THINGS NEW, QUAINT, ODD AND INTERESTING, GATHERED HERE FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE HABITABLE GLOBE

NEW MONSTER FOUND.

Extinct Arsinoitherium of Africa Was a Queer Beast.

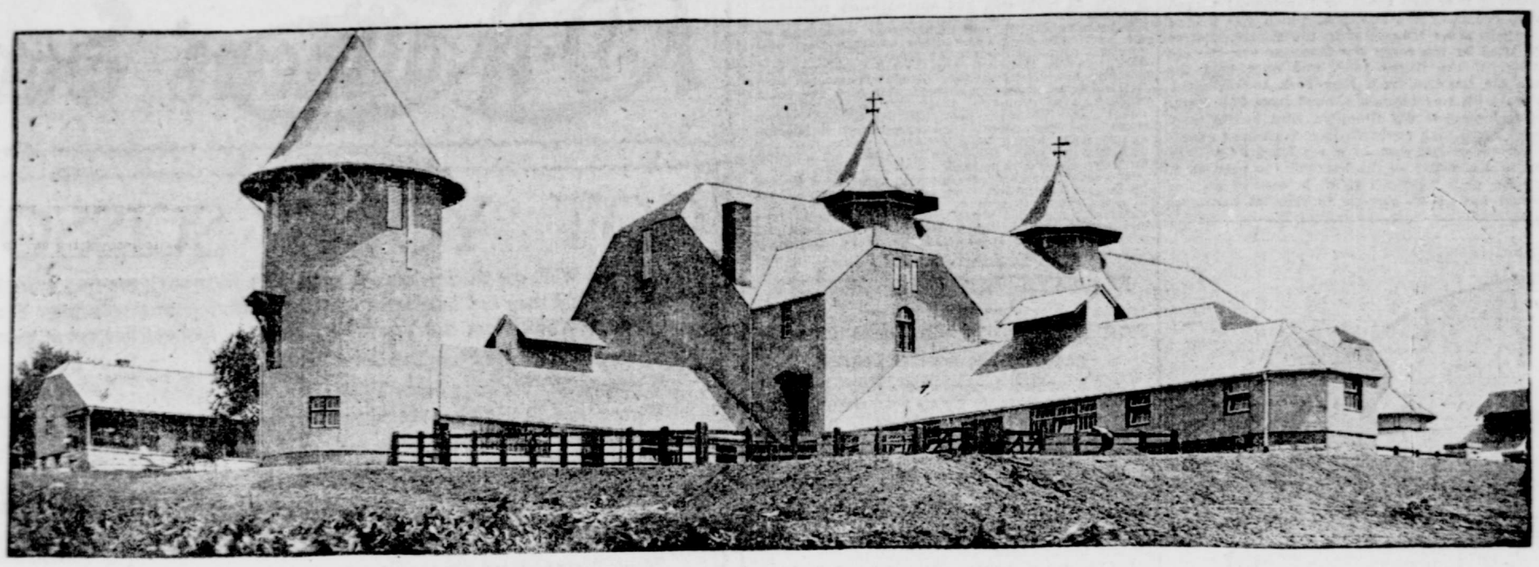
"The great western desert of Egypt, the rainless, sandy region which extends for hundreds of miles beyond the Fayum, consists of deposits of sand raised in places to form ridges or cliffs some hundreds of feet thick," says "The Sphere." "These sands are of marine and estuarine origin. They belong to the earlier Tertiary period—the Eocene and Lower Miocene. When the sands of the desert of the Fayum were deposited there was an African continent south of Egypt (of a very different shape from that which we know to-day) and a great estuary corresponding more or less to the Upper Nile Valley. On this land lived creatures extraordinarily unlike anything at present living.

"The animals living in the Africa of Eocene times included the ancestors of all elephants, creatures with long snouts and lower jaws also so long that the snout was upheld and could not hang down as the trunk, as it came to do later in the mastodons and elephants of Miocene and Pliocene times. There were also huge beasts like the manatee and dugong in the shallow waters, a coney or hyrax as big as a donkey, and great carnivorous animals unlike our modern lions, and even more powerful than they. The remains of a huge python, twice as large as the biggest now alive, and many tortoises of large size have also been found.

"These and the wonderful arsinoitherium have all been discovered in the last two years. Travellers had reported that fragments of bone were occasionally to be seen sticking out of the wind swept, dry sands of the Fayum desert, but it was not until the officers of the Geological Survey of Egypt under Captain Lyons made a special expedition to this region in 1901 that any specimens in a good condition were obtained and their nature ascertained by expert osteologists. Fortunately, Dr. Andrews, of the department of geology of the British Museum, was in Egypt at the time, and accompanied the party sent by the Egyptian Survey into the Fayum desert at the invitation of Captain Lyons. Even the short stay of a couple of weeks enabled the survey party to collect a number of bones and skulls which were recognized by Dr. Andrews as being absolutely unlike any previously known fossils and of the greatest interest.

