

That patriotic circus man who ten dered twenty-five elephants to the war department for service in Cuba evidently understands the advertising value of printers' ink.

Sometimes the proof-readers build better than they know. The one who passed the statement that "Spain is now looking for an alley" evidently understands his business.

Europe cannot be expected to be too friendly toward us this year. She has had to buy more than the usual amount of grain and provisions over here at high prices, and it hurts.

In 1890 there were only 6400 tele phone subscribers in Paris. Then the Government took possession of the system and reduced prices and popular ized the service. Now there are 18,200 subscribers.

The best explanation of the word "Jingo" that we have seen is that it is Basque for the Deity, the expres sion "by the living Jingo" being, in fact, an oath, "by the living God." The word crept among the lower classes from the Basque sailors wrecked in the Armada.

A Paris paper says that M. Antoine Variele, of the French Geographical Society, is confident that he will reach the Klondike in his new balloon. It is to be steered by means of a sail and rope, as in the trips he made from Paris to Theneuil and from Paris to Hamburg. The balloon is cylinder shaped, the sail being below. It is furnished with electric lights and a searchlight, and will carry a total weight of about three tons. The bal loon will be inflated with hydrogen at Juneau, where the start will be made.

Australian federation is to be tried at last. It has taken a convention of delegates elected by five of the colonies seven years to eliminate the more glaring difficulties in the plan of feder ation that was originally suggested by Sir Henry Parkes, the grand old man of the Australian continent. The draft of the Constitution will now be submitted to a popular vote of the five colonies that were represented at the convention. It is provided that, if three of them endorse the project by majority votes, it will be put in operation, and the other colonies will be admitted to the Commonwealth whenever a popular vote shall decide in favor of such action. It is far from perfectly clear to the friends of Australian federation that their scheme will prove a success.

The State of New York is honorably represented in the Navy. Rear-Admiral Sampson, in command of the Havana fleet, is from Palmyra. Com mander Symonds, of Ogdensburg, is on the Marietta, with Commander Gib son, of Albany. Among other officers of this State are Rear-Admiral Sicard, of Utica; Rear-Admiral Norton, of Buf falo; Commodore Howell, of Bath; Captain Sigsbee, of Albany; Captain "Jack" Philip, of Kinderhook; Cap tain Philip H. Cooper, of Rome; Cap tain A. S. Crowninshield, of Seneca Falls; Captain Ludlow, of Suffolk City; Captain Edward M. Shepard, of Os wego; Commander Belknap, of Brook lyn; Commander Lillie, of Kingston; Commander Henry [E. Nichols, of Greene County; Commander William H. Brownson, of Lyons; Commander Thomas Percy, of Elmira; Commander Franklin Hanford, of Scottville, and Commander Joseph E. Craig, of Medina.

The Government returns of the grain crop of 1897 are now complete. They make almost a startling showing of the wealth of the country in soil produc tion. Of corn we produced 1,902, 967,933 bushels, for which the farmers received—for farm prices only are con sidered—no less than \$501,072,952, or about one-half the entire National debt. Of wheat we produced 530, 149,168 bushels, which poured into the laps of the farmers the sum of \$428, 547,121. Of oats we produced 698, 767,809 bushels, yielding \$147,974,719. Thus on three grain crops alone our tillers of the soil earned one billion seventy-seven million five hundred and ninety-four thousand seven hundred and ninety-two dollars. This does not include barley, hay, beef, mutton, wool, pork, eggs, chickens, garden vegetables, fruits, butter, milk, or any other of a hundred farm products that together greatly exceed these three recorded crops in value. It does not include the seven million bales of cot ton, or the rice, or the tobacco, or any thing else than these grain products. What a country ours is, to be sure, when one year's crops yield to its cul tivators six or seven times our whole National debt! What limit shall be set to the power and glory of a coun try so marvelously fruitful? asks the New York World.

THE CHANT OF THE CHANTICLEER.

At the break of the dawn,
At the edge of the gray,
Our cock sings this song:
"This a beautiful day—
"This a beautiful day—a beautiful day!"
Then the cock of the walk,
Just over the way,
"This a beautiful day!"
Then we hear the brave rooster
From far, far away:
"This a beautiful day—a beautiful day!"
From the depths out of somewhere
The voice of a fay:
"A beautiful day!"
Our warbler makes answer,
More grunted than gay:
"That's just what I say—just what I say—
rrrr!"

