

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

An Iowa State Senator Voted as He Pleased When the Right Time Came.

A writer in the Des Moines (Ia.) Capital remembers a good many years ago when the late Ezekiel Clarke was a member of the state senate from Johnson county. It is well known that the senator or member from Johnson county is always expected to get a large appropriation for the state university. To fail would be political death. Senator Clarke was anxious to succeed, and during the early part of the session voted for everything. If another senator had a bill all he had to do was to go and whisper in Ezekiel's ear and he would vote "aye." One day, however, Ezekiel came into the senate with hair cut and a clean shave. He sat upright in his seat and began to slaughter right and left. State Senator George F. Wright looked across to where the senator from Johnson was sitting and inquired what change had come over the senator from Johnson county. The other senator replied that the appropriation bill for the state university had now passed both houses, and the senator from Johnson was going to make up for lost time. Clarke kept on punching heads until the senator from Jefferson, Moses A. McCoid, rose and solemnly introduced a bill for an act entitled: "An act repealing the appropriation for the state university." A broad smile passed around the room, and everybody except the senator from Johnson saw the joke. But the spirit of levity passed away from Senator Clarke, he at once resumed his humble attitude, and the other boys voted him as usual during the remainder of the session.

RAISING MEN IN GEORGIA.

As It Was Done by a Widow Who Had Nothing for Her Sons But Prayer and Hickeys.

During a recent visit to the army camp in Savannah Gen. Joseph Wheeler was entertained by a party of northern men, when, in the good humor of after-dinner cigars, one of the gentlemen said, laughingly:

"How is it, general, that the sleepy farms of the south produce such whirlwind fighters in such small packages?" "Well, general," said the little general, puffing at a large man's cigar, "I believe I'll have to give you the answer an old 'cracker' woman once gave me when I asked her a similar question. Not many years ago I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where most everything is a 'cracker' and mighty shiftless. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed such signs of thrift as to be quite out of keeping with the general character of the barrens. I do assure you, gentlemen, I rode up to a cabin where a grand old woman stood in the doorway, and asked her who owned these little farms that were so well kept.

"That farm on the left belongs to my son Jabez," said she, "and the next one to my boy Zalin, and the next to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Totiphar's place, and—"

"Hold on, sister," said I. "How did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?" "Wal, stranger," she answered, "I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer and hickey, but I raised 'em powerful frequent."

A NIMBLE COIN.

It Falls to the Floor and in a Queer Manner Returns to Its Owner's Possession.

One day lately two men went into a drug store and one of them made a purchase that amounted to 25 cents. He handed the clerk a silver quarter which, just as the clerk was about to take it, slipped from his fingers, says the Philadelphia Times. Those present heard the coin strike on its edge on the floor, but heard no further sound of it. Everyone looked on the floor for it, but it could not be found. There was no crack into which it could have rolled, and nothing behind which it could be hiding. This caused much astonishment, for all saw it fall and heard it strike the floor. After searching in vain for it for some minutes the drug clerk said: "Well, never mind, we shall probably find it," and the two men walked out.

A half block away the friend, chancing to look down, saw that the other had on a pair of linen trousers which were turned up at the bottom. There was the solution of the mysterious disappearance of the coin. He called his friend's attention to it, and there the coin was found. It had struck the floor and bounding up had noiselessly lodged in the crease of the trousers, thus earning its owner its value in merchandise.

Luminosity of Gas Mantles.

The delicate white mantles used in gas lamps consists of a mixture of two rare earths—thoria and ceria. For some reason not yet clearly understood these substances must be confined in a definite proportion in order that they shall give the maximum of light. Pure thoria, or pure ceria, made into a mantle, give only about one-eleventh as much light as a mantle containing 99 per cent. of thoria and one per cent. of ceria. The remarkable thing is that so light a quantity of ceria added to the thoria should so enormously increase the illumination, especially in view of the fact that a combination of equal quantities of thoria and ceria gives practically no light, becoming barely red-hot in the gas flame.

