Science AND Invention

A new work by D. G. Elliott shows that the mammals known to inhabit America north of Mexico have increased in forty-four years from 800 species to more than 1,000.

Waves carefully measured during a heavy storm on the New Brunswick coast recently proved to be forty-five feet high from bottom of trough to crest. They were 500 to 700 feet long, and came at intervals of thirteen to seventeen seconds.

The depths of the sea are nearly at the freezing-point; they are subjected to enormous pressures and displaced by slow currents moving from the pole to the equator. They contain oxygen in sufficient quantity to sustain animal life, and are deprived of sunlight. Is it possible to conceive a less comfortable habitat for animal population? No, from our point of view; but it must not be forgotten that we are neither fish nor mollusks, and that everything depends on adaptation to the surrounding medium.

Exploration has now revealed relics of Menes, the founder of Egyptian monarchy, fashioned more than 6,500 years ago. Of Zer, the successor to Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his queen still in its wrappings, with four splendid bracelets intact. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry is 2,000 years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest up to then known. The arm of the queen had been broken off by the first plunderers, and had lain hidden in a hole in the wall of the tomb.

Mahogany-hunters in Central and South America are men requiring much skill and experience, and in some districts the revenues depend largely upon the success of their endeavors. Mahogany-trees do not grow in groups, but are scattered and concealed in thickets. It takes two men an entire day to fell a tree. On account of the thick, thorny growth about the base of the tree, it is the custom to build a scaffold around it, and to cut the trunk at a height of 10 or 15 feet from the ground. By this wasteful method it is said the best part of the tree is lost. Freed from branches, the trunk is hauled by oxen to the nearest river, where rafts are made.

The depth of the atmosphere is still a matter of great uncertainty. The Belgian Royal Meteorological Observatory has been seeking to throw light on the problem, and has collected these widely varying estimates to distinguished authorities: Biot, 40 miles; Bravais, 70; Mann, 81; Callandran, 100; Schiaparelli, 125; Marie Davy, 187; Ritter, 216. Early in the last century British physicists generally assume the depth to be 47 miles. Meteors, which become incandescent through friction with the air, afford a means of roughly testing these estimates, and Sir Robert Ball shows Ritter's figures to be nearest, by stating that meteors have been observed at a height of more than 200 miles.

The recent development of this art, called phototherapy, is due to Professor Finson of Copenhagen. He discovered that smallpox patients, when kept in red light, escape with little, if any, scarring of the hands and face. The reason smallpox scars are found principally on exposed parts of the skin is because the blue, or chemical, rays of light promote the suppuration of the eruptions. Finsen next found that the chemical rays, when concentrated by lenses cutting out the red rays, will cure superficial diseases of the skin, such as lupus. Powerful electric arc lights can, for this purpose, be substituted for sunlight. The success of this treatment at the Light Institute in Copenhagen has led to its introduction in the London Hospital.

GOOD STORY OF A BAD ACTOR.

He Had Been Warned that He Would Be Mobbed Some Night.

Booth Tarkington, the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," tells a good story of a certain Western actor, a man who not only lacked the ability to act, but was one of the worst ranters ever seen on even remote Western boards. Again and again he had been denounced as the "worst living actor," not only by the critics, but by his friends, who, in their efforts to make him abandon histrionic fields, often assured him that if he persisted in his endeavors to act he would some time certainly be mobbed by an overexasperated audience. However, he pursued his way, albeit not without some misgivings.

At a far-western one-night stand the climax was reached. The sale of tickets on that particular evening had been limited—at least, none of the reserved seats in the parquet had been taken. The 50-cent general admission tickets, however, had a fairly good sale, as theatrical performances in the town were something of a novelty. A large church "sociable" was another feature of the town's evening, and for that reason, perhaps, there were few women represented by general admission pasteboards. Perhaps for the same reason also the men thought 50 cents none too much to spend for an excuse to absent themselves from the latter function.

