"Oncommon dark, this here we're in, But 'taint so bad as it might 'a been." But a big cyclone came 'long one day, An' the town was wrecked and blowed

When the storm had passed We turned around And thought at last Ole Finn had found The state o' things he was buried in About as bad as it might 'a' been.

So we dug 'im out o' the twisted wreck And lifted a rafter off his neck.

He was bruised an' cut, And a sight to see; He was ruined, but He says, says he, With a weak look 'round and a smashed up

"Taint half so had as it might 'a' been!"

But after all, it's the likes o' Finn Makes this world fit fer livin' in. When days are drear And skies are dark, it's good to hear Some old cuss bark, "Now see here, son!" with a cheerful grin,
"Taint haif so bad as it might 'a' been!"

AAAAA-AA-AAAAA

-Newark News.

Sitting on the veranda of his summer residence by an inland lake in Michigan, surrounded by his family and guests, the venerable Judge Wattles told the strangest story of his professional career.

"Immediately following my admis sion to the bar," he said, "I was made prosecuting attorney, accepting the honor as a deserved tribute to my superior abilities. But you must bear in mind that this was a good many years ago in a little valley town in Fennsylvania, where we were hemmed in by the mountains and had few with whom to compare in the matter of intelligence or attainments.

"In the criminal annals of the county there were the evidences of a well disposed community; and it came as a startling sensation when Farmer Jenkins, driving home late one night, was beaten to insensibility and robbed of a large sum of money. Here was work for me, and I went at it with the zeal of an ambitious beginner. Jenkins insisted that he would be able to identify his assailant, seen in the dim moonlight that sifted through the trees, describing him as a tall, well dressed young man with a dark mustache and an angry red scar across his left cheek.

"'Why, I seed that air critter,' declared Constable Joe Huskey, 'I kim on him sudden like yisterday when I was fishin' at Punkey Holler crick. Th' feller war in swimmin' and tola me he war jist outen the city fur a leetle recreation. I'd know him 'mongst a thousan'.'

"By employing competent assistance from Philadelphia, we ran down our man. Jenkins and Huskey both recognized him at sight. A few days after the arrest and while I was working on the case, a handsome, matronly appearing woman walked into the office, introducing hersefl as the mother of the prisoner, who had given the name of Harry Winter. She bore the unmistakable marks of refinement, and in a brief statement, punctuated by convulsing sobs, assured me that a terrible mistake had been made. Harry in the Shamaka earthquake is that it was her son, her only support, and she a widow. He was the soul of honor and had never given her an hour's He was with her the night assault and robbery. They had walked for an ho in the evening, after which he reading going to his room at 11. It is a hysical as well as a moral impossionity for him to have done the great wrong laid at his door. Her story greatly impressed me, but there was the positive identification by Jenkins and the con-

"Less than a week later I had another caller; a well dressed man who walked with a limp and who said he had been subpoenzed by the defence to show Winter's good reputation. But nothing could have surprised him more, for he knew the accused to have a very bad record. He declared that he had a full confession of that very crime from thep risoner who had relied upon the cripple as a loyal friend simply because they had met occasionally at the mother's house. This swept away the doubts that she had created, convincing me that her clinging love had overcome her regard for the truth. I gained a promise from the cripple that he would say nothing till

called to the stand by the other side. "When the presecution had made his case at the trial I was entirely satisfied. Just after Jenkins and Huskey had sworn point blank as I knew they would, word reached me that there was a private detective in the ccurt room who wanted Winter for a crime committed in New York. This was help from an unexpected source, and I soon had it before the jury that the ugly scar on Winter's cheek was made by a man defending his home against burglars. There was not a weak link in the chain of evidence that had been coiled about him.

"On his behalf the testimony of the weeping mother made a deep impression, but I was confident that the spell she had put upon the 12 men sitting in judgment would yield to the cool deliberations of the jury room. After several unknown witnesses had given testimony tending to show that Winter had led a reputable life, the man who had called upon me limped to the stand, and I must confess that I rejoiced at the anticipated confusion of the defense.