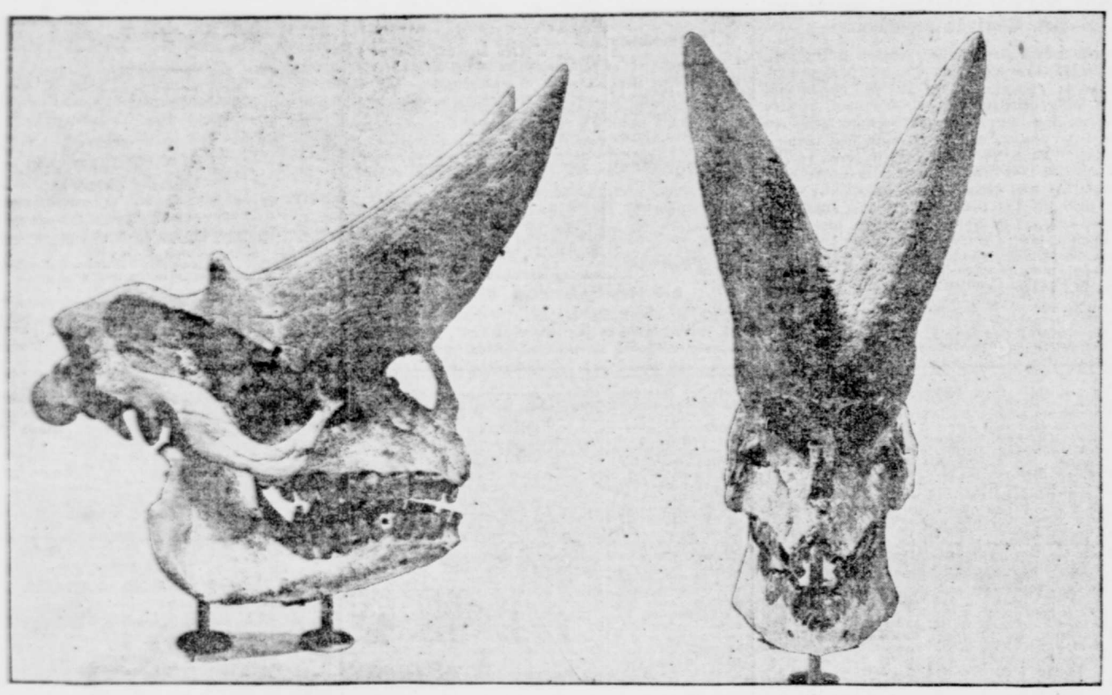
"Last year Mr. Beadnell, of the Egyptian Geological Survey, discovered what is perhaps the most astonishing of all the monsters unearthed in the Fayum. It is as big as a large rhinoceros, and at first sight the skull suggests an affinity with that animal. It has two enormous horns growing from the nasal bone, but these are not, as in the rhinoceros, horns of a horny, fibrous material; they are actual bony outgrowths covered in life with blood vessels and skin, and probably hair, as are the horns of the giraffe. Possibly the tips of these two great horns may have been protected by a sheath of horny matter, like a cow's horn.

"To this monster Mr. Beadnell has given the name arsinoitherium, in honor of the Egyptian queen Arsinoë, who had a palace in the Fayum in a region near Lake Moeris, which was larger in those days and surrounded by a fertile zone, degenerated into sandy waste since her time. Remote as Queen Arsinoë seems to us in human history, her date is to that of the monster named after her as one hour ago is to the day when Cheops ruled in Egypt."



MAMMOTH BARN OF WILLIAM D. SLOANE, OF THIS CITY, AT LENOX, MASS.

It is 163 feet long, 75 wide and 92 high. One of its mows can hold seven hundred tons of hay.



NEW EXTINCT MONSTER DISCOVERED, CALLED THE ARSINOITHERIUM.

SIDE VIEW OF THE SKULL. FRONT VIEW OF THE SKULL. —(From The Sphere.

A BRAKE FOR SHIPS.

Canada Has Equipped One of Her Vessels with It.

"The Canadian Government has recently equipped one of its vessels—the steamer Eureka, plying on inland waters—with a ship brake," says "The Scientific American." "As the name indicates, the brake is intended to check the speed of a vessel, it can also be utilized to assist in turning about in a limited shipway. During a recent trial made in the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, the steamer was driven ahead at an indicated speed of eleven knots an hour. Steam was then shut off, and, simultaneously, the brake on each side opened. The vessel came to a full stop within a distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, the vessel sent ahead until the original rate of speed was attained, when the engines were reversed and the brakes opened, with the result that all headway ceased after she had gone but fifty feet—about half her length. In manoeuvring the Eureka at full speed, she was turned also within her own length, with one brake thrown open. An examination of the hull and brake mechanism after the tests showed apparently no harmful strain or other damage, and in operating the brake no jar or vibration was observable by those on board.

