

# Novelties IN THE Realms OF SCIENCE LITERATURE AND ART.

**T**HE majority of persons do not know that the sky is blue on account of the thousands and thousands of millions of atoms of dust floating in the atmosphere.

Were it not for dust we would lack light on Mother Earth and the heavens would be an ink black.

Suppose a room absolutely dark, save a hole through one of the shutters. A ray of light will dart through the small opening and one can observe tiny particles of dust dancing in that bright sunbeam of light.

As it is with the shaft of light in the darkened room, so it is on a large scale throughout the air. The many millions of particles may catch the light, reflecting it back and forth from one to another, so making the atmosphere luminous.

It is for this reason that, were it not for the dust, the sky would appear black, as it does at night when there is no moon and the sun would appear as an immense glowing ball. The moon and stars would be visible throughout the day. Everything would appear different. Where the light touched the eyes would be dazzled by its brilliancy. The mellow softness of the shadows would become an intense black and the outline of objects harsh and angular.

The sunlight, which has been analyzed by means of the spectroscopic, consists of all the colors of the rainbow, their total forming the white light. This white light going through a crystal prism is broken up into its seven component, the so-called fundamental, colors. These seven distinct colors of light are the result of the different lengths of ether waves, blue heading first as one of the shortest, yellow being on of the longest waves. Thus the finest dust molecules being up highest in the atmosphere reflect only the blue light, imparting that tint to the heavens above. In mining districts and those where factory engines abound, where the air is full of large particles of coal and other dust, even on an otherwise clear day the sun will have a reddish tint. The cause of it is that the particles are too large and too low in the atmosphere to reflect the blue light, only the red being reflected. For this reason the sky in the country will be blue while above a large city on the same day the heavens may present a grayish or whitish color, on account of the dust atoms being rather large, and, therefore, not reflecting the blue light.

The reason that in southern parts of the globe and near the equator the sky is very blue lies in the fact that the sky is much drier and the dust molecules, not being enlarged by moisture, are thus enabled to reflect the blue color of the sunbeams.—New York Herald.

**Novelties in Cycles.**  
In their presence at the National cycle show in vast numbers the people of New York very practically put the stamp of approval on the exhibition during its progress. There were all kinds of bicycles and bicycle appliances. The catalogue showed nearly 400 exhibits of various kinds, and all the available floor space of



Tandem Bike for Army Use.

the great Madison-square Garden was covered. Among the exhibits which attracted most attention were the bicycles equipped for army use. The new army tandem, mounted with a 40-pound automatic rapid-firing machine gun was on exhibition for the first time. These machines have been equipped in the most thoroughly complete and convenient manner, and yet without carrying an extra ounce or interfering in any possible with the rider or riders.

The tandem is finished in the regulation manner, with enameled frame, nickel-plated handle bars, hubs and sprockets, although it presents quite a different and perhaps even more attractive appearance, on account of the accoutrements of war which are attached to it, and seem to add a more staid and perfect appearance to the machine. On either side of the steering head, and clamped or attached with perfect security, are steel enameled gun-rests, which are lined with leather and made exactly to fit the barrel of the guns, and attached to the handle upright in the same way are rests of the same kind, with the exception of being made a trifle larger, in order to hold the gun grip. Fitting most securely in these rests, and yet in such a manner that they may be easily and quickly detached at a moment's notice, are two 12-shot repeating magazine carbines.

Strapped on the right side of the machine, and to the front and rear seat post, are two regulation six-shooters, encased in holsters. Also on the right side, extending almost the whole length of the machine, attached in front to the steering head and in the rear to the lower center tube, is a jointed gasfist in a tight-fitting neat-looking canvas case, and in no way hindering the action of the machine or rider. On the front handle-bar and in the same fashion, in a similar manner, so that there is no possibility of their coming loose or causing any annoyance, are two tightly rolled blue regulation army overcoats. On the rear horn, strapped in the same fashion, are a double pair of gray army blankets. The guns, revolvers and all are so ingeniously attached that nothing can interfere in the slightest degree with the riders, to which the additional weight of the various accoutrements, which in everything essential for a march in times of war and peace, is hardly perceptible.

