
for, owing to its liability to rust, it would
be far inferior to the paper that we are
accustomed to.

Gold from the Heavens.

A discovery that is likely to excite in-
terest of the keenest character in the
scientific world was recently made by
Geologist H. W. Turner, who was exploring
the gold regions of the Sierra Nevada
mountains. While at Cave City, in Cal-
averas County, Mr. Turner discovered
a meteoric stone covered by a film of
solid gold. The discovery is important
and interesting in more than one aspect.
It is the first of its kind ever made in
the world. It demonstrates to scientists
that there is gold in the worlds of space.
It opens the way for investigation in a
field hitherto supposed to be barren of
results. It may lead to a development
of science, for it proves a fact until now
doubted, that there is gold in meteoric
stone.

The meteor is seven inches in diam-
eter, and looks not unlike nickel with a
tough grain. It was only by the great-
est difficulty that a piece was broken off.
The gold covers the entire surface, one
of which is about an inch square. Mr.
Turner is of the opinion that it fell from
some star. He will give it to the Smith-
sonian Institution.

Mr. Turner has just finished an investi-
gation that has taken months. He has
closely examined the richest gold belt of
the State, that country between Nevada
City and Angels in Calaveras. The re-
sult of his investigations will soon be
published.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Typewriters' Fingers.

The discovery that the fingers of some
typewriter operators have got stunted
and out of shape from constantly striking
the keys is not likely to interfere to any
extent with the popularity of machines,
for experience proves that there is really
less wear and tear to the fingers from
writing with the machine than with pen
or pencil. Operators who use more than
one finger of each hand seldom experience
any fatigue at all, and even those who
use only their forefingers only do not
complain as a rule. It is possible to
strike a key twice as hard as is necessary
without impairing the writing at all, and
of course persistent thumping may have
unpleasant results. It would be possible
in response to a general demand to re-
duce the force of the blow in striking
keys by means of rubber pads, but when
a proper touch has been acquired there
is really very little trouble.—[St.
Louis Globe-Democrat.]