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"New York,
"March 3, 1894.

"After a thorough examination of the circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, orders from news companies and newsdealers, we find that the circulation of THE WORLD *(morning and evening editions) for the months of January and February, 1894, averaged 433,167 copies per day, and so certify."*

J. Edward Simmons, Chairman.
Thomas L. James, Secretary.
A. B. Hepburn,
E. W. Bloomingdale,
Henry Clews,
Charles W. Dayton.

It is gratifying to reflect that "Greater New York," though occasionally lost in the fog, is not lost in a deal.

If the Breckinridge defense has impressed itself as it has outsiders it must be glad of the opportunity to rest.

Mr. Cleveland ought not to leave room for a nine days' wonder in anybody's mind as to what he will do with the Bland bill.

With a splendid underground railway system Harlem will be fifteen minutes from the City Hall on foggy days, as well as on clear days.

Divver is at home, but not to everybody. "The boys" who found him out when the courts got after them are still finding him out.

The State Senate's decision in favor of individual pasters for the new ballots suggests the idea of a patchwork quilt to go with the blanket.

After its Easter holidays the State Legislature should be sufficiently refreshed to decapitate Platt's Two-Headed Police Commission bill.

Both Senate and Assembly at Albany got under the blanket ballot all right. It ought not to take them long to see that a blanket paster belongs with it.

Reports from Texas state that Chairman Wilson is very much emaciated. His Tariff bill, on the contrary, is getting fatter and fatter—for the trusts.

On the principle of "share and share alike" which the two bosses planned to work, Platt should get his full portion of the destruction that awaits Croker.

Now that the Brazilian revolution is over, President Peixoto wants blood. He appeared a great deal less anxious for it while hostilities were supposed to be still on.

The statute jugglers who got a stay for Prendergast at the last moment on a renewal of the wornout plea of lunacy did a great thing for the encouragement of homicidal insanity.

In seizing a package of copies of the Congressional Record, Canadian border officials have inadvertently given ground to the erroneous impression that that publication is sometimes read outside of Congress.

The people of the State have long realized that their dollars were imperilled by the new Capitol Building at Albany. It is news to learn that the lives of their legislators are in danger from the same structure.

It is given out that the plumbing at the State Capitol is unsanitary. Wrongful pipe-laying has been going on there for a long time. It is not surprising to discover that the result is beginning to be unhealthful.

A Providence couple is about to celebrate the seventy-eighth anniversary of a happy wedding. Such an incident is a grateful reminder of how far from a failure a real marriage, with heart and hand in it, may be.

Even with Altgeld out of the State Prendergast escaped a hanging in Chicago to-day. With a new Governor and a new set of statutes Illinois may yet see the day when her Anarchists and murderers will get their full deserts.

Ex-Comptroller Theodore W. Myers leaves the city to-morrow on a European trip. Mr. Myers performed arduous duties in the Comptroller's office for six years, during which period his vigilance and devotion to business saved the city many millions of dollars and defeated many jobs designed to deplete the city treasury. He will be absent for some two or three months. When he returns he expects to find a great improvement [illegible]

He is likely to find also a strengthening of the determination of the people to secure honest government through just such faithful public officials as he has proved himself to be.

THE RETURN OF DIVVER.

Police Justice Divver is back in the city. If he had returned three or four months ago after a prolonged absence the Second Assembly District would have been ablaze with bonfires, blue lights and enthusiasm. There would have been a procession of paraders with banners and open barouches, with smiling, bowing occupants, from the railroad depot to Madison street, and the street would have been packed with admiring men, women and children, eager to obtain a glance at the genial Judge and honored leader. As it was, he came unannounced, unattended, in the dead of night, while all the politicians of the district, except those who are in prison or fugitives from their homes, were supposed to be sleeping peacefully in their beds. Madison street was dark and deserted, and the big silver doorplate of his next-door neighbor and political enemy, Congressman Doughty, seemed like the only open eye staring at him with a sort of detective surveillance.

It is well that Judge Divver is back. It is proper that he should meet the indictments that he has violated the election laws and the threats of indictment boldly and fearlessly. The people have nothing to do with his alleged troubles in the organization or the threatened annihilation of his future political aspirations, except that they might well smile at the idea of the Tammany leaders disciplining one of their own number for over-zeal at the polls. But they have a great deal to do with the character of the Police Courts, and have a right to expect that a Police Judge who dispenses justice to others shall not himself be a violator of the laws.

Judge Divver professes his readiness to meet any charges that may be brought against him, and he ought to insist that his case be taken at once into the Grand Jury room. It will not do to argue that if the allegations against him are true he did no more than Garfield did when he pledged the Secretaryship of the Treasury to the Stalwart faction as the price of the support of Grant, Conkling, Arthur and their friends, or as Harrison did when he promised, if elected, to make Blaine his Secretary of State. He should clear his skirts of the commission of an indictable offense, which the law designates an "infamous crime," or resign from the Police Court Bench.

