

The total volume of gold and silver now in use in the United States is eight times as much as it was in 1873.

London has gone into the renovating business in earnest. The city is spending \$2,500,000 in cleaning and rebuilding one slum.

Bishop Bowman expressed a very unflattering opinion of Congress during the general conference of the Methodist Church at Cleveland. "Are we in Congress?" he exclaimed. "Brethren, can we not stop this hooting and howling?"

"The typewriter is a blessing to business men, it is death to the charm of all private correspondence, and its extensive use in original composition would inevitably dilute literature beyond the selling point," declares Charles Dudley Warner.

Says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal: A corporation was running behind under the management of a man who was paid \$5000 a year. What did the directors do? The didn't hire a cheaper man. They found a better man and paid him \$7500 a year, and now, as a result of his skilled improvements and intelligent economies, the corporation is making money. This is a frequent experience in the commercial and industrial world.

The result of Mrs. Langtry's suit against a London bank which delivered up her jewels, worth \$175,000, on a forged order last summer, is somewhat out of the usual order of decisions. She gets \$50,000 from the bank and the continued ownership of the jewels on condition that when they are found they must be sold and that any sum over \$125,000 realized from the sale shall go to the bank. "This," says the Springfield Republican, "is forcing Mrs. Langtry to share with the bank the consequences of the latter's failure to perform its functions properly in case the jewels are never recovered."

We are certainly more civilized than the Europeans in the matter of dueling, exclaims Harper's Weekly. Dueling in the United States is out of date, and nowhere is it necessary to the comfort of any American that he should fight a duel. In Germany, Austria and Russia, and to a less extent in France, men in military or court service must fight one another with deadly weapons in certain cases, whether they want to or not. If they quarrel with too much energy in the presence of witnesses a duel must result. They may both be averse to it; they may repent of having quarrelled at all, and be most anxious to go about their business and let the matter drop, but that privilege is denied them. They must fight or lose caste and standing, and even military rank. The German Emperor, who is charged with being the greatest upholder of dueling in Europe, is of course exempted by his rank from ever being subject to the working of his own medicine.

The death of Cornelius S. Bushnell, of New Haven, Conn., recalls to the Chicago Times-Herald one of the most celebrated of naval battles, which led to modern warship construction and revolutionized naval warfare. Mr. Bushnell was the man who supplied the money to build the famous Monitor, planned by John Ericsson. The arrival of that remarkable vessel in Hampton Roads at the moment that the Confederate ram Merrimack was playing havoc with the Federal wooden warships stationed there is one of the most dramatic scenes in all history, and the duel between the two vessels that followed, though a drawn battle in appearance, marked an epoch of the war. From that time it became impossible for the Confederate Government to organize a navy. Had not the Monitor appeared at the very time it did, so as to bar the way of the Confederate war vessel, the Merrimack, after destroying the United States warships, the Cumberland and Congress, might have proceeded down the coast and raised the blockade. Had that been done in 1862 no power on earth could have prevented the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. It was that blockade more than any other one thing that isolated the seceding States from Europe and shut off their supplies. At that time armored vessels were as yet a dream, and what they would be in the actual collision of war an entirely unknown quantity. Every naval power in the world, therefore, was interested in that fight, and it marks the beginning of the modern naval era. In truth it may be said that the brave little Monitor, that afterward sank in a stormy sea like so much pot metal, was the beginning of the splendid navies of to-day. To this Mr. Bushnell contributed, and his memory is deserving of honor.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

What the Flowers Say.  
The red rose says, "Be sweet."  
And the lily bids "Be pure."  
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,  
"Be patient and endure,"  
The violet whispers, "Give,  
Nor grudge nor count the cost."  
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming,  
In spite of chill and frost."  
—Susan Coolidge.

Water Asleep.  
Once there was a little girl who said that ice was water gone to sleep.

Did He Know It?  
A little boy was practicing a piece for Children's Day. His teacher told him to speak louder. He said, "I don't know it loud."

And the Greatest Was the Last.  
Little Willie S. was asked by his Sunday school teacher to name the "three great festivals of the church." He thought a moment, and then, memories of the glad and joyous past doubtless crowding upon him, replied: "Christmas, Easter and the strawberry."

"Court" or "Caught."  
A little boy, according to Harper's Round Table, has taken a hand in amending English spelling: "Mamma, how do you spell court house?" said Little Willie. "C-o-u-r-t-h-o-u-s-e, dear," answered his mother. "But I should think you ought to spell it c-a-u-g-h-t house, because all the people who are caught are taken there," responded little Willie.

