

MUSIC.

Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me—
The golden lute, the hollow crying lute—
—me even with thine eyes; be mute,
And touch the strings; yea, touch them tenderly;
Touch them and dream, till all thine heart
In thee
Grow great and passionate and sad and wild.
Then on me too as thine heart, O child,
The marvelous light, the stress divine shall be,
And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
The unveiled vision of this world flame by,
Battles and griefs, and storms and phantasies,
The gleaming joy, the ever-seething fire,
The hero's triumph, and the martyr's cry,
The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

—A. Lamppan, in the Century.

The Lesson of the Strike.

BY FLEAVEL SCOTT MINES.

Over one hundred men were crowded into the little assembly room at Mawhaka. The air was redolent with the fumes of tobacco that came from numerous pipes, and the hot close room was filled with the smoke. At one end was a platform, upon which stood a dozen chairs and a table, and a score of hard benches scattered about completed the furniture of the room, unless the tiny broken stove in one corner be included. The company assembled there was one of men—sturdy fellows, who puffed doggedly at their black pipes, as though they held some grievance against them. The men of the great iron-mill at Mawhaka were dissatisfied. Trouble had been brewing for some time between John Parsons, the young mill-owner, and the operatives, and the friction increased daily. The original cause of the trouble had been forgotten, but trivial things occurring from time to time had served to keep the men inflamed, and they threatened to burst into open rebellion. Matters would have been brought to a focus before, but the men were not properly organized, or rather they had no leader among themselves. On this night district managers from neighboring towns were to address the men, and bring them to some sort of order; they were ripe for revolt.

Half a dozen men ascended the platform and took seats, while the others stretched out on the benches. The hum of voices subsided as the foreman of the mill arose and walked forward, and when there was a momentary lull, he rapped fiercely on the table with a stick.

"The meeting will please come to order."

Parliamentary rule, like death, is devoid of respect, and consequently all classes are ruled by it. As the foreman spoke the noise subsided, and the silence was broken only by the shuffle of heavy feet.

"A chairman must be appointed for the meeting," said the foreman.

"Move that Mr. Peters be elected chairman," said the red-faced man on the platform.

"I second it!" "Aye!" "Aye!" came from all parts of the room.

Mr. Peters, the foreman, colored and bowed. "Before I take the chair," he said, "I wish to say a few words. You know I'm with you every time [cheers and applause], but I've been requested by the boss [a low hiss] to say a few words to you [a low hiss]. 'Peters,' he says, 'I want the men to come to an understanding. I don't want no more of this foolishness—this growling that's been going on for some months past. Tell 'em to make up their minds one way or 'nother, ter quit growlin' an' go to work, or else they can quit work. There's no half-way business. I'm dead tired of it,' says he, 'an' I want you to tell 'em so.' Now, I've told you, and it rests with you. You know how I feel, an' I'll teller ther crowd. Gentlemen, I'll introduce to you Mr. Murphy, who won the lock-out in 'Covertown a few weeks ago."

The chairman sat down, and the man who had before spoken rose to his feet, and came forward rubbing his face with a red bandanna. The cheers that greeted him told the feelings of the men, for Mr. Murphy was well known as a general "kicker" against any sort of authority.

At the moment of Mr. Murphy's introduction John Parsons and two intimate friends were laughing and smoking over their postprandial coffee. Parsons was a young man of about thirty years of age, with a strongly marked, clean-shaven face and a thin, firm mouth. Of independent manner and open-bearing to his subordinates, he was much disliked by a number of people; but those who were counted as his intimate friends loved him and believed in him, and beyond them the young man did not care what people thought of him. At his father's death he has come into possession of the mill, and for three years had managed it successfully. A bachelor at the time, he was shortly to be married to a girl of his native town. Fond hopes of moneyed alliances were blighted when this highly eligible parti announced his engagement, and many a mother wondered what he saw in Rose Anderson. She had no money, it was true; but John Parsons was not mercenary, and the long line of ancestry on the girl's part would have been far more attractive to him than wealth untold. It was simply a love-match, and all indications pointed to a happy marriage. Parsons traced his lineage back to the days of feudalism, and he gloried in it. He was a curious combination of aristocracy and democracy, and the sentiment of "family" predominated. Strange ideas for a nineteenth-century American to hold, but they were a part of his life.

