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KEEPING STEP TOGETHER.

The band was playing martial airs. Their melodies repeating. In rhythmic rhyme and, making time. The drums were loudly beating. And those in uniform so fine. With soldier cap and feather. And others there along the square. Were keeping step together. Beside me walked a maiden fair. Whose heart I had been seeking. For many a day, but had not found. The contrary yet for speaking. And as I watched her glowing face. I really wondered whether. As man and wife, throughout our life. We could keep step together. The time was changed, but still the band. Kept up its martial measure. In motion the crowd moved on. To business, or to pleasure. And she—emboldened by the scene. Or by the bracing weather—Exclaimed: "Just see how nicely we. Are keeping step together!" Ah! quickly I improved the time. By heart a quickstep beating. And soon the old, old story I. Was tenderly repeating. And when the "Wedding March" was played. Close behind by Hyman's tether. Above the aisle, with rapturous smile. We two kept step together. The years have sped; and we are old. Who once were young and sprightly. But still within our hearts the flame. Of love is burning brightly. And though we've met with cloudy days. And some tempestuous weather. True comrades still—through good or ill—We're keeping step together. —N. T. Leifer.

A WOULD-BE SOLDIER.

"Poleon Bonyparte" Has His Fortune Told.

"Yes, Sis Dinah, dey says as how dem gypsies camped down at Holly Springs knows everything in de world; how long you gwine ter lib, how much money you gwine ter make, and who yer gwine ter marry of you is single. Why, Sis Mary Gemmy Lee, she p'intly told me how dey scriebed her first husband eben ter de wart on his nose, till she could most see him; and she nobber said a mortal word 'bout him ter one ob 'em. I see clean feared to go and see dem."

Mrs. Cleopatra Allen, a credulous old negress, two shades darker than her namesake of the Nile, had dropped in for a pleasant gossip with her neighbor, Mrs. Dinah Maria Mullins.

An encampment of gypsies at Holly Springs, about a mile distant from the Turkey Creek settlement, had thrown the colored folks into the wildest confusion. Nothing was heard but their wonderful prophecies and fortune-telling, and though the wisest and most experienced of the men tried to prevent their women folks from frequenting the gypsy encampment, many a dollar crossed the hard palms of the deceptive old crones.

"Well, I t'umso, Sis Cleopatra," Mrs. Dinah answered, deliberately. She was a stout, stolid-looking black woman, slow of speech and slow of comprehension.

"I know as how you ought ter go. Jacob ob dem says as how ter Gypsians, and dat if it don't become church members to 'sociate wid sech heathens. I'm powerful curus, I must say, ter know ef dey kin tell me how tuck my brass kettle wot stole last summer out de yard. 'T'waps I'll send Poleon Bonyparte ter ax 'em."

"Maybe dey kin tell ef I see gwine ter be a sojer, mammy!" Napoleon Bonyparte cried.

Napoleon, being very short and stout, with a small head which only held a thimbleful of sense, had decided that regimentals would exactly suit his style. He believed that with a gun and sword and fierce mustache, a few straggling hairs of which he was at that time nursing, he would be a terror to the boys of his own age at Turkey Creek, and a hero to his dusky damsel.

Whether he was to be a drummer or a general he had not yet decided, nor how he was to reach the coveted military height; but he had several times seen a parade of militia at the neighboring town of Plaquemine, and his thoughts by day and dreams by night were full of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

His mother smiled proudly and approvingly at her son's speech.

"It do beat all de way dat ar boy hubs sojerin'," she said. "He's jest borned one, and he's light complected like his Uncle Nathan, wot went out wid Marse James Anderson and foun in de war ob independence. Lenwise, Marse James he foun, and Nathan he seed de battles wid his own eyes."

"I see been arter Jacob ter send Poleon ter dat military school dey calls West P'int, and let him foller de sojer trade. He's all de chile we'se got, Sis Cleopatra, and his pappy oughtn't ter hinder him; but Jacob is sot aginst de military, and he goes on awful when we talks 'bout it."

"He aint got no call to do dat," Mrs. Cleopatra replied, solemnly. "He's no pore folks, ter skimp and save so he kin gib his son an education. Folks do say Brudder Jacob has got a power ob money hid away, caze he don't believe in no banks."

Mrs. Mullins smiled mysteriously.

