

A Kansas City woman who speaks feelingly on the subject says that the heaviest work any woman ever undertook was light housekeeping.

The Town Council of Mankato, Kan., may not be unusual, but it draws the line at some times. In 1894 it imposed a fine of fifty cents on every person heard whistling or singing "After the Ball," and now an ordinance has been introduced to silence "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

The remarkable way in which civilization is increasingly coming to interfere with paganism is illustrated by the fact that the car of Juggernaut cannot pass through the streets of Colombo owing to the interference of the overhead telegraph wires. But that paganism is not yet dead is evident to the New York Observer's satisfaction, by the circumstances that petitions have been sent to the Governor by the Ceylonese, requesting that the celebration might proceed, as twenty-five persons desired to throw themselves under the idol's car.

There appears to be the New York Commercial Advertiser "to be no reason for the assertion that the Cuban insurgents have violated the rules of war in the reported execution of Colonel Ruiz. That officer of the enemy was given every opportunity to avoid a fate upon which he rushed with blind foolhardiness. His correspondence with his Cuban friend, Colonel Aranguren, whose reported execution is now denied, carried to him exact knowledge of the general order condemning to death all emissaries bearing the proposal to accept autonomy. When Ruiz persisted, his friend sent back to him the order of General Rodriguez, 'If he offers autonomy, do your duty,' accompanied by the warning that if the proposed interview was confined to a friendly chat, or to the independence of Cuba, all would be well; but if not for God's sake do not come." Still Ruiz persisted, and when he met his friend and pronounced the fatal word 'autonomy,' he condemned himself to death. There was no way to evade his execution, else the discipline of the entire Cuban army would have been destroyed."

However Mr. John Fox, Jr., may seem to maintain that Kentucky—barring some counties in the mountains—is very much like other civilized districts, with differences in favor of Kentucky, things do happen down there that surprise persons who are not centaurs or lineal descendants of Daniel Boone, writes E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly. The ardor with which eminent Kentuckians enter into disputes is always somewhat astonishing to effete Americans in other States. Where else could have developed such a difference as lately obtained as to which of two Kentucky ladies should christen the battleship Kentucky? It was settled finally, but not until the din of it had penetrated the extreme confines of the Union. How painful it all was; Miss Richardson claiming, under a patent from Secretary Herbert; that gentleman's embarrassed disclaimer; and Major Baruk Thomas's lamentation over the loss of a quart of Dan Swiggert 1855 whisky, consecrated by him to patriotic uses, and believed to have been absorbed by the Cleveland administration! Ehen! Alas! Why has Kentucky no Hans Breitmann to put its epics into verse!

Within the last few years the putting up of canned goods has become one of the most important industries of the United States. Scattered throughout this country at the present time there are not less than 2000 canneries, representing the enormous capital of \$75,000,000. The industry is divided into four main branches. First comes the canning of food preparations, such as meats, cereals, soups and the like, in which branch some 5000 persons are employed and capital amounting to \$7,000,000 is represented. Next comes the canning of fruits and vegetables. In this important branch of the industry not less than 60,000 persons are employed, while the capital represented amounts to \$30,000,000. This branch of the industry is carried on mainly in Maryland and New York. Still another branch is concerned with the canning of preserves and pickles. In this branch of the industry several thousand persons are employed. As to the capital represented, it closely approximates \$25,000,000. Last comes the canning of oysters, salmon and other kinds of fish, which employs some 15,000 persons, and represents a capital of \$13,000,000. The hardships occasioned by the late war between the States greatly stimulated the canning industry in this country, but without the least interruption since that time the industry has steadily grown into its present extraordinary proportions.

SEED SOWING

Sow the seed of soothing kindness,
To dispel the gloom and pain;
Sow bright words of warmth and welcome,
That o'er earth good will reign;
Sow upon a soft profile,
That shall bear a hundredfold,
Choking out the thorns and briars,
Turning weeds to stalks of gold.