Little Lessons in the Kitchen.  
There, don't burn yourself. Better let cook fix the fire. But I know you like orange cream. Here is a very reliable recipe for it. Try it. It's easily made and delicious: Into a half pint of cold milk put half an ounce of gelatine. When this has quite dissolved, which it will do best if placed near but not on the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of thick cream and one of sugar. Stir this up well, and when almost cold add gradually the juice of four good oranges. When perfectly cold this cream will be soft enough to turn nicely out of a small mold, after which it remains stiff still. PETITE COOKIE.

Ten Little Toes.  
Baby clad in his nightgown white,  
Fussy cat purrs a soft good-night,  
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,  
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

Right foot—  
This big toe took a small boy, Sam,  
Into the cupboard after the jam;  
This little toe said, "Oh, no, no!"  
This little toe was anxious to go;  
This little toe said "Tisn't quite right";  
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

Left foot—  
This big toe got suddenly stubbed;  
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;  
This little frightened toe cried out  
"Beards!"  
This little timid toe, "Run upstairs!"  
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!  
This little teeny toe got all the jam!

Surprised Pig.  
Little Pete never intends to misstate things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion: "Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."  
"How do they do it?" asked Billy.  
"Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose, and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says, 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's saved my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"

Drummer Boy and Hero.  
A hundred years ago (Oct. 15, 1793) the French undertook to relieve the town of Mautuberg, on the Sambre, then besieged by the Austrians, and the Royal Swedish Regiment was sent forward to occupy the village of Douliers. The drummer boy, a lad of fourteen, named Straub, dodging the Austrian skirmishers, reached the village first, and at once beat a rousing call to arms on his drum. Thinking the foe had gained possession of the village, the Austrians retired in great disorder, thereby enabling the French actually to get to the outskirts of Douliers. The Austrians, having discovered their blunder, returned, and Straub had to run for his life. He could not escape, however, and fell in front of Douliers Church, after having himself shot several of the Hungarian grenadiers that pursued him.

The scene had been witnessed by a peasant hidden in a loft, who several years later told to Straub's brother, who knew of his death, but not of the heroic circumstances attending it. In 1837, during alterations at the church, the ground in front of the building was opened, and there were found the skeletons of the brave drummer-boy and seven men, thus confirming the accuracy of the peasant's story.

A Surprise.  
Tessie and Bessie were getting ready for a garden party. It was to be a very small party, for they had only invited Bertha and Harold May, who lived next door.  
"Tessie spread a tablecloth on the big, flat stone under the great oak, and Bessie sat on the sandwiches and chicken

and grandma's pretty cakes. Bessie put a saucerful of big red raspberries by Bertha's plate, and Tessie set another beside Harold's. Then they ran to the raspberry patch again to fill two saucers for themselves.  
"Why, see here!" said Tessie when they came back to the table. "Somebody has been stealing Harold's berries!"  
"Who can it be?" said Bessie. "Well, there are plenty more raspberries in the patch, that is one good thing! And we have only to run and pick them."  
They hurried away to fill the saucer once more, at the same time keeping watch on the table. Nobody seemed to go near it, yet when they came back again they found Bertha's plate was almost empty.  
"Now, that's mean!" cried Bessie. "Say, Tessie, let's hide and watch, and when we catch the thief we'll offer him some raspberries and make very politely. Then won't he be 'shamed'?"  
So they crouched down behind the currant bushes, whispering and peeping. They had not waited long before they saw the thief running softly toward the table.  
A boy? No. A girl? No. It was the prettiest and cutest little squirrel that you ever saw.

How Tessie and Bessie did laugh!

A \$35,000 PALM.  
The Rare Plant that Cost Miss Helen Gould a Fortune.  
Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, recently expended \$35,000 for a single palm. A picture of this rare plant, accompanied by a brief description, is herewith presented.

The palm is generally known under the name of "the traveler's tree" and comes from the Island of Madagascar.

It obtains its curious name from the fact that when the stem is tapped a stream of clear water, that is excellent for drinking purposes, flows out. No matter how great the heat of the climate the water remains always cold and pure. Naturally, this quality renders the palm of incalculable assistance to many a benighted traveler.

