

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the growth of free libraries.

Many paupers have lived to be a hundred years old, but there is no record of a millionaire having attained that age.

A Chicago man by suit at law has recovered \$20,000 from a fellow who beat and robbed him. The ordinary hold-up victim is lucky if he recovers consciousness.

A genius for figures has worked out the problem of how much gold there is in the ocean. He places the amount at \$120,000,000,000,000,000, but he is quite silent as to how it is to be got out.

The latest number of Peterman's Mitteilungen says that "the interior of north Greenland will hereafter be known as Peary Land." The compliment to the American Arctic explorer has been heartily approved by foreign geographers.

Jacob H. Schiff has given the Columbia University, New York City, \$5000, to be known as the students' loan fund. Under certain conditions the money is to be loaned to students in need of temporary accommodation, to enable them to pay their way through the university.

In the present dullness of the lumber trade the people who have basswood to sell enjoy more than the ordinary share of what business there is going in this market, says the Chicago Times-Herald. This is due to the fact that the molding factories use basswood for picture frames, and Chicago is the greatest picture molding center in the world.

The Volkssten records a striking mark of sympathy conferred upon Dr. Leys, Secretary of State of the Transvaal republic, by his colleagues. Hearing that he has been forbidden by his doctors to touch a cigar or pipe or to drink a glass of wine, the members of the Chamber, headed by their President, have unanimously resolved to leave their pipes at home, and smoking has been equally forbidden in the Government offices.

St. Paul, Minn., has a pretty and useful annual custom which is worthy of imitation elsewhere. Each fall, at the close of the flower-blooming season, the plants that have blossomed in the parks during the summer are given to those who may apply for them, and are thus made to do duty in brightening the homes of many who could not afford to purchase such things. The city, of course, loses nothing by the transaction, as the plants if not thus disposed of, would be killed by the frost, new stock being set out each spring. During the fall of 1896 from the largest park in the city over 120,000 plants were given away. In addition, the smaller parks furnished many thousands additional. In the principal park the employees superintend the annual distribution, but in the other parks the people are allowed by the police to help themselves. It is a flower mission on a municipal scale.

The Baltimore News believes that the time is not distant when the use of the typewriter will be taught in the public schools. It says there is reason to expect this innovation. The typewriter has become an indispensable appliance in the business world and as our system of popular education is being made more and more practical we may look for it soon to embrace instruction in typewriting. The progress of the typewriter has been marvelous. It has been only a little more than twenty years since the first machine of this sort was placed upon the market, and it was several years later before there was any general use of typewriters. Now there are scores of typewriter factories in the United States and the number of the machines they turn out is enormous. It is comparatively easy for a man or woman who is an expert typewriter to get employment. This invention has been a great boon to the great and growing number of women who have to support themselves and others. There is now hardly a business house of any pretension which does not employ one or more typewriters and they are almost as common in the offices of professional men. The use of the typewriter increases daily. It has been found a great saver of time and by its correspondence is conducted far more satisfactorily than by the old method. All the business colleges and commercial schools of the country teach typewriting and it may not be long before those cities which have the best equipped public schools will employ teachers of typewriting for those pupils who care to receive instruction of that kind.

A SONG OF RAIN.

The cuckoo scurries to and fro;
From green to white the maples blow—
The long-for rain is coming!
Set every tub beneath its spout,
For there'll be little stirring out
When all the roofs are drumming!

Forth creeps the thirsty, wrinkled toad;
The dust goes whirling down the road;
The slender birches shiver,
The unquiet little flurries break
The glassy surface of the lake,
And scud across the river.

Now darker grows the drifting sky,
And robin, with a startled cry,
Wheels round the roofless dwelling.
The trees begin to toss and lash;
Far off, there gleams a forked flash,
Followed by thunder's swelling.

Hark! 'tis the rustle of the drops
Among the tossing maple-tops—
The first cool dash and patter.
The air grows wondrous soft and sweet
With smell of woods and grass and wheat,
And marshes all a-spatter!

