

YANKEE INGENUITY.

A Clever Idea Which Rapidly Enriched Its Thoughtful Author.

The ingenious toy-maker of old who made a coach-and-four, complete as to all details, so small that the shell of a hazelnut would cover it, has been surpassed in the line of ingenious playthings by a Rhode Island Yankee. With true Yankee shrewdness, this toy-maker has so constructed his creations that they make money and draw it from two channels into one coffers. The devices are the little gold and silver steamboats, locomotives, fire-engines and Corliss engines, which are found in the luxurious New York hotel lobbies and in public resorts all over the Union. The idea of constructing these toys, whose mechanism should be made to move by dropping nickels into a slot in the pedestal on which they rested, originated with an ingenious New England model-maker and fortunes are now being made out of the enterprise. One large firm in Providence, R. I., has a large factory devoted entirely to the business and scores of men employed. Strange to say, the makers refuse to sell their goods. Last week the proprietor of the principal hotel on Union Square offered the manufacturer in question \$5,000 for the model of a steam fire-engine, the machinery of which runs to the tunes of a music box after one has dropped a nickel into the slot in the pedestal. The offer was refused because the firm never permits its goods to go out of its possession. They lease the toys for the handsome sum of \$80 per month, or give the proprietors of profitable resorts a percentage of the income. In cases where a percentage is given the collector of a bank, designated by the owners, calls once a week to clean out the nickels that the toy has accumulated and to give the proprietor of the place his share, which never exceeds 38 per cent. In popular resorts the income from these toys amount to \$8 and \$12 a day. They are models of fire engines, locomotives or steamers of some well-known manufacturers or lines which pay the company for making them a handsome sum for advertising their corporations. Thus money from two sources accrues to the rich Yankees who originated the idea. The Yankee has not yet been able to make music boxes that equal those of the Swiss manufacture, and the makers of the toys in question, all of which are provided with music boxes, send abroad \$50,000 a year for them. The most profitable model is a steam fire-engine. A magnificent locomotive, perfect as to every detail, ranks next in popularity. Its machinery works, its electric headlight blazes forth and a music box underneath it plays popular airs at the instance of a nickel. In a few weeks' habitues of one New York place who choose to spend their nickels on the device will see the perfect model of a modern perfecting printing press, which will throw off as souvenirs copies of a newspaper. The manufacturers will derive income from the nickels, from the royalty paid by the newspaper advertised or from certain firms whose advertisements appear in the souvenirs.—*Amos J. Cummings, in Philadelphia Press.*

THE PETROLEUM SUPPLY.

Its Complete Exhaustion Within a Few Decades Confidently Predicted.

It can hardly be doubted, I fear, that the supply both of oil and gas has now been so largely drawn upon that within less than a score of years scarcely any will be left which can be brought at reasonable cost into the market. The boundaries and extent of the oil regions have been determined. All the sands in which oil will ever be found in such quantities as to be worth working are known, and have been drilled through in various places. It is scarcely possible that any new fields will be discovered which will be comparable either in extent or productivity with those now known. So far back as January, 1888, Prof. Lesley pointed out that no petroleum is now being produced in the Devonian rocks, either by the process akin to distillation or otherwise. What has been stored up in the past, a process which probably lasted for millions of years, may be got out. But when these reservoirs are exhausted there will be an end of the petroleum supply. The discovery of a few more pools of two or three millions of barrels each can make little difference. Mr. Carl, whose opinion on the geology of the oil-bearing districts may be regarded as decisive, has come to a similar conclusion. "There are not at present," he pointed out quite recently, "any reasonable grounds for expecting the discovery of new fields which will add to the declining products of the old, so as to enable the output to keep pace with the shipments or consumption."

The stored petroleum in this region has then been nearly exhausted. In less than a generation a small part of the population of this continent alone has used up nearly all the valuable stores of energy which had been accumulated during millions of years of the geologic past.