As is usual in country towns, especially where general admission tickets are held, the holders thereof arrived early, and at least an hour before the performance was billed to begin the 50-cent seats were filled. Every one present knew every one else, and there was much whispering over the empty reserved seats. Finally one adventurous soul volunteered to investigate, and returned with the information that none of them had been purchased. After more whispered consultation it was decided to storm the box office in a body and ask permission to occupy the reserved seats.

After much argument and wrangling the agent told them that if none of the seats were sold before the raising of the curtain they might, after a few minutes' wait and at a given signal, take possession. At 8 o'clock the curtain rose and in due time the actor, as Hamlet, advanced down the stage and began to rant. He had got well under way and was spouting his worst, when, at the given signal, the crowd rose and each person, actuated by the same desire of securing the best of the front seats, rushed madly toward the stage.

The startled actor hesitated, paused, gave one look at the rapidly advancing crowd, and, believing that the oft-heard prophecies of his being mobbed were about to be realized, gave a frightened cry, turned, and, with wabbling legs, dashed off the stage. The townspeople saw no more of Hamlet that night. The next morning, says the New York Times, the actor was found by some of his friends, still in his play robes, hiding in a shed about three miles from the town of the previous evening's performance, and near a railway station, where he had hoped to crawl unobserved upon some passing train and escape his supposed pursuers.

HOW DIAZ IS GUARDED.

President of Mexico Not Likely to Be Killed by an Assassin.

Dr. Frank J. Toussaint has returned from a six months' exploring trip through the mining and agricultural districts of Northwestern Mexico. Dr. Toussaint traveled on horseback with his own caravan of pack mules and peons, and his knowledge of the foothills and arroyos of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, as well as the remote plantations far from the railroads and beaten tracks of the modern tourist is very exact. He also made a visit to the City of Mexico and conferred with President Diaz in relation to mineral rights on a government grant in Yaqui Valley.

"The shooting of President McKinley," said Dr. Toussaint, "would not have been possible in Mexico, a country where attempted assassination is one of the expected incidents of government. President Diaz never takes a walk on the street or in any public place without secret service men watching over him. Nobody with his hand wrapped up or with his hand in his pocket could approach him without being stopped. One morning a lame man, carrying a heavy cane, was passing him on the street. A detective brushed against the man as if by accident and knocked the cane out of his hand. He picked it up and returned it to the man with profuse apologies, but while he had the cane in his hands he gave the head a turn and a pull to satisfy himself that it was not a sword cane. Another time an old woman carrying a basket on her arm was stopped because her hand was concealed in the basket. The detective lifted her hand out of the basket, and seeing that it held no weapon apologized for the liberty.

"Attempts on the life of Diaz have been made, and no precaution has been spared to prevent a repetition of them. If a man clasps his hands behind him while he is talking with a public man a detective will suggest that he allow his hands to hang naturally at his side."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A PEACEFUL BOMBARDMENT.

Seeds Sown by Means of Two Old Cannon.

Near Blair Castle stands a high, rocky crag named Craigiebarns, which, says the London Daily Mail, for a long time looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous acclivities, and no other way was thought of to get seed down.

One day Alexander Nasmuth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the grounds. The crag was pointed out to him and after some thought he hit upon a scheme. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannon. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the cannon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks, where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants, all sown by gunpowder, were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

At the present time the formerly unsightly rock is one of the chief beauties of the estate, and the story of its transformation is always related to the visitor, and never fails to arouse interest.

Many Royal Chairs.

Great Britain has no distinctive and exclusive throne. Instead, there are four—the wooden chair, with the slab of Scotch stone, in Westminster Abbey, which has served as the coronation seat of the monarchs of this realm for seven centuries; the sumptuous chair of state in the House of Lords; the chair on which the late Queen sat when holding a Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace; and the gilt armchair at Windsor, in which the sovereign sits to receive letters of credence or recall from foreign envoys, or accord audience to dusky potentates.