Scorn thou not to sow, moreover,
On the fields less rich in loam;
Should it bear not many measures
It will have its harvest home.
If the sower will but be true,
He will reap what God will keep.
Whether good or whether evil—
What ye sow that ye shall reap.

Though the soil be scant and sandy,
And the roots be thick and keen,
With the hand of faith sow broadly—
Some stray seed may lie unseen;
This may nourish seed sufficient
To bring harvest time around;
And the hand or thrift may garner
From the unwinning ground.

What though wayside fowls fly over,
You can cover well the seed;
What though faces by Satan scattered
Should arise in evil deed,
Wait, if must be, till the harvest
Briens grain and tares in turn;
Then the grain thou mayest gather,
And the tares mayst bind and burn.

Sow the seeds of love and mercy,
Worthy work for angel hands!
Sincerely and truth and justice—
Fitting theme for heavenly bands!
Sow good will among thy neighbors,
Reap reward for this in store;
On the sower that is faithful
Blessings be forever more.
—Virgil A. Plackley, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT

Nothing to you that my whole happiness lies at your mercy? Am I only one more of the many you have flirted with, and then smiled aside as if they were children? Ah! God never created any creature more cruel than a beautiful coquette without heart! Do not deny it! You have used every charm you possess to make me love you, and have succeeded. You shall listen to me now. I love you! I love you! I love you! Nay, do not speak. I will not take your final answer to-day. Tomorrow I will come for it. Ah! if it is 'Yes,' I swear that you shall never regret it. If it is 'No,' then you will have sent one more man to 'hell!' and without another word Jack Armstrong turned on his heel and left abruptly. Hilda there looked after his retreating figure with a vague sense of shame. She had won the love of the "woman later," but the victory was leaving a sting in even her hardened coquette conscience, though she tried to feel herself aggrieved at his outbreak.

"As if I can help men falling in love with me. I cannot marry them all. I certainly do not like Captain Armstrong, but I don't like matrimony. I want to keep my freedom a little longer first. A pretty girl can at any time easily get engaged, but it requires an ugly girl to easily get disengaged, so that even beauty has its drawbacks," she concluded, with a little soft laugh. Then, with the unconfessed desire to drive the recent interview from her mind, she took up a society paper and soon forgot all the crumpled rose leaves of her happy, careless life in the pleasure of reading a description of the dress the "beautiful Miss Phoebe wore at the Queen's ball, where, as the belle of the season, she was the cynosure of all eyes."

"My dear Hilda, have you heard the dreadful news?" The girl looked up from the comfortable wicker chair where she was reclining lazily under the shade of the old oak on the lawn. "No, what news?" she asked, indifferently, for her portly aunt's face looked more important than horrified, as she stood by her niece's side, holding a large white and green lined sunshade over her bare head. "Mrs. Chester shot her husband and that pretty Miss Dene yesterday afternoon, and then killed herself." "Oh, how dreadful! What made her do it?" exclaimed Hilda, thoroughly roused now, as she sat bolt upright in her chair. "Well, it appears that she caught him kissing this Miss Dene, to whom he had been engaged before he married his wife for her money. Fancy shooting both of them like that!" "What a wicked, cruel woman, Mrs. Chester must have been. It was only yesterday morning I rode over to Hill Hall to see her new Paris dress. It is quite horrible to think that I have touched the hand of a murderer," and the girl gave a shudder.

"Yes, it is, indeed! I am so very sorry for their poor little daughter, but, of course, I can never allow Jessie and Pussie to play with her again. I must go now, for I want to write and tell your Aunt Mary all about it. She will be so interested—shocked, I mean," and she returned to the house with that feeling of pleasurable importance we all experience when we are the first to tell the news of some calamity that has befallen our friends. Left to herself Hilda sank back in the wicker chair and tried by reading to distract her thoughts once more, but this time from thinking of the tragedy at Hill Hall. The heat, however, made her drowsy, and the paper soon dropped on the grass from the nerveless fingers, and the lids soon drooped over the beautiful eyes.