The question is whether he ought to resume his functions while the charge hangs over him.

BLANKET BALLOT PROSPECTS.

The Republican legislators are not united on the question of ballot reform. Yesterday the Senate passed the Saxton Blanket Ballot bill, which provides for party emblems and individual, official pasters, while the Assembly passed the Sheffield bill, making no provision for pasters at all.

It is believed that a conference will agree on the Sheffield bill, in which event the issue will be made distinct between the Republican measure and that prepared by ex-Speaker Sulzer, which provides for party emblems, but leaves the blanket paster in existence.

It is an open secret that Gov. Flower thinks the law would be unconstitutional if it should prevent the legal voter from voting for any candidate he pleases for any office to be filled at an election, and it is believed that he will on this account veto the Sheffield bill. In that case it is probable that the Sulzer bill will be passed. The blanket ballot will be a decided improvement on the present law in many respects. If it should be defeated altogether, the blanket paster, already in existence, will still remain. Hence many Republicans think it better to secure the new law even with this provision in it, and to trust to its being stricken out next year.

A BROKEN RING.

The fact that in almost all cases of political crime informers have been found ready to secure the mitigation of their own punishment by giving evidence against their associates ought to be a great check on the misdeeds of rings and bosses.

The Tweed ring had its informers. The McKane ring follows suit. This is the natural consequence of the character of the tools with which such people are compelled to work. Yet the bosses do not seem to profit by the experience.

The discomfiture of the McKane gang is complete, and now they seem likely to have to account for a money deficiency, to make good which will leave them paupers as well as felons.

NECKS THAT NEED LOOKING AFTER.

People who expect to be lynched shouldn't place much hope in the Anti-Lynching League. It can't do them any good after the rope has been hauled taut and their windpipes are forevermore windless. The best the League can do for them is to pass resolutions regretting the barbarism of the thing and send them to their already tear-swept families, with the explanation that the lynch, in each case, is on the law.

Indeed, there isn't much for the Anti-Lynching League to do than to follow in the wake of these neck-tie parties and feel sorry that they happened. The projectors and managers of lynching bees do not advertise them for thirty consecutive days, and run excursion trains to the scene of the choking. Impulse, not Calm, Deliberate Judgment, has charge of the affairs, and Impulse does everything on the jump. Lynchers take their man out and lynch him quick as a wink, and then go quietly away and let the Anti-lynching League have a funeral with the remains.

The League has its headquarters in Chicago. It heard that sixteen colored men were to be swung off by lynchers somewhere in the outlying part of Texas, and sent a telegram to the Governor of that State telling him how mean and rude it is for a mob to take a prisoner from jail and give him the funambulistic skewgee. The League thinks that this four-cents-a-word protest will stop the lynching. We hope it will, but we don't see how it can.

The proper place for an Anti-Lynching League that would be effective in saving a threatened lynchee is right on the spot where the lynching is going on. Stopping lynchings at long range hasn't been a success so far. The chaps who have hold of the rope have too much to say about the proceedings.

If the new Chinese treaty should go into effect, with its provisions that Uncle Sam's subjects in China shall register and be photographed, it will only be an encouragement of the great American game of getting one's picture taken.

ETIQUETTE A FAD IN CHINA.

BUTTONS ARE MUCH USED FOR INSIGNIA OF OFFICIAL RANK.

Birds Signify Officials and a Quadruped a Military Man.

"Nothing is more complicated than Chinese etiquette," said Dr. Edward Bodloe, ex-Consul to Amoy, to a Washington Post reporter. "A master of Talbrett and Burke is a novice beside a Celestial master of ceremonies. Nevertheless the latter's system is definite, if elaborate, and he has many official landmarks whereby to shape his course. One of the most important of these is the button which is worn by every Mandarin on the top of his hat. Each of the nine ranks of Chinese has its particular button, and the second degree of the first and second ranks are also marked by separate buttons. The official list is as follows:

"First rank First degree, light coral red button; second degree, deep coral red button. Second rank First degree, light crimson button; second degree, dark crimson button. Third rank Light clear blue button. Fourth rank Dark Prussian blue. Fifth rank Opaque crystal. Sixth—Opaque, white. Seventh and eighth—Gilded, yellow or gold. Ninth—Silver or silver white.

"It will be seen that a red button indicates high rank. The rank in general is personal rather than official. Thus, for example, a tootoosiu is an officer of the third rank, and his button is a light clear blue. Yet many tootoosiu if not a majority of the class, are decorated with red buttons. It even happens that a person of the second rank, through fortune or political vicissitudes, will hold an office of the fifth or sixth rank. In such a case he would still wear his red button, and in many official events would be preceded by an official of a dark blue or crystal button. For this reason it is often very difficult to tell the official rank of mandarins by their buttons. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the embroidered insignia upon the wearing apparel. This is more elaborate than the buttons, but, like the latter, does not discriminate between rank and position.

