

One-eighth of the entire population of Great Britain live within the limits of London.

There are no courts in the Klondike region, but perhaps they are necessary where everyone observes the golden rule.

Talk about the far-off gold fields, listen to this Georgia editor: "Our City Council should make an effort to keep down the gold dust. It hasn't rained for some time, and when the mines are at work the dust from the gold nuggets is positively stifling!"

Russia, according to the recent census returns, has a population close to one hundred and thirty millions, about equal to that of any other three European States. Half a century ago its people numbered very nearly what ours do now; that is, they have just about doubled in that period.

A scheme is on foot to bore a longitudinal hole through the ancient Egyptian obelisk at Paris, and utilize the monument as a kind of candlestick for electric light lamps. This seems a piece of vandalism without precedent in civilized countries. But the world has not yet heard from the French archaeologists.

The removal of the books of the Congressional Library from their old home in the Capitol to their beautiful new palace, the new Library Building, has begun. It is expected that the removal will occupy ten weeks at least. Meanwhile the library at the Capitol has to be closed to all, as the clerks will be too busy to attend to the wants of readers.

No wonder that they say France is becoming commercial. President Faure is spending his vacation at his villa in Havre. It is in a hollow, and is overlooked by the Boulevard Maritime. Enterprising fakirs have erected telescopes on the boulevard, and crowds are paying half a franc apiece to see the President walking in his garden or seated in his chair on the lawn.

It seems that in Hungary the municipal authorities take a paternal interest in the pocketbooks of the voters. An operative manager who recently demanded the required permission of the city fathers to give a series of performances at Keeskemet was answered by a firm refusal. The burgomasters and the members of the municipality gave as their reason that the population has been very much tried by the long winter and that the hard times would not justify them in having an operatic season.

It is said that there are no remaining public lands in any of the States of New England, in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky or Texas. There are 25,000,000 acres of public land in Ohio, 37,000,000 in Florida, 32,000,000 in Alabama, 28,000,000 in Louisiana, 36,000,000 in Michigan and 34,000,000 in Wisconsin. The other public lands are in the Western States and the Territories.

The waterfalls of Sweden are about to be put to work at smelting iron. The idea is that of M. de Laval, the inventor of the steam turbine, and with him in the undertaking is M. Nobel, of dynamite fame. Bog turf, which is required also, is abundant in the neighborhood of the iron works at Bofors, which have been purchased.

The smelting in the new process is to be done by electricity generated by the water-power, and M. de Laval expects to manufacture rails, ship plates and rolled joists at a fourth of the present cost, and to transform the Swedish wilds about his works into an important center of industry.

"People who are crazy with impatience to get to the Alaskan gold fields should possess their souls in patience," said Colonel R. B. Latham, a Californian "forty-niner." "There is no need to worry about getting to the Klondike in hot haste. If one fails to get there this season he can go next year. There will be good diggings in those valleys of the Yukon and its tributaries for the next ten years, and the prospectors who go in later need not fear that all the gold will be taken out before they get there. By the way, I remember that a celebrated Austrian scientist gravely asserted a few years ago that the world's gold supply had about given out, and that no fresh discoveries of the yellow metal of any consequence need be looked for. Since that prediction the rich fields of South Africa have been developed, and now comes the great strike in Alaska, that bids fair to exceed in magnitude all gold booms in the history of the world."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A Parisian is said to have constructed a machine which makes it possible to split a human hair into thirty-six parts.

Specimens of fire-damp have been recently collected from many sources, all containing nitrogen, with apparently about the same proportion of argon as is obtained from the nitrogen of the air.

The Manhattan Elevated, the Brooklyn Elevated and the Elevated Railway of New York are seriously considering the substitution of electric motors for steam power. They are all working together with the view of getting the change in motive power made at the smallest cost.

Dr. F. E. Younk, of Los Angeles, Cal., believes he has made a discovery through his X-ray investigations which will revolutionize the present method of mining valuable ores. He says that it is now possible to detect by the use of the X-ray gold and other ores in the rocks in which they may be hidden.

A reason for doubting that oxygen is an element has been given to the London Royal Society by Mr. E. C. C. Baly. Under the silent electric discharge, the gas that goes to the cathode with long sparks is less dense than unelectric oxygen, while in the case of short sparks it is more dense.