"This new form of brake is placed on the sides of the hull, and in its construction and method of attachment to the ship resembles somewhat an ordinary rudder. It extends downward from the extreme load line of the vessel to the bilge keel, convenience of stowing and handling the necessary area being secured by making the brake relatively deep in proportion to its width. The gate, as it is called, consists of a stout plate of steel, heavily reinforced, which is hinged vertically to the vessel, and normally, when not in use, is folded snugly against the side of the ship. A series of heavy steel struts are pivotally attached to the back of the gate near its outer edge, and also to a series of sliding plates which are arranged to move horizontally in covered ways, built into the structure of the hull. When the gate is folded forward against the side of the ship, the sliding plates are, of course, at the forward end of the covered ways, but as the gate is released and thrown open by the pressure of the water as the ship travels forward, the sliding plates travel backward in their pockets and compress the water that is contained within the covered ways.

"At the rear end of these ways is a number of orifices, which allow the water to escape gradually as the gate, in opening, pushes the slides backward. The forward edge of the gate is secured in place, when the brake is not in action, by a series of catches arranged on a vertical shaft. The rod on which the gate is hinged is provided with a bevel gear by which the gate may be started to open. The method of operation is as follows: When it is desired to stop the vessel suddenly, as in the event of a collision or when making a landing, the catches that hold the forward ends of the gate are released, and by means of the bevel gear the gate is slightly opened. The pressure of the water then catches on the forward edge of the gate, swings it out to the full-open position, sudden jar or shock being prevented by means of the water cushions at the back of the slides. The movement of the brake can be controlled entirely either from the bridge or from the engine room, as may be desired."

RETURNING CAPTURED BOER BIBLES.

"Considerable progress is being made with the work in connection with the collection and return of family Bibles found by British officers and men at deserted farmhouses throughout the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal in the course of the late operations," says "South Africa." "The Bibles are being received by W. H. Alexander, of the Society of Friends, who was requested by Lord Roberts to undertake the work. As the volumes are received they are registered, and then, having been carefully packed, are placed for safe custody in the strong room at the Central Office of the Society of Friends, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate-st., E. C. These books, many of them of great value, contain family records dating back well over a hundred years, records which, owing to the life led by the early Boer settlers, it would now be quite impossible to replace. Descriptions of the books received, or which are known by correspondence to be in England, are circulated broadcast throughout South Africa, with the result that many of them have already been claimed, and the claims having been made good, have been restored to their rightful owners."

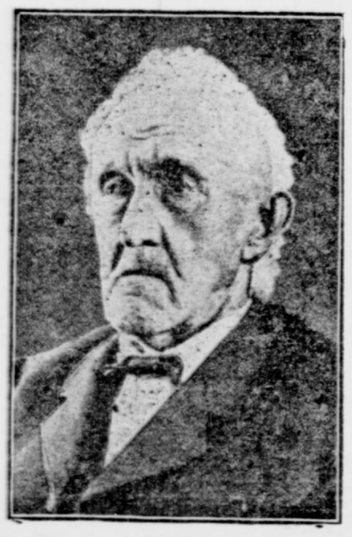
A VETERAN RAILROAD MAN.

On a little farm in Maryland a short distance from Harper's Ferry there lives a man who once drove the horse trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad before steam became the motive power of the road. He is Christian Smith, and he is now ninety-one years old. Recently he went to Baltimore and visited the general offices of the company. He was amazed to learn that the Baltimore and Ohio alone had eighteen hundred locomotives, and he took a look at the big electric motor engine, weighing one hundred and fifty tons, which has just been put into service. Mr. Smith made some interesting comparisons between this engine, the most powerful in the world, and the twelve and one-half ton locomotives of the "grasshopper" type which he ran after horse power was dispensed with.

It was in 1832, at the age of twenty, that he first engaged in the service of the company, according to the book of the Royal Blue. He drove trains between Plane No. 4 and Frederick, Md., a distance of fifteen miles. His team consisted of three horses, driven tandem. Later, as the weight of the cars increased, he had four and then six horses. The heavy grades were overcome by a series of inclined planes. The railroad stations in those days were provided with bells, which were rung on the arrival and departure of trains. At the ringing the whole town generally turned out to meet the train.