The palm, which has been in Miss Gould's possession about a month, is now thirty feet in height. It will probably spread out more, but will not grow much higher. There are at present ten long stems on it, of great thickness at the roots, but tapering considerably up to the leaves, which latter must be some six feet long.



HELEN GOULD'S \$35,000 PALM.

FLEET-FOOTED VASSAR GIRL.  
Ran One Hundred Yards in Fourteen and a Half Seconds.  
Every girl's college has its own particular athletic specialty. That of Vassar is sprinting. Vassar is the proud claimant of the champion female sprinter of the world. This is Miss Elizabeth Vassar, a niece of the man who founded the famous educational institution. Miss Vassar bears no marks that would suggest her specialty. One who was not cognizant of the fact would never suspect that the tall, graceful girl in the tailor-made setting, with well-poised head, covered with rippling brown hair, and a face as sweet in expression as it is perfect in contour, made the 100-yard dash out in Vassar oval in fourteen and a half seconds. Yet this is what Miss Vassar did on field day of last year, a day when every element seemed to frown on the efforts of the sturdy young athletes.

A Scotch Warning.  
A Scottish ballie, anxious to get away from the courthouse, summarily dismissed a boy brought before him for breaking a window, with the following caution: "Gang awa' this time, I dismiss ye w' an admonition; but the next time, mind ye, the sentence will be double."—Tit-Bits.



VASSAR'S WONDERFUL SPRINTER.

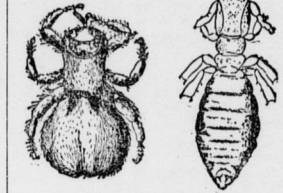
Natural.  
"Look here, conductor! This woman is taking up more territory than belongs to her!"  
"That is perfectly natural, sir; she's an English woman!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## ON RAISING SHEEP.

### SHEARING SEASON AMONG WYOMING WOOL GROWERS.

Details of the Operation of a Great Western Industry—How the Herders and Their Families Live—Profits of the Business.

Removing the Clip.  
Springtime is one of the most important periods of the year in Wyoming, and Casper is the center of the most important sheep country in the United States. Half a million sheep graze on the low hills and prairie and among the mountains that are tribu-

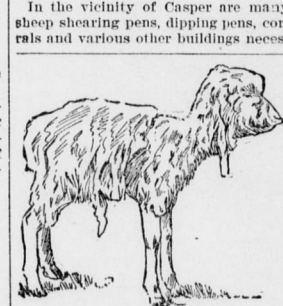


Sheep Tick. Scab Mite. Sheep Louse. SHEEP PARASITES MAGNIFIED.

ary to Casper. In every direction as far as the eye can reach can be seen flocks of sheep.  
These sheep cover a range that extends about 140 miles to the west, seventy-five miles to the north, forty miles to the east and fifty miles to the south. There will be 3,500,000 pounds of wool shipped from Casper this season. In the city alone more than 300,000 sheep will be shorn. Hundreds of men are employed for the sole purpose of shearing. When the shearing is all over and the wool has been disposed of the season's clip will yield nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

Each one of the animals costs his owner from 55 cents to 65 cents a year. Each one is worth from 75 cents to \$1. With his wool alone each sheep pays for his keeping and a little more. The profit to his owner comes not so much from his wool as from the very large and natural yearly increase to his flock, or band, as they are called. The sheep is beneficial not alone to his owner, but also to the herder who, perhaps, has him "on shares," the shearer, who gets 7 cents for every sheep he shears and he can make about \$7 a day, for he can shear at least 100 sheep every day, and the owner of the "dipping" pen, who is paid 1 1/2 cents for every sheep dipped.

Casper is located at the western terminus of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, the only road that enters that country. The town is beautifully located on the Platte River, at the foot of a range of high hills that are the foothills of the Black Hills. It is kept up by the sheep industry, and is a typical sheep town. Its principal business men are sheep owners who have come from the East and have settled there.  
In the vicinity of Casper are many sheep shearing pens, dipping pens, corrals and various other buildings neces-



SCABBY SHEEP.

sary to the business. The shearing pens consist of well-made wood buildings about 150 feet in length, and about sixty feet broad. This pen is divided up into smaller pens capable of holding two men while at work. The smaller pens are at the sides of the large pen. Through the center of these runs the chute or pathway through which the sheep enter and are driven to the shearers.