The Czar of Russia is even more diversely throned. Each of a dozen chairs of state are at various times styled the Russian throne. The two most remarkable are the chairs of Ivan the Terrible and the one in St. George's Hall of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The former is of turquoises. In the back alone there are 10,000 of these gems. The other chair is of costly woods with ivory and gold, richly jeweled, and embossed with the imperial eagle. The seat is of ermine, and the arms are ivory tusks.

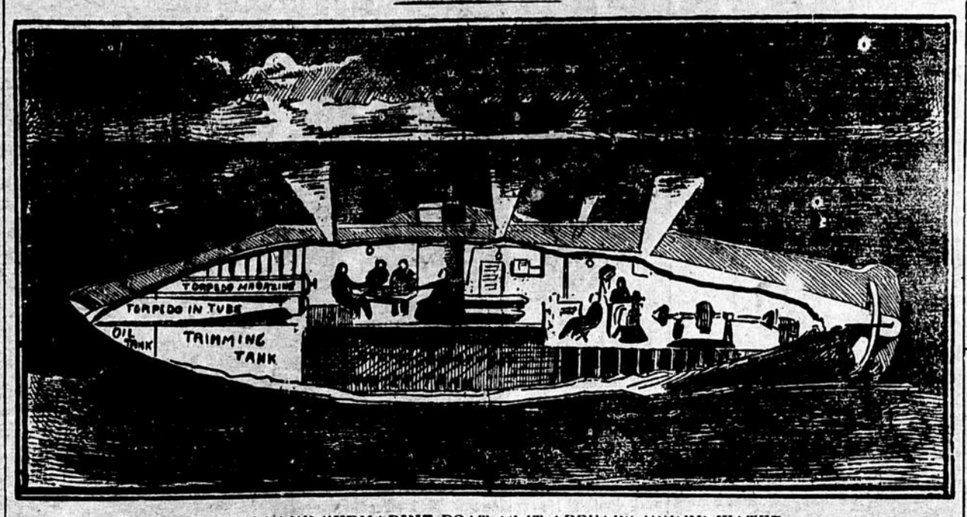
Further East, in Teheran, the Shah displays himself on a white marble throne, looted from Delhi in 1739. It is of ivory, overlaid with gold, and ablaze with gems, its value being estimated at over a million pounds.

Indian School at Carlisle.

Seventy-seven tribes are represented in the 1,007 pupils in the Indian training school at Carlisle, Pa., the Seneca leading in number. Last year the work of the pupils brought a return of $28,715.

There is one admirable thing about a dog: he always acts natural

TORPEDO BOAT, FULTON, REMAINS UNDER WATER FOR A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN HOURS.



HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT AS IT APPEARS UNDER WATER.

ONE of the most remarkable tests in the history of the United States navy was successfully made in Long Island sound recently. For fifteen hours the Holland submarine boat, Fulton, lay on the bottom of the sound with at least eight feet of water washing over her decks. Within the steel shell were eight men, including Rear Admiral John Lowe and Captain Frank T. Cable. The men suffered no inconveniences whatever. They slept, ate, read and played cards. They knew nothing of a fierce storm which was raging over them, wrecking vessels and destroying property.

The test demonstrated that the vessel could remain under water for weeks as well as hours, so far as the question of pure air was concerned. None of the air contained in the four flasks was used, and yet when the boat arose the air in it was pure and wholesome. The question of the air supply being settled, the time which the vessel can remain submerged depends entirely upon the amount of food and fuel which it can carry. The boat was not damaged in any way on account of resting on the bottom and was safe from the winds and waves above. This proves that such a boat in case of a storm at sea could quickly sink from danger. Should a hostile boat threaten it the little wonder could disappear beneath the waves and if necessary remain out of sight and danger for days.

The marvelous boat is of the same style as the original Holland submarine vessel, but great improvements have been made in the apparatus which controls it. Experts are of the opinion that the boat is now the highest type of submarine craft. *Its speed is from 7 to 9 knots an hour. It is the belief that two such boats could successfully guard any harbor* or destroy a hostile fleet. It is probable that in the near future such boats will form an important, if not the most important, part of our navy, and may be the cause of revolutionizing the naval architecture of the world.