He became a fireman on the Andrew Jackson, one of the early locomotives of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and later ran the John Quincy Adams. With these "grasshopper" engines he was supposed to make twelve miles an hour, but Mr. Smith declared that he sometimes got thirty miles out of them. He claims credit for the invention of several things which are to-day considered indispensable on a railroad, such as the sandbox and the link coupling, which was preceded by the unsatisfactory bar coupling.

Entering the service of the railroad almost at its inception, he remained with it through all the grades of teamster, fireman, engineer, mechanic, conductor, supervisor, train master, dispatcher, ticket agent and passenger agent, well up into the days of the modern railroad. He once had the experience of having the engine he was driving turn completely upside down, with him underneath, and he escaped without a scratch.



CHRISTIAN SMITH.

Now ninety-one years old. He drove the horse trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad before the days of the locomotive.

—(From The Book of the Royal Blue.

A RECORD BREAKING HIDING.

It is not uncommon for mother cats to hide their kittens, carrying them from place to place by the nape of the neck with their mouths, but a black tramp cat which recently found a home in an express company's office in Canal-st. established what the express men consider a record the other day in trying to hide the one kitten of her litter born alive.

The expressmen had placed a box filled with sawdust in the cellar for the mother and kitten and fed the mother plentifully, so that when the kitten was nine days old it was plump and sizable for its age. One day one of the expressmen, on going to the cellar with the usual noonday dish of milk, found the kitten was missing. The mother was there, and her attitude of unconcern led the expressmen to believe that no harm had befallen her offspring, but that she had hidden it. The expressman looked all over the cellar, but the kitten was not to be found there. He went upstairs, told the other men and all joined in a search behind boxes, packages and barrels. Meeting with no success, they went to the second floor and there in an open drawer of a desk was the kitten mewing in loneliness. It was evident the mother had put it there. The men took the kitten back to the box in the cellar, leaving one of their number in the room containing the desk.

About an hour later one of the men, descending the cellar stairs, met the cat ascending with the kitten in her mouth. He watched her climb the stairs to the landing. On the second flight she tired, and literally dragged the kitten, bumping and thumping, up the stairs to the room wherein was the desk.

There the expressman, on the watch behind a door, saw her drop her burden and rest for a moment. Then, picking it up again, she leaped with it in her teeth to a table. From the table she jumped to the desk, five feet away, and dropped the kitten in the drawer where it had been before. Then she lay down beside it apparently exhausted.

THE NEW CONEY ISLAND.

How It Has Been Transformed in a Single Season.

"These must be busy times for you, officer," was the remark made to a bronzed Coney Island policeman one night, recently, when the crush to get back to town was greatest.

"Naw, there's nothin' doin'. I've been here 'steen years, an' this is de softest snap I've struck yet. Why, there were on'y seven arrests last night! A couple of summers ago the station house wasn't big enough to hold those we'd pick up.

"Well, how do you account for this great change?"

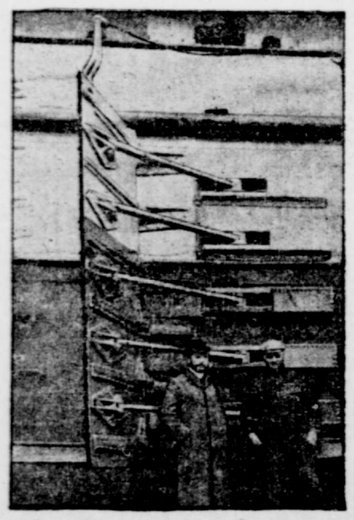
"I s'pose those fellers that got up Luna Park had most to do wid it. They runs clean shows—you understand, with the song an' dance gals and the skin games cut dead out. Then they brought tony people down here, who never set eyes on Coney before. An' they get so much free show for a dime that when the bunch gets through with Luna they gives the fake shows the go-by. Crooks an' fakirs won't feel to home here no more. Luna has got them skinned. See?"

This explanation from the policeman accounts for the marvellous change which has taken place in the number and character of the visitors to Coney Island in the season just closed. Everybody acquainted with old Coney has marvelled at the wonderful transformation that has taken place, and the remarkable thing about it is that this change was predicted by one of the quietest and most unassuming of young men just a year ago.

To-day the curtain will be rung down on Coney Island. The last chute will have been shot. The wonderful airship, that has taken nearly a million persons safely to the moon, will cease its flights. The submarine boat and its daring crew will go out of commission. The Esquimaus will return to Greenland to cool off, and the Arabs will go back to the Orient to get warm. So there is no advertising in telling now of the fulfilment of a prophecy made a year ago.