At one end of the big building is a large room, into which the sheep come to await their turn with the shearers. At the other end is a large room, into which they pass after they have been shorn, and out of which they are driven to the dipping pens. In this end also is the kitchen and dining room, where meals are served to the shearers and any visitors who may happen to be present.

In each of the smaller pens are two shearers, provided with the customary large shears, a small whetstone, a small pail of water into which to dip the shears when they become warm from use and a low table standing not more than six inches from the ground, upon which the animal is placed while being shorn. Count is kept of the total number sheared in each pen by means of the long, heavy strings that are used to tie up the wool after it has been taken off.

A dozen sheep are let into the pen. One by one they are taken by the shearer, who handles them as he would a child, and the thick coat is removed. The wool is then tied up in a bundle and thrown outside the pen. It is gathered up and placed in a huge wool sack that holds about 400 pounds of wool. This sack is about six feet high and is suspended from a framework built inside the pen for the purpose. There

are, aside from the shearers, a foreman, who oversees the work, a gang of "punchers," or herders, who keep the sheep moving into the chute, and numerous helpers who are employed in various ways about the place.

After the sheep are all shorn they are driven a few miles to the dipping pens, where they are "dipped" in a chemical solution that kills the "scab" parasites. These parasites are of several kinds and are death to the animal unless the "scab" is killed. One kind of parasite is known as the sheep tick. It causes a great deal of loss and thrives best on benials in poor condition with weak fleeces. The sheep tick lives by sucking the blood of the sheep and their bites cause much irritation and itching on account of the poison secreted while feeding.

There is also the scab mite, which causes the most dreaded of all sheep diseases, the "scab." It causes more loss to owners than all other kinds of insects and diseases combined. The scab mites burrow in the skin, where they lay their eggs. After three days the eggs hatch and in twelve days more the young are full grown. As each female lays about fifteen eggs at a time, three-fourths of which produce female insects, the rapidly with which the insects multiply and the disease spreads is easily accounted for. Four or five scab mites picked up on the range will produce millions in a few weeks and infect the whole flock.

Aside from these two there are the sheep louse. They prefer long-wooled sheep and affect the beast's condition by loss of the blood they live on and by the irritation they cause. The eggs of the louse are laid at the base of the wool fiber, to which they adhere until the young emerge.

The dipping pens are rather small buildings around which are corrals, where the flocks stay. Leading from these corrals is a trough about 100 feet long dug in the ground. This trough is filled with what is known as sheep dip, a chemical compound that kills the parasites. This trough is about five feet deep and into it the animals plunge and swim the entire length of it, emerging into corrals at the other end. Men are stationed at intervals along this trough and with long poles push the swimming sheep under the liquid in order that they may be entirely submerged. The dip does not injure the sheep, unless a storm follows.

The herders and shearers lead a restless life. The sheep travel in bands of about 3,000 each. There are two herders with each band. One of them tends the sheep and protects them from the coyotes and wolves, and the other is known as the camp mover. It is his business to select sites for new camps when it is deemed advisable to move, take care of the tents and baggage and move the camp.

The men live in tents for the most part, although some of them, generally married men, have immense wagons, canvas covered, in which they live with their families. These wagons are very picturesque and are often furnished in the best style, with spring beds, cook stove, cupboards, flour chests and all conveniences. They live in them the year round, and know no other home. The shearers are generally rovers. They go in bands from place to place, as the shearing progresses.

Last spring the steam shearing machine was introduced. Experienced operators from Australia were brought over, and the introduction of the machine was attended by great expense. The machine proved practically useless. It was found that they did not do the work any quicker than it was done by hand, and the sand and oil that is found in the wool retarded the action of the machines. It is not believed they will be used again, as the expense necessary to operate them and keep them in repair is more than the business will warrant at the present low price of wool.

The principal markets are Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. Representatives from the largest commission houses in these cities come every year to contract for the wool. The price ranges from 5 cents to 7 cents for wool "in the grease," this being the term applied to the wool as it is immediately after shearing.

### A YOUTHFUL VIOLINIST.

Is Probably the Youngest Violinist in the World.

Probably the youngest violinist in the world is Master William Fooks, of England. He is 2 1/2 years old, and holds



THE "INFANT" VIOLINIST.

his violin and bow like an old performer. Persons who have heard the "infant" violinist say that he is a phenomenon, and will startle the world in later years.

Wiggles—Do you believe in spiritualism? Waggles—Yes, I confess I do. Wiggles—All right. Then you won't doubt the truth of this story that I'm going to tell you.—Somerville Journal.