A FAMILY MATTER

She sewed a button on my coat,
I watched the fingers nimble;
Sometimes I held her spool of thread,
And sometimes held her thimble.
"I'm glad to do it, since you're far
From sister and from mother.
"'Tis such a thing," she said, and smiled,
"As I'd do for my brother."

The fair head bent so close to me
My heart was wildly beating;
She seemed to feel my gaze, looked up,
And then our glances meeting,
She flushed a ruddy, rosy red,
And I, I bent and kissed her.
"'Tis such a thing," I murmured low,
"As I'd do to my sister."
—Brooklyn Life.

Forty-six Minutes with Death

THE strike at the "Foundry," starting from comparatively small grievances, had—thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders—reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week, or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

The manager, Shotwell, a young man

HE STROVE TO SHAKE HIMSELF.

of intelligent sympathies from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had intrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends, at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The result of this understanding and the contemptuous way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheming roused these men from sullen spite to hatred. They could not keep the men back or get back themselves unless—well, unless Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possibly the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his guns now and show the old man and his sweetheart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter-of-fact young man gasp; and she had an uncanny knack of demonstrating the proof of her beliefs by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that, to a less healthy, wholesome young fellow, might have been embarrassing. But withal she was so womanly and tender, and her fancies so pretty, that gradually he grew used to them, and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded; each evening both sat wherever they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other. "Soul talks," Dorothy called them; and whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender, and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been inexpressibly dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed, and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of an attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed; his pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sluggishly, dropped again and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair—tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a sneering laugh behind his chair, and—"Well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer?" There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats, and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and sat it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointing to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box, and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist. "Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, you've got just forty-six minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If ye should want the thing to go quicker just struggle hard, and if ye manage to pull either of them strings, well, I guess it'll oblige ye.'"

"Now, Bill, we've got no time to waste. Here's the keys; you go for the safe and I'll fix the desk."

Inside of fifteen minutes Shotwell's guests had gone, leaving little trace of their visit except a faint odor of chloroform, and that strange-looking black box, with its montonous tick-tack, tick-tack.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly, and his brain was so heavy with the drug, that the men were gone before he fully realized the horror of his position. As it dawned on him he could not believe it was true; it was some terrible nightmare. He strove to shake himself, but the tightening of the strings on his wrists and a half jar in the tones of that ceaseless tick-tack brought him back to his senses with a chill of horror. He glared terror-stricken at the little clock that was ticking off the moments of his life—a second each time. A few more minutes and then—he broke out into a cold sweat; an unmanning fear of this unknown, cruel thing crept over him, and for a while he sat, huddled in abject terror; then slowly the soul of the man steadied itself; he closed his eyes to pray, and the word that came was "Dorothy." With a fierce mental effort he pulled together his shaken faculties for her sake. For her he would die like a man. Perhaps she would know he had been no coward.

Tick-tack, tick-tack, twenty minutes past 10. Ah! it was time to sit and talk to "Dorrie." Well, he would do it—would give to her those last twenty minutes. And so he sat on, his face drawn and ghastly, but his courage firm—sat and bade a long good-by to the girl he loved; thought strong, manly thoughts to her, that kept fear from his heart. But while his inmost self talked with "Dorrie" his flesh grew gray and pinched, the lonely silence broken only by the steady ticking of his clock of doom.

Dorothy that night sat reading; then later fell to wondering of Arthur alone in that great building, and at the thought of his loneliness all her heart went out to him; and perhaps some of her soul, for her body fell asleep. Then she, too, woke with a start—a start of perplexity and fear; fear for Arthur—what was it? She passed her hand over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock on the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling; tick-tack, tick-tack—what did it mean? Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear: "Good-by, Dorrie; good-by, darling."

"Ah!" she rose to her full height—was rigid there for an instant, then quietly: "Yes, I know; I understand." She walked quietly to her father's room, took his keys, and, taking her hat and coat, slipped unseen out into the night.