"I don't say yes and I don't say no, Sis Cleopatra. Sartain sure, Jacob Mullins don't b'lieve in banks, wot's always a-ben' robbed and breakin' and losin' folks' money. He says as how when he gets money, he's gwine to keep it."

"Wot's dat yer sayin', ole ooman, 'bout money?" and Mrs. Dinah, turning, saw her husband looking suspiciously at her.

"No, I didn't open my head 'bout it," Dinah said, half-frightened and half-angry. "But you knows you has it, and you keeps me dat sot dat me and Poleon Bonyparte aint got no decent clothes."

"I don't want no clothes!" piped Poleon. "Dad, I wants regimentals and a sword and a drum."

"Shut up, you idiot!" cried his father, furiously. "Go out and feed de cows, and ef you says regimentals ter me agin, I'll sojer you!"

Poleon Bonyparte obeyed sulkily. He thought his father very hard and miserly, for he knew he had money. Lying awake one night, when he ought to have been fast asleep, he heard his father and mother discussing the safest hiding-place for their earnings, and they decided upon a large knot-hole in the crib, or barn, over which a plank could be nailed, and which could only be reached by a ladder.

"Ery night I'm kalklatin' to see robbers break in," old Jacob said. "Dey s'picious as how I've got de money in de house, but nobody'll tink ob de barn, sure. I don't b'lieve in buryin' money, specially bank-notes. Hogs mought ro' on up and damp git ter dem, but my knot-hole bank is safe and dry."

Neither father nor mother dreamed that Poleon had overheard this conversation, and I must say one thing for the would-be soldier: he was thoroughly honest, and would not have touched one penny of the money; but it made him chuckle and feel rich every time his eyes fell on the boarded knot-hole.

That evening, however, his mind was running on the gypsies. He must have his fortune told, whatever might come of it. He was the proud possessor of twenty-five cents, given to him that morning by Judge Cameron for holding his horse. He had determined to make it the nucleus for the purchase of a drum and sword, but the gypsies were going away, and he must know if futurity held regimentals for him.

He fed the cows, and hastened to the gypsies' encampment. It was only a short distance from his father's farm, and he was quite familiar with the looks of the swarthy-browed men who had loitered about the farm to sell ponies, or mend pans and pots, until old Jacob ordered them from his premises. But many a peep had Poleon taken of their encampment, and they all knew him by sight and name. The camp was a scene of confusion that evening, for the gypsies were preparing to move.

A bright-eyed young woman approached the boy, who was standing irresolutely on one foot, as was his custom when perplexed. He had not made up his mind whether he would have his fortune told or not.

"And what does my pretty young gentleman want?" she said, with an insinuating smile. "We're going away before light to-morrow, and he must speak now, ef he wants any thing."

"I comed ter hab my fortune told," Poleon stammered, "but I reckon you aint got time. I aint got but twenty-five cents, and I doesn't know if dat's enuff ter buy a good fortune."

The woman laughed, and stepping aside, beckoned to one of the men who stood near the wagons. Poleon recognized him as one of the most persistent haunters of the farm. A conversation ensued between him and the woman in a strange language, and in a few minutes she returned, smiling, to the boy.

"Will the young gentleman cross my palm with the silver," she said insinuatingly, "and let me see his hand?"

Poleon laid a trembling palm in hers, and she studied it intently for a few minutes.

"I see a sword glitterin'," she said, in a low, mysterious voice, "and the brass buttons of a soldier. You're goin' to march to battle, but you won't be hurt—no no. I see you a comin' back from the wars with banners flyin' and a drum playin', and I see—yes, I see gold epaulets on your shoulder—a General's epaulets."

"O Lordy!" ejaculated Poleon, light-headed and fairly intoxicated by this picture of military grandeur.

"Yes," continued the gypsy, fixing her keen eyes upon the boy's face. "And then you'll march home in your grandeur, and your pa will pour all the hidden money at your feet, and say: 'It's yours, take it all.' Yes, every cent of the money he's hid, but I can see where it is."

"Gracious!" cried astonished Poleon. "You kin see de money in de knot-hole in de barn and de plank kiverin' it, too?"

"Of course. I see the knot-hole and the plank nailed over it as plain as I see your face."

"Wot will pappy say when he hears dat?" cried Poleon, appalled at this display of what he thought superhuman power. He little dreamed who had betrayed the secret.