## LAND OF CANALS.

### HOW THE GOOD PEOPLE OF HOLLAND DO THINGS.

Slow and Tedious Method of Propelling the Canal Boats—Plenty of Push Carts—Novel Drainage System.

THE hundreds of canals in Amsterdam, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star, furnish cheap and commodious avenues for the transport of every conceivable article of commerce and from all parts of Holland. It would be extremely interesting to know the vessels which are pushed along these canals—literally pushed—for tug service is expensive, and the restricted possibilities for tacking renders the sails useless. The boatman walks to the bow of his boat, thrusts a long pole in the water, then facing the stern and with his shoulder against the free end of the pole he literally kicks the boat from under himself as he apparently walks toward the stern. When he risks walking overboard he withdraws the pole and repeats the process, going first on one side of the boat then on the other for the purpose of steering. It is a slow and tedious process. Here everything, nearly, is pushed, and the number of push carts is far in excess of the number of vehicles for horses. The delivery carts are pushed; small peripatetic shops seem impelled by a magic power—but there is a man behind, or a woman.

It is also astonishing to note the variety of goods which are offered for sale from these carts, hardware and tinware, even including stoves, books, day books and ledgers, stationery of all kinds, glassware, lamp chimneys, cups and saucers, shoes, hats, clothes, old and new, and, in fact, the only thing omitted is coffins. Then the dealers in "rags, bones and old iron" pick up every imaginable bit of rubbish, and after despoiling its use and brushing it up a little, offer it for sale on the market square or in trade with some brother peddler.

The margin of profit is so small in Amsterdam that shopkeeping can be only incidental, and hence but a small part of the house is given up for the store—so small, in fact, that when the merchant desires to measure off a piece of oil cloth it is necessary for him to use the sidewalk for his counter. This does not discommode the passerby; they walk in the street.

But to return to the canals. There are canals everywhere, canals large enough to float an ocean steamer, and canals so small that they barely admit the boat in which the milkmaid goes out to milk, but I have never seen a canal too large or too small for the fisherman's line. Along the banks of every one small boys and large boys may be seen waiting for a bite. I have watched hundreds of persons thus engaged, and I have seen as many fish in duly authenticated baskets, but I have never yet seen a fish caught.

First and foremost, the canals are drains, except in rare instances; the traffic carrying is incidental. In the country, since the land is all below the level of the sea, in order to cultivate the soil it must be drained. Ditches are dug, into which the water runs, then as these ditches become full the water is pumped into others having higher banks, then from the latter into others still higher, until finally sea level is reached, and the outflowing tide carries the water oceanwards. In the early steps the water is lifted by wind power, but soon the volume becomes so great and such a large area of land is interested in its prompt handling that the State erects a pumping station, and a trusted official sees to it that the water in his canal does not remain above its assigned level.

Thus it is that these drains become water-ways. Their banks, made of sandy earth, require reinforcement; they must be faced with stone or fortified by piles, large or small. In the case of the larger streams those banks become dykes, and both stone and piles are needed in order to keep the water within its bounds. There is not a stone quarry in Holland, yet it has more stone work to the square mile than any other country in the world. Its forests are not sufficient to furnish the inhabitants, still it has millions of trees wholly underground, driven in to serve as building foundations or hold in check the washing waters. The great dykes along the North Sea, on both sides of the River Maas, skirting the Rhine and the Zuider Sea, are faced with piles as close together as they can be driven, each one of which cost \$4 to put in place, and backed up by dressed German basalt or Norwegian granite. If Napoleon claimed Holland because it was formed of detritus carried down by the Meuse and the Rhine, Norway and Germany might demand a reward for anchoring it.

### Curious Specimens of Plant Life.

What is known as the rose of Jericho is possibly the most curious specimen of plant life. The rose of Jericho is said to be brought from the valley of the river of that name and to be the resurrection plant mentioned in the Bible. When received the plant is simply a bundle of dried, withered and worthless sticks tightly pressed together. If placed in a glass of water the branches will expand, buds and leaves start and the whole plant grows.

The Mexican resurrection plant is the fluff, fir-like variety often noticed in florists' windows and is a favorite with children, as it quickly expands from a hard ball to a beautiful, metallic-green plant. The experiment can be repeated many times. There is on'y one variety of resurrection plants which blossoms. All varieties may be kept indefinitely and the strength seemingly never exhausts itself.