More recent inquiries confirm the conclusions of Prof. Lesley and Mr. Carl. The signs of exhaustion in the oil-producing regions can now be clearly recognized. During the last four years there has been a steady diminution in the output, accompanied by an increase in the price per barrel, which nevertheless does not even maintain the nominal annual value of the supply. Mr. Wrigley announced in 1882 that 154,000,000 barrels of oil had already been raised up to the beginning of that year, and expressed the opin-

ion that not more than 96,000,000 barrels remained to be raised. In this last estimate he was undoubtedly mistaken, for up to the beginning of 1885 no fewer than 161,000,000 barrels had been raised, and in the year 1885 as many as 21,042,041 barrels (nearly 3,000,000 fewer than in 1884) were obtained. But although the estimate in 1882 of the quantity of oil still remaining fell far short of the truth, and though we may admit as possible that even now much more oil remains to be put out than the most experienced geologists suppose, the signs of approaching exhaustion are yearly becoming more unmistakable. The expense of bringing the oil to the surface grows greater year by year, and threatens soon to become so great that the profit of working the oil stores will be evanescent. So soon as that state of things is approached, we may be sure that the oilmen's occupation in Pennsylvania and Western New York will be gone. It has been stated that the Japanese, unwilling to let the least fraction of the earth's interior stores be lost, have been known to excavate a vertical shaft to a depth of 600 feet in order to raise a few gallons of oil per day. But in America when the oil mines are so near exhaustion as this, they will be abandoned; nay, they will be abandoned long before they approach such a condition. With the failures of the oil supply, all the collateral branches of industry associated with it will fall too.—*Knowledge.*

SALISBURY SPIRE.

Dr. Holmes' Impressions of One of the World's Most Famous Structures.

In my various excursions from Salisbury I was followed everywhere by the all-pervading presence of the towering spire. Just what it was in that earlier visit, when my eyes were undimmed and my sensibilities unwarped, just such I found it now. As one drives away from the town, the roofs of the houses drop out of the landscape, the lesser spires disappear one by one, until the great shaft is left standing alone—solitary as the broken statue of Ozymandias in the desert, as the mast of some mighty ship above the waves which have rolled over the foundering vessel. Most persons will, I think, own to a feeling of awe in looking up at it. Few can look down from a great height without creepings and crispations, if they do not get as far as vertigos and that aerial calenture which prompts them to jump from the pinnacle on which they are standing. It does not take much imagination to make one experience something of the same feeling in looking up at a very tall steeple or chimney. To one whose eyes are used to Park Street and the Old South steeples as standards of height, a spire which climbs four hundred feet towards the sky is a new sensation. Whether I am more "afraid of that which is high" than I was at my first visit, as I should be on the authority of Ecclesiastes, I can not say, but it was quite enough for me to let my eyes climb the spire, and I had no desire whatever to stand upon that "bad eminence," as I am sure I should have found it.

I soon noticed a slight deflection from the perpendicular at the upper part of the spire. This has long been observed. I could not say that I saw it quivering in the wind, as I felt that of Strasburg doing when I ascended it—swaying like a blade of grass when a breath of air passes over it. But it has been, for at least two hundred years, nearly two feet out of the perpendicular. No increase in the deviation was found to exist when examined early in the present century. It is a wonder that this slight-looking structure can have survived the blasts and thunderbolts, and earthquakes, and the weakening effects of time on its stones and timbers for five hundred years. Since the spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in 1861, sheathing itself in its tower like a sword dropping into its scabbard, one can hardly help looking with apprehension at all these towering fabrics. I have before referred to the fall of the spire of Tewkesbury Abbey Church, three centuries earlier. There has been a good deal of fear for the Salisbury spire, and great precautions have been taken to keep it firm, so that we may hope it will stand for another five hundred years. It ought to be a "joy forever," for it is a thing of beauty, if ever there were one.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.*

They Rented the House.

"It seems to me," said the man who was looking for a house, "that this building is altogether too close to the railroad. I don't want to be waked up at all hours of the night by a thundering freight train or the screech of every engine that passes."

"It may be a little close to the cars," Mr. Jones, replied the owner of the building, "but it is in a good neighborhood and well lighted. These buildings on the sides hardly interfere with the light at all. You can see straight through Mrs. De Brown's house on the east and the kitchen of Mrs. Swymer's on the west. Then the pantry has nineteen shelves, and—"

"I think we had better take it," Mr. Jones, said Mrs. Jones, decidedly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is a curious fact that persons far from robust often outlive those of extraordinary strength and hardihood. Upon this subject the *Canada Health Journal* says that the vital parts of the system must be well balanced in order to attain long life, and that excessive strength in one part is a source of danger. Hence an over-developed muscular system invites dissolution, because it is a continuous strain on the less powerful organs, and finally wears them out.