"I hear that you have had some trouble at the mill," remarked Wakeman, one of his companions, whose prosperous mill did not compare in size with that of his friend. "Any truth in it?"

Parsons frowned. "Yes," he said, shortly; "but it cannot last. It has to stop, or the mill is closed."

"Can you afford to do so?" asked Tom Foster, a young lawyer, who made up the trio.

"I will afford it," was the answer.

"Have you heard from any of the labor men on the subject?" volunteered Wakeman.

The young owner's fist came down on the table with a crash. "No, sir; I do my business with my employees through no third person. That chuckle-headed Irishman Murphy is to address a meeting

that is to be held to-night, and I have sent the men an ultimatum—to shut up or stop work. I will not be dictated to by any third party; it's an outrage that that mill-owner stand it."

"But have the men no rights?" questioned Wakeman, who was notoriously weak in his management.

"I do not discuss their rights," rejoined Parsons. "The question is simply this: will they work as I wish, or will they not? They get their money regularly; they are paid for the time they work; if they are dissatisfied, let them get out, and give others a chance to fill their places. I know you will laugh at me, but I tell you that when the land was owned by the aristocracy and ruled by them, when class distinctions existed, man was happier than he is to-day. It is very beautiful in theory, but independence is a poor practice for everybody."

"Quite a sermon," muttered Foster, lighting a cigar.

Parsons laughed. "I do not mean to preach, but once started, I am carried away with the subject. I have often wondered where my ideas came from, for my father was a democrat in the pure use of the word. I think that the spirit of some old feudal ancestor is incarnate in me, for I have a certain sense of superiority that I have no right to by my own merits. I don't mean the reincarnation of the Buddhists—I wouldn't refrain from kicking a miserable yellow dog because it might contain the soul of my mild old nurse, I'd refrain simply out of consideration for the dog—but what I do mean is the reincarnation of an ancestral spirit which may have been latent for generations; hereditary, in other words. Let me illustrate by a story. Last year while in England I looked up the branch of our house which remained there while an ancestor of mine emigrated about 1700. I did not make myself known. The family name is the same, but the English branch holds a title, and everybody does not know what the family name is. The immediate family was in London, and I was shown through by an old housekeeper. My pulses thrilled as I trod the old ancestral halls, and I almost bewailed my fate at having a younger brother for an ancestor. I tapped the armor with a sense of pride, with a feeling of personal admiration, for the men she spoke of were as much mine as the noble lord who lingered in Mayfair. When we reached the portrait gallery, I lingered before each face with strange sensations, but there was one picture that suddenly attracted me, as soon as I saw it I seemed to remember the original. The picture was that of a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age, and she seemed a queen by the very pose of her head. I was so entranced that my guide noticed it, and began this story—I give it in her own words: She was the daughter of old Sir Francis, who died about 1740. He was a fierce, headstrong man, holding his people in subjection, and feared by all. His only daughter inherited some of the old man's strength, but she was kind as she was beautiful, and an angel of goodness to all her inferiors and greatly loved. One evening in summer, however, while walking unattended through the park, a rough soldier addressed her. She turned away, but the man caught her in his arms and tried to kiss her. At this point I interrupted the narrator, and said that I knew the story. I looked at the face again and knew the rest. Her cousin, who was passing, heard the screams and hastened to her defence, stabbed the man and left him lying dead. 'La, sir,' said the housekeeper, as I finished, 'that's right; ye must have heard the tale.'"

"Had you?" inquired Foster, interestedly.

"No," replied Parsons, slowly; "I had never heard the circumstances narrated before, but the first words of the housekeeper called up the scene as in a picture. It seemed as though I had heard the scream, and bursting through the bushes had seen the girl struggling in the man's grasp. It was like a memory of a long-ago happening in which I was an actor. Then I saw the girl turn to her rescuer with a smile; the man before her inspired her with no sense of pity, for he had attempted to be her equal."

"Ah! I see," laughed Wakeman; "and you feel as she did; you are probably the reincarnation of the cousin. Did you marry her?"

For a moment the young man's eyes grew angry, and then he answered, quietly enough: "I asked the housekeeper, and she said that he did. The girl was the old man's only daughter, and the young man was his heir, so they were both of mine. I attempt no explanations of my part of it, but tell you the story as it happened. I do, however, know how the girl felt, and to-day I hold myself as far above the lower classes as did the old knight in his own time. Have I not a right? Perhaps not in these later days, but I cannot destroy the feeling."