### Mystery of a Mountain Peak.

For the last half century the American residents of Tucson, Arizona, have been trying to solve a mystery in the shape of what appears to be a hole through a mountain peak in plain sight of the town. The earliest residents noticed this peculiar feature of the mountain, but whenever they came near the spot the hole disappeared. In speaking of this strange manifestation one of the California papers says:

"By the aid of a good marine telescope the mountain can be brought to within a few miles, but not near enough to tell the exact nature of the rock formation. An astronomical telescope cannot be focused on it, as the mountain is too near. A first peep through the glass would lead one to believe that there was no mystery about it. The hole appears as plain as possible, but several days' study of the spot will develop the fact that the 'hole' does not always look the same. Many days when the sky is dark behind the mountain the hole will appear a brilliant white, like a snow-drift, and on days when the sky is blue it will often look so dark as to be almost invisible. These facts have led many to think that it is an immense piece of mica lying with the polished surface toward the sky, and reflecting the cloud formations of another part of the horizon instead of being the light seen through a hole. Viewed with the naked eye, the hole simply appears as a white spot, but the telescope reveals pine trees and other details, although very indistinctly.

"The range of mountains in which the strange peak can be seen is known as the Catalinas, and numerous parties have made the attempt to climb it, but all have failed on account of the steep and rugged precipices in the vicinity. The peak is a high one and can be seen from any point in the journey toward it, but when ten miles out of Tucson the hole can no longer be seen, even with the aid of a glass. This can be explained on the mica theory, as a surface of that material would not reflect a ray of light toward a person's eye after they got out of its angle of projection."—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Pig Returned Home.

The late Joseph Millward, father of the present Joseph U. Millward, told the following story of a pig to Colonel William A. Gunn, who is our authority. It is a little incredible, but it is so well authenticated that we believe it, for no man in his day in Lexington stood higher for veracity and integrity than did "Old Joe" Millward, as he was known to his acquaintances: Many years ago he was at a farmer's house to dinner, and while they were eating a little pig came into the dining-room, and the good woman of the house remarked to her husband that she "couldn't keep it out," and she wished that he would kill it. Mr. Millward said:

"Don't do that, but send it to town to me."

The farmer replied that he would. It was in the days when wood was burned in Lexington for fuel, and in a day or two the farmer sent in a load of wood and put the pig in a basket and hung it on the coupling pole of the wagon, and in this way brought it to town to Mr. Millward. It was a very rainy time, and the roads were muddy and wet. In a night or two the pig disappeared, and Mr. Millward supposed some one had stolen it. A few days afterward he met his farmer friend and told him that some one had stolen his pig. The latter remarked that the pig had come back home, and that he intended to keep it. The pig had crossed over town, took the Newton road and got to Elkhorn Creek, which was very high. The miller at the creek told him that he had seen a little muddy pig come to the creek and take a peep at the high water, and at last he plunged in, and the swift current swept him down and over the dam, and the miller thought it was drowned; but after a little time he saw the pig coming up the opposite bank, and when he came to the road he took up the hill and disappeared toward home.—Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

### Prevents Jail Escapes.

One of the neatest inventions that has been made recently is the one planned by F. V. Simms. Mr. Simms was greatly interested in the jail delivery, and immediately after the prisoners escaped he set to work to devise a plan to prevent any similar occurrence.

Mr. Simms proposes to surround each cell by an airtight compartment. This will be filled with carbon dioxide under a pressure much higher than that of air. In each compartment there will be a small retort, containing lumps of marble, covered with diluted sulphuric acid. This will fill the tank with gas. In another part of the compartment a small rubber balloon, partly filled with air or other gas, is held in place by a wire frame.

Fastened to the top of the balloon is a thin metal plate connected to an electric wire. Directly over the plate is the point of a screw, to which the other wire is fastened. This screw is turned until it almost touches the plate, and the wires are connected with a bell and a battery. When a prisoner once bores a hole through the wall of his cell the carbon dioxide fills the room and he is asphyxiated.

In the meantime, the pressure being reduced in the compartment, the balloon will expand, and the plate will come in contact with the screw. When the circuit is closed the ball will ring and arouse the turnkeys. Mr. Simms did not explain about the ventilation, and this seems to be the chief drawback to the plan. It would be a simple matter for the prisoner to open his windows and allow the gas to escape.—Louisville Post.