"To overcome the difficulty the Chinese resort to several expedients. One is the card on which is written a full statement of the mandarin's rank, office and position. Another consists of having the same facts painted upon the lanterns with which all chairs are provided. These can be read with equal ease by day or night. The third is based on the superior intelligence of the public and consist in having the name and all titles carved in large, bold characters on long red boards, which are carried by coolies. Mandarins who have received many honors will frequently have as many as twenty of these red boards. Where an official has retired from service he is still entitled to place these boards at the entrance of his residence. A fourth model resembled an impressing and applied to junks or vessels in which a mandarin travels.

"The characters are written upon flags, which are fastened to the mast and elsewhere in lieu of ordinary bunting. When the present Viceroy of Tientsin left Shanghai on the steamer Shuntien there were less than thirty banners were flung to the breeze from the masts and other parts of the boat. The embroidered insignias of rank and position are placed upon the front and back of official robes. They must be of a fine workmanship, and yet so well executed as to show the design clearly and accurately. The general design for a civil officer is a bird and for a military official a quadruped animal. The civil list is as follows, ranks and not degrees being discriminated:

First, a mandarian crane; second, a golden pheasant; third, a peacock; fourth, a wild goose; fifth, a silver pheasant; sixth, a mount egret; seventh, a quail; eighth, a long-tailed jay; ninth, an oriole.

The military lists runs: First, a unicorn; second, a lion; third, a leopard; fourth, a tiger; fifth, a black bear; sixth, a tiger cat; seventh, a mottled bear; eighth, a seal; ninth, a rhinoceros.

"These insignias have been used from time immemorial, and the buttons are a creation of the Manchu conquerors of China. It is a singular fact that both the lion and the rhinoceros are strangers to the latter country. The built of their habitat seems to be the Ganges and to have been so since the tertiary period. The knowledge of these animals by the Chinese was acquired long before the Christian era, when large fleets of junks, naval, pirate or commercial, went from Canton to nearly every port in Hindostan and often brought back these and other wild beasts alive. In late years etiquette has relaxed considerably in regard to both buttons and insignia."

PRANKS OF A PET COON.

He Stole Sugar and Washed His Face with Bluing.

Capt. Weed, of Deer Isle, a few weeks ago presented to the Ocean View House at Green's Landing a South Carolina marsh coon.

The lady who owned him before Capt. Weed took possession kept boarders. She rang the dinner bell one day, and as the guests filed into the dining-room they beheld his coonship in the centre of the table with his paws in the sugar bowl helping himself. Of course, the guests were disgusted, says the Lewiston Journal, and the lady was much chagrined, so much so that she gave him away at once.

Still, he is a nice little coon. He steals eggs whenever he wants them, and recently he was discovered with a bluing box in the wash-basin washing his face as blue as indigo. He is about as large as a big cat, but on a hunt after foxes this Fall he fell afoul of one of the dogs and whipped him soundly. He is a very affectionate little fellow, but woe be to the one who thwarts him, as he must have his own way or there is trouble.

He has learned that candy may be found in people's pockets, so on the arrival of the guests he may be found with his paws thrust into their pockets. One travelling man, for instance, was sitting talking one evening when suddenly his pockets were robbed of a pencil-sharpener, but by a sharp chase he recovered the same, vowing vengeance on poor Jack.

Wednesday night D. B. Manson and wife registered at the Ocean View, and were assigned to the best room, but on entering the chamber to their amazement they found it occupied by a strange animal, the like of which they had never seen before, and, they retreated and announced that their room was occupied—and what a disgusted look on the proprietor's face as he had just a few minutes before shut Jack into another room!

BRIEFLY EDITORIAL.

Chicago's Tardy Critics.

Now that Theodore Thomas is about to leave Chicago the critics of that town have discovered that he played with much of a musician's feeling.—Washington Post.

Something Too Dreadful.

The word villain once signified only a country man, as that respectable vocation is now the most villainous one. What will Alderman mean in future?—Chicago Post.

Or of Unbuttoning a Paper Mill.

Two Chicago boys have had dynamite bombs in their pockets for a fortnight, after a whole week had passed in the land we live in. It looks remarkable it could be a month before the police found out that these children were not in the way of making a few job lemonade.—Pittsburg Leader.

See Their Report on Brooklyn.

The members of the State Board of Charities are well-mannered men, but they have an excellent command of vigorous English language and the courage to use it.—Rochester Democrat.

Fly Trusts Light on It.