It was a serious faced, though boyish looking, young man that was talking, while he whittled a stick, and this is about what he said: "The Tribune has been exposing for years the iniquity of this cosmopolitan resort. It has encouraged every movement that promised for the betterment of conditions here. It has been suggested to buy up the land, and thus crush out the vile shows, but I have an idea I can clean up Coney Island, by simply giving the people who come here amusement that will interest them, without even a suggestion of the vulgar. I have just secured seven acres of swampland, and have in mind some attractions to be placed there that will bring a better class of people down here, and raise the whole tone and character of the amusements of Coney Island."

It was Frederick Thompson who said this a year ago, and it must be admitted he has revolutionized the show business. He has crowded out the indecent shows at Coney Island, for vulgarity dies out when it ceases to be profitable. The attendance at Luna Park up to last night numbered 4,829,850 persons, proving that people will patronize amusement that is decent, and assuring for the future a clean and healthful summer resort within the city limits.



SHIP BRAKE FOR PREVENTING COLLISIONS AT SEA.

—(Scientific American.

OLDTIME CAMEOS.

Girls of To-day Like Them Just as Well.

In oldtime romances the hero of the story was pretty sure, some time in the course of it, to present the heroine with a beautiful cameo—something unset that he had picked up in his travels, a cameo with a foundation of delicate seashell pink, just the shade of the girl's own delicately tinted cheeks. Perhaps the girl of to-day wears deeper roses in her cheeks, for she is a healthy creature, but she will not object to the same beautifully toned and carved cameos. She may have any number of them, for they are being made up for her in all the ways a twentieth century girl can desire.

Let any girl who thinks that cameos are not coming into vogue visit the shops where antiques of any kind are to be found, and if there is a cameo in the collection the proprietor will ask her $30 or $40 for it without moving an eyelash. And it is the identical kind of a pin that a few years ago, if it were an heirloom descended from grandmamma or great-grandmamma, she would have put aside without a thought. But the dealer in antiques knows his business, and he knows that with a revival of the old styles of dress, and with the reappearance of oldtime materials, nothing is more appropriate in the way of jewelry than the cameo.

The oldtime cameos were made up chiefly in brooches, but those of to-day appear in many other forms. The largest are for belt clasps, and there are stickpins of cameos, cuff buttons in the prettiest shapes, cuff links and flexible bracelets which are charming.

It is the carving, not the color, which counts in the cameo, and that beautiful pink in which the romancer delighted may be had at the same price as the soft brown shades. It is all in the cutting, and the girl who, perhaps, does not care so much for this as to have her cameos match the gowns or accessories that she wears, suits herself as to color.

Bracelets are, perhaps, the newest thing in cameos. They are formed of small medallion cameos, some of the stones being pink, and others having the foundation in shades of brown. These are linked together in a way which makes the bracelet flexible, and the result is a pretty trinket which can be bought for $15. Some of the medallions are a little larger than the others, forming larger bracelets, but the price is usually the same.

Pins range in size from the small stickpin through the variety of small brooches up to the larger ones as big as those our grandmothers wore to fasten their fichus at the throat or their broad embroidered turnover collars. The girl of to-day wears these same pretty things, and the cameo pins can be used in the same way. Brooches range from $5 up, set in gold.

The large cameos in belt clasps have an ornamental setting of silver or silver gilt. The silver is effective with the cameos. Smaller cameos are used in pairs for belt clasps. Small oval cameos are made into cuff buttons or studs, and others form cuff links made after the style of other modern cuff links.

These cameos come, most of them, from Naples, where they are cut by artists who learned the work in boyhood. The big shells from which they are made go first into the hands of a workman whose business is to cut them to the best advantage, so that every inch of the shell which can be carved is utilized. The inside, from which cameos cannot be cut, is used for other purposes.

Interesting little trinkets are made from this part—queer little pink or brown dogs and pigs and other animals, which have rings attached, so that they may be worn as ornaments. They cost only 50 cents.—(Washington Star.

THE KANSAS INVADERS.

Queer Army from the East, and What It Did There.

"This year every one has heard of the high rate of wages offered and of the humorous and sometimes pathetic experiences of dapper brokers clerks and adventurous college men who came out of the East rejoicing and returned with lame backs and blistered hands," says Richard Washburn Child, writing about Kansas in "The Independent." "Reports of the harvest have been romantic, startling and imaginative; in Kansas there is great longing to have the truth told.

"The crop was not the largest ever raised in Kansas. So far back as two years before the flood—the Missouri flood of last June—they harvested more wheat than this year. But this spring the waterways in Kansas expanded, the house that was not founded upon a rock went journeying toward New-Orleans, the man in the tree was screaming for a rowboat and the iron and stone bridges went out with rhythmic crashes. When the water had gone upon its natural way, leaving a few feet of caking mud over the face of the land, a large part of the population were helping themselves or some one else to banish the wilderness of bed springs, pianos, barn floors and all things which float, and to restore runaway houses to their proper owners. This diverted many hundreds from their usual summer employment in the wheat fields and created a lively demand for willing workers among the farmers of middle Kansas. To make matters worse, the director of the Free Employment Bureau found that the visitation of the flood having benefited the wheat crop unexpectedly would make it necessary to import from other States at least 29,000 laborers. This is a large army; probably even more came.