Now thunders down the mighty flood,
That turns the dusty roads to mud,
And sets the eaves to a-pouring.
Hurrah! the silver ranks have come,
With thunder and rain and drum,
And swollen torrents shouting!

—James Buchanan, in Youth's Companion.

ANNIE'S ROOM.

BY VINCENT BELL.

It was about five minutes after the second and last whistle had blown at Dart's shoe factory when Annie Velga came running down the street, panting and red of face. John Dart, standing on the steps talking with two strangers, smiled as she came up, and said, in surprised tones: "You are late this morning, Miss Velga—something never before known."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry, but I overslept myself."
"Up late last night—had a bean, perhaps?" suggested John, roguishly.
"No, sir!" retorted Annie, promptly, and rather snappishly, for, even though he was the nephew of William Dart, the great shoe man, and the prospective heir to all his wealth, she considered he was taking a liberty, especially before strangers. Perhaps pretty and prim little Annie had some other reason, too, for resenting his remark.

"Pretty girl," said one of the strangers after she had passed.
"Yes," assented John, "and about the neatest, quickest girl ever in the work room," and then the stranger began talking again very earnestly as before Annie came up the steps.

"Well," said John, "of course you may satisfy yourself, but I can tell you beforehand there is not one of our girls whom we do not trust. It will take you about all day, for they live in all directions from here, if you have to search their rooms. As uncle says I must go with you in that case, the sooner it is over the better for me." Then they all three went upstairs to the girls' workroom.

"Will those who stopped at Dingus's jewelry store last night on the way home from work please stand up?" said John. Over half of them stood up, while John took down their names and the number of their rooms, and the detectives watched each face keenly. So far no one was disturbed by a guilty conscience. After ascertaining beyond a doubt that all who had been in the store reported, John announced:

"We have received word that a valuable amount of jewelry was stolen from this firm last night at about the hour you were there, therefore suspicion has fallen upon you, and each girl must allow her room to be searched if the goods are not previously found upon her person."

So the search began. A quiet, trusty girl, much older than the others, and who had not been with them the evening before, was appointed to conduct the personal investigation in another room. One after another left the work room to return in a few minutes declared innocent, until the officers were satisfied none of the goods were at the factory.

"Now," said John, when the last girl had returned, "Will each one of you give me your key in turn, for I must accompany this officer in his search while the other remains here."
"Not this morning?" spoke up Annie Velga, quickly, while the smart detective felt the jewels in his grasp, so to speak, and the reward in his pockets. John looked surprised—some said he turned a trifle pale as he looked into Annie's flushed, guilty face.

"Yes, of course, this morning," he answered gravely. "What difference is it, Miss Annie?"
"None," answered Annie, hastily; but as John took her key, the detective thinking it best to search her room at once, instead of in her turn, she burst out crying and seemed so broken down the remaining officer felt justified in placing her under arrest.

John had visited Annie's room before, just once, not many evenings before. He had taken a book to read and a small basket of fruit, thinking that as neat a way to begin her courtship as any. He had thought, as he left that evening, it was the prettiest, brightest little room he had ever seen, far exceeding any in his uncle's grand mansion. He had little thought the next time he climbed the stairs to room No. 32 would be upon such a

painful errand. He could not believe sweet little Annie guilty until it was proven, yet he climbed the steps unwillingly, and with more unwilling fingers turned in the lock the key Annie had surrendered. When the door was open he stood for a moment irresolute. The room seemed the same, yet not the same either. Where, the evening he had called, a pretty Japanese screen had stood, was now a rather shabby though scrupulously clean little stove, and thereon a skillet with a few potatoes left from the morning's meal; and a dainty bed, with covers thrown back and pillow airing, was drawn out where had stood a small book cabinet he had particularly noticed. John reassured himself he was in the right door by several little articles on the wall, and while the busy detective was diving round in Annie's one trunk and the bureau drawers looking for the lost treasure John was looking around at this little jewel of a room, a fairy's paradise as it seems to him. Across the foot of the bed was thrown a dainty night-dress, to be sure, made of cheap muslin and trimmed in crochet lace, but John did not know the difference between it and one of linen trimmed in finest thread. Two small slippers were set precisely under the bed, and over a stool by their side was a pair of red stockings, turned inside out, as though to air. Indeed, I am telling the truth when I tell it, that while the detective's back was turned, searching Annie's small dish cupboard, John quickly stuffed that pair of red stockings in his coat pocket. Why he did so he never could satisfactorily explain. Then as he sat there on the bed, looking around upon the tidy disorder, it came across him what was the cause of Annie's confusion and distress, for, astute as mankind is generally believed to be, he could dimly imagine that no little woman as neat as Annie could endure to have her castle caught in such confusion. Perhaps had it been the detective alone she would not have cared, and then John smiled complacently to himself. It was her neat fitting dress and dainty linen collars, and always spotless white aprons that had first attracted John's attention, and then it was the pretty face, with its pleasant smile and independent eyes that had increased that interest, until it had culminated in his meanly pocketing her red stockings.