After silence an hour,
For all those a-bed
Our cock sings with power
"There's plenty of bread—
"There's plenty of bread—plenty of bread!"
Then the next one takes up
What's already been said:
"There's plenty of bread!"
Then far in the distance
The music has spread
"There's plenty of bread—plenty of bread!"
An echo assures us
(Perhaps it's been fed):
"Plenty—of—bread!"
But with plenty of anger
He answers instead:
"That's just what I said—
That's just what I said—just what I said—
rrrr!"

—Mary Prentiss, in Toronto Globe.

THE MINE RATS' WARNING.

A Story of a Pennsylvania Colliery.

BY HENRY EDWARD POOD.



SAVE us! But there are some lazy peo ple in this world!" Colonel James Fogarty uttered this remark, and then paused by the cigar-stand of the Central Hotel, to obtain a light for his pipe. It was long after mid night, and in the open air thermometers registered far below zero. Snow lay too deep for comfort in the streets of the little Pennsylvania mining town, and over the mountains beyond great drifts spread themselves, as if trying desper ately to crush out of view fences, bridges, buildings, even the roads. Colonel Fogarty had just come from the last trolley-car which would run until daylight.

"Come, sit down here and have a cigar while you tell all about it," I urged.

"Well, I don't mind," replied the Colonel. "Fact is, I'm not particu larly hurried to-night, this being Sat urday, and I being without an engage ment until Thursday afternoon."

So we sat down, and leaned back in easy chairs, and he commenced:

"The laziest man I ever knew," began Colonel Fogarty, "is dead now. He was too lazy to keep on living, I suppose. But I knew him ever since I was a youngster, and was working as driver-boy in the mines, miles away from the Lehigh region, long before I was elected to the Legislature at Har risburg. Timmy Hoolahan, or some such name, he was called, but as long as I can remember he went by the name of Lazy Tim—and he was that, for sure. Let me tell you, when we went to school the teacher would always give him out a Wednesday lesson on Monday, because by no earthly chance could he ever get around to studying a Chuse-day lesson Monday; and he'd always eat his lunch before school commenced in the morn ing instead of at noon time, for the reason that he never got around to eating his dinner the day before. Lazy Tim was a sort of inexpensive creature, some ways, because he wouldn't out grow his clothes, or wear 'em out either, so he saved money for his father, and when he got to be a man he spent less than any of his friends for the same reason. Why, many and many a time I've known him to go into Lanky Pete's place, down the road apiece, and order a glass of beer at seven o'clock in the evening, and when ten came he'd have a full half of it left, and he'd get the barkeeper to put it away till the next night. That's the kind of a man Lazy Tim was, and never in the whole course of his life did he hurry, excepting the time the mine rats gave him warning, and that's what I'm about to tell you of."

"In the first place, here at the very beginning of the story, let me impress you with the fact that the queer doings I'm about to relate didn't happen in this town, or anywhere near it. I may want to go back to Harrisburg one of these days, young man, and I don't propose to have the railroad people down on me when the time comes to look for votes. It was years and years ago, too, and may be Lazy Tim never told any one else about it—but it is a true story, if it is strange and mysteri ous, and it may help explain one of those queer things college professors and such like have been puzzling over ever since rats first commenced to leave sinking ships."

"It happened years ago, on a hot summer day in July. I went to work at seven that morning, but the sun came down hot even then as I walked from home to the slope. But as soon as I got into the car there with half a dozen other boys, and we commenced to slide down, of course the air got cooler. There isn't any summer or winter under ground; the air is the same all the year 'round, coolish and moist, but neither hot nor cold, and a thermometer would mark about the same in July and January. That's the main reason ground hates to come to the surface and work. The miners and their butties can keep comfortable year in and year out so long as they stay below the surface, and that is why so few of them ever get sick, barring minor's asthma, and I suppose that comes from the dampness as much as anything else."

"However, we got aboard the car, and went under ground. Of course it was dark—dark as a stack of black cats—but all of us had lamps in our caps, and we'd learned to see in the dark that way pretty much as animals can. Some of the men had to travel along the gangways under ground for

a mile or more before reaching the breasts where they were at work, and Lazy Tim was one of these.