"If you tell him," said the gypsy, in a terrible voice, and frowning darkly, "if you tell him, your fortune wot come true—good-bye to soldiering. But if you are secret, come to-morrow, at sunrise, to that big oak yonder, and under it you'll find what you want most in de world."

Poleon ran home, his head in a whirl. He forgot all about the treasure, all about every thing but what he was to find the next day. Of course, it would be a uniform. He certainly wanted that more than any thing else in de world, and the gypsy had shown that she knew every thing.

He passed a sleepless night, and was up by daylight. But he did not go near the tree until sunrise, as the gypsy had said. When he had reached the spot, there was nothing there but a bed of dry leaves, which he scattered about frantically. Nothing!

In his disappointment he threw himself on the ground and cried aloud. He had been basely cheated, and into his slow mind there began to creep the thought that he had been duped, and that the gypsies were impostors.

"I've been robbed! They've tuck all my money!" Jacob cried, as he saw his son. "De robbers is done broke in de knot-hole and de hundred dollars is done gone. Saddle ole Jim, Poleon, and ride fer yer life ter de sheriff. Tell him ter come and catch de thief. Run, boy!"

Poleon stood for a moment stupefied. Then he had an inspiration.

"Dem gypsies has done tuck it, dad!" he cried. "They tolt me yesterday 'bout your money bein' in de knot-hole."

He forgot, or did not know, the part he had taken in the little drama. The old man gave him one sharp look, dashed off, saddled the pony, and was in town in a few minutes. The gypsies were pursued, and Jacob was more fortunate than the most of those whom the fraternity victimizes, for a part of the notes were recovered, owing to a private mark which the astute Jacob had put upon them.

As for what passed between father and son on that occasion, no one knows, but it is certain that "Poleon Bonyparte" seems to have lost his military proclivities. Like his great namesake, he has found his St. Helena.—*Youth's Companion.*

FLYING FOR HIS LIFE.

How Emperor William Once Had to Hide in Hares and Ditches.

This remarkable account, which has only now been made public, although the more important details were known, is abstracted from the unpublished memoirs of a diplomatist who was a participator in the events of the eventful year of revolution, and an eyewitness of much that concerned the late Emperor William of Germany.

In 1848, the year of the continental revolutions, the people of Berlin, following the example of those of Paris, raised barricades, and after four days' fighting the King, the elder brother of the late Emperor, who was then Prince of Prussia, ordered the Prince, who had been organizing the attacks on the barricades, to retire with the troops from Potsdam. Prince William sought an interview with the King, who refused to rescind the order, when the Prince broke his sword and, throwing it at his elder brother's feet, left the palace.

The nobles and the aristocracy wished the King to abdicate in favor of the Prince, but the people were so enraged against the latter, in consequence of his ordering the barricades to be carried by the troops that he had to escape in disguise, whilst the democracy triumphed and paraded the King of horseback through the streets of Berlin. The Prince, disguised as a coachman, took refuge on an island in the river; but here he was not safe, and he fled to the Spandau; but, being known, the mayor talked of giving him to the democrats as a traitor to his country, and he was again obliged to have recourse to flight to save his life.

To save the crown jewels, the plate and the imperial treasures, the King fled to the imperial treasury, which was necessary to remove them from the palace. Fortunately a private door opened on to the river, and the valuables were placed on board barges, which, for the purposes of disguise, were draped with black cloth, as though they contained the bodies of insurgents slain at the barricades. In this manner they were transferred to the railways, and reached Hamburg as merchandise, and were put on board a vessel about to leave for England. The Prince, however, had to leave the railway being threatened with death on several occasions; to save his life he had still further to disguise himself, cutting off his beard and wearing strange clothes. Wandering on foot he hid himself away in peasants' cottages and slept in barns. It was important that he should embark for England without being recognized. To accomplish this end he passed over the frontier on to Danish territory and arrived at last at a villa belonging to his friend Oswald, where, for the first time since he left Berlin, he enjoyed the luxury of a bed. The following day the Prince, under the name of Muller, embarked on board a vessel about to sail for London, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp.—*London Queen.*

AUNT HELEN'S PLUCK.

A Venerable Lady Who Indulges in Gymnastic Performances.