It can hardly be said that there are no flies on the new Tariff bill. Sugar has its attractive qualities.—Boston Record.

Awful Warning to Wicked Boys.

If the three ten-year-old boys who raided a grocery store in pursuance of their desire to be pirates continue in their evil ways they will be in danger of going to the United States Senate and manipulating Sugar stocks when they get older.—Chicago Mail.

BIG PRICES FOR GROCERIES.

A Western Dealer Who Cleared $2,400 in Thirty Days.

Rees Welsh, the Philadelphia publisher, tells an interesting story of an experience which he had during the building of the Union Pacific road, says the Philadelphia Times. One day he found himself away out in the wild West without a cent of money. The territory in which he was stranded was miles away from any settlement, but he thought of a way to get out of his pecuniary difficulty.

A friend "staked" him for a grocery stock, which he opened in a large tent. The stock was brought from the East in a prairie wagon. His store being the only one of its kind within miles, Welsh had a monopoly of the business. In thirty days he cleared $2,400 in selling his stock. As an example of the way in which his business was conducted, Mr. Welsh gives the following incident:

"A man once came into the tent and said to me: 'I want some salt; how do you sell it?' 'It will cost you $2 per bag,' I replied, placing a small sack on the improvised counter. The fellow stood aghast, and, with an oath, said it was a mighty high price. 'Not at all,' said I, in an indifferent manner. 'Salt is scarce out here. If you don't want it at that price you don't need to take it.' The fellow hesitated awhile, then said: 'Well, I suppose I'll have to take it.' Then, looking around the store, he said he wanted some pepper.

"I told him we had none around, but could sell him some corn, which he could grind himself. 'How much are they a pound?' he asked, impiously. 'Four,' I replied, 'why, you don't want a pound; you want an ounce.' His face assumed a more grave aspect as he anxiously inquired the price per ounce. 'Three dollars,' answered I, coldly, as I placed the lid on the sugar barrel.

"My customer nearly fainted, and, as he laid down the $2 for the salt, he remarked, 'I guess I can do without pepper,' and staggered out of the store. This was not an unusual incident, but it will give you an idea of the exorbitant prices that could be obtained during that period when the West was being opened up."

WHEN WOMEN ARE GLOOMY.

They Seldom Smile When Out on a Rainy Day.

The utter absence of a sense of humor from the average feminine composition is never more clearly visible than in a busy thoroughfare on a wet and windy day. A woman may be a philosopher, she may have original ideas and brilliant theories on the fundamental questions of morality and ethics, but she rarely rises superior to a muddy foot or a drugged petticoat. The woman is an exception, says the Pall Mall Budget, who manages to preserve a smiling face in the teeth of an east wind which plays shuttlecock with her umbrella and dreary slush which bespatters her clothes and freezes her fingers.

Young or old, fair or plain—scarcely one of them who does not frown ominously as she hurries along, forgetful of other people's feelings and umbrellas and toes, hustling and jostling, with never a glance for the absurdity of the situation.

For there is something unmitigatingly ridiculous about pedestrians on a really bad day; nobody wants to walk on the pavement because of the splashing omnibuses or cabs; everybody wants to pass everybody else, regardless of the limited space afforded by the congloeration of umbrellas; everybody pushes and elbows and shoulders, and when an umbrella appears in sight all considerations, such as age or condition or sex or age are forgotten—it becomes an object lesson in the "survival of the fittest," and a free fight or something near it ensues, in which the fair sex undoubtedly manage to bear their part with more than a tolerable grace.

KENTUCKY'S STORM SPIRIT.

Presence of a Mountain Woman Said to Portend a Storm.

"There is a storm spirit in Kentucky," said R. C. Baldwington, of that State, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "It is not a spirit in reality, but a woman who has become known throughout that section by the name of 'the storm spirit.' She stands ready in a storm is portrayed upon a promontory overlooking the Kentucky River, in Morgan County, and her appearance is regarded as an infallible sign that rough weather may be expected.

"I saw her once, and will never forget how she looked as she stood upon a rocky ledge, her face turned towards the sky as if beseeching some unseen power, her long hair floating in the breeze, her face pale and emaciated, but her expression firm and resolute. My guide, who was conducting me through the mountains, said sententiously: 'I reckon we'll have a storm. That air the speret.' From several sources I learned her history—once the belle of the mountain side, she had plighted her troth to the young man of her choice.

"He left for Frankfort on a raft and was never heard from afterwards. For many weary months she awaited his return, and then they told her the truth, that he had been drowned in the treacherous river. Then reason deserted her, and ever since, when a storm is portended, she goes upon the rocks and appears to plead with the elements to stay their fury that her lover may return."

JOKE ON CANNON.

Couldn't Keep His Hands in His Pockets While He Talked.

