

Boston is so well pleased with the horseless fire engine which was recently added to her fire-fighting equipment that the Fire Commission has placed the order for a similar engine.

The Commercial Club, of Mobile, Ala., has appointed a committee of fifty to conduct a campaign of education on the proposition of municipal control of water-works and sewers.

England and the United States have decided to get together on the seal question. Their decision is simply a triumph of good, old-fashioned common sense, remarks the New York Mail and Express.

The trip on the Yukon from its mouth to the Klondike is as long as that from New Orleans to Minneapolis. Gentlemen who have started with the intention of making it in flatboats before the close of the summer season will please accept condolence in advance.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "Our Paris contemporary, the Figaro, which has been taking a good deal of interest lately in American affairs, now wants to know what we would do in case of a collision with a really first-class Power. We have met some first-class Powers in our time, and the results were never like the Franco-German collision of 1870 to France."

Isaac E. Adams, only thirty-eight years old and a few years ago "one of the successful and promising young men in Chicago," has just been declared a victim of paresis and sent to an asylum in New York. The road to wealth is an alluring one, philosophizes the Louisville Courier-Journal, but to travel over it at the pace that kills is to take fearful chances in this world as well as in the one to come.

Ground was broken, recently, in New York, for the construction of a pneumatic mail service between the city postoffice and the various sections of Manhattan Island and Brooklyn. Next to rapid transit this is regarded as the most important local improvement begun recently. The work of collecting the mail matter and conveying it to the central office is now done by delivery wagons. By the new service the collections will be transmitted through tubing by carriers propelled by the air forced into the tubes. The carriers are six feet long and will hold about 6000 letters each. It is estimated that they will be able to carry 250,000 letters per hour, and are expected to make the journey between the New York and Brooklyn office in three and one-half minutes.

Representative Hilborn, of California, is one of the best-posted men in Congress on the subject of gold mining, having for years been interested in the business in California. He said, recently, to a Washington Star reporter that some time before the newspaper stories of the great gold discoveries in Alaska he had been receiving letters from old miners, who were friends, telling of the immense deposits of gold in the Klondike country. "I have no doubt," said Judge Hilborn, "that the Klondike discoveries will prove the greatest in the history of the world. From my knowledge of gold mining I should think that there will be paying quantities of the precious metal to be found in Alaska for years to come." Judge Hilborn does not think the rigors of the climate are such as have been portrayed. He said that if he had been at his home he would have made a trip to the gold fields merely for the purpose of learning the facts for himself. He believes that the world is on the eve of a great revival in gold mining. The rush to the Klondike country and the talk of the rich finds there will lead prospectors in every part of the country to begin hunting for gold. Many of them will be successful. All over this country where gold has been mined in former years new life will be taken on. In Southern as well as in Western States gold fields were worked in years past and were abandoned because the quartz did not yield enough to make money. Under new processes quartz which pays a few dollars a ton can be worked with profit. In Judge Hilborn's State money is being made out of property quartz paying \$2.50 a ton. Improved electrical apparatus has cheapened the work of getting out the precious metal. Mines in California which were deserted years ago are now being reworked with success. "I predict," said Judge Hilborn, "that by 1900 more gold will be mined in California than was taken out in the palmy days when the State was made famous. Judge Hilborn believes, adds the Washington Star, that the production of gold for the next few years will be so great as to cause a demonization of the metal.

### RAIN IN THE RIVER.

Lo, the image of man's endeavor!  
Faint and bubbles that burst and flee;  
Rain in the river—rain in the river—  
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.  
Tears are flowing for ever and ever,  
Many for sorrow, and some for gloom;  
Rain in the river—rain in the river—  
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.  
Resignation that falters never:  
Bitter revolt at the wrongs that be;  
Rain in the river—rain in the river—  
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.  
What shall I hear of? What deliver?  
Virtue and Truth that make wise and free;  
Rain in the river—rain in the river—  
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.  
May we have courage to fight forever,  
And never to yield, tho' our blood may be  
Rain in the river—rain in the river—  
Rain in the river that hastes to sea.  
—Herbert E. Clarke, in Tannhauser and Other Poems.

### MISS GRESHAM'S ENGAGEMENTS.

BY ELIZABETH HARMAN.