Suddenly a choking sensation caught the sleeper's throat. She tried to move, but could not. Was she dying—dying out there alone on the lawn? She felt her breath coming quicker and quicker, her strength ebbing faster and faster. Then she seemed to lose all consciousness.

"Where was she now? Who were those?" she asked one standing beside her.

"They are the souls of the dead waiting till the day dawns and the golden gates are opened."

"Then I must be dead, and those must be the gates of heaven, that beautiful place I used to like reading about when a child. I will join the throng and go in with them."

And when the day dawned she also pressed forward towards those golden gates, guarded by angels, but though many passed through, more were turned away. At last only Hilda and another were left. That other was a broken hearted woman, and the girl shrank back with loathing when she saw it was Mrs. Chester! As she recoiled an angel beckoned to the weeping woman, and she beheld her no more. But now the gates were closing. Hilda sprang forward and stretched out her hands to those white robed guardians.

"You have forgotten me."

"There is no forgetting here," came the answer.

"Then why do you not let me through?"

"Your sins expel you."

"My sins! My sins! What sins have I committed? What commandment have I broken?" questioned the girl, with the surprise of self-convinced innocence.

"The sixth commandment. 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

Hilda shrank back in horror, amazed, and angry.

"I commit murder! I, who could never bear to see even a bird shot."

"Yes, you are a murderer," answered the angel, sternly. "You who recoiled from that woman are much more guilty. She, in great temptation, in great provocation killed that mortal body; you, in mere vanity, in mere idleness, have killed immortal souls! Thinkest thou there is no margin to a commandment. Know you not that though the text be brief, yet does it overflow beyond the limits of words on the broad margin of meaning labeling unwritten sins, and you have broken a marginal commandment. 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"But I have committed no murder," reiterated the trembling girl.

"Behold and see," and the angel passed his hand over the eyes of the belle of the London season.

"Yes, she knows that young face again. He had been one of her boyish suitors, whom she had flirted with and then laughed at. He is holding a dicebox now in his shaking hand, and that dicebox is written one word—'Hilda.' Ah! who is that drunken man glaring at her with bloodshot eyes? He lifts a glass of spirits, and on that glass is engraved one word—'Hilda.'"

Ah! poor wife of a loveless marriage, made by the husband in a moment of pique. Her tears as they fall form one word—'Hilda.'"

Yet another face she sees—the face of a last year's flirtation. It is pale with the anguish of death, and on the pistol by his side is stamped one word—'Hilda.'"

Then the girl falls at the feet of the angel with an exclaiming bitter cry.

"I am indeed a murderer."

Her own bitter cry awakens Hilda, and she starts up trembling in every limb, to find that the lace scarf around her throat had caught in the wicker chair, which perhaps accounted for the choking sensation of her dream.

The next day the bell of the season said "Yes" to Jack Armstrong, and sealed with two loving lips the death warrant of the heartless coquette.

On the Mississippi River. The first vessels that ever entered the Mississippi from the sea were the French frigates Renommee and Gironde, January 6th, 1700. These vessels proceeded as far as the Tennessee, which they reached April 12. The first vessel built on the banks of the Mississippi by white men was launched in 1541, shortly after the death and burial of De Soto. The boatmen and early navigators of the present century were long in danger from Indians and pirates. A notorious resort for these was Crows' Nest or Stock Island, and many flatboats and crews were sacrificed there until these pests were exterminated by mob law, in 1809. For the five years following 1822, however, the destruction by snags on the Ohio and Mississippi amounted to \$1,362,500, though the next five years showed but \$381,000 loss from the same cause. In 1842 there were 450 steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries, with an average burden of 200 tons, and an aggregate value of \$7,200,000. In operating these boats about 35,750 persons were employed. The average value of the products carried each season was something like \$200,000, or an aggregate of \$90,000,000 up to 1842.