The exhibition suggested the downfall of the baby carriage. It may not be an out of the way park scene of the near future to see a nurse in bloomers wheeling her charges over the drives. The vehicle has been designed, and was on exhibition.

### THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

**How It Developed From a Little Tin Horn.**

When locomotives were first built and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England, the public roads were for the greatest part crossed at grade, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. But this, as may be imagined, says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day, in the year 1833, so runs a story, of the origin of the locomotive whistle, a train of the London and Southampton railway was crossing the railway track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came out upon the road the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unrecognizable mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, his 960 eggs, his horse and his wagon. It was regarded as a very serious matter, and straightway a director of the company went to Alton Grange, where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a warning more likely to be heard. Stephenson went to work and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave out a shrill, discordant sound. The railway directors, greatly delighted with the contrivance, had it attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

### VALUABLE FIDDLES.

**Paganini's Instruments in the City of Genoa.**

The beauty and sweetness of Sarasate's tone are often commented on by people who never think of the tone being in any way due to the fineness of his instrument. As a matter of fact, Sarasate has two Strads. One is the renowned "Boissier" Strad, which he managed to secure in Paris for £1000 an hour or two before Hill of London sent an offer for it; the other is one that has been used by Paganini, which came to him through his son Achille. Of course the latter instrument has an additional value from the circumstance of its former ownership. Paganini had several valuable violins, and the instrument which he used in his later years—a Guarnerius, dated 1745—would probably command something like \$5000 if it could be put in the market just now; indeed, the sum of £2400 has already been offered for it and refused, and a report was lately circulated that £10,000 had been bid. But the instrument cannot be sold. Paganini himself bequeathed it to the city of Genoa, and the municipal authorities there are keenly alive to the value of the treasure. They have it bestowed in a glass case in the recess of a wall, which is again incased in heavy French plate glass, the whole being closed by a massive door. Every two months the seals are broken and the violin played upon for about half an hour in the presence of city officials, and then it is replaced and put under municipal seal. This, of course, is done to keep the instrument in good condition.

Paganini came by the violin in a curious way. A French merchant lent him the instrument to play upon at a concert at Leghorn. After the concert, Paganini brought it back to his owner, when the latter exclaimed to the delighted astonishment of the player: "Never more will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched; that instrument is yours." The Genoa people have been in luck in the matter of violins. Sivioli, who died last year, was a pupil of Paganini, and Paganini presented him when a youth with a very fine Guarnerius instrument. It was therefore but natural that Sivioli should wish his violin to rest beside Paganini's, and so to-day for a small fee you can see both instruments in the municipal niche at Genoa.—Carnhill Magazine.

### A Ship's Rate.

A ship's rate is found by a line about 900 feet long, on a reel having one end fastened to a thin, sector-shaped piece of wood, called a log. The arc of the log is loaded to make it stay vertical when

tossed into the sea; it then remains in the same place (is supposed to) in the water while the line is unwinding from the reel. The line is divided into equal parts of fifty feet each, called knots of 1-120 of a nautical mile. Since a half minute has the same ratio to an hour that a knot has to a nautical mile, the ship runs at the rate of as many nautical miles an hour as it runs knots in half a minute. If say nineteen knots pass in half a minute the vessel is then running at the rate of nineteen miles an hour.—James Usher.

### The Horseless Carriage.

It is not outside the realm of possibility that in the century soon to dawn the horseless carriage may be as familiar on the public highway as the bicycle is today; as familiar, in fact, as the family conveyance of the period. Of course good roads are a prime requisite for the success of the motorcycle, but good roads are bound to come, and it is to be hoped that the agitation for them that has been set on foot all over this country will not be void of desirable results even before the

### THE MUELLER MOTOCYCLE.

class of the present century. Good smoothly paved roads bring a certainty of realization at no very remote date. The prospects of the horseless carriage seem to be quite flattering, if the judgment of the friends of the new invention can be relied upon. They contend that the horse may be dispensed with and the highest measure of speed and comfort attained over speed and grades, the maximum speed attainable being fifteen miles an hour.