MARKET POULTRY.

Hints on the Selection of Stock That Will Give Excellent Results.

In breeding market poultry the first thing to decide is just what kind of fowls sell best in the market where they are to be offered. If there is a prejudice against white or black legs, feathered shanks, white skin and the like, it is useless to attempt to combat it. Simply avoid it by breeding the fowls that are demanded. The prejudice exists and arguments are worse than wasted. It will do no good to talk until one is hoarse, and people do not eat the shanks of fowls and that a white skin may enclose the most delicious of flesh. Arguments don't sell the fowls.

Having decided then what is needed, which in most American markets will probably be a plump-made, yellow-skinned, clean-shanked fowl of medium size, dressing from four to six pounds as a chicken and from six to eight pounds as a fowl, it becomes necessary to select the proper breeding stock. This will probably be found among such breeds as Plymouth Rock, Wyandottes and Javas.

In the selection of breeding stock color is a matter of indifference provided the other requisites are obtained, although white or light-colored breeds generally dress to better advantage if killed when in a pinfeather state. But constitution and vigor are absolutely essential, because the chicks are intended for rapid growth, and the largest possible percentage are to be raised. Fresh blood is indispensable; no approach toward inbreeding should be permitted. The crossing of distinct breeds is far from disadvantageous, as cross-bred fowls—i. e., first crosses—are usually hardy and vigorous.

Among crosses which can be made we can mention a few which will prove very useful. The cross of White Javas and White Plymouth Rocks, of standard Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, of White Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks, as well, where a few feathers on the shanks are not objectionable, of the Brahmas and Leghorns and of other Asiatics and Games. Such cross-bred fowls reach a marketable size quickly, are usually plump and well made, and make very desirable dressed poultry. A cross of a yellow-skinned fowl upon the Dorking is also desirable. The chief objection to the Dorking is its white skin and legs, but when crossed with a good yellow-skinned fowl the character of the skin will be in many cases modified.

To accomplish his purpose the market poultryman will do well to procure some good, healthy, thoroughbred stock, a little off in color and markings the hens of one breed and the cockerel of another. These can be procured at a slight advance upon their value for dressed poultry, and for the market poultryman are of equal value with the finest specimens. They are not procurable always, because some breeders hesitate to sell culls for the fear that they will be exhibited to neighbors and friends as fair specimens of the breeder's stock. Yet if a breeder is convinced that they will only be used for legitimate purposes, he will only be too glad to sell.

With stock selected in this manner there is every reason to expect excellent results, in the production of fine, growing, healthy birds, that will find a ready market at good prices.—*Poultry World.*

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

The Importance of Convincing Them of the Necessity of Obedience.

Examples and firmness, aided by their silent influences, are generally better and more effective than direct rules and commands, to secure obedience to wholesome restraint. Nevertheless, there are some cases where rules are necessary, and must be made, and which, by firmness rather than by the rod, children must be taught to obey implicitly. For instance, a child must be expressly forbidden to play with fire, toy pistols, to climb upon the table, etc.—but whenever it is possible the restraint should be invisible, and the end secured by the firmness of the parent or teacher.

The first and most important step in management is, that whatever a mother says must always be done. For this reason, do not require too much; and on no account allow your child to do at one time what you have forbidden him at another. Sometimes when a mother feels easy and good-natured, and does not expect any company, she will allow her children to go to the table and take lumps of sugar; but should visitors be in the room, or she out of humor with the occurrences of the day, she will perhaps scold or strike them for the self-same trick. How can a mother expect obedience to commands so selfish and capricious? What inferences will a child draw from such conduct? You may smile at the idea that very young children draw inferences; but it is a fact that they do draw inferences—and very just ones, too. We mistake when we trust too much to children's not thinking or observing. They are shrewd reasoners in all cases where their little interests are concerned. They know a mother's ruling passion; they soon discover her weak side, and learn how to attack it most successfully.