"At the time I'm tellin' you of I was doing inspection work—going through one part of the mine and an other to see that the timber support ing the roof was safe, and that the tracks along the gangways were all right. By the way, though, if you haven't been under ground much, I'd better tell you something of it. You know, two or three hundred feet below the surface there is one set of work ings called a 'lift,' laid out something on a level, though mighty irregular. First, when you get to the foot of the slope in the car, you find the main gangway, a sort of main road, and oftentimes there are many branches or small gangways leading from it. Now the coal is blasted out of chambers called breasts, which are located at regular intervals like, with great pil lars of coal and rock left standing be tween them to support the roof; en gineers and miners have to be mighty careful not to blast away any of the pillars, for the roof reaches way up to the surface, and besides the millions of tons of soil and gravel and stone between the miners and the open air, there may be a forest on top of the sur face, and often towns and cities stand over mines that are being worked. So you see that it is a risky job to rob the pillars by blasting away part of them, specially when you remember that three hundred feet below a city, with hotels and banks and factory buildings, there may be one lift; and two hundred feet below this one an other, and a third and a fourth hun dred feet below the others—mind you, with scores and scores of miners in each lift blasting away, and load ing coal into little cars that run on rails along the gangways from the breasts to the foot of the slope where they are hauled up to the surface. But like sailormen and railroad hands, miners get so used to danger, day after day, that they don't seem to feel it always; and fools that they are, when the supply of coal begins to give out they will, at times, run the risk of robbing a pillar in order to make their work last a few weeks or months longer."

"Well, on this particular July day, years ago, I tumbled out of the car at the foot of the slope, and started along the gangway looking about and in specting as usual. There were some little repairs needed at the mule stables, I remember, and I spoke to the stable-boss about 'em. "Do the mine mules live under ground?" you ask. Of course they do, for years and years at a stretch, without ever seeing daylight. Save us! But I could tell ye some curious tales of those big, shaggy mine-mules, and may-be I will some time. But as I was sayin', nothing particular happened that July day until about noon, when I hap pened along by Lazy Tim's breast, just as he was openin' his dinner pail. Anyway, he sang out to me, 'Come along an' eat here, Jim,' and I sat down beside him, at the same time taking the lid off my own pail. We talked politics and one thing and an other until I lighted my pipe. I said, 'Tim, why don't you fire up with your pipe?' and he replied, 'My matches are beyond in my coat there, and I thought I'd wait until you finish that pipe, and start another, when I could use your match. This didn't surprise me, but I mention it just to show that lazy Tim was still Lazy Tim at the age of thirty, and when the father of two children, one of them a little girl cripple with something the matter with her back, so that she couldn't walk. And then he stretched out, and told me that Mary was getting some better, the company doctor said, and that very day, for the first time in her life, she was going away from home—poor little thing! 'Where's she goin' Timmy?' I asked, and he answered, 'She's going on a Sunday-school excursion with my wife and Johnny, too. There's to be three sec tions in the train, and all the Sunday-schools of the region have joined in. She never was strong enough to go anywhere before, and she's been talkin' and laffin' over this for weeks. The train starts at noon sharp, and the last section is due to pass over the surface above here where we're work ing at 12.30, but it's likely they'll be considerable late, they always are. However, from 12.30 till one I'm just goin' to lay here and smoke and look up at the roof, and think of little Mary goin' on her happiness-party, as she calls it.' I nodded with ap proval, and said, 'Good for you, Timmy!' I wanted to say more, but I couldn't for thinkin' of the white faced little mite with big eyes, and legs and arms no bigger than my pipe-

stem, and on her first 'happiness-party.' Save us! but it makes me all choke up to think of it now, and it happened years and years ago.

"Finally I got up and put my pipe in my pocket and started to go on again, but I stopped a minute, lookin' at the breast he was working in, and said: 'Ain't you beyond your line on that pillar, Timmy?'"

"'A little, p'raps,' he replied, 'but I haven't cut away much of any, and the inside boss hasn't kicked yet.'"

"'It's no business of mine, Timmy, but as a friend, I want to tell you that robbin' a pillar is risky.'"