Next to that of the British Museum, the largest collection of birds' eggs is that belonging to a lawyer named Nehrl Korn in Braunschweig, Germany. He intends soon to issue a catalogue of the collection, with fifty colored plates, depicting the more valuable specimens, of many of which no other sample is known to exist.

The four great tunnels of the world are cited as an illustration of the marked diminution of the cost of engineering works during the last quarter of a century. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost \$500 a foot; the Mont Cenis, the next in date, \$475; the St. Gothard, \$395, and the Arlberg, the most recent, only \$200.

The "penny-in-the-slot" principle has been applied in France to a machine for producing X rays. The apparatus contains the stored electricity and a Crookes tube in a small box, separated from which by a little space is the fluorescent screen. A suitable coin enables any person to view his bones and other marvels for a certain time.

How Placer Mines Are Worked.

Doubtless many people will go to the Klondike region who know little or nothing of mining. Fortunately for these the Klondike mines are placers—the most easily worked mines of any, and requiring the least expenditure. The methods of washing out placer gold are known as "sluicing" and "panning." The former is employed where the yield is of ordinary value, while all old-timers prefer the latter in rich ground.

In sluicing the dirt is shoveled into the sluice box, through which water is rapidly running. The box is of varying length, and has holes bored in the bottom. These holes are filled with quicksilver; the dirt, gravel and small bowlders are washed over the quicksilver, but the gold adheres to it. When a miner "cleans up," sometimes every night, sometimes once a week, the water is turned off and the sluice box holes are cleaned out.

In panning, the dirt is put into a gold pan—about the size of a small fish pan. This pan is made of copper. The miner squats beside a stream, dips water into the pan, oscillates it with a motion that can only be acquired by experience, and gradually sloughs out the water, dirt, gravel, etc., retaining the gold in the pan. Gold being the heaviest substance it is of course the easiest to retain in the pan. If it be in the shape of nuggets, the miner picks them out of the pan with his fingers; if the gold be in small particles, fine gold or "flour" gold, he dries the pan in the sun and carefully brushes the deposit into a piece of buckskin or other material used for carrying the precious metal.

A pick, a shovel, a gold pan, water, and, of course, some gold are the essentials of placer mining. The gold taken out of the Klondike placers, so far, has been coarse, or in good-sized nuggets.

Machinery is only necessary in placer mining where large areas of ground that yields only moderately are worked, and then only for hydraulic power in washing down the dirt.

A Curious American Case.

Mr. Thomas Groggan is an Alderman-elect. By virtue of the large number of votes he received he is a Police and Fire Commissioner. Besides all this, he is generous and would give every man so desiring a place in either department if there were places enough. He also has a fund of humor and a new cane. The cane was presented to him by William Meininger, who has recently been in Mexico. It is a huge affair, as canes go, but fits the dignity of the position held by Mr. Groggan. The stock is made of the trunk of a coffee tree about two inches in thickness at the top. On it are carved the Mexican coat of arms and several huge coffee leaves. The Mexicans, it is said, carve these canes with flint and make their own dyes for coloring the leaves and coat of arms black, red and green. Mr. Groggan, whenever any one enters his office, hastily presents the cane, thereby conferring upon all callers the police knighthood.—Galveston (Texas) News.

Missing.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy whose face was a mass of freckles? The boys of to-day don't use lotions, but the boy whose face was so covered with freckles that they ran in to each other and hung over the edges, is missing. He was the smartest boy on earth.—Aitchison Globe.

KLONDIKE.

Over the mountains and far away,
In the regions of ice and snow,
Many a pilgrim is trudging to-day
With a heart full of hope and shouting
"Yo-ho
For Klondike!"

Over the mountains, beyond the plains,
Where the great river winds to the sea,
Many a pioneer jingles his gains,
And sings in a frenzied ecstasy—
In Klondike!

Thousands and thousands of miles away,
In the land of the polar bear,
Many a man is digging to-day,
Only to find that there's nothing there—
In Klondike!

Many a husband, many a son,
And many a father, too;
Many a man who is dear to some one
Is climbing the glaciers, leading through
To Klondike!

Many a mother and many a wife
And many a one that is dear,
Is dreaming to-day of a happier life
And hopefully waiting to hear
From Klondike!