Ancestry Reaching Way Back. The most exclusive set of Japanese nobles trace back their ancestry in some cases 2,500 years. Those dating back only 500 or 600 years are regarded as parvenus.

PITH AND POINT.

The man who believes that life is made up of disappointments is never disappointed in his belief.—Town Topics.

Putting a coat of broadcloth on some men is equivalent to washing a coat of paint on a pig pen.—Chicago Daily News.

"Banks is in a bad way financially." "All his money gone?" "Worse; he can't borrow any more."—Philadelphia North American.

Her Acquaintance—"How old is Miss Passe, anyhow?" Her Nearest Friend—"Forty-two, marked down to 29."—Somerville Journal.

The average man never thinks it is time wasted to hunt up another man and point out where he has made a mistake.—Athens Globe.

She—"Do you really and truly love me, Arthur?" He—"Yes, really and truly. You may ask what proof you will, dearest, not exceeding \$20."—Helter Welt.

Catching the Old Man.—Little Clarence—"Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder." Mr. Callipers—"Is he deaf?" Little Clarence—"No, sir; it isn't thundering."—Puck.

Unanimity.—Germany and France are both in favor of disarming," said Gazzam. "Are they?" asked Kliduff, in surprise. "Germany is in favor of the disarming of France, and France is in favor of disarming Germany."—Life.

Miss Summit—"How naturally you took your part in the amateur theatricals!" Miss Palisade—"Oh, do you think so?" Miss Summit—"Indeed, I do. I wouldn't have known there was a prompter within a mile."—Town Topics.

MOVED MILLIONS OF MILES.

A Bubble Shut Up Ages Ago in a Quartz Crystal Has Been in Constant Motion Ever Since.

Dr. A. A. Julien, of Columbia college, has in his possession two or three of the most wonderful minerals in the world. One of them is a piece of quartz which he picked up near Columbia, N. H.

This bit of quartz is transparent, and has a little cavity in its center filled with liquid, in which a bubble of gas keeps jumping about from side to side. The bubble is very small, and can be seen only under the microscope. It is about one micron, that is, 1-25,000 inch in diameter, and it dashes from wall to wall of the cavity in restless motion, like a nomad trying to escape.

Now, this motion must have continued during the ages which have elapsed since the consolidation of the granite. In other words, the little bubble was in place in the quartz several million years ago, when all rocks were in a molten state and the earth was in process of formation.

Probably it has kept in motion longer, and moved a greater distance, back and forth, than any other substance on earth. The cavity in which it moves is about double its size, so that the bubble travels about 1-25,000 inch at every jump, and it moves irregularly several times each second.

If it has been moving thus but twice a second for but 1,000,000 years, it must have traveled 1,000,000 miles. Of course the bubble has been jumping about for more than 1,000,000 years, if the estimates of the geologists are correct. The liquid in the little cavity is probably a saturated solution of common salt, and the gas is carbon dioxide.

Dr. Julien has another piece of quartz, found in North Carolina, which has a cavity holding liquid and a bubble which is remarkable because the bubble can be made to appear and disappear at the will of its owner. All he has to do is to breathe hard upon it, when it will disappear. It is the heat of his breath which causes the liquid to expand and fill up the space ordinarily occupied by the air bubble. Of course, any gentle heat will cause the change.

Dr. Julien has still another gas bubble, this one enclosed in a piece of white topaz from Minas Geraes, Brazil, which under the microscope shows some wonderful effects. The cavity is tubular and the sides or walls are parallel to the prismatic faces of the crystal.

The liquid in the cavity is a quite strong brine, with still another colorless liquid (carbon dioxide) occupying a central position. Looking through the microscope you may see the first cavity, then the denser brine near the ends, with infinitesimal salt cubes floating in it, then in the center the liquid carbon dioxide with the air bubble in the middle of it. The curves of demarcation which show up between the colorless and the non-colorless liquid are very beautiful.

It is really one liquid floating within another liquid and an air bubble in the center of all. The air bubble always floats near the upper surface of the cavity, whichever way the mineral is held, so that the piece of topaz is a natural spirit-level.—Boston Globe.