"'I know that, Jim,' he began again, 'but I must have work. Bove you go, what time is it?'"

I pulls out my watch. 'Just half-past twelve, time for the train to be passin' overhead with your kids aboard.'"

"'Yes, but it's like to be some time yet before it does go,' was the answer. And then Lazy Tim leapt to his feet and stood trembling. In another second he gasped: 'What's that, Jim? Do ye hear anything? Quick, man, speak!'"

"'I strained my ears and peered out into the black gangway, I think I hear squeaks, Tommy—but I dunno—'"

"'Yes, it's the rats, Jim! There—look there—they're leaving the mine!' he screamed. And as he spoke I saw a great furry gray rat pass the breast like a streak of light, and then two came by on the jump, and then a bunch of a dozen, more like sperrits than rats except for their blood-curdling squeals. 'Something's happened, Timmy! Save yourself!' I shouted, starting for the gangway, but he flew past me with a single bound, yelling: 'The pillars! The pillars! I've been robbing them for weeks!'"

"'I used to be pretty good on the sprint before I went to Harrisburg and got fat, and the way I ran along that gangway was a caution; but Lazy Tim went by me like a cannon ball, and an eighth of a mile away he met a car and a mule standing still, where the driver-boy had left them when he heard the rats coming. Tim tore the traces loose, jumped on the mule's back, and started for the foot of the slope, a mile distant, yelling like a lunatic, beating the best with his big fists, and kicking her with his heavy boots, all the while lying flat over her neck so his head wouldn't strike the roof. On they went, the mule tearing through the darkness with never a stumble, splashing through sulphur water, leaping over mudholes and shaking with fear. Now and then one of her heavy hoofs would come down soft on a rat—there would be a single dying squeal—and the next second her shoes would strike sparks from the rails. As for Timmy, his head was giddy with terror, and he prayed and swore, as he clung to the mule, his eyes shut so as not to see the dancing shadows cast by his lamp, or the sleek rats as they skipped by him, or the white moss on the sides of the gangway that looked like streaks of snow, so hard was he riding. Half-way to the slope he clattered by the driver-boy, and then by other miners who were run ning for their lives; and before he knew it the mule came to a dead stop, so sudden that he pitched over her head to the ground. He jumped close to the signal-bar, and by good luck an empty car was waiting there! He grasped the bar and sounded the danger-signal, and got his answer from the engine-room far above. Then he crawled into the car and shut his eyes as he went whirling up toward the surface. He tried to think what he should do and couldn't. All he knew was that he had robbed the pil lars near his breast; the rats had fled; the surface was about to cave in at that very minute an excursion train with five hundred children was due to pass over the spot, and among them were his wife, and Johnny, and little Cripple Mary."

"No wonder he was half crazy when the car reached the surface; but his faint feeling had gone, and with the strength of desperation he vaulted to the ground and raced down the rail road track, waving his coat above his head and yelling with all his voice. But just as he got in sight of the spot over his breast there was a crackling sound, and then a rumble and a roar like a thousand thunder-storms. Trees by the rail trembled and swayed and toppled over, as they and a great body of earth and the tracks for a hundred yards dashed down into the mine."

"We picked Tim up from the ground where he had fallen and car ried him home, and when he opened his eyes that night Johnny was play ing on the floor and little Mary sat in her basket-chair holding his hand, and his wife was cooking supper. The last section of the train had just got by and around the curve before the cave-in occurred. And I'm glad to say that not a man on the surface or below was killed or even hurt."

"But there's one curious thing I'd like to ask you about," Colonel Fogarty continued, rising from his chair and glancing at the hotel clock.

"How do you suppose those mine rats could know an accident was coming, long before any of the miners knew it—and they do, every time?'"

"I haven't the slightest idea. What is your belief?'"

"Well, mine rats are not witches, but their ears are so sharp that they can hear the coal and rock groaning and grinding and commencing to give way long before they do cave in, and long before the sounds reach the ears of us humans. That's my theory of it."

"And I guess you're right," I said. —New York Post.

Valuable discoveries of amber have been made in British Columbia, which, it is claimed, will be able to supply the pipe makers of the world with am ber one hundred years.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

From Death to Life—Experiences of One Buried Under an Avalanche of Snow and Ice—Jaguar and Puma Fight Over a Baby and Finally Fought It.