And thousands and thousands of golden
Mines,
And many a dream that is fair
Are destined to die on the frozen slopes
And find their graves out there
In Klondike!

—Cleveland Leader.

AT SEAFOAM LODGE.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HERE must be no other boarders taken," said Mr. McCorkindale. "I stipulate for that."

"Oh, there will be none!" said Mr. Dewey, the boarding and real estate agent, nibbling the end of his pen. "I know Mrs. Sweetlover very well—a most respectable widow, in reduced circumstances—and I know all about Seaford Lodge, a delightful place, on the edge of the ocean, where a man can't help being healthy."

"Very well," said Mr. McCorkindale. "Let her know that I consider the thing a bargain. I will send my trunks on Monday of next week."

Mr. McCorkindale had been summing at the Adirondacks, and had found that mountain breezes, black flies and dried pine-needles didn't agree with him. He was now resolved to try the seaside. And he went home, well pleased with the bargain he had made.

Now, Mr. Dewey was in a partnership—Dewey & Salter—and so neatly dovetailed together were the arrangements of the firm, that Mr. Salter, who dined at half-past twelve o'clock, came to "keep office" exactly at the hour in which Mr. Dewey, who dined at half-past one, took up his hat and came to depart. And scarcely had Mr. Salter lighted his cigar, and settled his chair back at exactly the right angle of the wall, than in came Miss Mattie Milfoil, a blooming young old-maid, who gave lessons in swimming at the Aqua Pura Academy.

"I want board at the seaside for a month," said she. "At a place, please, where there are no other boarders. Prices must be moderate, and surf-bathing is a necessity."

"Ah," said Mr. Salter, bringing his chair down on its four legs at once, "the very place! Mrs. Sweetlover, a client of ours, has taken Seaford Lodge, on the New Jersey coast, and has a clean, light, airy room to let, with good board, no mosquitoes—"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Milfoil. "Just let me look at her references."

The references proved satisfactory. Miss Milfoil struck a bargain at once. "Let Mrs. Sweetlover expect me on Monday," she said; and Mr. Salter pocketed his commission with inward glee.

"Anything doing?" Mr. Dewey asked, when he came back from dinner, with a pleasant oleaginous flavor of roast pork and applesauce about him.

"I've let Mrs. Sweetlover's room for her," said Salter.

"Hello!" cried Dewey; "I let it, this morning, to old McCorkindale!"

"And I've just disposed of it to Miss Milfoil," sputtered Salter. "Why the deuce didn't you enter it on the books?"

"A man can't think of everything," said Mr. Dewey; "and I was going to enter it when I came back."

"But what are we to do now?" said Salter.

"Nothing," said Dewey. "Ten to one, one of the parties won't keep the contract. We're not to blame, that I can see."

And Mr. Dewey, a philosopher after his way, arranged his bulletin-board anew, and sat down, a human spider, to await the coming of any flies which might be disposed for business.

Mrs. Sweetlover, in the meantime, had swept and garnished Seaford Lodge, until it was fresher than a cow-slip and sweeter than roses.

She had decorated her up-stairs room with China matting, fresh muslin curtains, and dainty covers to the bureau and dressing-table.

"I do hope I shall be able to let it!" said Mrs. Sweetlover, with a sigh. "But there are so many seaside lodgings this year that—Dear me! here comes a gentleman and a valise up the beach-road, and as true as I live, he's making straight for my house!"

"Have my trunks arrived?" said the gentleman—"name of McCorkindale."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Sweetlover.

"I engaged the room through Dewey & Salter," said Mr. McCorkindale, "last week."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said Mrs. Sweetlover, all in a flurry. But you're kindly welcome, sir, and the room is quite ready, if you'll be so good as to step up stairs."

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. McCorkindale, gazing around him with the eye of an elderly eagle. "Very clean—tolerably airy—superb view from the windows. Upon my word I like the look of things."

"Do you think the apartment will suit?" said the widow, timidly.

"Of course it will suit!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "Here is a month's board in advance—ten dollars a week, the agent said. You may serve dinner at one o'clock. Blue-fish, roast

clams, lobster-salad—any sort of seafood you may happen to have. I don't eat desserts. And now I'm going out to walk on the seashore."

Mrs. Sweetlover looked after him with eyes of rapture.