Charles A. Durvea of Peoria, Ill., has successfully applied the gasoline motor to horseless vehicles. The Durvea motor resembles an ordinary, highly built, heavy, weighs 700 pounds, and has ball-bearing

and rubber-tired wheels. It has an ingenious mechanism for steering and changing the speed without a woman's loss of time. The cost of running this carriage is one-fourth of a cent a mile, and a supply of gasoline can be carried sufficient to run the machine 150 miles. Upon good roads a speed of twenty miles is claimed.

There are numerous rivals for popularity in the motorcycle world. The Mueller patent, for instance, recently won a prize in a contest for economy of operation, coming in a close second to the Durvea machine. In order to stimulate invention and do what they can to hasten the coming of the age of the marvelous carriage the publishers of the Cosmopolitan, from which publication the illustrations of motorcycles on this page are taken, offer premiums amounting to \$3000. These premiums are to be awarded to motor carriages presenting the greatest number of points of excellence as exhibited in a trial trip to be made from the New York office of the Cosmopolitan on the 10th of May to the Cosmopolitan building at Irvington, and thence back to the starting point.

**Poison for Arrows.**  
The following account of the method used by Bushmen of Namagualand to poison their arrows is given in the Scientific African: "Some resin, either from the gift-bot or from one of the members of the Euphorbia group of cactus-like plants, is first obtained, and the sticky substance is placed on a stone. The Bushman then goes with a forked stick to look for ring-bait or black night spider, and the puff-arrow which is called ring-bait. Having found the snake, by a dextrous thrust of the stick the animal is imprisoned just behind the head by the two prongs of a bell-shaped ring, which is then placed in the mouth, and the upper jaw forced right back. By this somewhat rough treatment the poison glands become compressed, and two drops of poison are forced out on the fangs and caught on the end of the stick. The poison is then well mixed with resinous matter, and is ready for use. In the earlier days a more complicated procedure was adopted, through the medium of a snake. The whole head of the puff-arrow was obtained and put in a pot along with the resin, and beetles and noxious herbs added to the incantation of the witch doctor. The whole was stewed up amid great excitement. The contents of the vessel were properly mixed, the sticky compound was collected by stirring it with a stick, to which the matter adhered, and, on becoming cold, remained on the stick as a black knob, and formed then an article of barter."

**A Fine Cruiser.**  
The Argentine warship Buenos Aires, the fastest ocean-going vessel in the world, as demonstrated by her recent trial trip, is also said to be one of the best armed

cruisers afloat. Her principal armament consists of two 8-inch quick-firing guns, four 6-inch quick-firing guns and six 4.7-inch quick-firing guns. There are also ten 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns and six 1-pounder Maxim-Nordenfild automatic guns. All the large guns are 47 calibers in length. Cordite was used throughout during the gunnery trials, which were considered remarkably successful by experts.

**FIRST DAYS OF THE WORLD.**  
The Time When Mollusk Life Reigned Supreme.

When geology took up the world's history, in early Archaean days, 300,000,000 of years had already passed since the molten rocks of the sun-like earth had formed from the condensing nebula.

The cooling of the exterior had gone forward with remarkable slowness, but at last it was hard, solid rock; the thick, heavy vapors had begun to condense and waters, hot and acid, covered the world, or at least its greater part.

Over the continental region the sea was



MUELLER MOTOCYCLE.

[Reproduced from the Cosmopolitan.]

more or less shallow and the breaking and grinding of the ocean's bed laid the nucleus for future land.

A triangular island slowly appeared above the waste of water in what is now the Hudson Bay region; there appeared, too, a narrow strip, which, in centuries to come, was to be the Highlands of the Hudson; there was also a coast line in the broadness covering the Rockies; small islands dotted the great northern seas where Norway and Sweden now stand.

As time passed the waters slowly became cooler and at last life, lowly life, appeared in some structureless plants and animals.

A warm and equable climate covered the land, and a clouded sky tempered the rays of the sun; but the rocks were yet bare, and no sounds filled the air save those of a lifeless and voiceless nature—the sizzling of the waters and the raging of the tempest. But a gradual change was taking place; the seas adjoining these primordial hills filled with mollusks and crustaceans had begun, and for ages mollusk life reigned supreme in this embryo world.—Harvey B. Bashore, in February Lippincott's.

