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## UNSUNG.

As deep from sight are hidden  
The jewels that are best,  
So the poet's dearest treasures  
Are hidden in his breast;  
And though full sweet his measure,  
He is a harp unstrung;  
For of his soul's rare music  
The best is left unsung.

Perhaps too vague its meaning,  
Perhaps too short its stay  
To catch the subtle beauty  
Of the ethereal lay;  
For, however sweetly  
The poet's voice has rung,  
Far better in his bosom  
Are songs that lie unsung.

And so are all men poets,  
For in each heart a string,  
When rightly touched, full sweetly  
With melody will ring;  
And in each soul, however  
Discordant be the tongue,  
Are strains of rarest beauty  
That ever lie unsung.

Methods tins sweet soul music,  
Too low for mortal ears,  
May be a faint, far echo  
Wafted from higher spheres—  
Unclouded realms ethereal,  
From whose bright shores has sprung  
The melody harmonious  
That here must lie unsung.  
—Walter H. Jewett, in N. Y. Independent.

## A WHITE RIVAL.

### How a Bull Pup Came Near Spoiling a Romance.

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What she could see in him I could never understand.  
He was certainly big, and presumably strong and muscular, but neither in beauty nor in intelligence was he anything out of the ordinary of nature's handiwork.  
I have heard her rave about his eyes; they were the color of coffee-berries, and moderately large, but their expression, to my mind, was eminently sheepish. He was disgracefully selfish, too, and was under the impression that his acquaintances could do nothing better than attend to his meals and accompany him in his walks. He was also abominably inquisitive and peculiarly clumsy.

And in spite of all this, she loved him—the most beautiful girl in the world loved him, and lavished caresses upon him that any man with eyes in his head would have given a kingdom to receive.  
His accomplishments were few. He pretended to catch rabbits, and was reputed a "ratter" on the strength of having once barked at a rat in a cage; the servants had, with much difficulty, taught him a stupid trick of running off with paper parcels in order to get at the sweets or biscuits hidden inside; and an infinite amount of shouting, hallooing, and waving of arms would occasionally induce him to jump over a walking stick held two inches above the ground.

In short, he was a most ordinary white bull terrier pup, with a pink nose, surmounted by a black spot like a blot of ink from a pen.  
Nevertheless, I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the cause of my first introduction to Ella Barrington.

It was on an August bank holiday—the one blazing hot day of a damp and dismal English summer. All the morning I had sought to avoid my kind, and at length, by four o'clock in the afternoon, I had discovered a delightful bracken-covered dell by the dry bed of a brook in Richmond park, where, but for the distant shouts of the gay and h'less cyclist, nothing disturbed the pastoral beauty of the scene.

Here I stretched myself out, with my arms under my head and my hat tilted over my eyes, and fell to dreaming and to wondering when, if ever, I, a bank clerk at two hundred a year, should so distinguish myself by the literary efforts which wholly occupied all my spare time as to be wholly independent of the bank, except as a place of safety for my superfluous thousands.

If only I could write a brilliant novel—the novel of the season! But American authors had declared that the stories of the world have all been told, and the serial papers preferred romances written by young ladies as being more sentimental and soothing, and the libraries would have nothing to do with the work of an unknown man, and—

A feminine shriek broke in upon my despondent musings, and the idea of a lovely woman in distress brought me to my feet.  
She was lovely; of that there was no possible doubt. Tall and slender, with light brown hair and big appealing, dark blue eyes, eyelashes curling upwards and a red mouth drooping downwards dolefully.

She was angry, flushed and frightened, as was a small, stumpy girl, evidently her maid, who accompanied her. She clasped her gloved hands imploringly, and looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"My dog," she panted. "My dog, Bull! Pray save him. Some 'Arries are murdering him!"

Then she ran through the bracken and I ran after her to the spot where five little east-end roughs and a villainous mongrel with one ear bitten through were wreaking vengeance upon a white bull terrier.

My six feet of authority, armed with a stout stick, speedily dispersed the dog's assailants. They retreated in confusion, employing language so bad as to be fortunately unintelligible to my damsel in distress, who was by this time kneeling beside her precious dog, hugging him effusively and trying to wipe away the blood from an injured leg.