The necessity of obedience early instilled is the foundation of all good management. If children see that you are governed by a real wish for their good, rather than by your selfishness, or capricious freaks, they will easily acquire this excellent habit. Willful disobedience should never go unpunished. If a child disobeys you from mere forgetfulness and frolic, it is best to take no notice of it; for his inten-

tion is not bad, and authority has greater effect when used sparingly, and on few occasions. Should he forget the same injunction again, look at him very seriously, and tell him that if he forgets it again, you shall be obliged to punish him. "Should he commit the offense the third time, take from him the means of committing it; for instance, if you tell him not to tear his picture book, and he does tear it, take it away from him. Perhaps he will pout and show ill-humor;—will push off with his little chair, and say, "I don't love you, mother." If so, take no notice. Do not laugh, for that will irritate him; do not seem offended with him, for that will awaken a love of power in his little mind. It excites very bad feelings in a child to see that he can vex a parent, and make her lose her self-command. In spite of his displeasure, therefore, continue your employment tranquilly, as if nothing had happened. If his ill-humor continues, however, and shows itself in annoyances to you, and others around him, you should take him by the hand, look very seriously in his face, and say: "James, you are such a naughty boy that I must punish you; I am very sorry to punish you; but I must, that you may remember to be good next time." This should be done with perfect calmness, and a look of regret. When a child is punished in anger, he learns to consider it a species of revenge; when he is punished in sorrow, he believes it is done for his good.

The punishment for such peevishness should be being tied in an arm-chair, or something of that simple nature. It is not wise or judicious to shut the little offender in a closet. The sudden transition from light to darkness affects him with an undefined species of horror, even if he has been kept perfectly free from frightful stories. A young child will become quite cold in a few minutes, at midsummer, if shut in a dark closet.

If the culprit is obstinate, and tries to seem as if he did not care for his punishment, let him remain in confinement till he gets very tired; but in the meantime be perfectly calm yourself, and follow your usual occupations. You can judge by his actions, and the expression of his countenance, whether his feelings begin to soften. Seize a favorable moment, and ask him if he is sorry he has been so naughty; if he says "Yes," let him throw himself into your arms, kiss him, and tell him you hope he will never be naughty again; for if he is you must punish him, and it makes you very sorry to punish him. Here is the key to all good management; always punish a child for willfully disobeying you in the most trifling particular; but never punish him in anger.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

WHY HORSES SHY.

Defective Vision Caused by the Prevalence of Cataract of the Eye.

I have never met a veterinary surgeon who knew any thing about "cataract of the eye" in horses. I call it that as it is an expressive term. The trouble is the most general of any now affecting the horses of this country. It is the cause of nearly all, if not all, of the shying which surgeons fail to find a reason for except in "general cussedness." This cataract is of a brown growth, of a fungus nature, that spreads over the pupil of the eye, from the top downwards. It has the appearance of a sponge growing away from its hold. It is difficult to see unless strong daylight falls upon the horse's eye exactly right. Then it can be seen plainly, a silent evidence of the animal's defective eyesight. I have examined horse after horse and with but two or three exceptions out of about fifty I have found their eyesight thus affected. Of course it is worse in some than in others. It grows just like cataract or cancer; at first just dawn- ing ominously on the upper edge of the pupil, then gradually extending itself. I have watched it expand on my own horse and its growth has been very marked in even the short time of two years. I have observed one thing about it that makes me certain that my conclusions are correct. Every shying horse I have examined has, without exception, been so afflicted. Never have I seen a horse shy whose eye was not clouded by this inexplicable growth. I began to study this curious defect after a long experience in trying to break my spirited horse of shying. I took him to dozens of veterinary surgeons, but they all said it was his cussedness. I used to whip and punish him in every way to break him of it, but I could not. Now I remember how curiously he cocked his head at a suspicious object just as a person with poor sight will try to get a better focus. Finally one day the light happened to strike his eye right and I saw the cataract. The whole thing was plain to me then. I have studied the matter carefully since, and the *Globe-Democrat* will be the first to say any thing about this prevailing effect. If any thing has ever been published about it, and if any reason can be advanced, I should like to hear of it. Whether it is because of the barbarous and cruel blinds which, by shutting out the light and causing the animal to look forward instead of sideways, affect his eyes, or whether it is because of dark stalls, I can not tell. But I am sure it is the cause of all the shying and much of the stumbling that now make driving and riding so unpleasant and dangerous.—*A Horseman, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Rain water is the best for toilet purposes and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Boiled rain water is considered as effective as a Turkish bath in removing tan.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

The Excitement of the Battery Drill at the Military Academy.