"The boarder of all others that I would have preferred," said she. "I am in luck! I thought yesterday, when I saw the new moon over my right shoulder, that something fortunate was going to happen."

But Mrs. Sweetlover had not stuffed the blue-fish for baking, when a light, firm foot-step crossed the threshold, and Miss Milfoil stood before her, in a dark-blue serge dress, and a sailor hat of black straw, while across her shapely shoulders was slung a flat black satchel, travel-wise.

"Mrs. Sweetlover, I suppose?" said she.

The widow courtesied an affirmative.

"I am Miss Milfoil," said the lady. "I rented your room, last week, of Dewey & Salter."

"Dear me!" thought the widow. "Am I dreaming?"

"I like the situation very much," continued Miss Milfoil, looking at the curling eddies of foam that crept up the beach at the left, and then at a murmuring grove of maple trees at the north. "I shall probably remain here until Christmas, if I am suited!"

"But the room is let already!" faltered Mrs. Sweetlover, at last recovering her voice.

"Taken already!" repeated Miss Milfoil. "But that is impossible. I have taken it."

"There's some mistake at the Boarding Agency," said Mrs. Sweetlover, almost ready to cry. "It's been let twice; and I never knew of it until this moment. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It never rains but it pours!"

"But what am I to do?" said Miss Milfoil.

Mrs. Sweetlover's faded eyes lighted up with a faint gleam of hope.

"I've only the eligible apartment on the second floor," said she; "but if you can't mind the garret, there's a nice, airy room finished off there, with two dormer windows overlooking the ocean."

"I'll look at it," said Miss Milfoil.

She looked at it, and she liked it, and she straightway sent to the village for her trunks, unpacked her books, her work-basket, her writing-desk and her portable easel, arranged some seaweed over the mantle and made herself at home.

Mr. McCorkindale, going upstairs from the dinner table that very day, heard a sweet, clear voice, singing the refrain of some popular ballad, from the upper story.

"Eh?" said Mr. McCorkindale. "Is that your daughter?"

"It's my lady boarder, sir," said Mrs. Sweetlover.

"Look here," said Mr. McCorkindale, stopping short—"this won't go down!"

"What won't go down, sir?" said the bewildered landlady.

"No other boarders taken, you know," said Mr. McCorkindale. "That was my express stipulation."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Mrs. Sweetlover, "but—"

"And I'm not going to be trifled with!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "Either she or I must go!"

"Couldn't it be managed, sir?" said the landlady, half terrified out of her senses.

"No, it couldn't," said Mr. McCorkindale.

At this moment, however, Miss Milfoil herself made her appearance on the scene, tripping down the stairs in a quiet, determined sort of way, and facing the indignant elderly gentleman as he stood there.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Milfoil.

"The matter," said Mr. McCorkindale, "is simply this. I have engaged my board here, on the express understanding that I am to be the only boarder."

"I see," said Miss Milfoil. "And I am in the way."

Mr. McCorkindale was ominously silent.

"But," said Mattie, with an engaging smile, "if I promise to be very quiet, and to refrain from annoying you in any manner whatsoever—"

"It would make no difference," said Mr. McCorkindale. "I object to young women."

"But," cried indignant Mattie, "suppose I were to object to middle-aged gentlemen on no better pretext?"

"You are perfectly welcome to do so," said Mr. McCorkindale, stiffly. "You see, I am an old bachelor."

"And I am an old maid!" pleaded Mattie.

"It makes no difference—no difference at all!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Sweetlover, but—"

"Stop!" said Mattie, resolutely.

"Mrs. Sweetlover, if either of your boarders leaves you, it is I. I came last, and I occupy the least remunerative room. I will take my departure on the noon-train to-morrow."

And Mattie went back to her room and cried a little; for she had become very fond of her pretty little room already.

"At all events," said Mattie to herself, "I will get up before daylight to-morrow morning, and have one good swim in the surf."

She supposed, when she came out the next day, in her dark-blue bathing-suit and the coarse straw hat tied down over her eyes, that she would have the coast clear. But she was mistaken. Mr. McCorkindale was paddling, like a giant porpoise, in a suit of scarlet and gray, among the waves. He had always wanted to learn to swim, and here was a most eligible opportunity.

"He don't see me," said Mattie, to herself, as she crept cautiously down in the shadow of the rocks. "If he did, I suppose he would issue a proclamation that the whole seashore belonged to him. But I hope there is room enough for us both in the Atlantic Ocean."