From life to death and back again to life was the experience of A. Miller, of Portland, Oregon, in the recent Chilkoote catastrophe.

Mr. Miller arrived in Portland a few days ago feeling fairly well, yet he has not entirely recovered from the effects of being buried beneath tons of snow and ice. He suffered internal injury that for a time gave the physicians doubt as to the ultimate turn of his case, and looks back to the loss of many pounds of flesh as one of the least regretful features of his narrow escape. Mr. Miller was caught under the large slide that extended over a mile along the trail at the Seales, being at the time, with over 100 men and women, fleeing from what was known to be imminent danger. After more than two hours of unconsciousness, during which time Mr. Miller was thought by many to have taken a permanent abode in the shadowy realm, he was finally revived through the good offices of his friend, F. B. Holbrook, of Portland, and Dr. Maple, the Government physician who rendered such valuable services to the victims.

About 11 a. m. Mr. Miller, with Mr. Holbrook and a party of over 100, left the Seales, a long rope being used by the party in the same manner as by mountain climbers. This was mainly for the protection of the women, al though some of the men found it valu able in clambering down the steep, treacherous trail. Shortly after 11 Mr. Miller says he was suddenly made aware of the great avalanche by a terrific rumble and roar from above. No one could see it; in fact, the driving snow made it impossible to more than see the trail beneath their feet. From the time the first roar was heard until the avalanche engulfed the party was only a moment. Most of those holding the rope were struck while still bending forward to protect their faces from the blizzard, the mass of snow simply crushing them down to the trail. Mr. Miller started to turn for a backward look when caught, and was pressed down on his side in a cramped position. When narrating his sensations at that time, he said:

"It is hard to tell how I felt. I realized our danger first, before seem ing to contemplate that I was facing death. Knowing how we had resented many during the day from smaller slides, my first thought was the chances for being rescued. My chest felt like it was fitted into a cement box, permitting no expansion. My fingers, hands, arms, and limbs were pinioned so that it would have re quired great exertion to move either. Rescue I knew must come soon or never, and I thought of the women who had gone on ahead a short time before, and of any that might have been above the slide, as the only ones from whom we could hope. My breath grew shorter. I tried to blow against the snow to enlarge the little place where I breathed. Each slight exer tion warned me that I would rapidly succumb if I did not remain perfectly quiet. Then I was terrorized with the thought of suffocating. It occurred to me that this had always been a manner of death for which I held a peculiar horror. To be pinioned rigid, crushed by tons of snow, slowly dy ing, while life and happiness were a few feet above my head! As I felt weakness growing my thoughts turned to my wife and children. I saw them in their home, all happy and contented, and then, as they were thrown in to mourning for me in that very posi tion in the snow. My mind then re viewed their financial condition, and as I realized that they would be pro vided for I felt a sense of relief. Re gretting that I must pass from them, yet happy to know they would be well, I left them to think of the final pang. A stupor grew on me, without pain, until it was as though apathy held to my face an anesthetic that took away consciousness and life."

"When I revived Mr. Holbrook held me by the collar and was vigorously chafing me. My surprise was great to know I had again come to life, and it required moments to reassure myself that there was no mistake. But then the pain began. It was easy to die, but life came hard. After one im pulse to know what had become of the money in my pocket, part of which belonged to another, my time was oc cupied with sharp, pricking pains through my limbs and oppressive feel ings in my chest. As the blood started through the veins and arteries my agony became so great that I almost regretted that they had broken my peaceful sleep. In due time I began to recover, thanks to the considerate work of Dr. Maple, and finally was able to get out again."

When the rescuers dug Mr. Miller from the seven feet of snow burying him he was thought to be dead, and was laid out. Mr. Holbrook recog nized him and commenced the resus citation that restored life after more than two hours' work. Mr. Holbrook, being nearer the rear of the party, was covered up only to about his shoulders, from which position he succeeded in getting to the surface. Others at different positions were cov ered deep, and will not be brought to the light until the sun melts the snow. Mr. Miller and his party were about three-fourths of a mile below the Seales when caught, the trail at the place being in the bottom of a gully. A peculiar condition, and one which would be instructive to others similarly placed, was that of the number res cued shortly after being buried, those showing evidence of struggling vio lently were the ones that could not be

revived. Many of these had scratched their own faces in a terrible manner, and one had torn an eyeball from the socket. Those who kept quiet were the only ones revived at all. One or two when they came to life, were rav ing maniacs for a few minutes, which Dr. Maple explained to be a waking in the same sense of fright in which they sank to unconsciousness.