Tick-tack, tick-tack, eight minutes more.

"Eight minutes; eight years; God! Can I wait? One brave spring now would end the torture, and—no, no, for Dorrie's sake, for the honor of love, I'll live my life out to the last bitter second." Shotwell closed his eyes a few moments, then opening them, saw a face in the doorway gazing at him; to him it seemed the soul of Dorrie, come to say "good-by."

He was not afraid, hardly awed; it was not real; dying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear; he noticed the hat, the coat; the face drawn with fearful anguish—souls did not look like that—it was Dorrie herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorrie!"—here, with that thing—Oh! God; this was worst of all—but her quick hands touched him, deftly untieing first the handkerchief that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered.

He glanced desperately at the clock. "Two minutes; don't stop to untie me; water, quick! There's a bucket; fill it at the tap; it's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands, and carried it, ticking, to the bucket; placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed; then, with a breath of half fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

He waked her with a kiss. She stared at him in sleepy surprise. "Why, Arthur! Where am I? What is it, dear? How white you look; and see, the water's running all over the floor; you careless boy—I—oh, Arthur, I—take me home."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Roman Saturnalia.

Feasting and revelry and all the mad pursuit of pleasure are the features that seem to have especially marked this carnival of antiquity, as it went on for seven days in the streets and public squares and houses of ancient Rome from the seventeenth to the twenty-third of December. But no feature of the festival is more remarkable, nothing in it seems to have struck the ancients themselves more than the license granted to slaves at this time. The distinction between the free and the servile classes was temporarily abolished. The slave might rail at his master, intoxicate himself like his betters, sit down at table with them, and not even a word of reproof would be administered to him for conduct which at any other season might be punished with stripes, imprisonment or death. Nay, more—masters actually changed places with their slaves and waited on them at table, and not till the serf had done eating and drinking was the board cleared and dinner set for his master

A Peculiar Accident.

A peculiar accident occurred in a Western town recently. The big iron safe in a shoefactory refused to open, and the bookkeeper and engineer conceived the idea that they could burn out the combination by use of carbon and electricity. It took several hours to accomplish their purpose, but they finally succeeded, but not until they had stood for several hours in the glare of the electric light taking turns at holding the wire and carbon. When the work was over both complained of a dizziness and pain in the head which increased as the hours passed, and in a short time both went suddenly blind at about the same time. All efforts to restore their sight have been unavailing, for while the eyeballs appear all right, the sight is destroyed.

AN ANCIENT SPORT.

"YE MERRY GAME OF FOOTBALL" MANY CENTURIES OLD.

It Was Played by the Greeks, Carried on by the Romans, Developed by the British, and Perfected by Modern Americans.

"Ye Merry Game of Football from Ancient Times Till Now" is the title of an illustrated article in St. Nicholas from the pen of N. O. Messenger. The Greeks invented the sport, and through the Romans it reached the Britons. In the time of Queen Elizabeth football was in high favor. It was played in the city streets, on the commons, and in country lanes. There was not much rule or order to the game, the object being merely to put the ball into the enemy's goal, by fair means or by foul. The goals might be a mile apart, with ditches and hedges and highroads between. The players struggled in earnest, and broken bones were no rarity in the rush that followed.

This was probably the roughest and most brutal period in football's history. The accounts of the times speak frequently of accidents, and too often there were fatal incidents in the playing of the game.