A servant entered at that moment. "If you please, sir, Mr. Peters would like to see you."

"Tell Peters to come in. My foreman at the mill," he exclaimed to his friends. The man walked sheepishly into the richly furnished room.

"Well?" queried Parsons.

"The man are going to strike at noon to-morrow, sir, unless these conditions are agreed to," and Peters held out a paper.

The young mill owner took the document, deliberately tore it in half, and threw the pieces to one side.

"At noon to-morrow?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"You may tell the men, Peters, that they may declare their strike on now if they desire, as the mill will remain closed until further orders. Good-night."

The young owner kept his word. For six months the forges of the great mill lay silent, and the furnace fires unit. The men lingered about hoping for satisfaction, but to each query, John Parsons replied, "I am my own manager; I will open the mill when I please, and not before."

Winter was near at hand and the men were suffering. The district tried to organize a general strike with no success, and the spirits of the sufferers fell accordingly.

"Will you ever open up again, sir?" timidly asked Peters one day.

"When I get ready," was the answer of the owner; "and when I do, no union man will come inside the door; the workers will be under contract to me. But why do you ask? The men are free to go where they please; they needn't wait

on my pleasure. Does the union no support them?"

"They have no funds, sir," Peter said, sadly, turning away.

And when the men heard this they cursed the young mill-owner with all the bitterness of hate, but when a young man suggested force, and hinted at something else, there was a deep sullen growl—but it was not favorable to the proposal. There were little ones that wanted food and raiment; there were wives that worked through all the lull in the storm, while the men stood idle and their union failed them for lack of funds.

One evening after dinner Parsons strolled through the village on his way to visit his fiancée. He had come to the conclusion that he had nearly won the fight, but the surrender of the strikers must be unconditional before he accepted it. The fault was not his; he had given warning. Two of his old workers passed him by, and though they looked at him appealingly, he did not appear to see them. There was a circus in town, and the streets were filled with wagons and people from the country, mixed with that crowd that follows in the wake of a circus. Parsons strolled by the great tent, where the vendors of pea-nuts and pop-corn were shouting their ware, and then walked on to the house whither he was bound. Miss Anderson was not at home.

"She went out directly after dinner," said her mother, "and promised to return at once. She was bound on an errand of charity, and will surely be back before the darkness."

John Parsons sat on the piazza and smoked his cigar slowly. He was at peace with himself, and in a very good humor with a certain person in whom he believed implicitly. Facts were nothing to him if he did not choose to be convinced by them, but he could bring himself into a belief in anything that pleased him. He was thinking that the lesson of the strike would be a good one for his men and also for other mill owners. He did not notice that the minutes slipped swiftly by, and that Miss Anderson did not return. Suddenly he realized that it had grown quite dark, and, looking at his watch, saw that nearly an hour had elapsed since his arrival. He hurried into the house.

"I think that she was going to Barton street," said the old lady. "She surely ought to have returned."

John started. He recalled the crowded streets, the rough crowds, and his heart sank. He was madly in love with her, but the realization of the fact came at that moment. It was quite dark, and a horrible chapter of possible happenings flashed through his brain. He thought of the gaunt, hollow-eyed men he had refused that day to see, and the idea of revenge suggested itself. As he reached the gate three figures approached and stopped.

"Good night," he heard the voice of Miss Anderson say. "I am much obliged." And as two forms disappeared, the girl walked into her lover's arms.

"Who were those men?" he asked, quickly.

"Friends, John," she answered. "I was coming home, being detained longer than I thought, and was passing by the headquarters of your strikers—your strikers," she said softly, "when two men came forward—"

"Scoundrels!" cried John Parsons, fiercely, catching the girl's hands in a tight grasp.

"No, John, no," she replied, vehemently. "One of them came up and took off his hat. 'Excuse me, miss,' he said, 'but there's a pretty tough crowd in the village to-night, an' Jim and me thought we'd better say we'd see you home; and they did. They acted as gentlemen—true gentlemen—never saying a word until spoken to; and they came all the way home with me through that horrible crowd. They were so good and kind, and wanted to knock a man down who stared at me.'"