Previous to the adoption of steam navigation the whole commerce from New Orleans to the upper country was carried in about twenty barges, averaging 100 tons each and making but one trip a year. There were not over 150 keel boats on the upper Ohio, carrying about thirty tons each and making the trip from Pittsburgh to Louisville and back in two months, or about three voyages a season. From 1811 to 1859 576 boats were lost, valued at over \$7,000,000. In 233 cases the killed and wounded aggregated 4660. The average age of all the boats lost was five years. From 1816 to 1871 there were 39 explosions, involving a loss of life in each varying from 1 to 1649.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

COWARDICE OF SHARKS.

They Won't Attack Two Men Together—A Splashing Scare—Friendship of Sharks and Pilot Fish—Instinct of Sharks in Cases of Death on Ships.

"I have had some experience with manatees," said a naval officer to a New York Sun representative, "and I believe with the Kanakas of Hawaii that sharks are cowards. In the space of twenty-five years of seagoing, a good deal of it in shark-infested waters, I have never seen or heard of a case where a manatee, or a whole school of them, for that matter, brushed up enough nerve to tackle two swimming, diving or castaway men or boys when both stuck together. The most ferocious of sharks will attack a man only when he is alone in the water, and, even then, if the man has sufficient presence of mind to keep up a powerful splashing on the surface of the water, he has a good chance to scare the shark off."

"Sharks don't like to tackle anything that churns up the water. They've got to turn upside down to get at their prey, and this position does not enable them to see very well even when their prey is pursuing an even or clear course through the water, or is quite stationary, in fact; but when the object they decide to tackle begins to lash the water into foam and suds, nine times out of ten they will turn fin and drill out of the way. Natives of the Pacific islands are aware of this characteristic, which accounts for the fact that you never see a Pacific island native swimming in the sea by himself. He always goes in with one or more companions for the sake of the lashing they can all give the water together in case sharks begin to nose around, and also because they understand the fear the shark has of attacking two or more human beings who remain close together in the sea. Once in a while one of the swimming islanders carelessly permits himself to become separated from his companions, and this is the opportunity of the shark. Under such circumstances the manatee is foxy enough to get between the detached man and his companions and to keep below the surface of the sea so that his tail-tale fin shall not show above the water and reveal his presence to the doomed native. Then he slips under his human prey, performs his little turning-over trick, makes an upward swoop every bit as swift as the lightning-like descent of an eagle and grabs the native by the leg, and when the grabbed man's companions notice that he is missing and swim out in the direction where they last saw him—keeping close together and pounding the water pretty hard—they find nothing but little eddies of blood on the surface of the water. The native is torn to pieces in a twinkling by many sharks who, I verily believe, wait below for the pulling off of these baggings."

"Man-of-war's men who have cruised in the Southern seas have caught the trick of the islanders in avoiding swimming singly in shark-infested waters, and in kicking up a great to-do in the water in case they become accidentally separated from their shipmates when in swimming. Swimming call is sounded on United States men-of-war about an hour before sundown on ships cruising in tropical latitudes—when the ships are at anchor in port, of course—and the men who want to cool off jump off the decks by the score. I have seen old-timers who knew sharks and their cowardly ways hop by the dozen right into big schools of ferocious-looking manatees. They'd all jump into the water at the same time, and in less time than it takes for me to tell it the sea a hundred yards away would be dotted with sharks' fins. They'd know their way out of the neighborhood of the swimming men just as quick as they knew how, and they wouldn't come back, either, until the galley cooks threw their garbage overboard and thus attracted them back again."

"Sharks become mightily attached to the little pilot fish that guide them around the waters of these seas in search of eatables. In spite of apparent energy and activity, sailors who have made a study of the characteristics of sharks declare that these cowardly sea-devils are too lazy to hunt for food themselves and that they would stand to death if they were not led around by their attending pilot fish. Every full-grown shark has a pilot fish for a guide, and these little chaps are certainly faithful attendants and foragers. The pilot fish sails along about ten feet in advance of the shark and is about the noisiest little deep-water fish conceivable. Sailors call the pilot fish rubber-neckers, on account of the general air of curiosity that marks their every movement through the water in advance of their big protectors. In return for the service performed for him by the pilot fish, the shark protects his little guide and forager from the onslaughts of other natural enemies."