A Wonderful Escape.

In the Guarico country, at a village called Paraya, near the Lorida trail, I saw an Indian named Jose Lobato, writes a traveler, in the Philadelphia Times, whose face and head were deeply scarred and whose body was a network of similar scars from wounds received through being carried away by a jaguar when an infant in arms. Of course he could not remember the occurrence, but his mother, who had rescued him, described it to me. She had gone to a mata, or wooded spot, on the pampas for firewood, carrying her child, after the fashion of Venez uelan women of humble station, in a shawl looped from her shoulder. This shawl with the small boy in it she slung to a low tree branch while she gathered her bundle of sticks, and she did not perceive the approach of a jaguar until he had seized the child and was carrying it away. The moth er grasped her machete and ran after the jaguar, shrieking. She managed to keep the beast in sight, but he was rapidly getting beyond her view when suddenly the jaguar stopped, put the child down and, bristling for fight, stood with his fore paws resting upon it.

Then the mother saw that a puma was fronting the jaguar. She hurried on toward where the two beasts faced each other, growling and snarling. Before she got to them the two were fighting furiously above the child. In the struggle the child was rolled to one side, but before the mother could get to it the jaguar broke away from the puma, and, springing to the boy again, crouched with his paws above him as before. The puma leaped again and the fight was renewed, but again the jaguar got clear and jumped to guard his prey before the mother could get a chance to snatch her child. Once more the puma attacked his foe, and as the beasts struggled and tore each other an accidental kick from one of them sent the boy twenty feet away, almost to the mother's feet. Catching him up, she ran for home and got safe to the house. The boy, though covered with claw wounds from head to foot and bearing deep marks of the jaguar's teeth in the back, where the beast had seized him to carry him away, recovered com pletely from his injuries, although bearing the scars for his lifetime. The puma and the jaguar were found, both dead, at the place where they had fought.

Mauled by a Lioness.

A lion tamer performing in Chippen dale's French menagerie at Armley, England, had a narrow escape from death last month. The victim of the mishap was Franco Montano, a well known colored tamer of wild beasts, who has had previous experiences of the sort. The animal is an untamable lioness, appropriately named "Vixen," which has been in charge of Montano, a tall, heavily built man, for the last nine months, during which period he has been more or less severely mauled twenty times.

The tamer enters the cage at least once a day, and on Tuesday night, when he went to the cage door, he was unable for at least twenty-five minutes to gain an entrance. Even tually, after driving the beast to the end of the cage, the tamer slipped in side. The moment he did so the lioness leaped toward him, its ugly claws catching him by the right shoulder, the flesh of which was cruelly torn. The blow knocked the man down, and the animal at once placed one of its paws upon its strug gling victim. Attendants came up with hot iron bars and water to beat back the brute.

To the horror of the excited specta tors it tore away part of the man's dress and inflicted injuries on the lower part of his body. After twenty minutes of suspense the brute was at last driven off and the badly mauled tamer extricated through the door by the head keeper, Henry Wesley. Until then Montano had retained his senses, but now he fainted away through loss of blood.—Correspon dence Chicago Chronicle.

He Took a Fort.

In 1757 a man-of-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single handed one of the forts on the Hoogy. The fort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan during the time of midday repose, wandered off "on his own hook" in its direction. Gaining the walls with out discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and on reaching the platform, he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at the "Pathans," shouting, "The place is mine!" The native soldiers attacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till reinforced by one or two other warriors, who had straggled out of camp and heard his huzzas.

The enemy, unprepared for this ill timed attack, and fearing further in vaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving twenty cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Strahan's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm blamed if ever I take another fort as long as I live!"—London Sketch.

It is estimated that at least 1,000, 000 pounds of rubber is annually used in the manufacture of bicycle tires.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

One English firm turns out motor cars driven by electricity, oil steam, compressed air or gas.