I was making a call the other day at a house where the family aunt, an old lady well on toward ninety years of age, is an inmate. We were sitting quietly in the drawing-room, and I had just about reached the middle of a capital story, when I was interrupted by a startling series of thumps and whacks on the floor above. I paused for a moment, thinking it likely that my hostess would desire to rush upstairs at once and ascertain which particular boy had broken his leg or otherwise disabled himself, but she appeared to be perfectly unconcerned, and her husband endeavored to reassure me by saying: "Go on; there is no cause for alarm; it is only Aunt Helen practicing calisthenics."

Now, inasmuch, as Aunt Helen is, to my knowledge, between eighty-five and ninety years old, and what is more important, has recently sustained a severe injury, so that she has to go on crutches, I took this remark of my host as a bad joke, and greeted it with a feeble attempt at a laugh. But I soon perceived that I had fallen into an error. A frown gathered on the lady's face, and my friend explained, seriously, that Aunt Helen, though lame, as I have said, and forced to pursue her exercise while standing on one leg, is yet so bent upon living that she engages for half an hour every day in certain gymnastic performances, the exact nature of which I do not quite understand.

I recall one similar spirit in history. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough in Horace Walpole's time; lay very ill, with her attendants gathered at her bedside. "She must be blistered or she will die," whispered the physician. "I shall do neither," said the old Duchess, and she was as good as her word.—*Boston Post.*

"Charles," said his fond wife, as she appeared at the bedside: "aren't you ashamed to lie there at this hour on a Sunday morning?" "Well, my dear," he replied, as he very languidly opened one eye and let it sully close again, "I do feel mortified; but I hope to sleep it off before you get back from church." —*Puck.*

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

The Zalinke Dynamite Gun Intended for the Italian Government.

Captain E. L. Zalinke, the inventor of that terrible engine of war, the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, has been experimenting with the gun recently completed for the Italian Government which will cost \$40,000.

This gun, in the language of Captain Zalinke, is an aerial torpedo projecting machine, possessing many advantages over the appliances for projecting the torpedo through the water. It is of 15-inch caliber, and its range will be at least one mile. The full caliber shell will carry 600 pounds of explosive gelatine, equivalent to 852 pounds of dynamite No. 1 or 943 pounds of gun cotton. Shells containing smaller charges can also be thrown. The gun barrel is a light tube, having a smooth bore. The loading is done at the breech. Air at 1,000 pounds pressure is admitted through a balanced valve, made so as to open and close by a single move of the operator. The time of opening and closing can be varied so that the range can be changed without altering either the elevation or pressure.

In order to maintain the pressure as nearly uniform as possible, wrought iron reservoirs of from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter and about twenty feet long are used, the air being supplied to them by any type of high pressure compressor. The power of this fifteen-inch gun is great. It is clear that the value of a weapon which can project a huge mass of powerful explosive equal to three-quarters of the entire bulk of the projectile to a distance of one and a half miles with perfect accuracy, can not be disputed. In Captain Zalinke's office is one of the shells to be used in the big gun. It is made of brass tubings and castings, as light as possible.

A tail tube with spiral vanes attached is annexed to the shell in order to retain it in its proper trajectory. Non-metallic pins in the head keep it central at this point and free from metallic contact, while a leather gas-check and vulcanized fiber projections keep it central at the tail. The charge thus far used has been uncamphorized explosive gelatine, having a core of dynamite. This core is for the purpose of producing a complete detonation of the less sensitive explosive gelatine. In the cruiser Yorktown are three of the new fifteen-inch dynamite guns, placed abreast and parallel to one another at a fixed angle of sixteen degrees.

The training of the gun is accomplished by steering the vessel, which is done by steam, and the running of the engines which drive the twin screws. The range can be varied by means of valves. The guns are required to be loaded twice per minute. The shells will be handled by hydraulic machinery and provision is to be made for the storage of thirty full-caliber shells. The gun for Italy, now completed, is to be trained, elevated and loaded by hydraulic machinery. It is mounted on an iron base, which when in place will rest upon a heavy masonry foundation. The Yorktown when completed will cost \$350,000. This includes the guns. The speed of this vessel will be at least twenty knots. The speed is exceeded by the small and light torpedo-boats built abroad, but the Yorktown's hull will be sufficiently strong to be serviceable in rough water, which is not the case with the more lightly built torpedo-boats.

The torpedo shell has a double field of action, the over-water and under-water hull. It is estimated that the decks of the most heavily armed ships will be vulnerable to even the eight-inch torpedo shells charged with 100 pounds of explosive gelatine and a very large portion of the more heavily armored parts of the shell charged with 600 pounds.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Some of Those Who Cut Quite a Figure in European Politics.