MISS KITTY GRESHAM had broken her engagement with Charlie Earl, and Charlie was very unhappy. He went about looking melancholy, and he rode his beautiful bay hunter, High-flier, miles and miles every day, but nothing diverted his mind from the fact that he had been thrown over by the girl he loved.

Charlie was attractive looking, very slender, not very tall, with fair hair, and a long, fair, twisted mustache. All his life he had found his chief joy among his horses and his polo ponies, and High-flier was the jewel of his stables. Until he met Kitty, he never had thought it possible that anything could take precedence of High-flier in his heart.

Kitty had taken precedence in a number of hearts. She was clothed about as it were with a garment with that intangible quality or gift called style. If she had put on rags and tatters, they would have at once assumed an air and a grace, but as her papa was amply blessed with this world's goods, she was not called upon to display her magic, and, instead, glorified the pretty things that clever people on both sides of the world contrived for her.

In addition to being stylish, Kitty was pretty, with quantities of soft, dark hair, blue eyes and singularly brilliant teeth.

"Don't talk to me about Charlie Earl! I hate him!" she said to her most intimate friend, who had essayed to probe her heart the day after the engagement was broken, and the way she rushed into everything that came up for the next three weeks, and flirted with every man who came near her, and allowed Harry Gibson, who had been in love with her for a year, to devote himself to her, should have convinced the most skeptical that she cared absolutely nothing for her ex-lover.

Then the races at the Hunt Club came off. Everyone went in her best bib and tucker, and Kitty, of course, was there. She came driving in to the Club grounds in her phaeton, dressed all in black—dainty, chifony, Frenchly black—with a big, feathered picture hat on her graceful head. Beside her was Harry Gibson, looking ineffably happy.

Charlie Earl was to ride in two of the races—one for ponies, one for hunters—and he was resplendent in his pink coat, with a little cap to match, tight white trousers and black boots.

Kitty bowed to him with elaborate indifference as he rode past on his pony, "Dart," to the first race, and she smiled scornfully with a slightly bored expression while the race was being run, and when Charlie came in far ahead of the other racers.

"Charlie does ride well!" exclaimed Gibson, in generous admiration.

"Oh, he is rather a good horseman," said Kitty. "What a sweet pony your 'Dart' is, Mr. Gibson. Why didn't you ride her in the race?"

"Oh, I'm not much to look at on a horse," said Gibson, "and I don't like to make myself ridiculous in—somebody's eyes."

"Whose? Won't you tell me?" said Kitty, with a languishing glance.

"Oh, you know, Kitty!" said Gibson.

"Indeed I don't," protested Kitty.

"In the eyes of the only girl in all the world I have ever loved," said Gibson, forgetting the little actress and the seven or eight sisters of seven or eight of his friends, and the two or three married women to whom he had made the same statement.

"And what is her name?" said Kitty, demurely.

"Yours!" said Gibson.

"Oh!" said Kitty, casting down her eyes and trying to blush.

"You won't refuse me?" said Gibson, his round, blonde face red with nervousness and anxiety.

"No," said Kitty, so low that he could scarcely hear her, her head still bent.

Gibson began to pour forth his rapture in adjectives and exclamation points.

Then the race for hunters began.

"And we're engaged, aren't we, Kitty?" said Gibson, ecstatically.

"Yes," Kitty admitted.

"And may I tell?"

"As soon as you like."

"And you love me?"

"Why else should I marry you?" said Kitty, with a glance that tried to be arch, and then her eyes returned to the flying figures in the race and

followed the two in the lead—Charlie Earl on High-flier and Dicky Tremont on his big gray mare, Swallow.

Swallow was ahead at the first and second hurdles, but at the third High-flier was gaining on her, and they rose to it almost simultaneously. Swallow's hind legs caught on the top bar, and down she came with a thud and a crash, knocking against High-flier's front legs, and bringing him down beside her. Dicky was tumbled head-over-heels, but jumped up almost instantly. Charlie was thrown ahead in a straight line, and fell full length on the track—and did not move.

Kitty's hands clinched tight over the reins for a second—then with a loud shriek she gathered up her skirts and leaped to the ground. She ran to the place where Charlie lay—she forced her way through the crowd that surrounded him, and falling on her knees beside him, she began dabbing helplessly at his face with her handkerchief, while her tears fell on him.