The dog really had been a good deal knocked about, although I have no doubt he richly deserved it; he now, feeling himself an object of sympathetic interest, sat down and refused to move any further.

I knew something about dogs, and speedily bound up his paw with my own handkerchief and that of his mistress, which was simply marked "Ella."

Our faces were very close together over the dog's leg, and one of her tears splashed on to the back of my hand. Ella blushed, laughed and apologized. I never saw a lovelier blush or heard a sweeter laugh in my life.

Seeing that the beast was resolved not to walk, I carried him. He was a tremendous weight, and fidgeted abominably. But with Ella beside me, and her sweet, white hand, from which she had withdrawn the glove, constantly stroking the brute's neck, I trod on enchanted ground. The maid brought up the rear, giggling a good deal, but as she constantly dragged behind to stare at soldiers, her presence did not in any way hamper us.

The accident took place near the White Lodge, and we had to pass out by the Star and Garter gates. Long before we reached them I was madly in love with Ella, and had already informed her that this was the happiest hour of my life, when to my dismay I learned that she was Miss Ella Barrington, eldest daughter of "Barrington's Starch," as we called him at the bank, where he lodged a portion of the wealth he had acquired in the manufacture of that commodity.

"Barrington's Starch" lived in a brand new stucco palace he had built for himself, near Richmond Hill; and, although he was not exactly a "Perky Middlewick," I could never understand how he could be the father of so refined and lovely and fairy like a being as Ella.

Before the gates of Barrington hall, as he called his brick and mortar monstrosity, we paused. We were friends, dear old friends, by this time. I knew that she was nineteen, and that she loved nothing in the world so much as her bull terrier pup, except her father and her brother Bob, and she knew every detail of my uneventful life of seven-and-twenty summers.

She asked me to come in; papa would want to thank me, she said.

I found papa genial enough, albeit somewhat condescending. "The young man from the bank," I afterwards found he called me, although my name, Ernest Wynter, was known to him, and he himself had begun life as a mill hand at six shillings a week. Still I was allowed to visit at Barrington hall, and to play tennis with the girls, and every day I grew more abjectly in love with Ella, whose unaffected charm of manner no parvenu surroundings could impair.

Of course I dared not speak of my love to her. In my position, that was out of the question. I could only try to kiss the dog's head, just after her lovely lips had rested there, and to detain her hand as long as possible in greeting and parting from her.

Yet she must have guessed something of what I felt; for she took me one day into the kitchen-garden away from the children, and there, looking at me with lovely, tear-dimmed eyes, she suddenly remarked:

"I am so unhappy, Mr. Wynter. Papa wants me to marry Alderman Sir John Westbury. He is a nice old thing, and papa says I shall be lady mayress. But I think he is quite as fond of my sister Bertha as he is of me, and—I am in love with some one else."

The look with which she accompanied her last words was a revelation. She grew very red the next moment and began rapidly talking of something else, while I, like a fool, stood and stared at her until her wretched young brother Bob came bawling down the garden after her, and so took my chance of speaking from me.

For the rest of the afternoon Ella avoided me, and, cursing my own stupidity, I went home and wrote her the following letter:

"MY DEAR MISS BARRINGTON: I don't know whether you will think me the most conceited ass alive for supposing that a few words of yours to-day encourage me to tell you what I meant to keep secret—that ever since I first met you, three months ago, I have been so madly in love with you that I can think of nothing else. But as my entire income does not exceed two hundred and fifty a year I have thought it would be presumptuous to talk of marriage to you, even had I felt hopeful of gaining your love. I will not venture into your presence again until I have heard from you. Only, I entreat of you, for the sake of our delightful friendship, if I have made a mistake, and it is some one else whom you love, not to write to tell me what a fool I have been. I shall understand and respect your silence, and, much as I may suffer, I will not intrude upon you again."  
"Always, my dear Miss Barrington, what you wish me to be—your sincere friend or your most devoted adorer."  
"ERNEST WYNTER."

I suppose other men have watched for the postman before now, but surely no man ever waited upon his footsteps as I did for three whole weeks.

Even at the end of that time I should have gone on hoping, but for the fact that, meeting Ella and her sisters in the street, her manner toward me left no doubt as to her decision, for, whereas the younger members of the family were as friendly as ever, Ella's manner was chilling to a degree. She would not even look at me, nor would she shake hands when we parted.