"For twenty years or so I ridiculed the sailors' idea that sharks follow a ship on which a death is impending. We had a boy die of Asiatic cholera aboard our ship while we were in Honolulu harbor two years ago last August. He died in less than ten hours after he was stricken. At dawn of the morning he died the sea for a hundred yards around the ship was literally covered with sharks, and we killed many of them from the poop with rifles, hitting some of them half a dozen times. There had been only one occasional shark around the ship before that. The incident convinced the men that, if sharks didn't know when a death impending on a ship, they had a way of finding out about it after the death occurred."

Each Gets a Shoe.

A. D. Campbell and Gomer Davies, Northern Kansas editors, are each minus a leg, Campbell the right and Davies the left. When one buys a pair of shoes he sends the odd shoe to the other, both wearing the same size. Saturday each presented the other with a new shoe as a Christmas present.—Topeka telegram to the Chicago Chronicle.

START OF ONE MILLIONAIRE.

Earned His First Ten Dollars Throwing a Circus Hercules.

"Had I caught my train that night," laughed the man who had nothing to do for a quarter of a century but sit and watch pine trees grow to swell his bank account, "I would probably be a farmer now, trying to raise a mortgage and a few other things. I had gone to a little town in lower Wisconsin to see a colt there that a man wanted to sell me. I was a good judge of stock and shrewd on a trade, but a greener country lad never broke into a town. I would have walked back to the farm after I found myself too late for the train, but I saw a handbill announcing a show that night, and couldn't resist the temptation to see it, though it did cost a quarter."

"In my hilaric appreciation I was more of an entertainment than they had on the stage, especially as I was utterly oblivious to the fact that I did not look like any one else in the audience. Toward the end a huge fellow came out, tossed cannon balls and lifted heavy weights. After this showing of his prowess he offered \$10 to any one whom he could not throw inside of two minutes. I was the crack wrestler in all our section, though none knew it, and I felt as though the challenge was aimed directly at me. I turned hot and cold during a few seconds of intense silence. Then I sprang up, and as I came out of my old blouse, shouted: 'I'll go on, y'gosh.' There was a roar of laughter, and then some of those about me urged me not to go up there and have my neck broken. But one old man told me to go in. It was a tough job, but I finally threw the giant almost through the floor with a hiplock. There was a little hesitancy about giving me the \$10, but the crowd shouted till I got it. Then the old man took me home with him, and in a week I had charge of all the teams in his lumber camps. In time I became a partner, and he cleared the way to make me rich. That was really a match for a million."—Detroit Free Press.

Will Morrissey and Henry Jones returned from Harper Springs, Fla., recently from a trip down the bay, having been imprisoned on a sand key for nearly three days by sharks. They left here nearly a week ago on a hunting and fishing trip. The second day they succeeded in harpooning a big shark and after half an hour's work got him close to the boat. One of the boys hit him with an ax and his blood dyed the water, calling up a score of sharks from all directions.

The men saw they were in trouble and they immediately set sail and tried to get away. The sharks followed them and began attacking the boat. One of them leaped out of the water and fell across it, crushing it. By this time the boat was within a few rods of Mud Island, a small sandbar of about an acre in extent. The men finally got on the key, narrowly escaping the ferocious sharks. Their boat drifted near the land and they were enabled to secure their provisions from the water.

During the night mosquitoes made life miserable for them. An inspection early in the morning showed that they were besieged, as they were surrounded by scores of sharks. They swam around on all sides. The men set up an ear with a shirt tied to it as a distress signal, but it was not until the second day that the crew of a fishing schooner saw them and came to their rescue. As the schooner came to the land the sharks made an attack on the boat, but the sailors had several Winchester and they plied a merry war for a few moments, shooting eight of the big sharks, the others being frightened away.