Representative Cannon, of Illinois, tells a good story on himself. It is reminiscent of the days when Sunset Cox was in Congress. The New York Representative had had some things to say about a citizen of Mr. Cannon's State, and the Illinois man wanted to defend his constituent, says the Washington Post.

"Will the gentleman from New York yield to me?" said Mr. Cannon.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cox.

"For how long?" inquired the Speaker.

"As long as the gentleman from Illinois will keep his hands in his pockets," said Mr. Cox, laughingly.

Mr. Cannon accepted the terms and proceeded with his remarks. He uttered just one sentence and a half, and then his hands, which had been snugly stuck into his pockets, came out and were flying through the air like a couple of windmills.

"Time's up," said Mr. Cox, who knew his man, and then Mr. Cannon sat down.

Anybody who has seen Mr. Cannon gesticulate will appreciate the spirit with which he tells of his first and only effort to talk without the use of his arms.

HOW TO DRY AN UMBRELLA.

It Should Be Shaken Well and Left Handle Down.

When you come in out of the rain, don't plump your nice silk umbrella, handle down, into the umbrella stand unless you want to ruin it. That lets the water and tiny specks of "grit" run down into the lining under the iron ring that secures the ribs, and it stays there, making the silk tender and rots it.

Neither should you leave the umbrella open to dry, says the Washington Star, as that stretches the silk and makes it stiff, and it will soon split. Shake it well, then close it and stand it handle down, where the water will run off. Never set an umbrella or parasol away tightly folded. It will split open just as soon again. Leave the folds to be loosely.

Some Lenten Observation.

(From Texas Siftings.)

"I think everybody should observe Lent properly," said Mrs. McHarlem.

"Yes," replied her son Thomas, a young society man; "if a young man observes Lent properly he can lay up enough money to buy a Spring suit."

"Yes," put in Mr. McHarlem, "most young gentlemen of the present day never would have money enough to pay for a suit of clothes if it was not Lent."

A Mean Old Man.

(From Texas Siftings.)

"Why, old man, what are you doing on a bicycle?"

"It's my only chance to get a little fresh air without taking the old lady along. See?"

KNEW HE WAS CHEATING.

Prisoner Showed Four Kings When the Witness Held Out Two.

"Now, Your Honor," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "I intend to prove by this man that this place was not only a gambling establishment, but that the games played there were not what are known as square games—that is, that they were run with intent to defraud, and that the operations of the owners, proprietors and dealers were no more nor less than larceny. Mr. Simpkins, will you please take the stand?"

Mr. Simpkins, who was a pasty-faced young man, says the Buffalo Express, rose from his seat and walked to the witness-stand. After the oath had been administered to him and the usual preliminary questions had been asked, he was told to go on and tell his story.

"It was in this way," said Mr. Simpkins. "I like to play a little poker once in a while, and I went up into this room and sat in a game. There were four others besides myself playing. Things ran along pretty evenly for awhile, and then one of the men—I have since learned that he was the proprietor of the room—began to win heavily. I watched him, and became convinced that he was cheating. Finally, I knew he was cheating, and drew out of the game. Then I sat and watched him for a while, and I saw him deal his hands to the men he wanted to beat, and then deal himself bigger ones. It was scandalous. He stuck the cards down and sold them out and did all sorts of disreputable things. I say this, and am prepared to prove it. If there is anything I abhor it is cheating at cards."

"Well a minute," Mr. Simpkins," interrupted the Prosecuting Attorney, "why was it that first attracted your attention to the fact that cheating was going on?"

Mr. Simpkins fidgeted a bit in his chair and then said: "Why, I was in a pot with this man, and when it came to a showdown he had four kings."

"And why did that convince you that he was cheating?"

"—cause, because"—stammered Mr. Simpkins, and then he stopped short.

"Answer the question, Mr. Simpkins," yell in Mr. Bangs, the Prosecutor.

Mr. Simpkins grew red in the face, "Because," he finally said, "why I knew he was cheating, because he showed down four kings and at the very same time I was holding out two kings for the next hand."

TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY.

Regulated by Mechanism Sending Blood to the Skin.

The power of spontaneous regulation of the temperature resides in a mechanism whereby more or less blood is sent to the skin as a result of relaxation or of contraction of its blood vessels. When the skin is heated its vessels relax and contain a surplus of blood, which, if exposed to ordinary external influences, rapidly becomes cooler. Heat is lost in three ways, viz., by radiation, conduction and evaporation, the amounts given off by these means varying according to circumstances. It is estimated, says the Fortnightly Review, that about 70 per cent. of the whole amount of the animal heat passes off through the integument.

If the skin be freely exposed to cool air, much heat is lost by radiation; if the air be dry, and in motion, a still larger quantity of heat becomes latent by the evaporation of the sweat excreted by the sweat glands. It is that, under normal conditions, a rise in the bodily temperature causes a flow of blood to the skin, followed by cooling. A man warmed by exercise, and exposed to a current of air, rapidly becomes chilled and perhaps catches cold.