I own I was thoroughly miserable, and developed a faculty for caustic epigrams at the expense of the sex in general, writing several stories, entitled respectively, "Jilted," "No Heart," "A Coquette's Conquest," etc.

Then, one dreary November day, I met Mr. Barrington in the streets of Richmond. He was unusually genial, and insisted upon my coming home to dinner with him.

"Never mind about dress," he said. "It is quite an unceremonious occasion. And, to tell you the truth, I shall be glad of a stranger's presence to control the family weeping. My Ella leaves us to-morrow, as I suppose you know, upon her marriage with my friend Sir John Westbury, the future lord mayor of London."

No, I did not know, and I could have gone home and blown my brains out. But instead, I went to dinner with him, feeling that I must see Ella for the last time.

She was looking very lovely, but extremely pale, and her red-rimmed eyes seemed to dwell on me reproachfully. I could not congratulate her, the words stuck in my throat. Sir John Westbury was there, a handsome, well-mannered man, who hardly looked his fifty years of age.

After dinner, Ella stole out to take a long farewell to her precious "Bull." Sir John objected to dogs on a honeymoon trip, and she feared she would be too nervous to attend to him in the morning.

Suddenly, as Sir John and Mr. Barrington and brother Bob and I sat over our wine and smoke, the dining-room door burst open, and Ella flew in, in tremendous excitement, laughing and crying hysterically.

In her hand she held aloft some dirty, crumpled pieces of paper, and at her heels was "Bull."

"Mr. Wynter! Ernest!" she cried. "This letter. Is it from you? When did you write it? When did you send it? Bull must have taken it from the hall table and buried it! It is dated a month ago, and I have only just found it in the ground in front of his kennel. Oh, please explain to papa and Sir John! I can't. I—I thought you didn't care about me, and that is why I was going to marry him!"

All this happened three years ago. Bertha is lady mayress this year, and Ella Barrington is Ella Wynter, the idol of my heart. And installed in a palatial kennel in the garden of our pretty home is my white, my only, rival.  
GERTRUDE WARDEN.

## ORIGIN OF LOVE.

### Aristophanes' Account of an Angry God and the Dual Mortsals.

The poetic account that is given from Aristophanes of the origin of love explains the old idea, which still vaguely survives, that every soul has somewhere its peculiar mate, and explains also the tribulations that occur in finding it. According to this poet-philosopher there were once three sexes, descended respectively from the sun, earth and moon, and each had a duality of heads, arms and legs. But the beings so endowed were round, and revolved about with the facility of a Fourth of July fire-wheel.

In process of time they grew so fierce and powerful that Zeus was put to his wits' ends to know what to do with them, as they attempted at one time to storm Heaven and overpower even the gods. He did not wish to destroy them outright, so he directed Apollo to cut each of them in two, which was done, and thus the number of human beings was doubled. Each of these half-beings continually wandered about seeking its other half. And when they found each other their only desire was to be reunited by Vulcan and never be parted again. And this longing and striving after union is what is meant by the name of love. As the separations that necessitate this union were made in Heaven we can now see why all perfect matches are supposed to be ordained there. The ill-assorted and irritable ones are those that spring up without knowledge and in a hap-hazard fashion, where two halves that never belonged together are unequally yoked.  
—Texas Siftings.

### Making Up to the Broom.

"In a big up-town restaurant that does a large business at popular prices," said a man, "one may see as he goes out a whisk-broom held in a wire clasp that is secured about breast-high to the inner side of the door frame. The first time I saw that broom it almost made me smile. It seemed curious to see that small, quiet minor convenience of life there in that big, busy place and just inside a door opening upon bustling Broadway. I saw one day a regular customer, who had just paid his check at the cashier's desk, pull the broom from its clasp as he walked out and whisk a fleck of dust from the lapel of his coat and then put the broom back into its clasp again. That served as a sort of introduction to the broom, and when I went out after I had finished my dinner, I brushed a speck of dirt from my own coat with it. The more intimate acquaintance with the broom has produced a friendly feeling for it, and I feel also that by the use of it I have been in a measure inducted into the fellowship of the restaurant."  
—N. Y. Sun.