"They came from all places and nationalities, leaving behind them all kinds of vocations, eager for the largest pay and reluctant to take the hardest kind of work. Some came for a vacation, some for their health, some for their pocketbooks and some for the sake of adventure; many took advantage of the 'colonist rate' offered by the railroads at the request of the State, and many were arrested for stealing rides on the trains; a few went here and a few went there, some went back the next day, and some who have fallen under the spell of Kansas are never going back. From first to last they suffered from ignorance of the country and its conditions, from inexperience in harvesting and thrashing, and from lack of stamina to stand the physical rigor of the Western fields. The Kansas farmer is well stocked with tales of the incompetency of this type of 'hired man.'

"One wheat raiser in Barton County employed ten men, no one of whom could put a collar on a horse; another in Ellis County had a man from New-York who insisted upon calling a reaper 'the lawn mower.' Many men who left clerkships in the Atlantic States, being suspicious of the wild West and determined not to be included in the tenderfoot class, came into the homes of peaceful folk armed to the teeth. A few towns were almost terrorized by this offensive display, but some of the farmers, not lacking in humor, soon made these bloodthirsty gentlemen from the East subjects of ridicule.

"'What's that you've got there, my boy?' asked a lanky old Kansan, pointing at a six-inch dirk knife in the youth's belt. 'You ought to have a fork to go with it.'

"These green immigrants were, in general, a sorry looking lot. Among them were college men, with brawn and grit, and 'hardy annuals' from everywhere, who were brought up on manual labor; but in the main the men were undersized, with soft, white hands. One old veteran of the fighting Kansas days stood on the platform at Topeka when a party of fifty arrived to see the State Employment Bureau about the locality of work. 'Pretty brittle looking,' commented the old statesman; 'my boy is having a hard time to stand the harvest pace, and I reckon he could lick this whole crowd.'

"So came this untried host; heedless they went into the fields. Wages range from $2 50 to $4 a day, and, as the Kansans say, a hired man's 'keep' or 'found' is free. Communications were received every day by agents of the State Employment Bureau pleading with the director to send no more 'fragile loafers.' These reports made Kansas laugh; ridicule was poured upon the 'effete East.' Yet among the men who came were college pitchers and halfbacks, Atlantic longshoremen and city expressmen that learned to turn a pitchfork with the best men that ever sweated on a Kansas field. When the blisters came they grinned, when their shoulders were sore they laughed, when the harvest was over they went away with clinking dollars in their pocket.

"Of course, the work was hard. It is hot in Kansas; sometimes the wind blows up a powdery, burning dust, and the wheat to be cut, blessed by the tie that binds, and thrashed, seems hopeless in its extent—yellow top for acres and acres in front and bristling stubble for acres and acres behind. There is the hot, singing reaper, the onslaught of the Kansas flies, the cooing whistle of the wild doves that follow the harvest, the perspiration that rolls into your smarting eyes and the blisters on your hands, trained only to hold a pen or book. At first your head swims with the drudgery; your heart bounds with joy when the farmer's wife waves a tablecloth from the piazza roof to call you to dinner. You go to bed stiff of limb, to wake up at 5 by the farmer's lusty call—stiffer!

"But the recompense comes. The sunburn becomes a ruddy tan, and when you strip at night you begin to notice that your stomach muscles are getting hard as a washboard, that your mind is clearer and that you will be glad to stretch out, sigh once and sleep. This is health!

"Your fellow workers are a curious and motley band. There is the lanky Kansan and the stocky Michigan lumberman, who came to Great Bend on the trucks of a freight train; the college sophomore from Iowa, who insists upon wearing white shirts at dinner because there are two pretty girls in the family; the New-York drygoods clerk, who has more real sand than any of them, but, dyspeptically pale and consumptively thin, is a constant worry to that hooked nosed and bony individual—that good, kind, Christian soul, the housewife.

"Such is the queer army that invaded Kansas and such was their work."

RUNNING A LAWN MOWER.

"Running a lawn mower is like playing tennis. It looks mighty easy, but it is not." If the speaker had expected any one to disagree with him he was disappointed, for his profound observation was received in entire silence by the group of men who sat on the porch of a country house.