"Charlie! Charlie! Oh, Charlie!" she wailed, regardless of the staring faces—regardless of everything save that the man she had sworn she hated was apparently dying, or dead.

Charlie slowly opened his eyes.

"Do you—take—it—back?" he said feebly.

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Kitty. "I never meant it. I loved you all the time!"

Charlie sat up with astounding alacrity.

"I wasn't much hurt," he said. "My breath was knocked out of me—but I thought that would get you! Oh, Kitty, you darling!"

He caught her hands and laughed with joyous impudence right in her face—and she laughed with him.—The White Elephant.

Ivory in the Yukon Valley.

Among the miners to return from the Klondike was John Wilkinson, of Nanaimo, British Columbia. He brought with him \$40,000, the result of three months' work. While Mr. Wilkinson has laid the foundation of a fortune, his eye has not been single to gold. He says that large and exceptionally fine specimens of ivory were found last season solidly imbedded in icy gravel. Ivory tusks of mastodons weighing as much as 150 pounds have been found in an excellent state of preservation. Piles and piles of bones have been taken out, and there is every indication that during some prehistoric period large bands of mastodons grazed over the great plains of the Yukon valley. That was during an age, no doubt, when the country was subject to tropical influences.

There are indications on every hand to show that rank tropical vegetation once covered the great frozen region of the northwestern part of Alaska. While working one of these claims Mr. Wilkinson found a leg bone of a mastodon covered with flesh. It was taken from a bed of ice, and was afterward sent to the Dominion Museum at Ottawa.—Seattle (Wash.) dispatch to Chicago Tribune.

### Publishing a Book.

A large book bindery may have a capacity of 10,000 books a day. The resources of some of these binderies are wonderful. There is an instance on record where a publishing house took an order on Monday for a cloth-covered 12mo volume of 350 pages and actually shipped 2000 copies of the book on the following Wednesday. The type was set by machinery for the entire 350 pages before work stopped Monday night. Electrotypes plates were made so rapidly that on Tuesday morning several printing presses were set in motion. In the meantime covers were made in the bindery, and by Wednesday morning the binders had the book in hand. Two thousand volumes were completed that day, and the edition of 10,000 was entirely out of the way before Saturday night. In modern book-binding machinery, as in the production of printing presses, America leads the world, and no other nation can equal it in the speed and general effectiveness with which all branches of the industry are carried out.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

### Are X Rays Dangerous?

A number of persons who have been experimented on with the X rays, declare that they cause exceedingly violent palpitation of the heart, which after a short time becomes intolerable. The uses of the rays are so many that it is important to know that the interposition of a metal plate is a very great advantage, and prevents much of the distress which the uninterrupted rays are likely to cause.

### Incurable in Five Years.

The morphine habit becomes practically incurable in five years. The user of alcoholic spirits may continue eight or ten years before he reaches the incurable stage. This will depend on the free intervals between the time of using spirits. When he becomes incurable he may abstain, but the injured brain and nervous system never recover.—Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.

### Sleeping in a Cannon.

The largest cannon in the world was taken by the British when India was conquered. The cannon was cast about the year 1500, and was the work of a chief named Chuleby Koomy Khan, of Ahmednuggur. The inside of the gun is fitted up with seats, and is a favorite place for the British officers to go for a quiet noonday sleep.

### Our Island Possessions.

There are sixty islands in the Pacific belonging to the United States. In the neighborhood of the West Indies are eleven more. Several very large islands in the Bering Sea, the Aleutian Islands, the Santa Barbara group off Southern California, are all under the flag of the United States.

## STOCKING A FOREST WITH BIG GAME.

The big game that William C. Whitney has brought on from the Rocky Mountains to occupy his 8000 acres on October Mountain, about four miles from Lenox, Mass., is creating great interest among the New York people who have summer places in Lenox and vicinity. He has secured some of the largest buffaloes in this country and has considerable other wild game from the Rocky Mountains, the only specimens which have ever been brought to the East, except a few which the late Austin Corbin had up in New Hampshire. They are the finest specimens that could be secured in Montana, Wyoming and along the

range of the Rocky Mountains in that region.