—Yet He Gave It the Shake.—Uncle Allen had dropped into a cobbler's shop for repairs. As he rose up after putting on the mended shoes he pulled the chair up with him. "That lump of wax," said the shoemaker, "seems to have formed a strong attachment for you." "I don't reciprocate," replied Uncle Allen. "but I confess I'm a good deal stuck on this chair."  
—Chicago Tribune.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Did you ever have stage fright?"  
"No, but I have seen a good many frights on the stage."  
—Boston Transcript.

"I passed your door last evening, Miss Gildersleeve," remarked young Mr. Gilley. "How kind of you!" replied the grateful girl.—Harper's Bazar.  
—"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup!"  
Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."  
—Fliegende Blätter.

—Young Man—"I want an engagement ring."  
Jeweler—"Yes, sir. About what size?"  
"I don't know exactly, but she can twist me round her finger, if that's any guide."  
—Tid-Bits.

"Could you oblige me," said the colonel, "with a five-dollar bill?"  
"I can," replied the major; "bill collector left one for you ten minutes ago!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why this tender leave taking from your wife—is she setting out on a journey?"  
"O no. She has gone to put on her things, and it'll be some time before I see her again."  
—Hemorrhische Blätter.

—Stillingfleet—"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?"  
Tillinghaast—"It is a fact. The others were all young girls."  
—Vogue.

—Miss Millett—"Is it true that you bicycle riders soon get attached to your machines?"  
Mr. Wheeler—"It hasn't worked that way with me yet. I can fall off my machine without the least trouble."  
—Indianapolis Journal.

"How much for this porcelain bust of Louis XVI?"  
"Forty marks."  
"Forty marks? Why, the head, as you see, is cemented on!"  
"Quite true; but you must certainly beware that Louis XVI. was beheaded!"  
—Fliegende Blätter.

—Unimpeachable Evidence.—Ambitious Maiden—"It's too bad, the editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it."  
Fond Mother—"Dearie me! how do you know it?"  
Ambitious Maiden—"I've looked through every page, and there isn't a teardrop anywhere."  
—Boston Globe.

—Hotel Clerk—"What were you pounding on the door of No. 75 just now for?"  
Bellboy—"To wake the man. He wants to go on the 6 o'clock train."  
Clerk—"Didn't I tell you that the train was five hours late?"  
Bellboy—"Yes, but how was the man going to know it unless somebody told him."  
—Chicago Hotel World.

—First Swell—"Aw, Chawley, my dear boy, what a wattle'n' pace you are goin' this mornin'!"  
Second Swell—"Aw, yaas, Fitznoodle, my dear fellow. Don't detain me. I'm hard at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me."  
"By Jove, Chawley, what are you doing?"  
"I'm dodgin' my creditors."  
—Tid-Bits.

—Mr. Young Pop—"I'll be cook myself, my dear, rather than I'll set foot in a servants' registry office again. I went there to-day and picked out the most respectable-looking woman in the room, and stepping up to her said, 'Can you fill the position of cook?'"  
"Sir," she replied, "I'm trying to fill that of our coachman, and I think you would suit admirably."  
—Once a Week.

## MANAGING FURNACES.

### Eight Good Rules to Observe in Controlling the Heat.

The first thing to do is to get the house thoroughly warmed. When it is heated to the desired temperature, it will require less coal to keep it warm than if constantly cooling and heating.

There is more economy in filling the fireplace full of coal than in putting in only a small amount, because that burns away more readily.

Do not use a poker on the top of the fire. It is bad management in the use of hard coal. The grate in the furnace will remove the ashes and clinkers, thus allowing free passage for air through the fire.

In filling the furnace with coal the smokepipe damper should be opened and the ashpit door and slide closed, otherwise the smoke and gas will be forced out of the feed door.

When the rooms are heated, and there is a good fire in the furnace, shut it up as close as possible.

In the morning open all drafts, put in a small quantity of coal, let it burn thoroughly, then add fuel until full. Let it burn for a short time for the gas to be consumed before closing the dampers.

If the furnace heats quick and strong from a good draft, so that in warm weather there is too much heat, don't shake the grate, but allow it to clog with ashes—no under, but on top of the grate. Ashes then lessen combustion.

Never shut off all the registers at once. If it is desired to shut the registers, close those on the upper floors, as when the lower rooms and halls are heated the air finds its way to upper rooms.—Good Housekeeping.