Of all the drills and exercises in which the cadet excels, he is at his best in those of the mounted service. Daring horsemen are the youngsters after two years' practice in the riding hall, and light battery drill is a famous place for exhibition. Watch the boys as they go to their stations. The seniors, in their riding dress, gauntlets and cavalry sabers, swing easily into the saddles of the somewhat vicious-looking steeds that are held in readiness for them, adjust their stirrups, take a preliminary and surreptitious dig with their spurred heels to test the mettle of their nags, then clatter off to their posts to look over the horses and drivers of their detachments. The yearlings in their datty shell jackets stand ready at the guns; the bugle blows the signal "cannoneers mount," and, like so many agile monkeys, they spring to their seats on the ammunition chests, and with another bugle blast and rumble of hoof and wheel and clink of trunnion, away goes the battery down the gravelly plain. There are a few preliminary moves to warm them up to their work; the battery commander, a young artillery officer who knows his trade, swings them to and fro, faster and faster, from one formation to another—column, line and battery—and then, as though ordered to check the advance of an enemy swarming up the heights and give him canister at short range, with cracking whips and plunging steeds and rattle and roar of hoof and wheel, and hoarse-throated commands and stirring bugle peals, up the plain they come at tearing gallop until opposite the crowd of spectators at the guard tents, when there is a short, sudden blast, a simultaneous shout from the "chiefs," a vision of rearing horses as the Lieutenants and sergeants halt short on a line with the brilliant guidon—generally the most picturesque horseman of the warlike throng, and always posted on the flank nearest the ladies—a flash of sabers in the air, a sudden "rein in" of the line of caissons, and a gradual settle down to a stand, long before which, nimble as cats, the cannoneers have sprung from their seats, and are streaking it across the gap to where the chiefs are seated on their excited chargers. Around sweeps the gun with sudden swirl that well nigh capsize them—the three youngsters on each limber seemingly hanging on as though seated on sticking plasters—there is a rattle and bang of pintle-hooks, hoarse shouts of "Drive on!" to the gun teams; gray and white forms leap and sway in and out among the wheels; sponges and rammers whirl in the air; there is a belch of flame, smoke and thunder-cloud, a bellowing roar; another, another—half a dozen in quick succession, a thick, sulphurous haze settle down on the plain and envelops guns and gunners, and suddenly comes another blare of bugle. "Cease firing" is the shout, and the mimic scene of Buena Vista is over. Even before the smoke has cleared away another order is given, with prompt, exciting response, plunging horses, crackling whips, a rush of teams, limbers and caissons between the black muzzles of the guns; a sudden whirl about of wheels and handspikes, and the next instant smoke and flame are belching in thunder-claps over the very ground where stood the waiting teams only a moment before. Then comes still another signal, a stowing away of handspikes and rammers, a rapid rein-about of the limber-teams, another blare, and away they go, the white legs of the cannoneers flashing in a race beside their bounding guns; a rush across the road to the edge of a grassy level beyond, another sudden whirl into battery, a thundering salute to the rocky heights to the west, an echoing roar from the great columbiads and Parrotts at the "sea-coast" down by the Hudson, and the Point fairly trembles with the shock and concussion. There is no hour of the day to match the excitement and clamor of that of battery drill.—*Captain Charles King, in Harper's Magazine.*

A little boy about four years old, living in a New Jersey town, ran to the window one evening lately during a heavy thunder-storm. As he looked out, long, glittering lines of forked, zigzag lightning ran across the black sky, then came a broad flash, lighting up all the west and northwest. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobbed the little fellow, "God's house is all on fire! Will He be burned up in it?"

A few moments after, hearing the rain pouring in torrents, he ran to her, crying exultantly: "Mamma! mamma! God has turned on His hose. Now His house won't burn up."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Said an old bachelor: "After boarding in a good many different houses I have come to the conclusion that where the table is wretched the people are amusing and jovial. Where it is good the boarders are apt to be more than ordinarily stupid and uninteresting. I account for the fact on the well-known physiological principle that a full stomach makes a stupid brain." "What a full stomach yours must be, then," said his landlady's daughter, who chanced to overhear his remark.—*Philadelphia News.*

An ancient omen says that "if two marriages are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die." This omen is no doubt verified in every instance; but we are prepared to believe that the other husband will die, too, if he lives long enough.—*Narristown Herald.*

HOW COMETS ARE FOUND.