At last the detective gave up in despair. "She never had them at all," replied John calmly.
"Then what made her act so guilty?" questioned the other, almost believing himself in her innocence.
"Don't know," answered John laconically. When they returned to the factory there was quite a confusion and hub-bub, for the jewels had been found by another detective employed by Dingus, in the possession of a notorious pickpocket, who, disguised as a woman, had slipped into the store with the crowd of factory girls. Everybody was glad and congratulated Annie—even the smart detective did, although he could not help wishing she had been so considerate as to assist him to gain that reward. But Annie could not look John straight in the face. Poor child! what feelings would have been hers had she known the enormous bulge in John's jacket pocket was caused by her very identical red stockings laid out to air that morning? John, of whom she had never dreamt as other than "Mr. Dart," even though she worked faster when he came her way, and perhaps felt more anxiety about the smooth masses of light brown hair than at any other time.

Well, when the two officers had gone, and all had settled to work again, John came to Annie's chair and said kindly:
"Miss Annie, that detective turned everything in your room in such awful confusion it will take you all day to straighten it up again, so, if you like, I have gotten permission for you to take the remainder of the day, and no reduction to be made."
"Thank you—you are very kind," she murmured, but she would not look at him and seemed so confused that big, good-natured John turned away in pure kindness and let her make her escape unnoticed.

Annie fled home, dashed into No. 32, glanced wildly over the room, then burst into tears.
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed.
"There was my night-dress on the bed, and my slippers, and my bed not up—and oh! potatoes in the skillet! Oh! he will think I am regular soldier! Why couldn't it happen any other time than when I had to sleep so late I couldn't even get my breakfast! Oh, dear, he will never like me again! He couldn't! After seeing such a looking room!" She did not stop to think that her castle looked worse when they had left than when they entered, but as the disorder worried her so much she could not sit still and cry, she began her task. It was some time before the detective work was undone, everything in trim order with the mattress rolled up and the bed folded against the wall like a book cabinet, and the few dishes washed, and the tiny stove blackened and the screen set around it, and the one table covered with a gaily embroidered cloth, all of which transformed the kitchen and bedroom into a cozy little sitting-room as though by a fairy's wand. It was a dainty little place, nothing expensive, but exquisite in the taste and tact displayed. The prevailing colors were deep red and pale blue and gold, with many neutral tints blended in the various bits of fancy work. On a bracket was a bit of white statuary set on a delicate matting of the tender green leaves of a growing vine—the only costly extravagance in the room, and Annie well knew how long it took her to save enough to buy it. She had selected her room for its south window, and therein were standing two geranium plants in full bloom,

one a double red, and the other a soft single white flower.

As Annie was viewing these little luxuries with commendable pride, and gradually plucking up spirits, she suddenly bethought her of her stockings. She did not remember of picking them up, and as she only had three pairs, it was important that none of them should be misplaced. Therefore she began to search diligently, and was beginning to get tired and puzzled in the useless search, when a loud rap at the door caused her to glance hastily in the glass and then timidly open the door to the knocker. It was noon. The whistle had blown just a few minutes before, and instead of going to his dinner, here was Mr. John Dart standing at her door.