### Rome's Mysterious Name.

Not a few of the old writers on historical and geographical oddities refer to Rome as the "Nameless City," and mention the curious fact that at one time it was inviting the death penalty to pronounce its "ancient and mysterious name." The Greek form of that ancient name is Rome, just as we pronounce it to-day, and was first used by either Aristotle or Theophrastus, the various authorities differing somewhat on that immaterial point. The mysterious name as it would be pronounced in English is believed to have been Valentia.—Chicago Herald.

## HAZING A RIBBON DRUMMER.

### How Valentine, Neb., Treated the First Commercial Traveler Seen There.

"It was while I was stationed at Fort Niobrara," said Col. George Barry, "that the first drummer made his appearance in Valentine. He was a slim little fellow, and he seemed to have given a good deal of care to his personal adornment. He dropped into Valentine on one of the first trains that got through over the new road. He had a couple of fancy yellow grips that must have looked very pretty to him, for he hugged them with him when he went into Dutch George's saloon and called for a Manhattan cocktail. Yes, sir, he wanted a Manhattan cocktail. You ought to have seen Dutch George look at him. Then he winked a couple of times at the row of cowboys sitting along the side of the room and turned around and began to mix a lot of things together for dear life. The little drummer leaned one arm on the bar and looked round at the row of cowboys without seeming to see the chap that had edged up behind him. Just as Dutch George finished mixing whatever it was he had fixed up for the drummer there was a pistol shot, and one of the boys sitting at the side of the room gave a yell and fell out of his chair in a heap on the floor. A big six-shooter fell to the floor beside the little drummer and a little cloud of smoke rose between the drummer and the bar. I am telling you that there was a row. Those cowboys yelled like the devil and swore that the drummer had shot the fellow who had fallen out of the chair. Three or four of them pulled their guns and were for shooting the drummer right there, but one fellow proposed to lynch him, and that proposition went through with a whoop.

"So they started to take the little chap out to hang him. Just as they got to the door of the saloon there was a shout that the sheriff was coming, and before anyone could say 'jack rabbit' the sheriff and another man were there with their six-shooters in their hands, demanding the prisoner in the name of the law. The little drummer was so relieved that he could have hugged the sheriff, and he began to try to talk again. The sheriff told him to shut up if he wanted to get out alive, and started with him for the door. But just as soon as his back was turned, one of the cowboys shouted:

"Shoot him! Shoot him! Don't let him get away like that!"  
The sheriff and his man swung round and whipped out their six-shooters again. "Keep back," he shouted. "I'll shoot the first galoot that touches this man so full of holes he won't need a grave."

"The cowboys took the challenge and in less than a quarter of a second more than forty pistol shots were fired. It sounded like an engagement of infantry. The room was full of smoke. Two or three of the cowboys fell to the floor, and the man who was with the sheriff went down with a groan, crying that he was done for. Somehow or other the sheriff got off all right and dragged his man out into the street. The little drummer was near having a fit from fright, and the sheriff had lost his hat. So he took the drummer to the corner of the saloon and said:

"Now, I'm going back there for my hat. Don't you wiggle out of this spot till I come back. If you do you're mighty liable to lose your life mighty sudden and unpleasant."

"With that the sheriff left the drummer standing there at the corner and went back to the saloon. He hadn't any more than opened the door before the shooting began again, and what had been done before wasn't a marker to what it was that time. The little drummer listened to it for a minute and then he was off up the road like a quarter-horse, with never a thought of his two fancy yellow grips. He'd got about one hundred and fifty yards away when the door of the saloon opened and Dutch George and the sheriff and half a dozen cowboys jumped out into the street with their guns in action. Well, the way the bullets dropped around that drummer's feet would beat a Kansas hailstorm. And the more they dropped the faster he ran. When it was all over, and the bullets wouldn't carry to the drummer any longer, the sheriff and the cowboys, including all the dead and injured, danced a jig in front of the saloon and then went in to drink the place dry, and I guess they pretty near did it. And what d'ye suppose that fool was trying to sell? Ribbons, by gad; yes, sir, ribbons. Trying to sell ribbons in Valentine. Was it a put-up job? Yes, sir, it was, and well put up, too, for they haven't seen him since."  
—N. Y. Sun.