"Did they mention me?" the young man asked.

"They said they knew I was the 'lady as Mr. Parsons was to marry.'"

In one brief moment all that he had ever said against the working-man came into John Parsons's mind, and in that time he thought of the old baron and the men he called his inferiors. Liberty was equality in one way, after all.

The next morning the whistles of John Parsons's iron mill blew lustily at seven o'clock, and when he arrived there half an hour later, he found all the men assembled in the court yard wondering what was to come.

"Men," he said, "we have probably both been in the wrong. I, at least, have, and I will confess it. The anvils await you, and the forges are lit. Go to work. Let the past be forgotten. We will begin all over again and work together. To-day is Wednesday; on Saturday you will receive one week's pay in full. I know that money is scarce, and I want to thank you for having acted as—men."

And the cheers that arose from those honest throats were heartier than those that greeted Mr. Murphy six months ago.

"I guess the ghost of my old ancestor is laid effectually now," laughed Parsons to himself. "He couldn't appreciate the era of chivalry and free labor." —*Harper's Weekly.*

The Largest Telescopes.

The largest twelve refracting telescopes are those of the Lick Observatory, with an aperture of thirty-six inches; Yale University, twenty-eight; United States Naval, twenty-six; Leander McCormack, twenty-six; Princeton, twenty-three; Denver, twenty; Smithsonian, twenty; Dearborn, 18.5; Carleton College, 16.2; Warner, sixteen; Washburn, 15.5; and Harvard, fifteen. The largest reflecting telescopes are those of Harvard College, twenty-eight inches, and the Rev. Dr. John Peate, twenty-two. Dr. Peate, who is an amateur maker, is now finishing a thirty-and-one-half inch silver-on-glass mirror, which will be presented to the Allegheny College at Meadville. When mounted it will be the largest reflecting telescope in this country. There are numerous reflectors made by Brashear from nine to twelve inches in diameter. The Clarks are now grinding an object glass of forty inches for a telescope to be built upon Mount Wilson, in Southern California. Though the Lick Observatory possesses the largest telescope at present, Harvard College has the best equipped observatory for general astronomical work in America, and one of the best in the world. —*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

BLUE JEAN FOR HOME USE.

Blue jean is becoming a most popular material for many home uses. It sheds dust easily and can be washed without changing color, and for these reasons it is liked for table covers, seats for particularly worn out chairs, crumb cloths and closet portieres. It should be worked in a bold, conventional pattern, with rope linen of coarse embroidery silk, and it makes a splendid cover for an invalid's sofa pillow, worked with white rope linen. —*New York Press.*

THE BIG HAT MUST GO.

Paris has declared war on the big hat at public performances. French papers are ridiculing it with merciless satire, and prominent critics have gone so far as to refuse to attend performances where the big hat is allowed. It is thought that the beginning of the end is come, and that soon amusement goes all over the world will be delivered from the tyranny of the constructive mountain of millinery, for, of course, Paris sets the fashion for the rest of the world. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

FOR HOUSE WEAR.

For house wear a very handsome dress is made of the princess shape—and it may be mentioned en passant that all dresses are being made on this pattern—crossed and draped, of iron gray swanskin silk. The corsage closed in bias over a double ruche, which is stopped by a bow on the skirt. The right side of the corsage is draped at the shoulder with three pleats, which are held together with a bow. A ruched collar. The skirt is ornamented with two rows of embroidery, separated with small ruches, a double ruche ornamenting the bottom. The sleeves in bias, rather high shouldered and gathered, being narrow at the bottom and trimmed at the wrist with two rows of embroidery and ruches. —*New York Herald.*

THE SCOOP BONNET.

The scoop bonnet is a favorite because it is generally becoming and is so shaped that while being a bonnet it has the youthful appearance of a round hat. The distinctive feature of the scoop bonnet is that it has no brim at all, and that it lies perfectly flat upon the front of the head, just over the forehead. This gives a very nice chance for a becoming face trimming. Women with small, regular features find the scoop bonnet very becoming if trimmed with a standing bow, which is placed on the front of the bonnet in the most upright, aggressive manner possible. Around the edge of the bonnet there must be a heavy ruching of some kind of velvet, and at the back an upright bow. This makes a very pretty hat, and one which will probably be fashionable all winter. —*New York World.*

A WOMAN AS TRAIN DESPATCHER.