**The Cry of the Dreamer.**  
I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded lives of men,  
Heretofore, and toiling again,  
And spilling and building again;  
For a dreamer I was once,  
When I dreamed my youth away,  
For a dreamer I was once,  
And a dreamer dies no more.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is but a show,  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
And the hearts that burn with woe,  
From the throng that hurries by,  
From the business and the endeavor  
I would go where the children play—  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure;  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient and the poor.  
Oh, the little hands too skillful  
And the little hearts too true,  
The daughter's heart that will bleed,  
And the father's heart that will rue.

No, no, from the street's rude bustle,  
From the trophies of war and sage,  
I would fly to the woods, to the river,  
And the meadows' kindly pace.  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And be loved for the dreamer's sake,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

**A 'PHONE IN HIS HAT.**  
Constant Communication Between the Trainmen and the Dispatcher.

An electrical telephone system will soon be introduced on the Brooklyn bridge which will, it is said, reduce to a minimum the danger of collisions of cable-cars on the bridge. It is probable that within a short time telephone connections will be made between all the trains running on the bridge and the train dispatcher in charge. This will give the dispatcher almost instantaneous command over all trains.

Assistant Engineer Kingsley L. Martin has conducted experiments which have shown that the plan is feasible. The experiments heretofore have been with the electric light trolley wire strung over the bridge, with a ground circuit in the truck of the car. In the future this will be abandoned, and a metallic circuit, which gives much more favorable results than the ground circuit, will be substituted.

Under the proposed system the train-dispatcher will sit in his office and wear a head telephone, and will have a long-distance transmitter and signal bells before him, as well as the apparatus for now used.

At both ends of every train there will be a head telephone and a transmitter, so arranged that the gripman may speak into it without moving from his place at the wheel or his eyes from the tracks and signals. He will be ready to receive orders and execute them instantly. The trainmen ordinarily will have their telephones hung up, and will only adjust them when a bell rings, when the trainmen will put their receivers to their ears. In foggy weather the men would probably wear the head telephones constantly.

During the experiments a car fitted with an ordinary telephone was connected with the ground circuit, which was substituted, could be distinguished and understood during the entire trip to the other end of the bridge.—Philadelphia Record.

**Shoots 666 Times a Minute.**  
The "Maxim" gun, which has figured prominently in recent reports from Venezuela and the Transvaal, can shoot eleven bullets a second or 666 a minute. It is a light affair and looks like a small, simbarrelled cannon mounted on a tripod. The gunner sits upon a saddle behind the gun, and can swing it to right or left or elevate or depress the barrel as easily as though it were a revolver. The gun loads itself. The cartridges are strung on belts which hold from 150 to 400 rounds each, and this belt is fed automatically to the breach of the gun. The loading, firing and ejecting mechanisms are worked by

the recoil of the gun. The first cartridge is fired by pressing a button, and after that, 666 times a minute, every kick of the gun throws out the exploded shell, inserts a loaded one and explodes it. This is kept up as long as the button is pressed, or until the belt is exhausted.

The steel barrel is encased in a water-jacket which keeps the gun cool.

**Eyes of Animals.**  
The owl's eyes have no muscles by which they can be moved. This deficiency is atoned for by extraordinary flexibility in the muscles of the neck, by which the owl can move his head with incredible rapidity in any direction.

A deer's eyes command a wide field of vision, and the animal can see behind as well as before, though not so distinctly, for when alarmed by a noise from the rear the deer will always turn, so as to gain a clearer view of the object.

A mole's eyes are believed to give the animal nothing more than an impression of light, which is probably painful or at least annoying, the animal promptly turning the creature at once to burrow into the earth and escape the annoyance.

The eye of the cat, like that of the horse, is provided with a false eyelid, which may be moved independently of the outer or true lid. It is often employed by a cat when obliged to face a very bright light, and is believed to act as a shade.

Oysters are provided with eyes, but the oyster's eye is not located where the public opinion places it. What is called the eye of the oyster is the great muscle which holds the shells together, and which is separated by the knife of the opener.