"If lawn mowers were recent inventions," remarked one of the group in a sort of dreamy, speculative fashion, "you might expect to hear a variety of opinions on the statement just made, for naturally at such a period in the history of the introduction of an invention but few persons have had an opportunity to gain any practical experience. Their ideas would be based on pictures they had seen of the pleasing episode in the life of the happy suburbanite. There he is shown by the gifted artist as having returned home after an arduous day in the hot city. He is greeted at the porch by his wife, wearing the latest thing in summer gowns and looking as if she had not a care in the world. About her are the children, also in stylish summer apparel.

"They are waiting to see the husband and father run the lawn mower, the one excitement in their day, and not to disappoint their fond anticipations, he seizes the handle and starts gayly off, cheered on by the smiles of his adoring family. That is the picture of a seraphic lawn mower on a lawn that was not made with human hands. The handle does not seek to penetrate the contented abdomen of the prosperous citizen, nor do its knives skip over patches of grass without scarcely leaving a trace behind. In fact, there is quite a catalogue of virtues of the ideal machine which the one the average man has to use does not have."

"Then it is your opinion," said the first speaker, "that the real character of the lawn mower is generally known."

"There is no doubt about that," was the reply. "The fact is that the machine is so thoroughly understood that its use is now confined only to those who know enough to handle it without reducing it to such a condition that it has to be sent to the shop for repairs before it can be operated again. However, it is a useful and innocent form of taking exercise, and, like everything of the sort, has its brief day as a form of recreation or even of work of amateurs."—(Washington Star.

A HUGE BERKSHIRE BARN.

On Estate of W. D. Sloane—Cost $100,000—For Cows and Sheep.

Lenox, Mass., Sept. 26 (Special).—The farm barn at Highlawn, the four-hundred-acre farm of William D. Sloane, of New-York, which has just been completed, is one of the largest and finest appointed structures of its kind in America. It is located two and a half miles south of Lenox village, just beyond Erskine Park, the country estate of George Westinghouse. At Highlawn each year is held the annual Lenox horse show, the great society event in "the inland Newport."

For the last year a small army of men have been engaged in building this stock barn, and it was only this month that it was put to use. The structure is designed for cows and sheep only, and it is understood that another building for Mr. Sloane's horses is to be erected shortly, adjoining the stock barn. The stock barn just completed cost $100,000.

The main body of the barn is 163 feet long by 75 feet wide and in its principal mow 700 tons of hay can be stored. The extreme height from the basement to the top of the dôme is 92 feet. In the way of materials the following figures give an idea of the immense amount used in the construction of the building: Rough lumber used, 125,000 square feet; number of shingles on roof, 320,000; concrete used, 12,000 square yards; brick, 35,000.

Under the ridge of the main roof within the hay room is a trolley system. From the centre wheels run on an iron track east and west to the ends of the building. Down to the floor sixty-five feet below descends a series of ropes attached to a patent self-acting lock. When the hay is loaded on a wagon it is placed in three separate hay slings which have ingenious automatic catches. When the wagon is in position in the barn a horse is hitched to one of the hanging ropes, another rope is attached to the upper sling of the load, the trolley carries the hay to its position in the mow, where another rope releases the sling in part and the hay falls into its place in the mow.

There are thirty-five patent stalls for cows and cattle and five hospital stalls. All of Mr. Sloane's cows are registered Jerseys or Swiss; the sheep are Hampshires and Southdowns. Water for the barn is supplied by steam pump from a spring in a grove on the farm. A tank in the building holding 15,000 gallons is always filled.

In the front of the southwest end of the barn is the dairy. It is 42 by 25 feet, one and a half stories high. It has a butter room, separator room, hallway and an eight foot veranda. The floors and four feet of wainscoting are of concrete, except in the butter room, where white tile is used. The large refrigerator is of glass. The separator is operated by electric power, and separates the milk by centrifugal action, two streams, one of cream and one of milk, running as long as the reservoir at the top of the separator is kept supplied. There is a modern butter cooler, a churn and a hot and cold water supply in this department.

The farm supplies more milk and cream than Mr. Sloane's family and those of his sons-in-law and the multitude of employes on the estate use, and a large quantity is daily shipped to New-York markets.

The farm land runs for a mile or more west, including a part of Rattlesnake Mountain. On one of the levels intervening Mr. Sloane raised one hundred acres of oats this year. Besides the stock on the farm, there are hundreds of horses and thousands of fowl, all housed in fine style.