His herd of buffaloes numbers thirteen, while his elk and deer are twice that number. The buffaloes are of especial interest because they have become so rare in this country. Beginning with the great bull buffalo McKinley, which stands at the head of the herd, weighing 2600 pounds, down to others weighing 1000 pounds, they are the rarest specimens in America. The great bull McKinley and the entire herd were brought East with the greatest difficulty. They came in two freight palace cars, in charge of the Adams brothers, who were given the order by Mr. Whitney over a year ago. Some of the buffaloes they raised

whether all of them have survived or not, but it is probable that they have. They undoubtedly enjoy the wildness of the region, which resembles their Rocky Mountain home, and where they are no more liable to be molested than in their own mountain fastnesses.

When Mr. Whitney wanted to see his antelopes he was told that they had all cleared out. He went out and tried to find them himself, but without success. He had the same experience with a dozen black-tailed deer that were brought on at the same time. They were turned into an enclosure of 1000 or more acres and left to roam at their own sweet will. They are the first black-tailed deer brought to New England.

The Adams brothers have instructed the gamekeepers to feed them when they come around. It is probable that they will not be seen until they get hungry late in the fall, when the grass is gone. The country where they are placed contains roaring mountain brooks and small ponds which in a measure resemble their native country.

The thirty-five elk which were brought on last year all survived the winter and are doing well. They were young animals when they came on, but their horns have grown out so that they would not be recognized. They are very tame, and, although inclosed in over one thousand acres, the same as the inclosures for the others, when the gamekeeper gives a piercing whistle they all gather around him like so many sheep. They are exceedingly handsome and attractive animals. They often gather in groups in the inclosure and lie down quietly in the most docile manner. No one likes to get near the bucks, however, for they have a disagreeable manner of jumping on visitors with their forefeet. It doesn't take them long to become acquainted with the people who feed them and they respond readily to the calls for meals. They are fed grain, oats and other cereals, just the same as if they were domestic animals.

It is not an easy matter to take care of this large natural history preserve on October Mountain, and a half dozen gamekeepers are employed to keep track of the animals. These gamekeepers live in one of the farmhouses on the land, and they are out day and night looking after their charges.

Mr. Whitney has only given up about three thousand acres to the game he has already brought on, and what he is going to do with the other five thousand acres remains to be seen.

He has a large number of game birds, has stocked his brook with trout, and it is evident that in a few years this will be the greatest private game preserve in this country.

How to Make a Permanent Paste.

Soak an ounce of refined gelatine in cold water for an hour, then drain off and squeeze out the water as much as possible. Put the gelatine in a jelly-pot, and place the pot in a pan of hot



THE ELK ENCLOSURE.

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MR. WHITNEY'S FAVORITE ELK.

themselves. The chief of the herd, McKinley, is six years old and is the ugliest animal that has ever been brought East. He is the chief figure in the buffalo picture and he doesn't allow any biped to come into the enclosure without a protest. It was with great difficulty that he was taken out of the car, which he nearly tore to pieces, and was taken up on October Mountain from the Lenox station in an immense crate, drawn by four horses. He excited the greatest interest all the way, from the time he was loaded into the car until he got to his destination.

The buffaloes are confined in about 800 acres of land surrounded by a fence which is nine feet eight inches high, made of steel wire. McKinley has tried to get through it several times, but he found in locking horns with it that it has beaten him every time. It has been tested by a twenty-five horse power engine, which has been rushed against it with all its force. Since McKinley has found that he cannot get through the fence he has become docile, and is quite content to stay in the enclosure, which has the best grass that can be procured for a herd of buffaloes.



THE BUFFALO HERD.

The other buffaloes are becoming used to their new home. There is another bull which weighs only 100 pounds less than McKinley, but is not as vicious. The whole buffalo herd have wandered about the enclosure with the greatest curiosity. They look about for places where they can escape, but are becoming contented, as the gamekeeper treats them well. They are, however, wild, and it is dangerous to venture near them, and

water over the fire. When the gelatine has melted, stir in slowly 2½ ounces of pure alcohol. Put in a wide-mouthed bottle and cork tightly. This glue or paste will keep indefinitely, and can be melted for use in a few minutes by setting the bottle in a basin of hot water. As it contains a very small percentage of water, it affects the gloss of the prints but little, and dries almost immediately.—Harper's Round Table.

### TOWER FOR GREATER NEW YORK.

Triumphal Structure Which is to Outstrip That of Babylon.