And Miss Milfoil struck out scientifically, gliding through the waves like a new variety of fish, with dark-blue scales, and straightway forgot all about the troublesome old bachelor.

"It's very strange," said Mr. McCorkindale, very revolving around and around, like a steam paddle-wheel. "A log floats, but I can't seem to manage it without the help of my arms and legs. I've always understood that swimming was a very easy business, but—Pouf—ah—whu—sh—sh! Help! help! Pouf—f! I'm drowning! The undertow is carrying me out, and I can't help myself! Whu—sh! Oh! ah! help! he-e-e-elp!"

And Mr. McCorkindale's voice lost itself in a bubbling cry, while the deaf old fisherman upon the shore went on whistling and mending his net, and the solitary individual, who was picking up shells with his back toward the surf, never dreamed but that the stout gentleman was diving for his own amusement.

But Mattie Milfoil, cleaving her way steadily through the waves, perceived in a moment that something was wrong.

Mrs. Sweetlover fainted away when they laid the boarder on a pile of blankets on her kitchen floor.

She was one of those nervous ladies who always faint away at the least provocation.

But Mattie had all her senses about her; and, thanks to her courage and presence of mind, Mr. McCorkindale's life was saved.

"What is that rattling on the stairs?" he feebly inquired, as he sat up, the next day, in an easy-chair, with a curious sensation, as if a gigantic bumble-bee were buzzing in his head, and cataracts pouring through his ears.

"It's Miss Milfoil's trunk going away," said Mrs. Sweetlover, with a sniff of regret.

"Tell her not to go," said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Sir!" said Mrs. Sweetlover. "Do you think I'm going to turn the woman who saved my life out of doors?" puffed Mr. McCorkindale.

"But I thought you objected to women," said Mattie's cheerful voice outside the door.

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. McCorkindale, with a fluttering semblance of a smile. "A man is never too old to learn. And I mean to learn to swim next week, if you will teach me."

He did learn. Miss Milfoil taught him. And the old bachelor and the old maid spent their month at the seaside, to use Mrs. Sweetlover's expression, "as quiet as two lambs."

"I declare," Mr. McCorkindale pensively observed, on the afternoon before his term was up, "I shall be very lonely after I leave here!"

"You'll be going back to the city, you know," cheerfully observed Miss Milfoil.

"But I shall miss you!" said the bachelor.

"Nonsense!" said Mattie.

"I wonder if you will miss me?" said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Well—a little," owned Miss Milfoil.

"Did you never think of marrying, Mattie?" she abruptly demanded Mr. McCorkindale.

"Very often," she answered, calmly. "And how is it that you never have married?"

Mattie laughed.

"Because I never found the right one," she said.

"Just my reason, exactly!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "But I think I have found her at last—and it's you, Mattie!"

"Is it?" said Miss Milfoil, coloring and smiling.

"Don't you think, if you were to try me, I might suit you—as a husband?" he asked, persuasively.

"I don't know," whispered Mattie. "Try me!" said Mr. McCorkindale, taking her hand in his; and she did not draw it away.

How brief a time will sometimes suffice to turn the current of a lifetime! That month at Seaford Lodge made all the difference in the world to Mr. and Mrs. McCorkindale.—Saturday Night.

Hitting Force of Cyclists.

A cyclist of 150 pounds weight and moving at the rate of ten feet per second (about seven miles an hour) has a momentum of 1500 pounds, without counting the weight of his wheel.

A collision between two 150-pound riders, wheeling at the moderate pace of seven miles an hour, would result in a smash-up with a force of 3000 pounds!

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe.

A NEW AND NOVEL GUN.

UNCLE SAM IS BUILDING A WONDERFUL PIECE OF ORDNANCE.

Said to Be the Strongest War Implement Ever Made—Will Be Used For Coast Defense. Altogether—Will Weigh Thirty Tons—Terrific Striking Capacity.

Uncle Sam, says a New York letter in the Detroit Free Press, is building a new 10-inch wire gun of a brand new pattern to astonish the world. When Uncle Sam wants to do a thing he generally does it, and consequently all the governments on the surface of the globe watch his movements with no small degree of interest.