Shrove Tuesday was football day in those times, and then the whole populace went football mad. Every one turned out to kick the ball. There was one grand scramble to reach it as it was punted down the streets, over housetops, and across commons. The merchants barred shop windows and doors as the merry crowds surged through the streets, for scant heed was given to any obstacle that stood in the way of the pursuit of the ball. Sometimes two or more crowds, in chase of the flying pigskin, fell foul of one another's course, and then there was a to-do, and the strongest held the right of way, perhaps carrying off both balls, and causing the other crowd to join in their pursuit. * * *

With the year 1800 the game began to be adopted by English schools and universities as the leading sport. In 1863 an association was formed, and it was made a scientific sport. At this time the game was played differently by different universities. Rugby permitted carrying the ball, holding runners, charging and tackling, while Harrow and Winchester only allowed kicking. In 1871 the Rugby Union was formed, and rules laid down. Prior to 1873 American universities had paid little attention to football. It was Harvard that brought the game to the United States, and in order to have a foeman worthy of its steel taught it to Yale. "Old Ell" took gracefully to the drubbing that was involved in learning the first lesson, which was learned so well that for many years thereafter Harvard had no more victories.

The Rugby game has been developed in America mainly along the lines of interference and tackling. The Yankees were quick to perceive advantages which could be gained in this direction and put them into play. In 1886 Princeton introduced the "wedge," using it against Harvard, who in turn took it up against Yale next year. Then Harvard went one better and brought out the "flying wedge," which, with the "V," the "push," and the plow," are permanent features of football work.

In the perfection of football playing into a scientific sport from the old rough-and-tumble games of the past an involved system of signals has come into use. The signals are made by calling out numbers.

There seems to be no lessening of interest in the sport. There may be as many as twenty thousand spectators, and the great game of football, which began with the Greeks, was carried on by the Romans, developed by the British, and perfected by the Americans, seems to be indeed the king of autumn sports.

SEVEN WAS HIS FATE.

Mystic Figure Pursued Franklin Johnson Through Life and to Death.

In the long life of Franklin Johnson, who died, after a week's illness of pneumonia, at his residence, 61 West 49th street, New York, recently, the figure 7 or a combination of 7s occurred so surprisingly in connection with every event of importance that befell him that it was only fulfilling a presentiment he had frequently expressed when his death occurred in his 77th year.

Mr. Johnson was born in 1825, which, by a process of subtraction and addition, easily resolves itself into a combination of 7s. His wife was born on the 7th of a month and their marriage also occurred on a 7th. Their only child, a daughter, was born on a 14th and died on the 21st of a month, in her 14th year.

Previous to living at 61 West 49th street Mr Johnson had resided at 77 West 52d street, and finally, yesterday was the seventh day since he was taken with a chill, which developed into pneumonia and caused his death.

At one time Mr. Johnson feared that he would die in his 67th year, but when he passed that period in his life he had the utmost confidence that he would live until he reached his 77th year. Beyond that period, however, he had no expectation of living.

Mr. Johnson was the last of one of New York's oldest families, says the New York Herald. His grandfather served under Gen. Washington, and his father was for many years one of the best-known contractors in the city. His mother was a cousin of Ethan Allen. Of his ten brothers and sisters there are no male descendants known to the family here, and Mr. Johnson leaves no children, his wife alone surviving him. He had not been in active business for many years.

TEXAS LYNCH LAW.

Some Explanation of Its Working by a Texan Abroad.

Some ten or more years ago, says a man from Texas, we had occasion in our town to send one of our prominent citizens to England to look after some business of a private character in which he, with half a dozen more of us, was interested. He was a bit raw, as you might say in the East, but for our purpose he answered admirably and we shoved him to the front and let him loose among the effete inhabitants of Britain. I don't know what he didn't do or say over there, for we could only get information by hearsay, but an American, who met him one night at a club, told us of a conversation which he had heard on that occasion. There was a general talk on the subject of the wild and woolly manners of the Southwest and the Texas ideas of justice.

"We couldn't have anything like that, don't you know, in this country," said an Englishman.

"No, I reckon not," responded the Texan; "it takes a special trainin' that you folks won't ketch up to fer a good many years yit, I reckon."

"I should hope not," laughed the Englishman.

"'Tain't your fault, though," consoled the Texan; "you can't expect to have all the best things over here, you know."

"It's a good thing, I know," admitted the Englishman, "but yet I think the system is most defective. Judge Lynch is not always in the right."

"I don't know about that," said the Texan, shaking his head, doubtfully.