"But there was a most unaccountable intervention. No sooner was the oath administered to the witness +1-n a voice from overhead cen elec' warned him to rememb States had made the sacred pro-Maker to tell nothiny Would with. The prisoner drop and saily into his chair, the jurym ent white as ghosts and the judg cast a troubled look about the ceiling as if to detect the bold offender. 'Order in the court' was gruffly demanded and the case proceeded. The first material question asked was as to the character of the prisoner, and that same phantom voice this time from the rear of the judge, called the collapsed witness, by name and said in measured tones: 'Remember that the pains and penalties of perjury are not inflicted in this world alone, but are imposed

through all eternity.' "The court whirled and gasped with a terror that his pride sought vainly to conceal. An unknown dread was upon me and jurymen were stricken with fright. Hardheaded and practica! old farmers as they were, the superstition that had lain dormant and dying through generations was quickened into life. But it was the witness who cringed and stared as ing asphaltum and bituminous rock-

though in the presence of death. He admitted a bitter enmity toward the prisoner whose liberty he had meant to swear away, though called in his behalf, and wound up by not only swearing, that Winter was a model young man, wat that he was seen walking with his mother by the wit ness on the night in question.

yet to come. From an open door into

ther might have done, and then de-

manded, rather than requested, that

his evidence mignt be taken. It was

to the effect that he had been a cap-

tain in the Mexican war, that Winter,

then a mere boy, was a drummer

whom the captain loved as a father;

that when he was shot from his horse

in a charge, the boy gallantly fought

back the murderous Mexicans tili

stronger assistance could come, and

that there he had received the wound

which left such a ghastly scar. The

impetuous witness even got in a state-

ment that there must be some vile

conspiracy against Winter and wanted

to confront the private detective. But

he had disappeared. The jury ac-

quitted without retiring, and I thought

"One evening some years later, when

south on business, I found time heavy

on my hands and dropped into a place

of amusement. I was indifferently in-

terested until mat voice of the court

room, which still haunted my mem-

ory, came from an upper corner of the

hall. I felt like running, but, turning

to the stage, I saw my hero of the

Mexican war. He tipped me a rec-

ognition, and later went with me to

the hotel. There, under pledge of se-

crecy, he gave me the inside facts of

"The alleged mother, the alleged de-

tective, the alleged captain, the crip-

ple and Winter were all members of

a shrewd gang of crooks operating in

the east. Winter had committed the

robbery and his pals had put up an

ciaborate scheme which saved him.

They enjoyed many a laugh over the

manner in which they had 'done' the

'Rubes' up in my country. Winter

was then doing a life sentence. The

mother was dead, the detective fled

from the country and the cripple went

with him. The captain was one of

the best ventriloquists of the day, and

had become a professor who made an

honest living. It was his voice

thrown at will, that left us simple

folks thinking that we had encoun-

tered the supernatural."-Waverly

OIL WELLS AND EARTHQUAKES.

A Euggestion That the Disturbances May

Be Caused by Letting Out Gas.

quakes of recent times is that report-

ed from Russia Transcaucasia. The

town of Shamaka has been practice.lly

destroyed, only a dozen houses being

left standing, while a population of

25,000 has been rendered homeless.

The number of fatalities is as yet un-

known. Perhaps it never wil be cor-

rectly determined, for the fissured

earth swallowed up some of the vic-

tims, and others are burled in ruins

where they never may be disturbed.

Over 300 bodies had been recovered at

To the student of seismic phenomena

the interesting and suggestive feature

the Baku oil district-the most pro-

quirer will naturally search for a

cause, for cause and effect go together

in the scientific analysis of all phe-

nomena. As the great natural oil res-

ervoir tapped by the oil wells of Baku,

on the shores of the Caspian sea, locat-

ed under the site of Shamaka, and has

the tremendous drain of mineral oil

from the same caused a void and a

subsequent shrinkage in the earth's

crust in that neighborhood? The in-

quiry is not far-fetched. It is usually

assumed that water takes the place of

the oil withdrawn from the measures

filling the vacuum created by the lat-

ter's withdrawal; but if the water, be

ing more tenuous, should find an inde-

pendent vent elsewhere, the vacuum

created by the draining of the mineral

oil would remain, and a shrinkage of

the unsupported crust of the earth

would naturally follow so oner or later.