Lowering of the temperature, on the other hand, diminishes the quantity of blood in the skin, so that radiation and conduction of heat from the surface are reduced to a minimum. Evaporation and radiation from the internal surface of the lungs constitute another means whereby heat is lost, but for our present purpose it is unnecessary to do more than notice the fact.

The main use of clothing is to protect the body generally and to maintain it at an suitable and proper temperature. Civilized man, who is compelled to wear artificial clothing, is so far less favorably situated than the lower animals, who are provided with sufficient natural covering. This drawback is, however, more than counterbalanced by the opportunities which clothing affords of rendering the wearer comparatively independent of external circumstances of climate.

COAL TAR DID THE WORK.

Found on Experiment to Render Submerged Masonry Waterproof.

What was at first considered a doubtful experiment, viz., the use of coal tar as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with the latter, has proved a practically valuable resort, says the National Builder.

Used as a coating for masonry built up of very porous stone, tar renders it quite impervious, even at a depth of some fifty feet of water, and according to one opinion of those whose experience has been extensive with it, the article should be utilized in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art, the dissolving action of water, even upon mortar of superior quality, being well known, and also the unfavorable effect of the oxidation of water charged with lime salts from the mortar.

Two methods of using the tar are named, viz., in a boiling state in one or several layers, this being suitable for surfaces exposed to fire, it may be made to flame up before using, this being appropriate to surfaces which are to be covered up.

It is stated that when boiling coal tar is employed in three coats on masonry the result is a black and very brilliant varnish, which perfectly resists the action of frost, water and sun, being likewise absolutely impervious; and the tendency of the black coating to absorb heat may be overcome by white-dusting the whole before the tar is quite dry.

THE WORDS IN COMMON USE.

Few People Have a Large Personal Vocabulary.

How many words are included in the vocabulary of ordinary persons? Prof. Max Muller thinks an English farm laborer would not have more than 300 words in actual use, and the same writer declares that a well-educated man who has been at the university, and who reads the Bible, Shakespeare and the daily papers, together with circulating library books, seldom uses more than 300 or 400 words in actual conversation.

A contributor to "Cassell's Journal" has been at considerable pains to check these theories, and the conclusion he arrives at is that the figures given are too small. Farm hands, he finds, are able to name all the common objects of the farm, and to do this involves the use of more than the entire number of words allotted to them. Then, by going through a dictionary and excluding compound words, or words not in pretty constant use, he found that there were, under the letter "s" alone, 1,018 words that are to be found in ordinary people's vocabulary.

It would be nearer the truth to say that the English agricultural laborer uses 1,500 words, and knows, or can guess the meaning of 1,500 more, and that intelligent farm hands and artisans command 4,000 words, while educated people have at command from 8,000 to 10,000. Journalists are credited with 12,000.

One Case in a Thousand.

(From Truth.)

Castleton—I think Rambler is one of the best friends I ever had. That man, sir, borrowed $5 of me four years ago.

Clubberly—And paid it back?

Castleton—Oh, no. But whenever I meet him on the street he's always just as cordial as ever.

Not What He Wanted.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Gus De Smith—How are you and Miss Bandelipper coming on? Are you engaged?

Kosciusko Jones—No; I asked her father for her and he gave me his foot.

Nervous.

(From Truth.)

Spectator—Doesn't it require a good deal of courage to go up in a balloon?

Aeronaut—Not a bit ma'am. It's the coming down in it.

THEY BELIEVED IN GIANTS.

BUT RESEARCH HAS PROVED THE ANCIENTS WERE CREDULOUS.

Men of Superhuman Stature Probably Never Existed.

The idea conveyed by the word giant in classical mythology is that of being more or less man-like, but enormous in strength. Figures like the Titans and the giants, whose birth from heaven and earth is sung by Hesiod in the Theogony, such as heap up mountains to scale the sky, and war besides or against the gods, must be treated with other like monstrous figures of the wonder tales of the world as belonging altogether to the realms of mythology.

But there also appear in the legends of giants some with historic significance. To the ancient Greeks it was a familiar idea that the giants were earth-born or indigenous races. When reading in Homer of the Cyclopes, or the wild tribes of giants, or of the adventures of Odysseus in the Cave of Polyphemus, we seem to come into view of dim traditions, exaggerated through the mist of ages, of pre-Hellenic barbarians, goddess, cannibal, skin-clothed, hurling huge stones in their rude warfare.

Giant legends of this class are common in Europe and Asia, where the big and stupid giants have often every token of uncouth native barbarians, exaggerated into monsters in the legends of the late tribes who dispossessed and slew them, says the Philadelphia Times.