Blue-eyed cats are always deaf. The physiologists have vainly attempted to explain this curious circumstance.

The ostrich is believed to see objects behind him as well as those in front. Persons standing directly behind an ostrich can see the pupils of his eyes, and, of course, are thus easily seen by the animal.

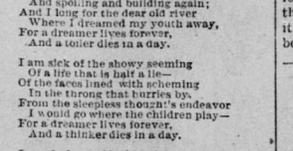
The common house fly is said to be provided with 16,000 eyes; that is to say, his two compound eyes have each 8000 facets. By this singular arrangement he is enabled to see in every direction and to elude with great skill and success the many dangers that threaten his daily existence.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Washington's Dignity.**  
Great as he was in every other direction profoundly as he was appreciated and much as he enjoyed the dinner, General Washington by his presence generally spoiled the pleasures of the feast, said Chauncey Depue in a recent speech. The severity of his manner, his reticence and the distant majesty which enshrined him destroyed the freedom which is necessary to the full appreciation and enjoyment of the occasion.

The grandfather of General Cochran was a surgeon-general of the state and he used to tell the story of the effort made by the younger members to break through this reserve and bring the commander-in-chief into connection and sympathy with both the serious and the hilarious incidents which happened after he retired.

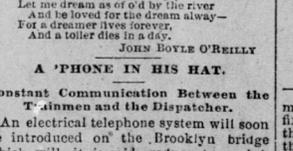
The novel method of producing this result was that the best raconteur should tell the story which had proved the greatest success, and then that Governor Morris, the most brilliant, audacious and best loved of the officers, should slip the general on the back and say: "Old gentleman, how do you like that?" Washington was first astonished, and then a pained expression came over his face; but he slowly rose and with great dignity retired from the room. This was the first and last experiment they made upon General Washington.

**NOVELTIES FOR THE SICKROOM.**  
A medicine bottle with a spoon attachment for administering the contents is a



Spoon Attachment for Medicine.

very unique sickroom novelty. The spoon is of porcelain, which is the best material for the purpose, and is fixed on a hinge to the neck of the bottle. When not in use it folds over the cork and can be readily bent over to an angle so that the medicine



Light-Draft Steamboats.

The demand for light-draft steamboats from British colonies in various parts of the world has caused their construction to become a specialty with a number of the American shipbuilders. One of the latest vessels of this description built of iron, steel or wood, with speed up to twenty-five miles an hour, and draft of water as low as six inches.

**NEW TO-DAY.**  
A TRUE STORY.

**THE MADDEST WOMAN**  
You ever heard of was one who got hurt on a railroad. She lived on Hyde street.

There was a certainty for her of pain, a good rest and

**BIG DAMAGES.**  
A friend gave her something to eat which she ate, and she was so she used it, and then commenced making a list of all the things she would buy for the damages. That was some comfort.

Next day railroad people called and found her so nearly well they could not see her in a court. She was closed with a protestation of

**Feminine Swear Words.**  
There's a sharp point in these for RAILROAD MANAGERS, BICYCLERS and EVERYBODY.

Her level-headed friend had given her a bottle of

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which is made of pyramidal points, heightened up with large pearls and the uppermost is surmounted with crescents.

**SURVEYING A PARALLEL.**  
The Longest Line Ever Surveyed in the World.

No exaggeration can be attributed to the scientific press in declaring the survey of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, just completed, to be the greatest contribution to science ever given by a Government.

The prime object was accurately and precisely to determine the figure of the earth, for, though north and south lines had largely contributed to this final result, yet for absolute exactness in astronomical calculations an east and west line of the furthest possible extent had to be run. The thirty-ninth parallel, from Point Arenas in the bay of San Francisco, was chosen as the stretch of territory best adapted for the work, and the United States is now credited with having finished the longest line ever surveyed in this world.

Unconquered, where this thirty-ninth parallel of latitude crosses the continent, is a noted mountain among the National surveys and Government expeditions, and has repeatedly been the station for a long time past, for exploring and geological pursuits. Hayden's party, who occupied it during the field of investigation from 1873 to 1876, placed its altitude at 14,355, while other estimates put some 300 feet in excess of the actual height because of its easy access and the roomy summit, the latter being nearly five acres in extent, with a gentle incline.—New York Sun.