ping of the oil measures in the south-

ern part of this state has relieved the

mineral oil-bearing formations from

the pressure of the gas created in them,

and the possible subterranean gas ex-

plosions produced by excessive press-

ure, and thus removed one of the sup-

posed causes of carthquakes in that

section. There may be nothing in the

theory, but it has been observed that

the Los Angeles district has been not

ably exempt from seismic disturbances

since the oil measures were tapped and

vent given to the gases generated in

them. Likewise, the theory that the

Shamaka earthquake was due to the

drain on the petroleum reservoirs in

the Caucasus by the Baku wells may

be entirely at fault. But the two phe-

nomena seem to invite the attention of

the scientist, and open a new field for

the study of seismic disturbances .-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It is not easy to flatter people who

The smaller the intellectual fountain

the more continuously does it squirt.

The false witness of his fees affords

opportunity for true witnessing by

Politeness towards "cubs" pays.

One of the most prevalent hallu-

cinations is that of those persons who

Boys are more gallant than the un-

San Francisco Chronicle.

do not flatter themselves.

his friends.

thoughtful believe.

It has been suggested that the tap-

the latest accounts.

One of the most disastrous earth-

Magazine.

that mysterious trial.

their verdict a righteous one.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, "I felt the ground slipping from A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoestores, 25 cents. Ac-cept no substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. under me, but the dramatic climax was one of the small adjacent rooms hurried an excited man with striking features and blazing eyes. He rushed to the prisoner, embracing him as a fa-

MINNIE'S KINDNESS.

"Yes; just as soon as she heard

about the poverty of that Bagg street

family she sent them such a lovely

bouquet."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Minnie has a good heart."

"Has she?"

Some men are known by the company they keep and others by the fellows they shake.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use Putnam Fadeless Dres. Sold by all

The bacillus of the grip is the smallest disease germ yet discovered.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c. a bottle The amount of blood in the human body s one-thirtcenth of the body weight.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervous-NerveRestorer. \$2trial bottle and treatise(r): Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., P.a. Usually when a man starts on the downward road the brake refuses to work.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. Russia now possesses a school of mili-

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera Singer, Escaped an Operation. Proof That Many Operations for Ovarian Troubles are Unnecessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: -Travelling for years on the road, with irregular meals and sleep and damp beds, broke down my health so completely two years ago that the physician advised a complete rest, and when I had gained



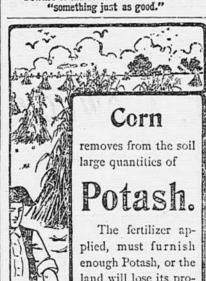
sufficient vitality, an operation for ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful prospect, to be sure. I, however, was idvised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash; I did so, fortunately Before a month had passed I felt that my general health had improved; in three months more I was cured, and I have been in perfect health since. I did not lose an engagement or miss a meal.

"Your Vegetable Compound is certainly wonderful, and well worthy the praise your admiring friends who have been cured are ready to give you. I always speak highly of it, and you will admit I have good reason to do so."—Mrs. G. Bruck, Lansing, Mich. \$5000 forfelt if above testimonial is not genuine.

The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be entirely confidential.



Gennine stamped C C C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."



land will lose its producing power.

Read carefully our books GERMAN KALI WORKS, 9 93 Nassau St., New York.

I had a general run-down feeling, lacked ambition, and had no appetite whatever, with a very languid feeling at all times, On going to supper one evening my boarding mistress recommended my taking Ripans Tabules. She told me her experience with them, as well as that of others to whom she had spoken about the Tabules. I decided to make a trial, and since I have been taking them I feel like a new-made man, and have none of my former complaints, taking a more decided interest in my work and in life in general.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

'l'eck's Asthma Cure'' will do it Itrelieve

APUDINE Cures 8

LaGRIPPE, COLDS, ETC.

So'd by Druggists, 15 an | 25c bottle.

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Since folks wear Red Seal Shoes.

Does Not Affect the Heart.