Interesting Information Imparted by Astronomer Barnard.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, the astronomer of the Vanderbilt University, was asked the other day how comets are found.

"Besides a knowledge of astronomy and a telescope," was his reply, "the comet-seeker must have a large stock of patience and perseverance."

"But will you not tell me how you do it?"

Then, pleasantly, as Mr. Barnard always does things, he showed his instruments of observation, the while talking of his work in a most entertaining way. But before making an effort to repeat the substance of "how a comet is sought" the reporter would say a word about the "tools" with which the astronomer works.

In the low, solidly-built, spherical-roofed observatory are three telescopes. Each of these is on foundations of stone, set upon the solid rock far down in the ground. One is immovable, except in a single direction. It is hung between two massive posts of stone and metal, so as to sweep a narrow strip of sky from north to south. This is used for watching the stars cross the meridian, and regulate the time. Another, and larger one, which is used for comet seeking, is hung upon a pivot, so as to turn in any and all possible directions, and that by the slightest possible movement. Attached to this are various ingenious devices for controlling and regulating its movements. The dome of the low tower in which this instrument is placed is movable, and is turned in any direction by means of very simple and easily managed mechanism.

One of the most intelligent and useful of the many instruments in the observatory is the chronograph. This is an ingenious little machine, run by clockwork, and which, by means of electric connections, the observer can note the exact time, to the hundredth part of a second, that a star crosses the meridian. The working of this can not well be described. In the same room are the different clocks by which the various times are kept for the regulations of the tower clock. While these instruments are being shown and their uses explained, the astronomer gave the information about comet-seeking, which the reporter gives below. The reader would be much more pleased with the story just as it was told by Mr. Barnard, if he could get it that way—which he can not.

Comet seeking requires more patience and perseverance than the average reader would be aware of. No one can tell whether a comet is anywhere visible in the sky, so the patient searcher begins to examine the heavens in hopes that he may discover one of these wanderers as it steals in from the depths of space on its pilgrimage to the sun. There is a strong intuition that the region near the sun will more likely yield a comet, so that the comet searcher pays special attention mornings and evenings to that region. This is natural, because comets being non-luminous masses of gas, they are very faint, or only become visible when they have approached comparatively near the sun.

They should, therefore, be more likely to be found when so placed, yet this rule is not infallible inasmuch as in the past few years quite as many if not more comets have been found in that part of the sky opposite the sun or in fact distributed equally all over the heavens. But these are all faint and require close searching and diligence on the part of the comet-seeker. When it is known that any one part of the sky that can be examined at any moment by the searcher's telescope can readily be blotted out by the end of the little finger held at arm's length, and the vastness of the heavens that is spread out for him to examine, and the knowledge that the old saying, "hunting for a needle in a haystack," is infinitely too feeble in comparison with the chances of finding one of these faint wandering masses of fog is taken into account, one is prepared to realize the forlorn hope with which the comet-seeker begins his labors and easily explains why so many undertake it and give it up without having recorded one comet. The more the comet-seeker prepares himself with the knowledge of the vast chances against his success the more certain he is to succeed.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Wise Words About Women.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

Let us candidly confess our indebtedness to the needle. How many hours of sorrow has it softened, how many bitter irritations calmed, how many confused thoughts reduced to order, how many life-plans sketched in purple.—*Caroline H. Dall.*

The good husband keeps his wife in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance who, perchance, may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsels, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—*Steele.*

—Ex-Consul-General Van Buren, of Japan, brought with him to this country a piece of Japanese carving which shows extraordinary skill on the part of the carver, as well as thorough knowledge of anatomy. The design is the pursuit of an Aino, or Japanese aborigine, by a monster which is half lizard and half vampire. The terror of the man and his desperate efforts to escape are admirably brought out. The carver is Kam Yoshi, who is now nearly an octogenarian and well-nigh blind. His work is famous in Japan.