"Won't you come in?" asked Annie with a downcast face.
"That's what I came for," responded John, honestly, and in he walked. Then he turned around, and taking her hands in his own in the time honored and approved fashion, he said:

"I have been thinking of you this long while, Annie, and now I feel I cannot wait any longer. You are alone in the world, and I am almost so, although uncle is very good, and let us make each other happy, and have a pretty little home like this, with"—glancing around the room—"with posies in every window."

Oh, of course, Annie said "Yes"—who wouldn't? And when the quarter of one whistle blew, John (who was very punctual) went from room thirty-two to the factory as one walking on air—mayhap his empty stomach had something to do with the lightheaded feeling, but he never thought of that, of course. Annie sat and laughed and opened to think how happy she was, and spent the remainder of her holiday until evening building air castles, until John came back and began to put solid foundations to the same by means of his pocketbook.

They were married two months afterward, and the next day John gave his wife a small bundle rolled up in white paper and tied with blue ribbon. Full of wonder, Mrs. John untied the ribbon and behold!—her lost red stocking! "Why John!" she exclaimed, instinctively running her hand down to the toe. But there were no holes—only two or three dainty little darns, and it is safe to predict that John's socks will never suffer.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Eskimo Mother and Baby.

The Eskimo are very fond of their children. There are seldom many of them in one family, and those that are are very well taken care of, according to an Eskimo's notion, which, of course, quite fits an Eskimo baby. They seldom cry, and lie around and snuggled with great contentment all day long. Sometimes a very fond mother will make for her baby a queer kind of candy. There is a certain great bird which the men shoot whenever they get a chance, and which has bright red feet. The mother will cut off these feet, and draw out the bones, and by blowing into the skin inflate it to its utmost capacity. Then she will fill the little red case with marrow, and tie it up for an extra good gift to her baby. The youngsters like this queer candy as well as our children like chocolate creams, which, to be sure, are not half so pretty to look at.

When an Eskimo baby dies, his father and mother grieve over him very sincerely. One Arctic traveler tells of a mother who brought her child with her to the United States. It died on the voyage, and the mother was unconscious for more than a day afterward. The baby was buried in a little New England cemetery, and, according to Eskimo custom, his playthings were laid on the grave. Among other things was a little tin pail, which a sailor had given the child, and some naughty little American child stole it from the grave. The mother was inconsolable.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Extinction of Great Names.

It is a curious fact, says the Golden Penny, one which does not appear to have received the amount of attention it deserves, that a very large proportion, perhaps the majority, of our greatest men have died childless, and of those who had children a large number predeceased their parents. But few of the greatest names in literature, science, or art are to-day borne by direct descendants. The families of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron and Moore are all extinct. There is no direct descendant living of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Sir Francis Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Clarendon, Addison, Swift, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, Disraeli, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Day, Gibbon, Macaulay, Hogarth, Joshua Reynolds; all these are reminiscences, no one of them being borne by a descendant. And in those cases where the name is yet extant it is borne by a collateral relative, or has been adopted by a distant connection.

Sale of Busts in Paris.

Nicholas II. is first in the sale of busts in Paris just now, the place usually held by Napoleon I. After them come Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin, Moliers, Racine and Corneille, Pasteur and Victor Hugo. When he was a prisoner at Clairvaux the Duc d'Orleans' bust sold well. There is very little demand now for Gambetta and General Boulanger. Carnot leads Felix Faure, who runs neck and neck with Louis XIII.

The Bicycle D'd It.

The old cobblestone pavements are passing away, and the bicycle has done more to produce the welcome change than even letters to the newspapers.—Boston Transcript.

FAMED FOR QUALITY.

MICHIGAN PEACHES CARRY OFF THE PALM FOR FLAVOR.

Have Been Cheap and Very Plentiful This Season—Millions of Baskets Shipped to Chicago for Packing and Distribution.

A Luscious Fruit.