The parson in the pulpit

Expounding of his views,

think they are overworked. One whose heart is filled with God's love never refuses food to one whose J. C. PECK, 87 L.y Street, Atlanta Ga. stomach is filled with nothing. There are quite a number of people

whose chief objection to sinecures is the fact that other people have them. Many a man after attaining a high OPEN ALL THE YEAR. position forgets all about the laws of

Endorsed by Bankers, Officials, Business Men. gravity until it is everlastingly too R. R. Fare paid Board at cost. Write Quick to GA.-ALA. BUS. COLLEGE, Macon, Ga. Success is seldom attained before the NONORORONONONONONONONONONONO seeker's feet are stone-bruised and his

hands blistered by climbing the steeps Society may wear a new face; customs may vary; rules and standards,

like human opinions, may change. But the soul and its life, man's religious aspirations and his religious activities-these abide.

Hears never any creaking soles California is the only state produc@ @ O

Have you heard of the kid with the lion's

How he stood on the roof one day, And defiantly railed at a grim gray wolf, Who was passing by chance that way? The incident happened in Aesop's time

The kid fairly pelted the old gray wolf With epithets flerce and strong, Called him renegade, murderer, thief and knave.

And the old man wrote it down

Might read this tale of renown.

So that young and old ever afterward

Then vauntingly cried "begone!" You are wise," said the wolf, "that you choose your time, And a place that is high and dry. Fare you well, valiant kid, we will meet

When you fall from your eminence high." -New York Mail and Express.

A Dolly's Day. Lotta's dol'ies, Belle and Violet, sat on the sofa facing one another. Lotta had gone to sleep, forgetting to put her babies to bed, and now every one was safe in Dreamland and the dollies could talk.

"Oh, dear, how tired I feel," said Belle, yawning. "What a lot of things I did to-day!" "Did you?" said Violet. "I've been

in bed till supper time with a headache. Tell me what happened to you." "Well, let me see," Belle said, with a tired smile. "First I was sick and couldn't get up, and Lotta fussed over me and sent for Doctor Tommy. He looked wise and gave me all sorts of queer medicines. I didn't mind them, for Lotta took them all for me. Then the doctor decided my leg was broken, and he had to cut it off-make believe cut it off, you know. What a time there was over that leg!"

"When Lotta got tired of that, she thought that I ought to marry that cross old china soldier on the mantelpiece. He is such a stiff fellow, and I know he doesn't like me, he kept frowning so all the time. I don't think he was ever married before, while I have been married a great many times and to a different person every time. After that we kept house under the piano, and had all sorts of troubles, squabbles, fires and everything. I think we ended up with an earthquake just before lunch." "You poor thing," said Violet, "I

don't wonder you're tired. I hope that was all.' "No," said Belle, sadly shaking her head, "it wasn't. After lunch Lotta and I went for a walk, and it made me so sleepy looking at all the windows of

all the toy stores when Lotta held me up to them. When we came home she sat down to sew on some new clothes for me and I had to stand up to be tried-on and fitted. My, how tired I was! I fell over several times. I think I must be getting-worn-out." "No wonder," said Violet. "There

she's asleep. I guess I'll sleep, too, and we'll hope for a better tomorrow." -Brooklyn Eagle.

l'ersuasion of Mrs. Petty. Mrs. Betty was an important personage in Miss Hunter's out-of-town "Establishment for Young Ladies," and when it became known that she was falling off in her special line, ther was much anxiety. Even Miss Hunter, who knew everything was at her wits' Mrs. Betty was apparently well and seemed to have nothing on her mind, but she was not doing her duty and neither argument nor persuasion could force her. She had one virtue, however; she was fond of young people, always looking round and nodding when the girls came to inquire how she was, and it was on Mildred's visit early one morning that a sudden discovery was made which wrought a strange and speedy cure. Indeed, Mrs. Betty has Mildred to thank, for

otherwise she might have lost a good position. On this particular day she heard Mildred singing, and the sweet childish voice had a remarkable effect upon her: she turned her head and gazed at her visitor with a pleased expression in her mild eyes. It was evident she had an ear for music: the muchenduring maid grew excited, for Mrs. Betty seemed more like her old docile

"Go on with your singing, Miss Mildred," she cried; "it's like old timesit is. See!" and she pointed to the pail now rapidly filling with rich milk which up to this moment Mrs. Betty had refused to yield in any but the smallest quantities. Much elated. Mildred sang on, Mrs. Betty's dun-colored head moving rythmically to the music. as she stood patiently under the maid's skillful hand. By this time a crowd of girls and teachers had gathered in the cow shed to wonder at the result.