The two most powerful republican statesmen in France are married to American women. Waddington was married to an American woman in England, and Clemenceau was married to a Yankee girl on her native heath. Waddington is the son of English parents, but a native of France and a thorough Frenchman in tastes and instincts. Clemenceau, when he was exiled from his country in the time of the Little Napoleon, settled for awhile in the United States and taught school in Connecticut.

There was a bevy of marriageable young girls in his set, and all were engaged to wed but one. He persuaded the one to accept him, and the last engaged was the first to be married. Clemenceau hastened home at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, fought for his country, and when peace came, he took an active part in politics. He is called an extreme radical in France, but in this country he would pass for a conservative. He is a thorough republican, and is ambitious to plant the main stems of the United States Constitution in France. Mrs. Clemenceau is the head of the house, and has the pleasure of knowing that her husband is one of the most domestic and best regulated men morally in French public life.

Some eminent British politicians, too, are wedded to Americans. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Gladstone's first lieutenant in command of the Liberal party, is married to the daughter of John Lathrop Motley, at one time Minister to England. Harcourt bears the reputation of being gracious to his wife only. He has the ugliest disposition of any man in English public life. He can seldom say a kind word of anybody but his wife when a gruff word will answer as well. In this country he would stand no chance in politics, but in England members of Parliament and public men generally seldom come in contact with the great body of the people. Harcourt can mount a platform and harrow the Tories for hours at a time, and that satisfies his Liberal constituents.

The wife of Thomas Power O'Conner, Mr. Parrell's able lieutenant, is also an American, the daughter of the late Judge Paschall, of Texas.—*St. Louis Republican.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—That would be a weak enterprise which could not stand a loan.

—Giants are not particularly happy. An overgrown man has a grewsome look.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Women are the dearest, cutest creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits until they see the number. It is a little strange that among all the eminent men who have recently written of "books which have helped me" none should have mentioned the dictionary.—*New Haven News.*

—Mrs. Chargeplease—"Good morning, Mr. Tapemeasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check." Mr. Tapemeasure (fortently)—"So should I!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"You never find me hiding my light under a bushel," remarked Mr. McWilliam, in the course of a discussion with his wife. "You don't need to," was the somewhat acrid reply; "a quart measure is quite large enough."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—"Dear me," said the little Boston boy, after intellectual session had failed and they had spanked him for the first time; "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant I should never have invited the experiment."—*Puck.*

—Husband (in the early morning)—"What are you going through your pockets for, my dear?" Wife—"A little change, John." Husband—"Have you no money of your own?" Wife—"Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—It is stated that over 10,000 American pianos have been shipped to Russia in the last ten years. This will explain why so many Russian Anarchists come to this country. The outlaws are laboring under the comforting delusion that all the pianos in this country have been sent to Russia.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mr. Cazenove—"Of course we shall see you at Newport this season, Mrs. Pointexter?" Mrs. Pointexter—"No; I've been thinking of Saratoga." Mr. Cazenove—"But it's so awfully warm there." Mrs. Pointexter—"You forget, Mr. Cazenove, that I passed three years in Newport while waiting for divorce papers. If any thing can be warmer than that I'd like to know it!"—*Judge.*

—Passenger (to stranger)—"Minister of the gospel, I imagine, sir?" Stranger—"Yes, sir. I have been a minister of the gospel for forty-two years, but I expect to retire soon." Passenger—"That is a very sensible move, sir. I think when a man has made money enough in his business he ought to get out of it and enjoy himself."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Southern Californian—"Don't want to buy an orange grove, eh? Not an artist?" Stranger—"I am an artist, and was advised by my friend, Joaquin Miller, to come to California for studies instead of going to Italy. He says California is the true color land of the globe. I was just thinking of painting the beautiful landscape before me." "That all belongs to me, mister, every foot of it; but I'll let you make a picture of it for half the profits."—*Omaha World.*

—Literature of English etiquette conveys the valuable information that Duke's eldest sons take precedence over Earls, but the Duke's younger sons have to fall in line behind Earls' and Marquises' oldest sons, and so on down. The gradation is a little complicated over there, but on this side of the water all doubt is removed by our simple rule of letting the drum major lead the whole procession.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

ENGAGED YOUNG MEN.