Electric Refrigeration.

Mr. Henry Lyon, a Scotch electrical engineer, has completed an electrical refrigerator. The current is used inside the machine for driving off the ammonia, and owing to the fact that there are no moving parts, and that no skilled labor is required for attendance, the new machine, it is said, can be put on the market at a moderate price, and it is calculated that it will prove a cheaper method of cooling than the indirect method of cooling by ice. Machines are under construction for the production of 100 pounds of ice per day.—N. Y. World.

Too Much for Human Nature.

"How is it that you and Jones haven't spoken for years? I can remember when you were inseparable friends." "We agreed to correct each other's errors in grammar. At the end of the third day the same house would not hold us both and we have never become reconciled since."—Detroit Free Press.

A STRONG SWIMMER.

From Him Dr. Talmage Draws a Noble Lesson.

The Always Ready Helpfulness of Religion for Those Who Struggle Against Adverse Circumstances.

(Copyright, Louis Klepseh, 1899.) Washington, Oct. 22.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for all those in any kind of struggle. The text is Isaiah 25:11: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

In the summer season multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke introduced by George Pewsters in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the overhand stroke invented by Gardner, the expert who by it won the 500 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illustrate the meaning of my text: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand to-day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for 30 years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an elaboration to me when I come across a theme which I feel on one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that everyone has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre, at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you: "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you did not see the Louvre."—Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

The text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile perhaps have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Anyone who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul. And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word

"Jesus," but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes everyone of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms.

After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was the voice of conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says: "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a leprosy; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption; sin is pollution; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its first stages, but let it get under full way and it is an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of Heaven, and His feet were free, and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came above His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us He threw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence, head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo, I come to do thy will!" and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of Heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish, but, putting His breast to the foam and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of everyone here, eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a fragment of God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No, this mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross were not both hands nailed? On the cross were not both feet spiked? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if anyone is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a lifeboat, and if he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up and bear another up he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, he had no life buoy. His Father did not help Him. Alone in the wine press, alone in the pang, alone in the darkness, alone on the mountain, alone in the sea! Oh, if He saves us, He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar, no wing, no ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle

charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook Him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say; "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face. You want to come up by his back. You do not want him to hold you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer He comes not to our back, but to our face, and He asks us to throw around Him the arms of our love and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you safe transportation. Turn your face upon Him, as the dying martyr did in olden times when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to thrust Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God, where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit!

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battleships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But, oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the phosors where they foundered! You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading out His hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim," but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. Laid you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight, only one strong swimmer, with head hung back and arms outspread.

I hear many saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself the more you impede me. Now, be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right, I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help Him, and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help Him." No, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve your salvation and believe it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it and will do it if you ask Him. Oh, cling your two arms, the arm of your trust and the arm of your love, around this omnipotent swimmer of the cross!

Have you ever stood by and seen some one under process of resuscitation after long submergence? The strong swimmer has put him on the beach after a struggle in the waters. To excite breathing in the almost lifeless body what manipulation, what friction of the cold limbs, what artificial movement of the lungs, what breath of the resuscitator blown into the mouth of the rescued? And when breathing begins, and after awhile the slight respiration becomes the deep sigh, and the eyes open, and the blue lips take on a smile, what rejoicing, what clapping of hands all up and down the beach, what congratulation for the strong swimmer and for all who helped in the restoration, what shouting of "He lives, he lives!" Like this is the gladness when a soul that has been submerged in sin and sorrow is "coming to." What desire on the part of all to help, and when under the breath of God and under the manipulation of the wounded hands of Christ, the life eternal of the soul begins to show itself, all through the ranks of spectators, terrestrial and celestial, goes the cry: "He lives, he lives, for the dead is alive again!" May the living Christ this moment put out for your rescue, "spreading His hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth his hands to swim!"

A COWBOY'S ADVICE.

He Gave a Show-Steer Young Miss a Much-Needed, Fatherly Lecture.