"It is certainly strange," said Miss Hunter, "I've heard that in Switzerland this peculiarity among cows is well known; all the milkmaids are good singers. We shall have to teach you, Bridget," she added, with a smile. "Shure, an' the young leddies can do me job, ma'am," answered Bridget,

with a grin, and her suggestion was followed enthusiastically, the girls begging to take turns, and thus it has proved beyond a doubt that music had a melting influence and filled the milking pail. So it was decided to give Mrs. Betty the singing class.-New York Mail and Express.

Wild Animals in the Snow. Pandemonium brook loose at daylight in the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx

All night the six watchmen had been patrolling the dens, yards and cages ready to rescue any of the animals overcome by the snow, but the big snowstorm demonstrated, that the animals are better able to take care of themselves than the watchmen are. When daylight crept through the

park and the wild creatures realized the depth of snow the rejoicing among them amounted to a riot. The wolves howled till they were heard at Tremont, a mile away. There was a six-foot drift in the

den of the Alaskan bears, and they discovered a way to climb up on the hill and jump down into the drift. They went out of sight every time and came floundering out as white as flour. One jumped on another's head and then there was a fight in the snow that looked like a Canadian Pacific rotary snow plough in full action.

When the watchmen went around to the buffalo range the great beasts excitement. Out in the field were a series of little mounds of snow. The buffaloes must have frozen! But when a watchman had climbal

into the yard and had careiesly kicked into one of the piles of snow he animals were very much alive.

Romeo jumpe'l to their feet, shook off the znow drifts and pursued their disturbers to the fence. They had been enjoying their nap under the warm snow and were angry at being dis-

After a while they lay down again and the snow once more drifted over them and covered them, only a little round hole showing where their breath

stamed upward. The elk and moose raced wildly through the snow, charging everything in sight. The timber wolves fought each other in the deep drifts. The mild-eyed prong-horned antelopes rolled in the deepest part of their yards and went fast asleep with the snow drifting over them. The foxes rolled over till their fur was full of snow. -New York World.

Jack, the Talking Crow.

In the northern part of Connecticut is a lovely little lake, almost four miles in length. It sparkles in the sunshine like a blue ribbon striped with silver. On the north are mountains, tall and woody, on the western bank many hotels and cottages where people from the city come to rest during the summer. They row their boats for pleasure, and catch fish in the bright water, or gather lilies with golden hearts, and greatly enjoy the life on the lake among the hills. On the eastern shore are fine and productive farms, which furnish good things for the people in the hotels and cottages.

Mr. Beeman's farm was at the northeast corner of the lake. He was a carpenter as well as farmer, and had a shop near one of his farms, where he did all sorts of work with his valuable tools. He had contrived an arrangement to catch fish, too, that was not only a convenience to him, but a great source of profit. Near his farm was the beginning of the stream called the Asptuck. This is the outlet of the lake, and rushes along through the valley with considerable force. Many mills are run by itsaw mill, grist mills and cider mills.

The trap Mr. Beeman constructed was designed to catch the fish alive The trap was so arranged that they entered a box-like affair, from which they could not escape. The water flowed through it and the fish apparent ly were contented and could be caught at any moment. Mr. Beeman supplied some of the hotels with bass, pickerel, suckers and ells. It was a source income to him and no trouble, as he had to do was to open the door at the top of the trap and take out whatever was needed.

Some time ago Mr. Beeman thought his fish were not so abundant as they should be, so he determined to watch for the thief. At last he saw a flock of crows stealing some of the fish out of the trap. They would wait for a shiny beauty to come to the top of the trap, then seize it and fly off with it. The farmer brought his gun and shot several of the crows; one was merely lamed, as he was a very handsome fellow he fitted the ring to his leg with a little chain attached and fastened the chain to a post where Master Crow could sit at his ease. He -fed him and called him Jack. Jack grew very tame after a little, and Mr. Beeman grew very fond of him. He fed him himself, and always bade him good morning.

"Jack," he would say, "Say 'Good morning.

Jack would cock up his head and snap his bill over and over again; but no sound came. When Mr. Beeman gave him his food he repeated "Thanka" governt times but the sind bordar times, but the Dird made no sound.