Couldn't Be Fooled Twice.

There is a fox terrier of remarkable intelligence installed as ruling factor in a very happy and harmonious household uptown, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. One of the favorite amusements of the terrier is playing with a soft rubber ball. The other day a member of the family filled the soft ball with water. The terrier pounced upon the ball, chewed down on it, squirted the water down his throat and dropped the ball. After repeated efforts he emptied the ball of water and enjoyed his play. The next day he again found the ball full of water, and for a while seemed very disconsolate as he gazed sadly at the toy. He left it for a few minutes, and then, rushing at the ball, deliberately stepped upon it with one of his front feet and stood upon it until the water was all squeezed out.

Squelching a Bore With Wit.

A bright answer is put down to the credit of Dr. Fitchett, brother of the editor of the Australian Review of Reviews. He was a member of a Colonial Parliament, wherein one day a certain eccentric and elderly member named Taylor insisted on making a speech on education. The oration consisted of a hyperbolic eulogy of the Board of Schools in Mr. Taylor's constituency. Dr. Fitchett interjected some jocose expression of doubt. "Why, sir," said the irate Taylor, turning upon him, "at this very moment I have a school in my eye."

"No; only one pupil, Mr. Taylor," retorted the doctor, and the orator's eloquence was drowned in laughter.—London News.

Each Gets a Shoe.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

When a Girl's Grown Up—A Solution of the Problem—Not a Hopeless Case—His Line—Putting on Her Wraps—A Fine Recommendation, Etc., Etc. She has ceased to believe there's a man in the moon. But she can't get out of her head the old idea that there is one hiding under the bed.

A Solution of the Problem. "No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cake to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep well on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

Putting on Her Wraps. She (smiling)—"Your face is too near to mine." He—"It's two inches away, and that's as bad as a thousand miles." She (poutingly)—"It wouldn't be for some men."—Harlem Life.

Not a Hopeless Case. He—"I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my exact opposite, mentally." She—"Why don't you ask Miss Floyd? She is considered one of the most intellectual girls in town."—Truth.

His Line. Miss Wabash—"Your friend who has just left us is something of a pessimist, I imagine." Miss Halsted—"Indeed, he isn't. He's an optician, and he has the cream of the West Side trade."—Chicago News.

Her Assumed Name. Zim (in deep whisper)—"There goes a woman who is living under an assumed name." Zam (disgustedly)—"Rats! Why, that's Mrs. Brown!" Zim—"I know it." Her name was Jones before she was married.

Miraculous Growth. "Is your town booming out there in the mining district, Slicks?" "I should say so. It's more wonderful than magic. I pitched my tent in a hole in the ground one evening and when I waked up I was in the cellar of a union depot."—Detroit Free Press.

There Were Others. Mamma (singing)—"My mother was a lady." Aggie (interrupting)—"Aw, shut up! so wuz me fadder." Mamma—"Wotcher givin' me?" Aggie—"Dat's dead right—he wuz de bearded lady in a dime museum fer three years."—Puck.

A Fine Recommendation. Her Father—"How do you know you love my daughter? You've only been acquainted a few weeks." The Suitor—"That is true; but I see that you've just negotiated a loan of \$1,000,000. A man who can do that is the kind of person I want for a father-in-law."—Chicago News.

To Please Little Tommy. Old Lady—"You said the train that I should take leaves at 10.30, didn't you?" Booking-Clerk—"Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already." Old Lady—"Yes, 'I know you have; but my little nephew says he likes to hear you talk."—Tit-Bits.

Papa Gives Way. Mamma (to Tiny Tot, who wants to deprive her young brother of a delicacy they have both set their hearts on)—"No, darling, you must let baby have it now, and when he grows up, and you are a young lady, he will have to give way to you." Tiny Tot—"Is that why papa always has to do as you want, mummy?"—Punch.