One of the principal riders of the wild west show whose dashing and dangerous feats in the ring won the plaudits of thousands of people daily is a great favorite with the matinee girls. This young man one Saturday figured in a little scene that was not down on the bills, says the Chicago Evening News.

It was after the regular afternoon performance and this modern cavalier was preparing to make some change in his costume that he might appear in the street, when the cap of his tent was drawn timidly back and a young girl, pretty, and not more than 15 years old, stood inside gazing with admiration on this handsome cowboy.

"Well! little girl, is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, as he unbuckled the revolver belt from his waist. The girl stood for a moment too frightened to speak, but at last she burst into tears and confessed her admiration for the rough rider. She further said she had attended the show every afternoon and several evenings since it had been here, that she wanted to run away from home and go along with the show.

During the recital the crack rider of the wild west show sat on the end of a box quietly smoking a cigarette. "See here! You need some good advice," said he, when she had finished. "You are at just that age when some one ought to give you a lecture. You seem to have fallen in love with a man you know nothing about. So just fall out again and remember you've been a little fool. Why, I've a daughter of my own just about your age."

THEIR OPINION OF HIM.

A Blow-Hard Government Clerk Who Tried to Make an Impression Upon Indians.

Last winter a delegation of Indians from a far western state, on a tour of inspection through the interior department, visited the land office, where they were introduced to the clerk who had special charge of their section of the country, a bumptious little individual with a big head. This official proceeded to overpromise the redmen with his importance, says a Washington correspondent in the New York Tribune. Grasping each one of them cordially by the hand, he patted them patronizingly on their backs and then delivered a long speech, explaining in detail the work of the office, their interest in it, laying particular stress on the fact that he was the motive power of it all. As soon as their entertainer began to breathe the visiting Indians passed to grunt and talk among themselves.

"What are they saying?" asked the egotistical clerk, expecting to hear high praise of himself. "Tell me what they are saying." "I cannot tell you," replied the interpreter; "it was not for you to hear." But the little man insisted, and with great reluctance the interpreter finally yielded. "They said," he translated, "little man, big head, heap talk, say nothing, much fool."

TO PROTECT ELECTRICIANS.

Employees Must Work with One Hand in Their Pockets to Prevent Accidents.

In power houses where big dynamos are running and heavy cables carrying powerful currents of electricity are all around great care has to be exercised to prevent the workmen from kinking themselves through carelessness. Familiarity with danger sooner or later results in lack of caution, and experienced electricians are not infrequently badly shocked, if not killed, by carelessly touching an object they well know should be avoided. To correct this, says the Philadelphia Record, a plan has been adopted in several large power houses. It is neither arduous nor complicated, but it has worked well. It is simply to compel every employe to work with one hand in his pocket except when his duties absolutely require the use of both. Keeping one hand in the pocket not only keeps it out of danger, but also maintains the impression in the mind that danger exists when both hands are free. It has the same effect as the string tied around a man's finger who has been told to do something he must not forget. One hand always in the pocket is a valuable reminder not to place it anywhere else unless a particular duty requires it.

GIRAFFES IN AFRICA.

A Few Specimens Have Been Found in the Central Part of the Dark Continent.

From time to time it has been rumored that giraffes existed in British Central Africa, on the Loangwa river, but, although that river valley has been frequently visited during the last ten years by Europeans, no authentic information on the point has ever been obtained, says the British Central African Gazette. Recently, however, a giraffe was shot on the east bank of the Loangwa, in the Marimba district, by a European prospector, and its skin (incomplete) sent in to Capt. Cliechester, in Mpezeni's country. The hinder half of the skin is being sent to the British museum, and it is hoped that a complete specimen may now be obtained.

The existence of giraffes in Marimba is remarkable; the area in which they are found is extremely restricted, and their number appears to be very few. The one shot, however, was in a herd of about 35. The nearest country north of Marimba in which giraffes are known to exist is north of Mareses, where the Elton-Cotterill expedition met with them many years ago. To the south Matabeland is the nearest giraffe country.