This went on for a long time, and Jack had never uttered a word. Mr. Beeman clipped Jack's wings so he could not fly, and gave him his liberty. He thought perhaps the bird would be happier free. One morning as he went out to find Jack he did not see him as usual, and called "Jack! Jack!" All at once over his head he heard a hoarse and plaintive cry of "Jack! Jack! Jack!"

He was very much surprised and could hardly believe it was Jack really speaking; but it was. Jack was in trouble. He had flown into some bushes, and was so caught that he could not free himself. Mr. Beeman went to the rescue. Jack, solemn as ever, hung by one of his legs; in a short time he would have been dead. No doubt he was glad to be rescued. for as Mr. Beeman took him out of the briers, and smoothed his gloosy feathers, he opened his mouth . "; ral times, and said "Morning, morning; thanks, thanks: Jack Jack!

People came from far and near to hear Jack speak. He was never shy, but those three words were the only ones he ever said. He began to be very mischievous, and stole all the keys he could find.

The farmer one day missed the key of his tool chest. He got another, and that was taken. The neighbors began to complain of losing little things, and at last Jack was discovered in the act of taking a door key. He was watched and followed. Chattering and muttering his three words. "Jack." "Morning" and "Thanks," he hopped over to a corner of the garden and tug away for some time. Then he went to his perch and fell asleep. Mr. Beeman went to investigate the corner of the garden, and such an array of stolen articles he found there! keys, spoons, bits of tin - anything bright that had attracted Jack had been carefully hidden.

Poor Jack! his day of freedom was short. Once more the ring was put upon his leg, and the little chain fastened to a tree. His proud spirit resented the loss of his liberty, and he became sullen and peevish. His bill snapped sometimes, and he seemed about to speak, but he never did. Mr. Beeman kept him, however, and gave him the best of care as long as he lived.-New York Mail and Express.

Come to Us for Cars.

The coal miners of New South Wales have been suffering from the same trouble as our own, the short supply of cars at the mines and the delay in transporting coal to cosuming points. In New South Wales there is only one party to blame, the railreads being owned by the state; and the responsibile minister has been hombarded with complaints accordingly. His explanations indicate a growth of traffic, for he says that the railroad department has been hampered by contractors' delays in delivering 40 new lecomotives and 1250 cars ordered especially for the coal traffic. Of the cars it may be noted that 450 are steel cars built in the United States. They are smaller than are usually employed were not in sight. Instantly there was here, their capacity being only 15 tons each.-Engineering and Mining

The naming of a Japenese baby is not simply the bestowal of a name upon it soon after its birth, by which came to the sudden realization that the it shall be known during its life-time. The name of a Japenese is changed at With a bellow Black Beauty and various periods of his life.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Adrenalin, the newly-discovered active principle of the suprarenal glands. will not become a common drug. Every pound made requires the glands of 14,000 cattle, each single gland weighing but two-fifths of an ounce and yielding but one quarter of a grain of adrenalin. The new product has promised much as astringent, opium

antidote, etc.

Experimental proof has lately been obtained of the repulsive force of light, which is deducible from Maxwell's electro--magnetic theory of light. 'The value obtained from the experiments indicates the probable correctness of that deduced from theory. This result of he experiments is not merely confirmatory of Maxwell's theory, but, what is of especial interest to astronomers, it supports Arrhenius' theory of comets' tails, namely, that they consist of finely divided matter emitted from

It by the force of the solar light. In a lecture given recently before the Royal Geographical Society Dr. Vaughan Cornish said that during storms waves with periods of from eight to 11 seconds were observed, with lengths from 328 feet to 620 feet. A ten-second wave was 512 feet long. The sides of these waves had an average slope of not less than 1 in 10. A set of such waves would have a height of 25 feet, but there was generally a "swell" running at the same time, which increased the total rise and fall of the water. It made the waves irregular, and caused waves of much larger size than 25 feet to recur not infrequently.

Coloring glass by penetration, as M. Leon Lemal calls his interesting process, offers varied and attractive results. Silver salt in small quantity, but varying with the intensity of color desired, is placed upon the surface of the glass, which is then heated to 500 degrees or 550 degrees, baking for five minutes, giving a yellow stain to a depth of 150th of an inch, which is increased to a 15th of an inch in eighteen hours. The yellow shows a beautiful greenish or bluish flourescence in reflected light. Lace patterns can be transferred to glass by this method, colored monograms may be obtained, and even collodion negatives may pe printed in various colors. Silver copper give a red, white gold and iron salts have been used for other effects.