### The Portland Bar.

An illiterate man from the west, with money, had gone to a Maine town—Portland, we'll say—to attend to some lawsuits there in which he was interested. He was gone two or three months and when he returned a legal friend was asking him a few questions.  
"How long were you away?"  
"Nearly three months."  
"Ah, you had time to get pretty well acquainted with the lawyers there?"  
"Yes; better than I wanted to with some."  
"Of course, those on the other side; but what do you think generally of the Portland bar?"  
He slapped his hand on his leg as if suddenly recalled to himself.  
"They ain't got any," he said; "it's a local option town."  
—Detroit Free Press.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Up to October 1 the Pennsylvania road shipped this season, from points on its lines, 6,200 carloads of peaches, the highest figure ever reached, it representing 3,720,000 baskets of that fruit.

—According to the census figures, the silk manufacturing industry in this country has grown wonderfully in the past ten years. In 1890 goods to the value of \$59,000,000 were turned out, as against \$34,500,000 in 1880. The number of hands employed here also increased from about 31,000 to 51,000, and the number of spindles have expanded from 508,137 to 1,254,798.—Chicago Herald.

—The creature most tenacious of life is the common sea polyp. One may be cut in two, and two creatures are the result. One may be split lengthwise into half a dozen sections, making as many animals. They may be turned inside out and enjoy themselves just as well as before; if two be divided and placed end to end, the result will be a monster having a head at each end of its body.

—The chief of the bureau of statistics at Washington reports that for the nine months ending September 30, 1893, as compared with the corresponding period last year, the total value of the exports of breadstuffs showed a decrease of \$59,892,617; of provisions, a decrease of \$30,840,899; of mineral oils, an increase of \$96,833. The value of the exports of cotton for September, 1893, were \$215,430 less than in September, 1892.

—The British consul-general at Bangkok in his last report mentions that much progress was made toward the construction of the Bangkok-Korat railroad during 1893, and the first sod was cut by the king of Siam on March 9. The line is 165 miles in length. It is to be equipped as a first-class line, gauge 4 feet 8½ inches; weight of rails 50 pounds per yard. There are to be 183 bridges with abutments and piers of brick masonry, and superstructure of steel.

—Some statistics as to the prevalence of morphomania in France, recently published by M. Lacassagne, show that the destructive habit finds a large proportion of its victims among members of the medical profession. Of 545 morphomaniacs as to whom he was able to procure information, 289 were doctors. It is well known that several of the most distinguished men of the profession in Germany who have died in recent years were devotees of the fatal drug.—New York Medical Record.

—Some interesting experiments have been conducted within the last twelve years regarding the durability of Indian timber. The tests were made by the forest school of Dehra, and out of forty different specimens of the trunks fixed in the ground as posts only three have survived the attacks of rot and white ants. These were the Himalaya cypress, teak and anjan, which have been exposed for ten, nine and seven years respectively.

—Among the modern economies of the iron industry is the utilization of blast furnace slag for paving blocks. The manufacture of these blocks has become a staple industry, and the product is said to be cheaper than granite or other natural stone. The blocks are made and annealed by a simple process and are coming into favor for street paving purposes. About 100,000 blocks per week are being made by an English firm. These have a value of about \$3.25 per ton. Their durability as well as their low cost is in their favor.—Age of Steel.

—From a communication read to the Association of Belgian Chemists, it seems that continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap used varies greatly. In fancy articles, like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in a little water; to this is added some oil, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour. The crumb of the bread manufactured by this process is said to be lighter and more spongy than that made in the ordinary way.—Scientific American.

—A photographer of Atlantic City, N. J., Mr. Shaw, produces a photograph at a single exposure which gives five different images of the same person in different positions. This is accomplished by placing the sitter between two mirrors placed at an angle of 45 degrees to each other. The double reflection between these mirrors produces four images of the person placed in front of them, the principle being the same as that of an ordinary kaleidoscope. The original face is made in profile and the reflections give the full face, opposite profile, and two rear views. The result is curious and interesting, and it has been suggested, would be useful in identifying criminals.—Popular Science News.

—A scientific journal tells this story of a frog's cunning: "A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted a large number of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian, and, whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose, his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it."