The Newest "Safe." Mr. Harl M. Flatto—"And this is my music room?" Visitor (in amazement)—"Music room! Why—er—isn't it—er—rather peculiar?" Mr. Harl M. Flatto—"Yes; slightly. You see, when I close the door it is hermetically sealed. When the amateur musicians in the neighboring flats commence hammering on their pianos and blowing on their cornets I retire here, shut the door and am safe."—Puck.

A Purist. Boston Conductor—"Fare, please." Passenger—"What is the fare?" Conductor—"It is the tariff or tax levied by the corporation owning and controlling the charter and franchise of this streetcar line on those persons who avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the company to secure more rapid and agreeable transportation than pedal locomotion." Passenger—"How much is the fare?" Conductor—"Five cents, please."—Detroit Free Press.

Conversation. "He will come to-night," mused Beryl. With a sigh, she drew back the curtains and gazed out into the darkening dusk; for her father's house was built with a view to convenience, and she could do that.

"What shall I say to him?" "The horse show was no more; the six-day bicycle race was a thing of the past." She did not understand football. There was nothing left but the weather and currency reform.—Detroit Journal.

Candles and Electricity. The estimated total candle power of all the electric lamps used in New York City is placed at 50,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Polar currents contain less salt than those from the Equator.

There are 4000 muscles in the body of a caterpillar, and the eye of a dragon fly contains 28,000 polished lenses.

An international scientific association was proposed at the meeting of the British Association in Canada in 1884, and it is now suggested that the year 1900 would be an appropriate time to organize such a society.

Some unfortunate, are told by M. Philippe Tissie, are "born tired" in a literal sense. The condition is one of nervous debility transmitted by a mother to her offspring as a result of her own fatigue or exhaustion—a kind of poisoning of the child through the vitiated blood of the parent.

Some scientists think that the earth's interior is composed of white hot molten matter. Others are of the opinion that the pressure is so great that all substances have been condensed beyond our powers of conception. Dr. Young goes so far as to say that a block of cubic ten feet square would be pressed into a block only two feet square if taken 4000 miles below the earth's surface.

Dr. Howard, the new Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, writing of the manner in which seeds are carried to great distances by birds, recited an experience of Darwin which had a curious result. Adhering to the leg of a wounded partridge, Darwin found a ball of earth weighing six and a half ounces. From the seeds contained in this ball he raised thirty-two plants belonging to five distinct species.

The microbes of fevers may be scattered, Professor Charles Tichborne believes, in dew from sewers. As the sewer water is usually two or three degrees warmer than the cold air of certain hours of the night, the watery vapor rising through traps may be frequently condensed, when each particle of dew is liable to become a raft on which microbes may be carried for miles, to be finally deposited wherever the dew is dissipated—perhaps in a dwelling reached through a warm shaft.

The phosphorescent lamp on which Paluj, an Austrian physicist, has been at work for many years, has a bulb much like that of the ordinary incandescent lamp, with electrodes of aluminum wire extending directly through the wall of the bulb. The negative pole terminates in a small disc. A small square sheet of mica, coated with sulphide of calcium, hangs from the lamp globe and faces the disc. When either one or both poles are connected to an induction coil or plate electric machine a stream of radiant electricity is reflected from the disc to the mica, causing the latter to glow with brilliant phosphorescence.

Two Telephone Stories. A green-looking man came to town the other day with a small bucket of very white butter to sell, and called on Will Matthis to buy it. He said he didn't want any at the store, but he would inquire if his wife wanted any. So he stepped to the telephone, called her up and talked for a few seconds through the instrument, when turning to the countryman, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, his eyes dilated and his face very red, he told him that his wife said she would not need any butter. The indignant countryman blurted out: "Look here, mister, if you didn't want any butter, why didn't you say so? I ain't such a fool as to think that you've got your wife in that little box."—Elizabethtown (Ky.) News.