A remarkable instance of a battery of accumulators working under water was recently given at the municipal electric plant in Munich. The station is situated on an island in the Isar, and during the flood the water covered the batteries. According to the Scientific American, one of the batteries which ran the car lines was completely cut out, and it was thought that the other, which furnished light, would have to be treated in the same way The flywheels of the engines were half in the water. Nevertheless, as it was almost indispensable to light at least the principal streets of the city, it was decided to try to operate the submerged battery. The attempt was suceessful, and the battery, which had been constructed to give 6000 amperehours with a 600-ampere discharge. was able to furnish 4000 ampere-hours during the night. The remainder was lost in discharges in the water.

London's Tramways. Since the London county council

took to buying and managing their own tram-cars, they have materially assisted the taxpayers with the profits therefrom. The report for the workings of the municipal trams for the past twelve months shows that the "rates." as local taxes are generally called in England, have been" assisted" to the extent of \$345,000 by the profits of the past year an advance of \$145,000 over the assistance given from the same source during the previous 12-month. At present the London county council, which is made up of delegates from all sections of the great metropolis, and legislates on matters which are of greater scope than mere district questions, owns all the tram lines on the north (or Strand) side of the Thames, and those on the south (or Surry) side as well The latter they operate with a complete staff of their own officers and employes, but the northern lines are at present leased to several companies at fixed prices, the total being a trifle over \$375,000 a year.

Folving It. Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, the story goes in Tit-Bits, a man who pever spent a penny more than he needed to spend; but he was, nevertheless, as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any who lived between Bantry and Ballycastle.

Having one day occasion to send letter to a place at some distance, Pat rick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance. "It'll be a shillin'," said the man.

"Twice too much!" said Patrick. "Let it be sixpence." "Nivver," answered the messenger.

"The way is that lonely that I'd niv ver go it under a shillin'.' "Lonely, it is?" said Patrick scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're roight. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, and I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

Major Andre as Poet and Artist.

The unfortunate Major Andre, who fascinated so many Philadelphia girls during the revolution, was something of a poet and something of an artist, as witness the little exhibition of his work in the Philadelphia Library. An autograph poem, rather graceful in its form and rather fresh in its sentiment, is there, and beside it are a number of silhouettes that the young man cut. The poem is dedicated to a young woman, and, if the lines are true, she was a very beautiful person. though she has been dust for many years now. The silhouettes are of British army officers, and seem to be as vigorous and full of character as that slight form of art admits of. It was Major Andre, by the way, who nainted the scenery and drop curtain of the old Southwark Theatre on South street below Fifth.-Philadelphia Re

A Husband to Relieve Loneliness. A woman from Southern California.

who wrote to a New York house for a book of instructions on knitting and crocheting, said: "I live alone on a farm and sometimes it is so dreary I almost go crazy. Perhaps the knitting will help to pass the time, but I would rather have a husband. It you know a man who is not more than 50 years old, in good health, willing to work and who has a good temper, will you let me know. I wouldn't be so lonely. I think if I had a husband. I enclose 10 cents for the book on knitting."-New York Presa

THE AUTHOR.

(A scene of the near future.) Stage Manager (to assistant)— They are calling for the author. Is the iron curtain down?

Assistant-Yes, sir. Stage Manager-And the emergency exits open?

Stage Manager-Is the author in his coat of mail? Assistant-Yes, sir. Two supers are

holding him. Stage Manager-I think we might venture to put him in front. I insured

his life last week .- London Punch.

SO REASSURING. Mr. Manley-Well, darling, I've had my life insured for \$5,000. Mrs. M .- How very sensible of you! Now I sha'n't have to keep telling you

to be so careful every place you go to.

-Tit-Bits.

To the North Pole by Balloon. During the past few years many attempts have been made to reach the North Pole by ship, but on account of the ice have all been failures. It would seem, therefore, that the only way to reach the coveted spot is by the balloon. There is also but one way to obtain the head of the comet and driven from good health for those who suffer from indi-gestion, dyspepsia, constitution or liver and kidney troubles, and that is by using Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters. Don't fail to try it.

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