"Now," said the Englishman, conclusively, "are you prepared to say that justice is always promptly administered in this manner?"

The Texan hesitated a moment and showed unmistakable signs of failing to uphold his cause.

"I reckon you're right, Colonel," he said. "Sometimes the rope breaks or a gun misses fire the first time, but you oughtn't to hold that ag'n us, fer we never let the cuss git away."—Syracuse Standard.

MOULTING OF THE TARANTULA.

Entomological Occurrence of More Ordinary Interest.

An event of more than ordinary interest transpired in my office yesterday noon. The large female tarantula shed her skin for the second time since she has been in captivity. Those familiar with insects, spiders and related creatures are aware that they are incased by a hard, unyielding integument. Increase of size is permissible only when the skin is shed, and one that has been newly formed beneath expands to the requisite degree. This is a process constantly occurring in nature, and ever excites interest in the beholder. When a large spider, three inches long, throws off the old integument it is a thrilling sight. In the present case the tarantula had evidently been feeling unwell for some days, a condition frequently preceding this process among insects, and yesterday morning she was found lying upon her back and apparently dead, but moved a little upon being disturbed. She lay thus until about 12:15 o'clock, when the rustling of her movements made excited attention. The old skin was ruptured about the thorax in such a manner that the top could be removed entire, and through this opening the giant spider was literally working out of her old skin. This was accomplished by the aid of the eight legs and the two leg-like palpi. At the end of an hour the change had been effected. The spider lay upon her back, beside the perfect skin, resting from the severe exertion. This tarantula was unusually large before she moulted and is now of still greater size. She came North in a bunch of bananas about two and one-half years ago, and until last January was the pet of Dr J. M. Bigelow. While under his care one skin was shed, and is now in my possession. An idea of the increase in size attendant upon moulting may be gained by comparing the dimensions of the dorsal piece of the skin shed about the latter part of 1896, when under the care of Dr. Bigelow, and the one shed yesterday. The first measured one inch and the second measures one and one-fourth inches. Therefore the present dorsal piece will probably be proportionately larger when fully expanded.—New York State Entomologist, in Albany Argus.

Bad English.

Men and women of all classes break the rules of grammar nowadays, preferring picturesque to correct speech, but the offense is most often committed by the poor. Yet bad English is not a necessity of poverty, for there is not a man or woman or child in this broad land of free schools who is compelled to say "I knowed" or "I seen" or "I have saw," or any one or all of dozens of the most glaring and inexcusable outrages of syntax. There is no more necessity for the poor person to speak incorrectly than there is for the most favored of our people. Schools and newspapers and books are within the reach of all at absolutely no cost save time and a little thought and application. It is not asked or expected that any person use perfectly pure speech, for a certain latitude of language is permissible; but there is no possible excuse for such errors of speech as prevail among the so-called lower classes, which includes thousands of people who have plenty of time to talk and read. The root of the matter lies in the carelessness and indifference of parents and teachers who neglect the children in their charge at a time when they are learning the language, not out of grammars, but out of the mouths of their elders, and of each other. It is as easy to say "I knew" or "I saw" or "those things," as it is to say "I knowed" or "I seen" or "them things," and why let the children use that which is more difficult and harsher than that which is easier and softer?

Aimed at the Trusts.

I cannot buy potatoes for I haven't got the price—
The daily plate of "murphies" must I miss—
O, had I now the money blown in summertime for ice,
The situation had not been like this.
The ice trust, in the summer, and the coal trust in the fall,
The hay trust in the winter, and all that;
Some blamed old combination is dead sure to get it all
And keep one honest statesman "busted" flat.
—Nebraska State Journal.

Honeymoon Faith.

Nell—Mrs. Newlywed says she has perfect confidence in her husband.

Belle—Yes; she even gives him her letters to mail.—Philadelphia Record.

A woman thinks she is becoming used to business when she has learned to be suspicious of every man she meets.

The "story" that sounds funny to you may not be funny to other people. Don't repeat it too often.