**Whittier's Repartee.**  
In the main Whittier's life was one of earnest, serious thought, says the "Arena."

He was always working for the amelioration and elevation of humanity, and yet he was full of wit and humor. Not even Sydney Smith, who was so famous for his wit, or our own Holmes, could excel him in repartee.

A young girl who was in the house with Mr. Whittier and of whom he was very fond went to him one day with tearful eyes and rueful face and said: "My dear little Batsheba is dead, and I want you to write a poem to put on her grave-stone, I shall bury her under a rose bush."

Without a moment's hesitation the poet said in solemn tones:

Batsheba! to whom none ever said a word—  
No wretched cat  
Ever said a word  
Or caught a rat  
Or caught a rat  
Or caught a rat

The same little girl's pony broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. She said: "I have written some lines myself, but I can't think how to finish the verse."

"What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier.

My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left.  
On the stable he struck his head,  
He broke his leg short under a rose bush.

And then, added Mr. Whittier:  
And then he kicked the bucket.

**Curious Epitaphs.**  
Every man to his hobby. That of W. T. Vincent, the president of the Woolwich District Antiquarian Society, seems to be running in old graveyards and gathering from the stones there whatever is quaint and curious, says the Westminster Gazette.

That this is an interesting pursuit is evident from the attractive volume which Mr. Vincent has compiled, and which Messrs. Mitchell & Hughes of Wardour street have just issued as a result of his wanderings. Among queer epitaphs given in the following found on a gravestone at Crayford:

The age of this clerk was just three score and ten,  
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen!  
In his youth he was married like other young men,  
But his wife died and he was named Amen!  
A second he took, she departed, what then?  
He married and died with Amen!  
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then  
His voice was deep bass as he sung out Amen!  
On the day he died, he was named Amen!  
So his hours were exalted in blowing Amen!  
But he lost all his wind after three score and ten,  
And here with three wives he waits till Amen!  
The trumpet shall raise him to sing out Amen!

Another adorns the stone raised above the grave of a village blacksmith:

My sledge and hammer he retired;  
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;  
My fire exting, my force decay'd,  
And in the dust my vision lay,  
My coal is spent, my work is done;  
My nails are drove, my work is done.

**A New Marine Paint.**  
A Scotch inventor has recently brought to notice a new and valuable marine paint, the object of the article being a capacity of application in a cold state to the submerged and various other parts of ships or other craft, the effect being that of a quick-drying anti-fouling zinc and copper paint. For the accomplishment of this purpose a composition has been devised consisting of 40 per cent of oxide of zinc, 12 per cent of linseed oil, 28 per cent of talow, and 20 per cent of thinner. The latter substances being composed of 60 per cent of shale naphtha, benzoline, or other similar spirits, 30 per cent of gum dammar and 10 per cent of resin; these proportions are alterable to suit different waters and conditions.

**Yankee Engines in Africa.**  
American manufacturers are furnishing an immense lot of engines, rock drills, stamps, air compressors, wrought iron and steel tubes, particularly in large sizes, for the gold boom in South Africa. American engines command high figures. It was told the other day, writes a Johannesburg correspondent, that an engine 25 to 30 horse-power, with an "indicator" of 40 to 45 horse-power, brings the handsome sum of £400 (\$2000).

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A young girl who was in the house with Mr. Whittier and of whom he was very fond went to him one day with tearful eyes and rueful face and said: "My dear little Batsheba is dead, and I want you to write a poem to put on her grave-stone, I shall bury her under a rose bush."

Without a moment's hesitation the poet said in solemn tones:

Batsheba! to whom none ever said a word—  
No wretched cat  
Ever said a word  
Or caught a rat  
Or caught a rat  
Or caught a rat

The same little girl's pony broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. She said: "I have written some lines myself, but I can't think how to finish the verse."

"What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier.

My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left.  
On the stable he struck his head,  
He broke his leg short under a rose bush.

And then, added Mr. Whittier:  
And then he kicked the bucket.

**Curious Epitaphs.**  
Every man to his hobby. That