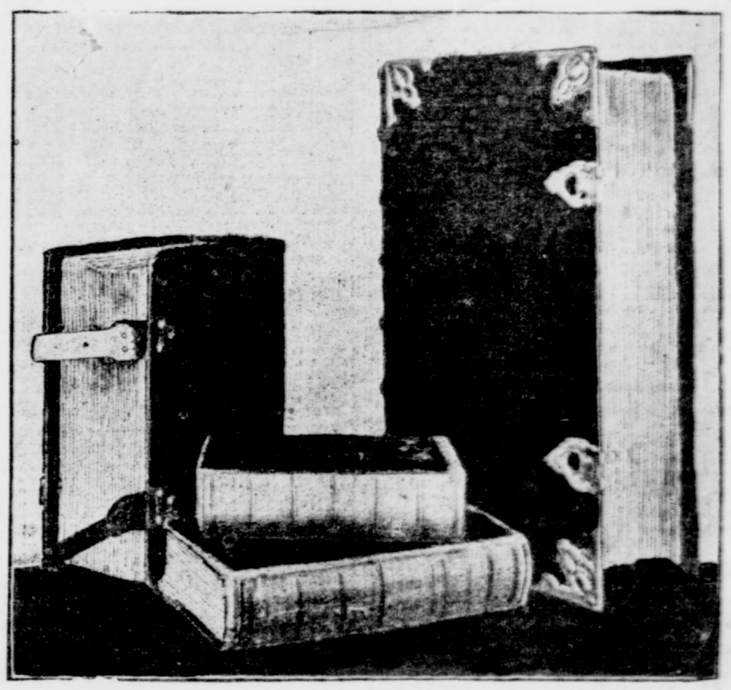
BISON IN MONTANA.

Success in Building Up a Herd from Small Beginnings.

The University of Montana, Missoula, maintains a biological station near Flathead Lake, in the northwestern part of the State. Professor Morton J. Elrod, director of the station, describes in "A Biological Reconnoissance," published last year by the university, the herd of 220 buffaloes on the Flathead Indian Reservation. The herd, derived from thirty-six animals purchased in 1884 by Charles Allard and Michael Pablo, has in twenty years increased to more than three hundred and fifty, or ten times the original number. Many of the animals have been sold to show enterprises and to Eastern cities for parks and zoological gardens. The conditions here are more favorable for buffalo than in Yellowstone Park. The animals are constantly attended by a herder, and therefore are not afraid of man, while the Yellowstone Park herd is rarely seen.

The park herd also ranges at a high altitude, over seven thousand feet, where snows are deep and winters are long and severe; but the Flathead herd ranges at an altitude below three thousand feet, where deep snows do not occur, and hay or grain may be taken to the animals in a few hours. Their range does not exceed seventy to one hundred square miles, and the animals might be maintained on a much smaller range. The cows do not bear calves until they are four or five years old, and about half of them produce every year. The fertility of the herd is not decreasing. The herder keeps note of the increase, looks after the calves, and, in fact, the animals are much more carefully attended than the range cattle among which they graze.

Professor Elrod is of the opinion that the success of this private enterprise should stimulate Congress to increase its efforts to save the buffalo from extinction. An appropriation of $8,000 would buy as large a herd as Allard and Pablo purchased in the beginning. With the same care the herd should increase to between 400 and 500 in twenty years. If a tract of land containing from fifty to one hundred square miles were set apart for a buffalo range, with an appropriation at the start of $15,000 and an annual appropriation of $5,000, there would be no difficulty in developing a herd that would be a credit to the nation. The care of the herd should be placed under the jurisdiction of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. It is hardly to be expected that the animals will thrive in Yellowstone Park, where the winters are long and severe, the summers short, and protection is afforded to wild animals which prey upon the calves.—(Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.



BIBLES "LOOTED" BY BRITISH FROM THE BOERS.

Lord Roberts has asked that they be returned, and many have been thus recovered and restored to their owners. —(From South Africa.

GUM CHEWING AND LUNACY.

Who would have thought that doctors would countenance the practice of gum chewing? Yet here is the news from St. Paul that the Minnesota State Board of Control includes chewing gum in the list of supplies for insane asylums, as its use is often found to have an excellent effect upon patients, soothing them during violent spells, and enabling them to concentrate their minds upon various forms of work. Doubtless it is the muscular, not the secretory, activity that produces the beneficial result. The secretory activity may deplete the salivary glands, and thus prove prejudicial to digestion. Insane people are nervous, and almost every one inclined to nervousness has discovered that there are forms of fidgeting which enable him to relieve the tension upon his nerves and help him to concentrate his attention.

Many a lawyer and many an orator would be at a loss in speaking if he could not twiddle his watch chain or twirl his eyeglasses. Many a travelling man and many a politician would lose his reputation for ease of manner in conversation if deprived of the cigar which he gracefully puffs in the intervals of his talk. And the fan! What mistress of coquetry would be willing to surrender her fan?

But while gum chewing may relieve the fidgets in the case of those who do the chewing, the sight of it is likely to give the fidgets to other people obliged to look on.—(Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.