It is said that the office of train despatcher on the New London Northern Railroad is held by Miss Lizzie E. D. Thayer. As this is a single-track road, her position is one of great responsibility, since she controls the movements of all trains from one end of the line to the other. Miss Thayer was for some time assistant to the former train despatcher, and upon his resignation, pending the appointment of his successor, she proved herself so thoroughly capable of doing the work of the place that the position was conferred upon her. She is at her office from seven in the morning until six at night, superintending the 181 miles of track under her care. She has a man assistant, but the responsibility is all hers. During her two years of service there has been no accident for which she is to blame. —*New York Tribune.*

THE SILK SKIRT.

What seems an extravagance to many women is the silk skirt which a good dress-maker always insists a wool gown shall be made over. Yet even to the economist there are several points in its favor. One silk lining often serves during the reign of two gowns, the foot ruffle, perhaps, being replaced. It is lighter than cambric and has besides a certain buoyancy, which adds to its want of weight. Its slippery surface prevents the wool clinging and does away with the disagreeable swathed sensation which wool gowns on cambric linings are sure to evolve. One may even economize a little in the amount of overmaterial when the silk skirt is used. It is beginning to be understood that there is a rationale at the bottom of many so-called extravagancies; no woman for instance, nowadays who respects herself wears the atrocious known as a sham skirt—and the silk underskirt is a conspicuous example of such well conditioned luxury. —*Chicago News.*

Blue English serge costumes, with coat and dark blue felt hat to match, will be fashionable during the entire season. Tweeds in brown and blue mixtures are also popular. Golden brown crossed with red forms another pretty combination. These tweeds are of various qualities, but a special sort is that worn by the fishermen in the Orkney Islands during the winter when they are unable to carry on their ordinary vocation.

THE PERFECTION OF AMERICAN SILKS.

The perfection of American silks and tapestries now brings within the reach of the moderate purse the new satin damask hangings in colonial or Louis XV. patterns. They are lined with silk and draped now in irregular festoons, falling to the floor only on one side the opening. Some of the portieres, called Derby, are reversible and require no lining, expressing the colonial patterns on both sides alike. They are looped or draped with heavy cords.

A simple bodice that you want to freshen up for house wear will look quite elaborate if it is turned in a little at the neck to permit a full frill of chiffon to fall over it and to extend down each side of the closing so that the buttons and buttonholes are entirely hidden and a soft, duffy effect is produced. The prettiest chiffon is that which has a fine scallop for its edge and a fleur de lis crescent, or tiny dot embroidered just above it.

Exhibited among new clovelings are cloths as soft and flexible as velvet, which show a shaggy nap both outside and inside. Some of the fancy cloths have a rough reverse side like camel's hair. These require no lining. Some of the patterns have blocks and stripes or canvas-checked and netted meshes. Among the lining stuffs are those of wool saten, with a smooth satin facing. These keep their color perfectly, and outwear all other linings of silk or satin.

It is estimated that there are now 16,750,000 sheep in the colony of New Zealand, as against 16,116,000 a year ago.

There is nothing in the whole range of dry-goods so inflammable as the fine grades of Canton flannel. I have had the house set on fire repeatedly because some one lighted a lamp in the vicinity of a Canton flannel drape. I used to be very fond of this sort of goods, but there is nothing that would induce me to put a yard of it in my house. If you want to understand the occasion of my fears, just take a bit of the stuff and hold it near the flame of a lamp. The blaze will travel over it faster than a prairie fire. I have sometimes thought that I would positively refuse to sell the goods, but people want them; and I suppose no one would thank me for advice on the subject. —*New York Ledger.*

EARNINGS OF LITERARY WOMAN.

Women are more favored in literary work at present than are men. For example, Mrs. Burnett has a larger income from royalties than is received by any man. Mrs. Humphrey Ward will make a small fortune out of her "David." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands the highest prices for all the magazines. Mrs. Margaret Deland sets her own figures. Sarah Orne Jewett receives as much for a short story as does the most successful male author. Anna Katharine Green sustains a comfortable home solely from the proceeds of her pen. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes everything she writes. Amelia Rives writes little, but what she does write and sell brings her the best prices. Maria Parion lives on the income of her pen. Mary J. Holmes receives a larger yearly check from her publishers than does many a bank president. Amelia E. Barr is kept busy supplying stories and articles at flattering figures. "The Duchess" makes several thousands of dollars each year with her pen, while "Mrs. Alexander" does the same. "Octave Thanet" has more than she can do at the most remunerative rates of payment, and one might go through an almost endless list of women, such as Julia Magruder, Elizabeth B. Ouster, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss McClelland, Mollie Elliott Seawell, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Olney Kirk, Grace King and a score of two of others. —*Chicago Post.*

FASHION NOTES.