Never before in the history of the manufacture of war implements has the world witnessed a fiercer struggle for superiority between gun and armor plate in every country of the globe than at the present time. Governments and private concerns alike take part in this race at breakneck speed.

At this time of the race, however, no one can safely predict which of the two, gun or armor, will be the victor. As far as the navy is concerned the odds are slightly in favor of the guns, for it seems as if the thickness of armor for men-of-war has been nearly reached. Congress, taking this fact into consideration, made an appropriation last year for the construction of a 10-inch wire gun according to a new system invented by John Hamilton Brown, an American.

This gun is now being built at the plant of the Reading Iron Company, by the inventor, under the supervision of one or two inspectors from the Ordnance Department of the United States Army.

Nearly every power of Europe has tried its hand at wire wound guns before and since that period. It now appears that only England and Russia made any headway, while France for the time being dropped the matter entirely, confining herself to keeping watch over the achievements of other governments. At present England is doing fairly well, but she will be left far behind if the new Brown ten-inch wire gun half way fulfills the expectations of government and inventor.

The gun will weigh thirty tons and is expected to hurl a 600-pound shell with a muzzle velocity of 2988 feet per second. Such a velocity would give the projectile, if the shell weighs 600 pounds instead of the regulation weight of 680, a striking capacity of 38,410 foot-tons.

In other words, the striking capacity per ton of weight of gun would be 1280 foot-tons at the muzzle—something unequalled in gun construction in any country.

This new 10-inch gun is and only can be intended for coast defense. Its great length, thirty-seven and one-half feet, makes it at once unavailable for use in the navy. The great length may also cause fortification engineers trouble with regard to construction of parapets when the gun is mounted on disappearing carriages in forts, as it must be.

The core of this new gun will consist of ninety longitudinal bars (segments) of approximately a little less than five-eighths of an inch in thickness; three and three-eighths of an inch in height at the breach and then tapering down to the muzzle to one and one-fifth of an inch in height. The length of the segments will be in the neighborhood of thirty-seven feet.

The steel in the segments of the new gun will have a tensile strength of 120,000 pounds to the square inch. The elastic limit will be 70,000 pounds per square inch, and the elongation from twenty to twenty-four per cent.

There is no room for doubt that a bar of steel 100 feet long which can be stretched to a length of 124 feet before rupture takes place must contain a metal of excellent quality.

After the segments have been assembled and the breech and muzzle nut screwed on to them, thus forming the core of the gun, the winding of the wire round and round the core begins. The wire used in the new gun has an area of 1.49 of an inch, each side measuring 1.7 of an inch. As the wire is to be wound round the core under a pressure of about 98,000 pounds per square inch, and must retain an equal margin of strength in order to permit the core of the gun to expand safely in the firing and contract after the shot, it becomes at once apparent that the wire must have a very great elastic limit.

The weight of the seventy-five miles of wire amounts to 30,948 pounds. At the breach the gun will have from thirty-three to thirty-four layers of wire uniformly wound.

The winding, indeed, of each inch of these seventy-five miles of wire, with the uniform pressure of 98,000 pounds per square inch represents in itself a problem which it will be difficult to solve. It was clear from the start that the winding could not be done from an ordinary machine. A special one had to be constructed, and is now finished.

The total cost of the new gun is estimated at \$30,000.

The Kaiser and Nansen.

When Kridtjof Nansen passed the day with Emperor William, the Emperor introduced his children to his guest in a characteristic manner. After dinner the young Princes were called. They filed in and stood "at attention" in military style. "Shake hands with this gentleman," said the Emperor.

"Look well at him. Some day you will be able to understand what his work is, and then you will be glad to be able to say you have met him."

Mrs. Gertie Bemack Scholtman is dead in Jersey City, N. J., in her 101st year. She was born in Prussia. She saw Napoleon's march through Prussia, and waved a red handkerchief at the great emperor.

SODA WELLS.

Development of a New and Important Industry in Wyoming.

Wyoming promises to come forward with a new and important industry. A company of Chicago capitalists recently has purchased the soda wells at Green River and proposes to put in machinery and to operate the wells on a big scale. The new company has been incorporated under the laws of Wyoming and is prepared to develop the property immediately. The offices of the company will be in Chicago and in Green River, John F. Waters, of Chicago, is President and J. V. Waters, of Chicago, is Secretary of the company.