Besides the conception of giants as special races distinct from mankind, it was a common opinion of the ancients that the human race had itself degenerated, the men of primeval ages having been of so far greater stature and strength as to be in fact gigantic. Yet so far as can be judged by actual remains, it does not appear that giants, in the sense of the tribes of altogether superhuman stature, ever existed, or that the men of ancient times were on the whole taller than those now living. It is now usual to apply the word "giant" to beings not superhuman in their height, but merely the tallest men and women of our nations.

Until the beginning of the present century it was universally believed that giants, of a size very far exceeding those which are exhibited in our times, formerly existed, either as nations or as individual specimens. This belief was based first, on the asserted discovery of colossal human bones; second, on supposed scriptural evidence; third, on the evidence of various ancient and mediaeval authors.

A reference to the first volume of Cuvier's "Ossements Fossiles" will show that the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, &c., have been exhibited and accepted as evidence of prehistoric giants. Even so good a naturalist as Buffon fell into this popular delusion and declared the bones of an elephant to be remains of human giants. Saint Hilaire, in his "Historie des Anomalies de l'Organisation," notices several of the most famous of these cases.

A gigantic skeleton which was found at Trapani, in Sicily, in the Fourteenth Century, was once pronounced to be that of the classical giant, Polyhemus, and his height was calculated at 300 feet. It was pointed out that the bones differed in form as well as in size from those of a man, but this objection was easily met by the question: Why, if his height was sixty times as great as that of an ordinary man, should not his form also be different? Many less celebrated giants were subsequently exhumed in Sicily, and the existence of the "Oseneous Cauna," described by De Quatrefages in his "Rambles of a Naturalist," fully accounts for such discoveries at an epoch when few could recognize the differences in form between the bones of an elephant and those of a man.

Passing over the giant whose bones were exposed to the action of the Rhone in 1456, and whose height was estimated at thirty feet, and another whose skeleton was discovered near Lucerne in 1577, and who, according to the calculation of the learned physician, Plater, did not exceed nineteen feet, we come to the case of King Teutobocus, whose remains were discovered near the Rhone in 1613 by a surgeon named Mazurier, whose "Historie Veritable du Teutobochus" (1619) gave rise to a warm controversy. Th. Malin, Riolan, endeavored to expose the imposture, but the Parisians rushed in crowds to see the mastodon's bones, which were reported to have been found in a tomb thirty feet long, bearing the inscription, "Teutobochus Rex."

Nor have our countrymen been less credulous than their neighbors. In 1712 Dr. Increase Mather, in the "Philosophical Transactions," announced the discovery of enormous bones and teeth, which had been found in the State of New York, and which he regarded as affording evidence of the existence of giants of enormous size in ancient times. The bones were in reality those of a mastodon.

The Scripture evidence, when carefully examined, does not amount to much. The Hebrew words nephilim and giborim, which occur several times in the book of Genesis, and which are translated "giants," might as well be translated "bearded," "cruel" or "violent men." The height of Og, King of Bashan, is not given—we are only told the length of his bed. And, including his helmet, which was probably taken into account in the recorded measurement, Goliath at most did not exceed eight feet and a half in stature, and, consequently, was not taller than some giants of modern days.

The classical evidence is abundant, but obviously untrustworthy. Thus, Plutarch relates that Serbonius had the grave of Antaius, in the city of Tungis, opened, and, "finding there his body full sixty cubits long, was infinitely astonished, ordered the tomb to be closed, gave his confirmation to the story, and added new honors to the memory of the giant." Pliny gives to one Gabbaras, an Arabian, the stature of nine feet nine inches, capping this with the mention of Posio and Secundilla, who were half a foot higher.

Pliny reports also that an earthquake in Crete disclosed the bones of a giant forty-six cubits in length, who was held by Dorne to be Orion and by others Otus. What exaggeration can do in this way may be judged from the fact that the Patgonians, whose average height is five feet eleven inches, are described in Pigafetta's "Voyage Round the World" as so monstrous that the Spaniards' heads hardly reached their waists. Descending to more certain evidence, there can be no doubt of a height of eight and nine feet, and probably of more than nine feet, has been attained.

There is a skeleton in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, eight feet six inches in height; that of O'Brien (or Byrne) in the museum of the College of Surgeons, of England, is eight feet two inches, and that of a giant in the museum at Bonn is eight feet, and the actual body, with the soft parts attached was probably two or three inches longer than the skeleton. For example we find it recorded that O'Brien measured eight feet four inches after his death.

Brotherly Love.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Tommy Hardnut—Will my brother go to heaven, too?

Sunday-School Teacher—Yes; if he is good.

Tommy—Well, if I'm there I'll bet you he'll go out quicker than he came in there.