Every time Chicago sits down to breakfast in the peach season, says the Chronicle, the yield of half a hundred acres of Michigan peaches is consumed, and the country west, rolling up a proportionate average, helps to pay off that vast array of pickers, packers, carters, vesselmen, teamsters, commission merchants and basket makers who, since early in July, have been part and parcel of the millions of the famous peach belt of the Wolverine State. From Berrien County north, a broad band ten miles in width along the shores of Lake Michigan is the favored fruit center, and all this territory, with its millions of acres, is devoted to supplying the Western markets with fruits and vegetables of various kinds, with peaches far in the lead as an edible, out of which many handsome fortunes have been made by intelligent growers. The present year has been a banner one for this interest. More peaches have been shipped than in any previous season, for several days of one week some 20,000 bushels arriving in Chicago regularly, notwithstanding the fact that the best varieties dropped from \$5 to \$1.75 per bushel, and that thousands of 15 bushel baskets brought less than 9 cents apiece.

Michigan peaches begin coming as early as the first week in July, and shipments continue until snow falls. Nearly all of them are sent by boat, and a morning scene in the Chicago peach docks is often enlivened by the arrival of a steamer carrying as high as 70,000 bushels of the fruit. The moment these march a hundred stout-armed men march in single file down a gangplank, and, threading the baskets in half-dozen, convey them to as many waiting cars. They are hurried to the great commission marts of the city, and the big steamer puffs its way back to St. Joseph for another load, to keep busy the odd 3,000 men who are engaged daily during the season about the various loading and unloading docks.

There is a profit in raising peaches, notwithstanding the price fluctuations of the season, and fruit growers in such favored localities as Benton Harbor, where transportation facilities are superior, are exceedingly prosperous and satisfied. Here is located the largest peach farm in Michigan, and that means in the world. It is owned by Rolland Morrill, president of the Michigan State Horticultural Society, and he has made a fortune out of it. It is about five miles from Benton Harbor, and contains 300 acres, 100 acres of which are devoted exclusively to peaches, meaning a yearly yield of 50,000 bushels. Ten acres is devoted to a late variety, known as the Golden Drop, which has yielded \$10,000 clear profit within five years, being, therefore, most appropriately named. Other great farms are being yearly opened, one of which, owned by the West Michigan Nursery Company, will contain 800 acres, and eclipse even the Morrill farm as soon as the trees begin to bear.

Thirty years ago cover the history of the peach industry in Berrien County, for it was not until 1800 that orchards of any size were set out in the vicinity of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. The pioneers soon had fruit-bearing land up to \$1,000 an acre. The year 1808 marked the appearance of such diseases as "blotches" and "yellow-locks" among the peaches, spreading until five years later not a peach orchard of any size was left in Berrien County. Orchards which had been worth fortunes were set back on a general produce-bearing basis of value. The peach industry was dead, and not until ten years ago did a revival come. The disease gradually lost its hold, and Berrien County is now the banner peach district of Michigan.

Naturally, the peach tree is a sloven. It will grow out of shape in one season if left to itself. To correct this the grower goes over his orchard every spring, cutting off just half of every twig which grew the season before. In another respect the peach tree is very troublesome. It undertakes more than it can accomplish in fruit bearing. It overloads itself, and the first work of the grower is to thin his peaches. On an average it costs \$17 an acre to do this work. No skill is needed for it, and the Michigan tramp has the reputation of doing the work. Provided with a step-ladder, he goes over every limb, slipping off the fruit, as nearly as possible leaving the peaches four inches apart on the twigs. This is done just before the pits begin to harden in the green fruit.

First of Berrien County peaches comes the "Lewis seedling," one of the most popular varieties. It is of medium size, red-coated and having white meat. The Crawford peach, beautifully marked, with a white meat, is profitable, but of them all the "Elihu" peach is king. Just now it is on the market, large as an ordinary tea cup, blotted with brilliant red, and on the under side yellow as gold. It brings the top price of the market, the wholesaler in Chicago paying \$1 for seventy-two picked peaches.

Peaches in Berrien County are near perfection than they have ever been, and to maintain this perfection orchards are watched for the first sign of deterioration. No tree that is unhealthy is allowed to cumber the ground. The dreaded yellows have given way before this scrutiny, and even if no State inspector were going the rounds of Michigan orchards the yellows would have little chance to

spread, for no progressive farmer would let a suspected tree stand for an hour after it had been noticed.