Clocks can be accurately leveled by a new shelf, which has a fixed wall plate supporting a pivoted, adjustable shelf, with leveling in the top, to be set by thumb screws on the under side.

No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead, so that most insects are born orphans.

A portable X-ray apparatus, no big ger than a Webster's Dictionary, but powerful enough to enable a surgeon to look through a man's body, has been invented for use in war by Pro fessor Reginald A. Fessenden, of Pittsburg.

Among the curious inhabitants of Australia are a species of termites called the "meridian ants," because they invariably construct their long, narrow mounds so that the principal axis of the dwelling runs exactly north and south.

A German mathematician has calcu lated that three tons of sea water hold about a cent's worth of gold, and that if all the gold in the oceans of the globe could be collected it would make a solid cube measuring 718 metres on each side and worth about \$1,450, 000,000,000.

"An Indiana chemist," says the Pharmaceutical Era, "has applied for patents on a process for making wool from limestone. After some sort of chemical treatment the rock is sub jected to a drawing-out process, by which, it is said, it is converted into the finest and most pliable wool, of beautiful white color, soft as down, and both water and fireproof."

It is stated, says the Medical Record, that telephones are to be placed in the wards of one of the Paris hos pitals, within reach of the bed-ridden patients, so as to enable them to com municate with their friends outside. There will also be an arrangement whereby the telephones may be switched on to a wire connected with a concert hall, so that the performance may be enjoyed by the invalids.

A gun has recently been patented in France, of which the flash is scarce ly visible and the noise of the dis charge greatly reduced. It is the inven tion of Colonel Humbert, and a trial piece with a calibre of 37 mm. (about 1.5 inches) has already been tested. The improvement consists in sewing to the extremity of the muzz le a block which has an interior aper ture the same as that of the gun.

Animals "Look" Questions.

Unlike children, animals do not ask questions. They only "look" them, and though they constantly and anxiously inquire what is to be done, how it is to be done and the exact wishes of their masters, and occasion ally even of other animals, the inquiry is made by the eye and attitude. A terrier, for instance, can almost trans form his whole body into an animated note of interrogation.

Of the two remaining forms of speech—statement and request—the animals make very large use, but em ploy the latter in a far greater degree than the former. They use sounds for request, not only in particular cases in which they desire something to be done for them, but also in a great number of cases in which the request is a form of warning—"Come!" "Be careful!" "Look out!" "Go ahead!" "Help!" The speech which indicates danger is sufficiently differentiated. Birds, for instance, have separate notes of warning to indicate whether the danger is in the form of a hawk or cat, or of a man. If a hawk, cat, or owl is on the move, the birds, espe cially blackbirds, always utter a chattering note, constantly repeated, and chickens have a special sound to indi cate the presence of a hawk. But when disturbed by man the blackbirds have quite a different sound of alarm and the chickens also. Animals on the march are usually silent; but the hamadryad baboons use several words of command; and the cries of cranes and geese when flying in ordered flocks are very possibly signals or or ders.—London Spectator.

Photographing the Arteries.

Several experiments with Roentgen rays have obtained unsatisfactory pictures of the various structures of the body before they have been dis turbed by dissection. More gratify ing results have just been reported by Drs. H. J. Stiles and H. Rainy, who have made the arteries of the dead body opaque by injecting mercury into them, and have thus secured skiagraphs showing the intricate ar terial system with remarkable clearness. The picture of the arteries of a child's head might suggest—were it not for the varying width of the lines—a multiplied pendulum trace of an earthquake. The great number of the blood vessels, in fact, is a point brought into prominence by the pic tures, causing one to wonder the deep incisions of surgery do not inevitably cause bleeding to death. The ten dency of blood to coagulate is a detail in nature's system of fortifications whose importance is little considered.

A Flag With a History.

The flag that covered a part of the graves of the 161 American sailors on the occasion of the memorial service at Havana has just been taken to Chicago by George C. Mages, who sent the pennant of the battle-ship Maine to Chicago some weeks ago. Two Cuban seamstresses sewed the Stars and Stripes together for the tourists who made the arrangements for the mem orial service. The Cuban women of Havana declare they will make March an annual day of memorial celebra tion for the dead sailors of the Maine.