As a matter of curiosity it may be mentioned that Greater New York is to have—on paper, at least—a tower which is to beat anything in the world, past or present, even the confusion-breeding structure of Babylon. William J. Frye is the architect, and E. C. Townsend is mentioned as promoter, who is said to be confident that the necessary funds will be forthcoming. He has not yet gone into figures, which is a mere matter of details with him. The tower is to be 2140 feet in height, and is to be twelve-sided, with a diameter of 300 feet for the main base, to be flanked by four pavilions, which will give the entire base a diameter of 400 feet. The outer walls are to be of cement and wire cloth. Internally the plans represent a labyrinth of steel columns, girders, beams, plates and other forms of steel construction, not a particle of wood to be

employed in either construction or finish. Electric cars with reserve motor power of compressed air are to run spirally around the 100-foot central area, making a trip to the fifth floor from the ground about two and a half miles in length. From the fifth floor to the top visitors will be conveyed in an elevator. The proposed tower is to be built within the next

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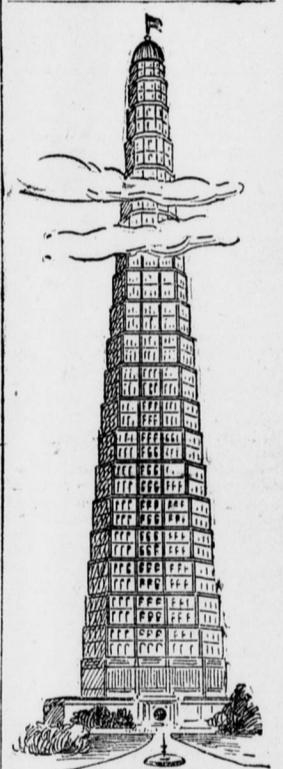
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Human perspiration, if injected into dogs or rabbits, acts like a deadly poison, according to M. Arloing's experiments. Perspiration secreted during hard muscular work has more toxic power than the ordinary kind, while that obtained from subjects who secretion has been checked by cold is very poisonous.



GREATER NEW YORK'S TRIUMPHAL TOWER.

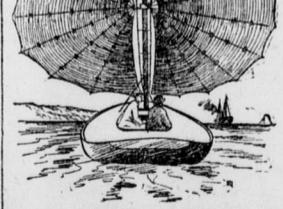
three years somewhere in upper New York, where there is a firm rock foundation.

Original Way to Get Rid of Fleas.

Those who wish an original way of getting rid of fleas might try some plan like that adopted by Professor Gage, at one of the buildings of Cornell University, and described by him in "Insect Life." This plan consisted in tying sheets of sticky fly paper, with the sticky side out, around the legs of the janitor, who then for several hours walked up and down the floor of the infested room, with the result that all or nearly all of the fleas jumped on his ankles, as they will always do, and were caught by the fly paper.

A New and Startling Boat.

The umbrella boat has been the sensation of the year at the Cowes (England) regatta. The sails fold up just



THE UMBRELLA BOAT.

like the covering of an umbrella. It sails very fast, and is expected to create a revolution in sailing on quiet rivers and bays.

### LOVE AND JOY.

I sing of love that sorrow ne'er has known,  
Love that has dwelt with gladness from its birth,  
Love that has made more bright the gracious earth,  
And given every song a tender tone.  
With my heart have I prepared a buoyant mirth,  
And set this love thereon with buoyant mirth,  
And much that seemed before of little worth,  
Soft-sounded by it to beauty strange has grown.

That which was I erewhile is I no more;  
The alchemist Love a wondrous change has wrought,  
And in my soul now lurks no base alloy,  
I have cast off the bonds that thrall'd before;  
The gold of love hath purified my thought,  
And Joy my sovereign is, for Love is Joy.  
—Clinton Scottard.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"She used to be so delicate before she took to the wheel." "Well, she's indicative enough now."—Detroit Journal.

First Tot—"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, put it on.'" Second Tot—"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, take it off—it's too big.'"—Puck.

The Captain (boisterously)—"Come, old man, brace up! What's got into you?" Passenger—"If you don't put me ashore you'll very soon see."—Life.

Minnie—"In my opinion one wheel is as good as another." Mamie—"I suppose there is not much difference in rented wheels."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You must get rid of the Oirish accent, Mike, if you want to get on. Yet, shure, I was tin years in London before I could git over it meself."—New York Journal.

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