The foundation of a peach orchard is the nursery, in which pits from the peach orchards of Tennessee are planted. At one year old these seedling shoots are taken up and set out in the orchards in squares of twenty feet, giving 108 trees to the acre. In the following spring they are ready for budding. Buds are taken from bearing trees which have demonstrated the quality of their fruit. A branch is cut from the tree, and from this branch a bit of bark is cut in the shape of a dagger's blade, carrying with it just one leaf bud. With a pointed knife a perpendicular slit is cut in the bark of the seedling, almost at the ground. This slit is about an inch long and at the top of it, at right angles, another cut is made through the bark, extending a quarter of an inch on each side of the perpendicular slit. Into this cross cut the point of the dagger-like piece of bark is thrust and pushed downward until it is snugly housed by the loosened bark, leaving only the bud protruding. On each side of this bud the bark of the seedling is wrapped and in a few weeks the incisions have healed, leaving the bud growing.

The year following the budding process the pruner passes through the young orchard and cuts away the whole top of the seedling, just above the shoot from the bud, and the bud's growth is thinned to one straight shoot. At one year old this shoot will produce peaches. They are not allowed to grow, however, but are pulled off before the pits in the fruit begin to harden. The next year they are allowed to bear a few peaches, in the third year they bear a few more, and in the fourth year the orchard is paying profits to the grower. After this year nothing else is grown in the orchard, but from May 1 to Aug. 15, twice a week, the ground is stirred by a "weeder," which loosens the soil to the depth of an inch or more. A man with one horse and this "weeder" cultivates twenty-five acres a day on an average. Between crops bonuses and potash are sown broadcast over the ground, the influences of which are manifest directly in the fruit, showing juiciness and color.

HIS TIME HADN'T COME.

Consequently This Algerian Scoundrel Arose from His Grave.

Hanging, when done officially, is expected to result in the death of the man hanged. It does not always have that termination, however, and American history records a few instances in which men who have been hanged and pronounced dead have been resuscitated and lived long and more or less useful lives thereafter. A similar case occurred recently in Tunis, Algeria. Mohammed Ben Ahmed el Habibi was sent to the gallows for assassinating a fellow "religionist" at Bizerte, near Tunis, Algeria, quartering two of his children, and firing on the guards commissioned to arrest him.

When the day of his execution arrived a great crowd of Arabs had gathered near the gallows to witness the last writhing struggles of the doomed man. Finally the victim was led forth. The hangman seized him and put the silk rope around his neck. Immediately the assistant loosed the strap



COOLLY ASKED FOR A DRINK.

and Mohammed Ben Ahmed swung out into space. Spasms shook the body of the murderer; then all was silent, and everyone thought that it was all over and well over with Mohammed Ben Ahmed. He was left suspended about a quarter of an hour, after which he was cut down, placed on a litter, and carried to the criminals' cemetery. After the grave-digger had finished his labors, the body was placed in the unhollowed trench, and a few shovels of dirt were thrown upon the quiet form. Suddenly the still form began to show signs of life, and at last sat up with great difficulty, and coolly remarked to the digger: "Before you bury me give me something to drink." The unexpected resurrection so affrighted the sexton that he dropped his shovel, and fled to the prison at Barde, where he informed the director of his weird discovery.

From 9 o'clock until 12 Mohammed Ben Ahmed remained in the shallow grave exposed to the burning rays of the sun. Then he was removed to the hospital for convicts at Sadiki, where he was taken care of. He was soon out of danger, and was transferred to the galleys of La Ghulette, where he is doomed to hard labor for life, which is looked upon as a commutation of sentence. The grave-digger was so affected by the shock given his nerves that his life is in danger.

An Early Intimation—"Johnny," said the boy's father, "I suppose that you are going to hang up your stocking next Christmas." "No, I'm not," was the reply after some thought. "Why not?" "Because," he answered, looking his father straight in the eye, "you couldn't put a bicycle in my stocking."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorus than that of a person of average mental powers.