A Jeweler's Clerk Tells How They Select Their Brides.

"It's funny to see the different ways in which various men select engagement rings, and when a man comes in here for that purpose every clerk in the store can recognize the fact at once. Of course he has only come in to look at some watches or a pair of sleeve buttons, but the very manner in which he avoids the ring case betrays him at once. After a few minutes, when he usually takes the clerk into his confidence and asks to be shown some solitaires. If it's his first venture and he doesn't feel quite sure of his ground he will even go so far as to ask if solitaires aren't sometimes used as engagement rings. The clerk's answer usually removes the last vestige of doubt, and then the purchaser throws aside all reserve and selects from the assortment before him the ring which strikes the happy medium between the depth of his affections and of his pocket.

"Other men, again, walk in with the news just beaming from all over them. 'Engaged' is visible from the top of their heads to the soles of their feet. The purchaser of this class makes no secret of his errand, and usually departs on his way rejoicing in a very short time.

"From all indications I should say that this year will see any number of weddings. For the last month we have averaged three engagement rings a day."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

THE RULING PASSION.

Why an Eminent Judge Excused an Impertinent Witness.

In one of the coast States there lived two men of very dissimilar dispositions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailor's loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Susan?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor?" replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court!" cried the judge, sternly.

The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Susan is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked: "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?" "It is your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Why Johnny Was Late.

A crabbled old bachelor who teaches school not far from Austin was very indignant at little Johnny Flapjack—the only son of Mrs. Flapjack, and she a widow—for coming late. "I couldn't help being late," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?" "Because ma has done been and got married yesterday, and I had to wait for my breakfast."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Extracting oil from cedar boughs is a new industry in Maine.

—Rosewood shingles are being imported as a novelty for trimming showy cottages at seaside resorts.

—Steel, when hardened, decreases in specific gravity, contracts in length and increases in diameter.

—A New York hatter says that none of the so-called Panama hats are made at Panama. The best of them, he explains, comes from Guyaquil.

—A late refinement in dentistry is a tiny electric lamp for lighting up the cavities of teeth during the process of filling.

—Dealers in hard wood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish, and is much cheaper than birch, maple, or oak.

—A sugar refining company with \$5,000,000 capital has been started to use Henry Friend's new method of refining by electricity. The cost will be about seventy-five cents a ton.

—A recent English invention relates to casting packing rings ready for use without boring or turning. The rings are cast in a chill mold around a metallic core.

—The introduction of American watches into England has reduced the number of gold cases marked at the London Assay Office from 34,844 in 1876 to 20,416 in 1886, and of silver cases from 119,394 in 1876 to 95,708 in 1886.

—The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice-cream factories have used up their yolks is explained by a statement that they are used to make albumenized paper for photography.

—The question having arisen as to why the fallen branches of trees, at certain stages of decay, are more or less colored through their tissues with various shades of green, it is alleged that chemical analysis shows the presence of iron as the base of the green coloring matter.

—The smallest circular saw in use is one used in slitting gold pens. It is a disc about the size of a five-cent piece and has the thickness of ordinary paper. Its velocity tends to keep it rigid enough for use; four hundred revolutions a minute is the ordinary rate of these diminutive saws.

—The latest idea in the direction of waterproof footwear is a shoe made with a stout calfskin vamp, seamless, underlying which is a vamp of thin rubber, and between it and the lining, which is of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoes has a rubber interlining between the outer and inner soles, and thus the shoe is about as near waterproof as a leather shoe can be.

—Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and, when placed together to form the barrel, the outside are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

—In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20° F., and kept in that condition for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that large periods of exposure invariably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organisms, and thus render it incapable of putrefying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80° below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro-organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

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Why an Eminent Judge Excused an Impertinent Witness.

In one of the coast States there lived two men of very dissimilar dispositions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailor's loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Susan?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor?" replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court!" cried the judge, sternly.

The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Susan is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked: "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?" "It is your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Why Johnny Was Late.

A crabbled old bachelor who teaches school not far from Austin was very indignant at little Johnny Flapjack—the only son of Mrs. Flapjack, and she a widow—for coming late. "I couldn't help being late," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?" "Because ma has done been and got married yesterday, and I had to wait for my breakfast."

"Got married, has she? Any thing to make you late at school. What won't she do next, I wonder?"—*Texas Siftings.*