Feather trimmings and boas are stylish.

A feather ruching is used for the neck.

A few embroidered dress patterns are shown.

A rare jewel on a slender chain pleases fastidious tastes.

Flannelettes will be much used for drapery this winter.

Swivel handles of buckhorn are made for ladies' umbrellas.

Brown will be the standard color in dress goods for winter.

Ornate vases of Berlin ware are among the new importations.

Oxford ties of black oze calf are suitable for all house gowns.

Rough fancy clothes are fashionable for long cloaks and mantles.

Safety matches lie concealed in a miniature little wood basket of silver.

Sleeves are still made high on the shoulders, and are made very full about the top.

Beads and metal fringe from four and half to eighteen inches in depth are used as trimmings.

The elongated basque bodice or coat is now modified to meet the requirements of short women.

All kinds of odd silk and velvet sleeves are allowable with wool gowns, the most common, however, being the leg-of-mutton.

Here is one of the axioms on which the art of good dressing is founded: Fashion must be followed, but at a becoming and discreet distance.

Very handsome dresses for the season are made of black drap d'ete or Bedford cord, garnished with bands of real black ostrich feathers, often with an additional decoration of rich black silk passementerie above the feather band on the skirt, on the left side of the gown, and on the bodice and sleeves.

A new variety of hat is called the Brighton; that with a cleft crown being so styled. In place of the fancy open-work straw of which the model was first made, the Brighton is now produced in a soft hairy felt, like pressed camellia hair. The most popular are of fawn color, with a nondescript pattern, slanting to brown, and the hat is trimmed with a simple brown silk cord or brown velvet.

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THE SADDLE.

ITS INVENTION, AND CHANGES IT HAS UNDERGONE.

Magnificent Coverings by Roman Cavalry—From Cloth to Leather—The Indian Howdahs—A Great Industry.

Originally the rider rode his horse bareback, but in the course of time various coverings, made of leather, were brought into use. The coverings eventually hung down on both sides of the horse, were of very costly material, and were beautifully adorned. Apuleius called these coverings fucata ephippia, and Virgil, on several occasions, makes mention of their expensive character.

The Roman cavalry used extensive coverings on their horses, which the old Germans considered effeminate, and they despised them for it. In the time of Alexander Severus, the horses of the Roman cavalry wore magnificent coverings. Before the time of Nero the cavalymen were obliged to present their horses with out covering during the review, that it might be more easily seen whether they were in good condition. Nero, however, abolished the wise regulation on review. He had a weakness for display, and wanted the cavalry to present a grand appearance on such occasions. Even after the introduction of these coverings it was considered more graceful and manly to ride without them. Varro boasts of having ridden, when a young man, without a covering to his horse.

The evolutions from cloth coverings to the saddle were as gradual as they were natural, finally bringing us to the saddle of to-day, consisting of the wooden frame known as the saddle-tree, the skirts or padded underflaps, the seat (generally made of tanned pigskin), the girth or belly-band, the stirrup straps, the stirrups and the crupper loop. This combination is the saddle proper, no matter how varied its shape, how near its approach to elegance on the one hand, or to awkwardness on the other.

It is supposed that the saddle was invented about the middle of the fourth century, but the fact, in the opinion of some, has not been positively proven. Zonaras, the historian, tells us that Constantine, the younger, was killed in the year 340, when he fell from his saddle. The word translated into saddle also means, however, the back of the horse, or the place where the rider sits. It is true, nevertheless, that Sidorius Apollinaris used a word that unmistakably refers to the saddle tree.

Nazarius, in his panegyric on Constantine the Great, in describing the manner in which the enemy's cavalry were destroyed, says, "the men, almost lifeless, hung sedilibus." Some think that they could have hung in this manner only by saddles; others, that they could have clung to the coverings. The latter, however, to warrant the inference, must have been girded to the horses, but the girth was not introduced until after the invention or perfection of the saddle.