A clever Parisian has invented a machine which can split one human hair lengthwise into thirty-six strips.

Many of the so-called "vegetable ivory" buttons used on dresses are made of potatoes treated with sulphuric acid.

In fifty-six Austrian cities, with a total population of 3,536,194, the average mortality last year was 25.8 per thousand.

A steel fly wheel twenty-five feet in diameter and requiring 250 miles of wire in its construction, has been made in Germany.

Pictures have been obtained by the Roentgen rays through eight and one-half inches of iron plate by Herr Dormann, of Bremen.

M. Maignait, the famous anatomist, discovered that by forcing air into the larynx of a dead animal sounds could be produced very similar to those of the voice during life.

Dr. Dawson Tucker has discovered that the Roentgen rays exist in nature, namely, in the ordinary glow worm, whose light penetrates thin sheets of aluminum and other substances.

The prime of life of a man of regular habits and sound constitution is from thirty to fifty-five years of age; of a woman from twenty-four or twenty-five to about forty years of age.

A petrifid fish found by Dr. Newberry at Delaware, Ohio, weighed twenty-five pounds, and is as perfect in form, position of fins, scales, etc., as though it had died but yesterday instead of 2000 years ago.

A new and very efficient insect powder has been introduced in Europe. It consists simply of pyrethrum flowers, to every hundredth part of which is added one part of naphthalin by weight. The naphthalin must be in very fine powder and intimately mixed with the pyrethrum.

It has been accidentally discovered that a certain beetle has mandibles of such strength that it can cut metal. Some Brazilian specimens were temporarily placed in a glass jar with a pewter top, and in less than forty-eight hours they had cut holes in the metal large enough to protrude their heads.

Where the Deaf May Hear.

Many an old lady goes to church on a Sunday and sits through the service in a frame of mind devout to a degree, but never hears a solitary word of the sermon.

There is a preacher in Syracuse, Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D., who has changed all that. Dr. Spalding is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, a religious body made up in the main of wealthy folk to whom money is no particular object.

Moved at first by the lamentations of some of his aged parishioners that they could not hear his preachments—Dr. Spalding was a newspaper man before he joined the clergy, and is a practical soul withal—he arranged, for the better delivery of the Gospel to those deaf brethren and sisters, speaking tubes which ran from a large metal receiver—really a megaphone—immediately in front of him on the pulpit, down under the flooring of the auditorium and up into the pews.

The megaphone is built into the front of the pulpit, so that when reading or speaking the doctor addresses it directly.

So successful did the clergyman's device prove, that speaking tubes were put into every pew in the great auditorium. Any person, who is hard of hearing and happens to be a visitor to the church, will find means at hand of hearing the sermon.

One deaf old lady, who went to Dr. Spalding's church the other day, having heard of the speaking-tube system, burst into tears when she put the transmitter to her ear and caught the sound of the preacher's voice. She said it was the first sermon she had heard for over a quarter of a century.—New York Journal.

An Idea in Parachutes.

An Italian aeronaut named Copazza has invented two balloon attachments, which are said to have fully realized the expectations formed of them. The one is an enormous parachute stretched over a balloon, and the other a folded parachute hanging under the basket. If the aeronaut finds that his balloon is rising too fast he opens the folded parachute, which immediately acts as a huge air brake and effectually retards progress.

On the other hand, should the air vessel explode through expansion, fire, or any other cause, the top parachute comes into action and a descent may be made without the slightest inconvenience.

A New Telephone.

A Russian electrician named Kilischewsky has perfected a telephone which practically disregards distance. At a recent test between Moscow and Rostoff, 890 miles, talking, singing and instrumental music at one end of the line were distinctly heard by listeners at the other. An experiment is to be made by land wires and Atlantic cables in talking between London and New York.

Japanese Postage Stamps.

The new Japanese stamps, which were issued on September 13th, were for the first time in that country adorned with heads of prominent persons. The original intention was to make the stamps commemorative of the war with China, but the late Prime Minister Ito rejected the samples on the ground that it would not be well to constantly remind the Chinese of their defeat.