Mr. and Mrs. J. came to town the other day. The madam is a large, muscular looking woman, and is evidently the boss of the ranch; while Mr. J. is a cowed, effeminate-looking creature who seems to be afraid when the madam is around. While Mrs. J. went into Goldnamer's to do some shopping, the little man slipped into Bell's to get a drink. While he was down there he heard the telephone ring, and inquired what it was. The mysteries of the instrument were explained and Mr. Bell offered to call up his wife at Goldnamer's and let him talk to her. This seemed to please him very much, but just as he got the trumpet to his ear the lightning struck the wire and knocked him down. Staggering to his feet he said: "That's her; it sounds just like her."—Louisville Dispatch.

Earthquake Restored Speech. Earthquakes as therapeutic agencies may yet form the subject of scientific investigation. The recent disturbance in Helena was responsible for some queer things, and the strangest of them all, perhaps, happened in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Marden, where it brought speech to their daughter, Etta, who had been silent ten years.

"I don't know whether it was the earthquake or not," said Mrs. Marden, "but something made Etta talk, for I heard her. We were awakened by the earthquake, which came at 2:30 o'clock in the morning. I did not know what it was, and at first thought that something had happened to Etta. I jumped up and ran to her and said, 'O, Etta, what is the matter?' To my surprise she replied, 'What?' It was only a word, but it sounded sweet to me."

"Since then I think that Etta has shown more interest in things. At any rate she is improved."—Helena (Montana) Independent.

A New Problem in Law. A Gumb prisoner who can't read or write is providing a delicate problem in law for one of the London courts. He can plead neither guilty nor no guilty, and is unable to communicate with his solicitor, which is one of his privileges. So the question is raised whether a special act of Parliament will be required.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

When a Girl's Grown Up—A Solution of the Problem—Not a Hopeless Case—His Line—Putting on Her Wraps—A Fine Recommendation, Etc., Etc. She has ceased to believe there's a man in the moon. But she can't get out of her head the old idea that there is one hiding under the bed.

A Solution of the Problem. "No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cake to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep well on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

Putting on Her Wraps. She (smiling)—"Your face is too near to mine." He—"It's two inches away, and that's as bad as a thousand miles." She (poutingly)—"It wouldn't be for some men."—Harlem Life.

Not a Hopeless Case. He—"I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my exact opposite, mentally." She—"Why don't you ask Miss Floyd? She is considered one of the most intellectual girls in town."—Truth.

His Line. Miss Wabash—"Your friend who has just left us is something of a pessimist, I imagine." Miss Halsted—"Indeed, he isn't. He's an optician, and he has the cream of the West Side trade."—Chicago News.

Her Assumed Name. Zim (in deep whisper)—"There goes a woman who is living under an assumed name." Zam (disgustedly)—"Rats! Why, that's Mrs. Brown!" Zim—"I know it." Her name was Jones before she was married.

Miraculous Growth. "Is your town booming out there in the mining district, Slicks?" "I should say so. It's more wonderful than magic. I pitched my tent in a hole in the ground one evening and when I waked up I was in the cellar of a union depot."—Detroit Free Press.

There Were Others. Mamma (singing)—"My mother was a lady." Aggie (interrupting)—"Aw, shut up! so wuz me fadder." Mamma—"Wotcher givin' me?" Aggie—"Dat's dead right—he wuz de bearded lady in a dime museum fer three years."—Puck.

A Fine Recommendation. Her Father—"How do you know you love my daughter? You've only been acquainted a few weeks." The Suitor—"That is true; but I see that you've just negotiated a loan of \$1,000,000. A man who can do that is the kind of person I want for a father-in-law."—Chicago News.

To Please Little Tommy. Old Lady—"You said the train that I should take leaves at 10.30, didn't you?" Booking-Clerk—"Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that about ten times already." Old Lady—"Yes, 'I know you have; but my little nephew says he likes to hear you talk."—Tit-Bits.