In Montfaucon's engraving of the pillar of Theodosius, the covering upon which the rider sits seems to have a pomel in front of it and the extremity of a saddle-tree in the rear. That the saddle was in use in 385 is substantiated by an edict of that date issued by the Emperor Theodosius, forbidding riders of post-horses to use saddles of more than sixty pounds in weight. The saddles of that day must have been ponderous affairs compared with the light, yet strong and compact saddles now in use.

In the fifth century saddles were made so extravagantly magnificent that a prohibition was issued by Leo I., in which it was ordered that no one should ornament them with pearls or precious stones. In the sixth century the Emperor Mauricius required that the saddles should have large coverings of fur. The ignominious punishment of "bearing the saddle" had its origin in the middle ages.

Bedemann, the German author, after considerable research, attributes the invention of the saddle to the Persians. Xenophon's testimony seems to warrant the inference, for he tells us that the Persians first began to render the seat of the rider more easy and convenient by a gradual increase in the number of coverings. He censures them by putting more coverings upon their horses than they did on their beds. A later author informs us that Persian horses were in great demand in his day because they were trained to bear a saddle.

The Indian howdah is a sort of car or pavilion, a saddle for elephants. It is a handsome affair with gorgeous trapplings, and, though of various forms, is usually covered overhead. The driver is not seated in the howdah, which is reserved for his master, but sits on the elephant's neck.

England exports large quantities of saddlery, the most of which is made at Walsall, in Staffordshire, or in the immediate neighborhood. The value of the export, including harness, exceeds \$2,000,000 annually.

The saddlery business of this country is a great industry and our exports are keeping pace with new avenues of trade. Millions of dollars are invested in the business, the general term of saddlery including many articles besides the mere saddle. During the Civil War some of the manufacturers became immensely wealthy. The village saddler manufactures very few saddles nowadays; there is no profit in it to him; he either has to buy them ready-made or put them together after purchasing the various parts. The saddle has reached such a degree of perfection that there is very little left for inventive genius to suggest. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Old-Teeth Market.

An uptown dentist displays a peck or more of teeth, the product of many aging jaws, in a glass case in front of his establishment. A curious individual a few days ago asked the doctor if the teeth outside were all drawn by him. "Yes, and down in my cellar I have a flour barrel full of all sizes. We used to sell them to articulators of skeletons, and we got \$1 a quart for them. They had to buy more than a quart sometimes to get even one tooth to suit, because a skeleton with a full set of teeth was worth at least \$15 more than one not having all its teeth. But that trade is about lost to this country because they can set up a skeleton so much cheaper in France. There ought to be a heavy tariff duty on skeletons. —*Philadelphia Record.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Versailles, Mo., claims a vein of coal eighty feet thick, the thickest vein on earth.

Recent experiments in Queensland have shown that mother-of-pearl shells can be made to produce pearls artificially. The only purely platinum mine in existence has been discovered in Oregon. This mineral elsewhere occurs in conjunction with other minerals.

The experiments made in England with a view to determine the value of vertical signaling by means of the electric light have proved a complete success.

The asteroids now number 318. The last seven were discovered between August 28 and September 11, four of them by Charlois at Nice, and three by Palisa at Vienna.

A mangrove plant has been successfully grown in the University of Pennsylvania. Hitherto it has been found impossible to grow this plant away from the ocean.

An instrument invented at Georgetown (D. C.) College, known as the photochronograph, is said to record with absolute accuracy and precision the time occupied by a star in its transit across the meridian.

Professor Virchow is the originator of the cell-growth theory of disease, which has been characterized "the most important step in pathology" of the period, in that it has "little less than revolutionized pathological study."

Slips for the broadside docking of vessels have been built at three of the principal ports of France. By this means vessels are to be hauled out of the water without straining, and the cost is less than by the ordinary means of placing in a dry dock.

There is a train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey that runs but twice a year and is called the "stove train." In the spring it collects all the stoves along the line and in the fall the train gang puts them up again after they have been repaired and renovated.

Humboldt estimated that Asia stands at an average height of 1150 feet above the level of the ocean; South America, 1130; North America, 750; Europe, 670 feet. The average height of all the land above sea