Teacher—I wouldn't let that worry me, Thomas. You will probably be somewhere else.

WORLDLINGS.

The first clock in England was set up in Westminster in 1288.

The Germans still retain their pre-eminence as the most skilful and dexterous wood-engravers of the time.

Almost as much quinine was used in the United States ten years ago as now, despite the great increase in population.

President Carnot, of France, receives an annual salary of $250,000, with handsome allowances in addition for domestic expenses.

The first silk manufacture in Europe was on the Greek isle of Cos, where it was established about A. D. 274. Previous to that time all Europe had relied on the Orient for silks.

HOUSE AND HOME

With a Big Black Bow.

One of the newest things in the way of smart Spring bonnets is a small Dutch bonnet, made in three pieces, like a clover leaf, and composed of leaf green and pale tan mixed satin-straw. The front of this

bonnet is composed of a very large wired black lace bow, with a jet ornament and two small black ostrich tips in the centre. At the back there are two huge jet pins, which give a very smart effect to this dainty little bonnet.

Easter Breakfast Par Excellence.

Navel Oranges.
Broiled Bombay Lean.
Boiled Rice. Canned Peaches.
Celery.
Stewed Cauliflower.
Drawn Butter. White Gravy.
Tomato Omelet. French Rolls.
Coffee. Boiled Milk.
Russian Toast.
Marmalade.

NOTE—Russian toast is old bread, soaked in custard and fried in butter. It is cheap and delicious served hot with stewed prunes, preserved ginger, or tart jelly. As the Sunday dinner is heavy with meat it is good to keep the preceding meal light.

Paper-Flower-Maker.

Mrs. E. S. McGrath, of Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, is one of the few paper-flower manufacturers who are earning more than a living.

Coronet Hats.

Coronet hats are all the rage in New York at present. They consist of nothing but a twist of silk or velvet or a mere rim of jet, are adorned with a splashing big bow in front and leave the crown of the head completely bare. They are really head-dresses, not hats at all, and it is a marvel that the wearers don't drop dead with colds generated by them. But they don't.

Handerkerchief Bag.

A dainty handkerchief bag is made of brass rings and ribbon. Cover three dozen brass rings of large size with crochet silk, crocheting the rings together, six in a row each way. In each ring work a spider. Then in the same way crochet one dozen rings together, forming a single row. Take a half yard of No. 12 ribbon and join the ends; gather the edges and sew them with a whip stitch to the two sets of crocheted rings. Finish the bottom with a fringe made of the crochet silk, and the top with a frill of ribbon, with a casing through which runs a narrow ribbon of suitable length to suspend the bag from the arm. Use any color ribbon and silk you fancy.

Delicate Easter Breakfast.

Grape Fruit.
Poached Egg on Toast.
Lettuce Hearts. French Dressing.
Boiled Artichoke. Cream Gravy.
Shredded Codfish with Milk and Parsley.
New Little Peas.
Vienna Rolls. Coffee.
Fried Apples.
Sweet Cream. Powdered Cinnamon.

Prize Servants.

A society recently formed in Prussia offers a prize to any servant who can show a certificate proving her to have lived two years in one household.

Work and Worry Saver.

A work and worry saver for housewives is a table or flap shelf, higher than the regular kitchen table, on which to do work which requires bending over—or would, without such a convenience. Still another is a broad strip—not string—attached to the apron-band, from which hangs a holder, which is thus always at hand. And apropos of aprons, I know of a "dusting apron" which saves one woman much weariness of body and spirit—an apron with a long pocket for the feather duster, another for the cloth and still another for a small whisk broom, which saves many a distracted whirl around the room for the particular duster needed for each different object.

Potato Souffle.

Boil six good-sized mealy potatoes. Rub through a sieve. Scald a teacup of sweet milk and three teaspoons of butter. Add a little salt and pepper and mix with the potatoes. Beat to a cream. Add one at a time the well-beaten yolks of six eggs. Beat the whites to a froth and stir lightly into the mixture. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake for about half an hour in a quick oven.

Family Breakfast for Easter.

Boiled Hominy.
Sweet Milk or Dried Apple Sauce.
Salt Mackerel. Cream Sauce.
Potato Balls. Watercress.
Broiled Kidneys.
Stewed Little Beets. Melted Butter.
Dry Toast.
Hot Milk. Coffee.
Tartines.

Note—Eggs are cheap. Make some delicate yellow pancakes the size of saucers and spread with jam, quince or apple sauce.

For Dishwashing.

It is not absolutely necessary to have hot water for dishwashing. A spoonful of kerosene added to a pan of lukewarm or even cold water answers the purpose quite as well, since oil has an affinity for grease, and so small a quantity of the oil does not impart a disagreeable odor.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

That Haverstraw Husband.

To the Editor:

How I wish I had the honor (?) of being